A Mellin’s Food Girl

This robust little girl shows the good health and happiness that is characteristic of Mellin’s Food babies.

Write today for a copy of our helpful book, “The Care and Feeding of Infants,” and a Free Sample Bottle of Mellin’s Food.

Mellin’s Food Company, Boston, Mass.
Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND
The Magazine of Magazines
SEPTEMBER, 1919

Important Features in This Issue

THE MARIONETTE
The Movie of the Past
A Vivid Article on the Puppet Show

EDWIN MARKHAM'S
Latest Poem, "The Photoplay"

LEE SHUBERT
On "The Playwright's Opportunity"

A COMPLETE PLAYLET
"The Height of Indiscretion"

HUDSON MAXIM
On "The Age of Propaganda"

THE END OF THE CABARET
The Effect of Prohibition on the White Way

WHERE THE NEW PLAYWRIGHTS COME FROM
The Writers Produced by the Stage Year

THE M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY
SHADOWLAND
Published monthly by the M. P. Publishing Company, a New York Corporation with its principal offices at Bayshore, N. Y. Eugene V. Brewer, President and Editor; Eleanor V. V. Brewer, Treasurer; E. M. Henzemann, Secretary. Editorial offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to which address all mail should be sent.
Subscription: $3.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $4.00 a year; in foreign countries, $4.50. Single copies, 35 cents, postage prepaid. One and two-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.
Application made at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-class matter.
Copyright, 1919, by the M. P. Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain.
SHADOWLAND 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Letters of Welcome

As one of the shadows, may I be permitted the privilege of offering my most earnest wishes for the success of your new magazine, together with my subscription for ten years.
With the assurance of my most distinguished salutations, I am,

Yours very truly,

OLGA PETROVA.

Please accept my very best wishes for this new enterprise. Your activities in the field of motion picture publications in the past have been of great service to the industry in stimulating interest of the public and I am confident that SHADOWLAND will be a valuable addition to the literature of the moving picture.

Yours sincerely,

LEWIS J. SELZNICK.

"The Motion Picture Classic" and "The Motion Picture Magazine" have stood for the best in motion pictures. No magazine can do less and hope to thrive. SHADOWLAND, I am sure, will be welcomed by the lovers of the best in motion pictures. It is thus that Famous Players sends its word of welcome and its wish for prosperity.

Sincerely,

ADOLPH ZUKOR,
President,
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

It pleases me very much indeed to learn that you are planning to publish another magazine dealing exclusively with cinema activities. Surely you could have chosen no more appropriate name for this new publication than SHADOWLAND.

The serious treatment accorded the screen by "Motion Picture Classic" and "Motion Picture Magazine" has done much to put this new art before the public in the proper light and indicates that all you do with SHADOWLAND will add greatly to the prestige and development of this rapidly advancing industry.

In your new venture, permit me to wish you the very best of success.

Cordially,

MARY PICKFORD.

Permit me to be one of the first to welcome your new venture, SHADOWLAND, with the sincere wish that it will at once take its place side by side with its stalwart elder brothers, "The Motion Picture Magazine" and "Classic."

The advent of a new periodical seriously devoted to the best interests of our profession must always be a matter of importance to the producer, the actor, and the exhibitor, as it marks the ever-growing influence of the motion picture industry, and the widening of the public interest in all that concerns our art.

Even those whose experience is limited to the last decade are astonished at the amazing growth of picture literature. A few years ago the best we produced was discussed in a perfunctory way and serious criticism was almost unknown. Today the great dailies in all cities have ably edited columns of criticism, and magazines like those bearing the imprint of your firm make their appeal to a vast and discriminating public. It is this wonderful growth in popular interest that proves convincingly the great place the moving picture holds in the world of amusement and education; and it is to publications like yours that both the producers and the public must look for guidance and inspiration.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS H. INCE.

"The Motion Picture Classic" and "The Motion Picture Magazine" have stood for the best in motion pictures. No magazine can do less and hope to thrive. SHADOWLAND, I am sure, will be welcomed by the lovers of the best in motion pictures. It is thus that Famous Players sends its word of welcome and its wish for prosperity.

Sincerely,

ADOLPH ZUKOR,
President,
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.
To Shadowland

From Famous Players-Lasky Corporation come all good wishes and greetings to the new magazine which will hold a unique place among the photo-play publications, and, we believe, realize all its highest hopes and expectations.

Cordially,
JESSE L. LASKY,
Vice-President,
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

On the forthcoming appearance of SHADOWLAND please accept my best wishes and heartiest congratulations. As I recall the progressions which have effected the motion-picture since its invention, I feel how significant is the growth which began with you. “The Motion Picture Magazine” continued splendidly with “The Classic” and now takes still a further step forward with SHADOWLAND.

I remember the wood-cuts and black-and-white of the original numbers of “The Motion Picture Magazine” very well. As the business was refined there arose naturally the demand that the cruder publicity which was being given to the movies also be refined. The outcome of this was “The Classic,” with photogravures, etc. And now even the modern form of that is to be surpassed and SHADOWLAND is to give us, in addition, color. All this is undeniably significant. The motion-picture industry owes a real debt of gratitude to the editors who championed it in its rough infancy and now have the pleasure of seeing a maturity which is artistic and full of the possibilities of beauty.

Sincerely,
SAMUEL GOLDWYN,
President,
Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

I have your letter regarding your new publication, SHADOWLAND, and I am more than glad to welcome literature of that style of composition, inasmuch as I suppose you will make it a sister-publication to “The Classic,” which I consider well worth while.

Wishing you every success with your new work.
Yours sincerely,
MAURICE TOURNEUR.

It affords me great pleasure to offer my sincere appreciation of the good news that your new magazine, SHADOWLAND, will soon be in our hands. I believe that good things are never too plentiful. And judging from the success of “The Motion Picture Magazine” and “The Classic,” SHADOWLAND will undoubtedly enjoy an extensive welcome.

With every good wish, I am,
Cordially yours,
CHARLES CHAPLIN.

I have just learned of your intention to begin the publication of a new motion picture magazine—SHADOWLAND.

I don’t see how there could be a magazine to excel “The Motion Picture Magazine” and “Classic,” with their artistic pictures, clever articles and fearlessly just criticisms. At the same time I know you would not make a new step unless it were a step forward; so I do not doubt that SHADOWLAND will set a new standard for motion picture journalism. We are all waiting for the first issue with a lot of pleasurable interest. Please accept my best wishes for its success.

Cordially yours,
MACK SENNETT.
They Welcome Shadowland

Welcome to Shadowland—may its shadow never grow less but increase in bulk with every issue!

The increasing field of motion pictures makes peculiarly apropos at this time the advent of the new magazine.

That it will be worthy is assured by the splendid record of "The Motion Picture Magazine" and "Classic," published by the same organization.

Motion pictures have reached a position of such importance in the affairs of the world today that they thoroughly justify the great amount of information concerning them and those who make them—which embraces those engaged in every phase of the industry.

Essentially an art, the newest and most delightful of arts; including as well the most modern scientific devices; it is of course imperative that they be treated in an artistic manner and with a full appreciation of the principles involved, technical and otherwise, when discussed in the pages of a periodical. That this will be the case with Shadowland I have no hesitation in prophesying.

May good fortune attend the development of the youngest of the magazines devoted to one of the youngest but most successful and far-reaching industries.

CECIL B. DE MILLE,
Director-General,
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

May I congratulate you upon your contemplated publication of another motion picture magazine to be called Shadowland? If your new publication is to be as interesting and as attractive in make-up as your other two magazines, then it is useless for me to wish you success, because it is already assured.

Magazines like "The Classic" and "The Motion Picture Magazine" have done a great deal toward lifting photoplay to a higher plane.

With my very best wishes,

Sincerely,

NORMA TALMADGE.

Allow me to tender my subscription for Shadowland. The name pleases me. It would be splendid always to have the shadow of one's possibilities, or of the field in which one is striving, stretching on ahead of one. Though one walked beyond it, surmounted certain difficulties, the game would not be worth the playing if there were not new issues to contend with, new shadows to pass over.

Each new screen magazine that comes out fills me with the hope that there soon will be one that not only reviews what has been done, but conceives of the immense future for pictures, and helps, by recording of experimentation and forecasting new fields of development, to make our shadow ever a worthier form to fill.

Wishing you all success,

THEDA BARA.

If Shadowland should prove only a "shadow" of "Motion Picture Magazine" and "The Classic," it will be a corking publication.

Sincerely,

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.
"Only the movies," I hear you say,  
Watching the crowds at the play—  
The movies that flash on a thousand walls  
The stories the minstrel sang in the halls—  
All stories recited to eager ears  
In the evening hour when the chimney cheers.

"Only the movies," you lightly laugh,  
"Only a whirl of the endless chaff."  
Yet the play unlocks the night,  
Revealing the wonder of stars in flight,  
Or opens the door of the unseen sphere  
Where the atoms dance in their strange career.

Only the movies, and yet for a span  
Flashes the pageant of earth and man—  
All of the shapes that are shaken with breath  
And taste at last of the wonder of death.  
The stars and the atoms, and all between,  
Glimmer and go on the magic screen!
Above, The cross of Judson Memorial glowing into the night of Washington Square and, right, the Hotel Plaza reflected in the lake at Central Park.
Bagdad-on-the-Subway
A Camera Tour of O. Henry's New York

All photographs copyright by Jessie Tarbox Beals

Above, Madison Square at dawn and left, the Metropolitan tower at night

Page Thirteen
Brooklyn Bridge at dusk

A rainy day in Washington Square
The Marionette: The Movie of the Past

By Jameson Sewell

The guillotine scene from Tony Sarg's marionette production of Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring" and, below, the puppet character of King Padella, riding his comedy marionette equine

RECENT efforts to revive interest in the once popular marionettes—efforts which seem to have been made throughout the world during the past two or three years—bring out the fact that the puppet show was the motion picture of the past. Indeed, marionette entertainments were called motions in the middle ages and the puppet manipulators termed motion-makers.

Marionettes—tiny puppets moved by strings—unquestionably presaged the motion picture. They were the universal entertainment of all classes. Did not Jeremy Collier call Punch "the Don Juan of the people?" They were at best a crude reproduction of life but there was something at once comic and grotesque, beautiful and adroit about them. And, above all else, they made—just as the motion picture of today makes—an appeal to the imagination of humanity. They stirred dimly thought dreams, awakened the dull brains of the plodding serf, entertained the alert. About the marionette show there was an atmosphere of the faint, an illusion of unreality, of a fanciful world apart. And all this went straight to the child heart of the races now long dead, just as the photoplay reaches direct to the folk of our day.

During the past theatrical season Tony Sarg, the artist, presented a season of his marionettes at the Punch and Judy Theater in New York. Mr. Sarg, whose career has been linked with the renaissance of the marionette for years, each season gives a puppet season in New York. This year Mr. Sarg presented an adaptation of Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring" in a prolog and three acts of eight scenes. There were sixteen players, including the wicked King Padella's flirtatious horse and a lion of no mean—or rather, a decidedly mean—ferocity. That Mr. Sarg's tiny marionettes were able to play for some weeks on Broadway is an interesting commentary on the quaint hold the puppet still has upon humanity.

But, before discussing the renaissance of the marionette, it is interesting to trace its remarkable history. Centuries distant historians will be tracing the motion picture probably in much the same way—with one difference. The photoplay will never wane, unless it is before some new device of as yet unfathomed beauty in reflecting the moods of life.

The marionette is of distinguished lineage. It amused the ancient Egyptians o' night along the winding Nile, for figures with movable limbs have been found in the tombs of the land of Pharaoh and among the remains of Etruria. The marionette
thrive in ancient Greece and thence moved on to Rome. It has been popular for centuries in India, China and the Far East. Indeed, it may have had its earliest development in India. It is interesting to note that the Sanskrit equivalent of stage manager is sutrakhara, or thread-holder. All thru Turkey and Mohammedan countries the puppet show has held sway for ages. In distant Java it is so popular that women dress as puppets and imitate the movements of the mannikins in silent plays.

In Western Europe the real home of the marionette has been in Italy. It is very likely that it was handed down from the golden days when Rome was mistress of the world. For centuries it developed in Naples, Milan, Rome and thru all the remote provinces. The marionette reached Germany in the twelfth century. It was introduced in France by Pierre, sometimes called Jean, Brioche, during the reign of Louis XIV at the Pont Neuf in Paris, where he extracted teeth between performances, and it swept on England in the seventeenth century. America saw its first marionette shows on the east side of New York, these crude theaters being brought over by Italian immigrants.

The marionette theater was used by the Christian church throughout Europe in the middle ages to further the cause of religion. Here history shows that the Church first attacked the puppet show and then adopted it to its own use, just as the churches of yesterday flayed the photoplay and today are extensively using it. Marionette performances, like the morality dramas of the time, were based upon Biblical episodes, such as the Prodigal Son and Jonah and the whale, and upon the lives of the saints. A pamphlet of 1641 still exists to relate:

"Here a knife in a fool’s coat, with a trumpet sounding to a drum beating, invites you to see his puppets. Here a rogue like a wild woodman, or in an antic shape like an incubus, desires your company to view his motion." (Motion being the term then applied to the puppet entertainment)

In 1575, Italian impresarios, having brought the marionette theater to England, the Lord Mayor of London issued an order authorizing: "Italian marionettes to settle in this city and to carry on their strange motions as in the past and from time immemorial."

In 1667 Pepys, in his famous diary, recorded seeing a puppet show. The plays of that day ranged from "The Sorrows of Griselda" and "Dick Whittington" to "Robin Hood" and "The Vagaries of Merry Andrew."

In 1709 The Tatler gave an article on Powell’s noted marionette show and in 1711 The Spectator reviewed the performance of one Pinkethman, a “motion-maker,” whose entertainment presented the divinities of Olympus in action. Pinkethman’s name is linked strongly with the British development of the puppet, although he had a strong rival in Crawley, whose show revealed “The Old Creation of the World, with addition of Noah’s flood.” This was particularly dazzling, owing to the fact that Crawley employed real fountains. His advertise-

"Back stage" in Tony Sarg’s marionette theater. Mr. Sarg is standing in the center of the left operating one of his “players.” Note the “actors” hanging from their supporting and operating bars of wood.
ment in pamphlets of the day glowingly describe a scene with “Noah and his family coming out of the ark with all the animals two by two and all the fowls of the air seen in prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is the sun rising in a gorgeous manner: moreover, a multitude of angels in a double rank.” Thus, Crawley hit upon the first screen sunset fade-out, although he used the sun in reverse form.

The marionette theater kept on developing. From sacred things, the puppets began dancing “jiggs, sarabands and country dances,” aside from presenting the antics of Squire Punch. The great vogue of the marionette theater in Britain was due to the popularity of Punch, and in France to a similar character called Guignol but just as popular. The Punch and Judy show entertained England for centuries. Punch is an abbreviation of the Italian Punchinello, in turn derived from a word meaning clown, buffoon or puppet. (Which is, of course, another angle upon the part Italy played in the evolution of the marionette.) Historians profess to believe that Punch dates back to the burlesque actors of old Rome, for a portrait bronze of the famous Roman clown, Marcus, is a duplicate of the comic physiognomy of Punch, hooked nose, nut-cracker chin and all.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century Flockton’s presented five hundred figures at work at various trades. Brown's Theater in Arts, about 1830, revealed the Battle of Trafalgar. Napoleon’s army crossing the Alps and “the marble palace of St. Petersburg.”

Literary men of all ages have been fascinated by the marionette, from Ben Jonson, Swift, George Sand, Goethe and Lessing down to Maurice Maeterlinck. Voltaire enjoyed the puppet show and used to invite marionette entertainers to his house in Cirey. The marionette theater was a hobby with Goethe, who loved the puppet show all his life. Goethe, indeed, acknowledges a remarkable indebtedness to the puppet entertainment, in that one of the shows suggested Faust to him. Joseph Haydn composed for the marionettes.

During the middle ages the marionette approached the photoplay closest when shadow entertainments were given, the shadows of the moving puppets being cast upon a screen. Here, indeed, was the first photoplay, and it was decidedly popular.

The marionette theater enjoyed remarkable waves of favor. In 1642 the wave of Puritanism thru England caused all theaters, except those showing marionettes, to be closed. Thus the puppet became the one of reigning vogue in once merrie England. There was a remarkable revival of interest in France between 1888 and 1891, when Henri Signoret produced in marionette form such (Continued on page 76)
The Barrymores—John and Lionel—are re-opening in Arthur Hopkins' production of Son Benelli's vivid, highly colored drama of medieval cunning, "The Jest." And Broadway will again have an opportunity to see John as the sensitive young Gianetto and Lionel as Neri, the swashbuckling mercenary.
She's Queen of the May

Doris May is Thomas H. Ince's latest screen discovery and a star in her own name. She started on the silver-sheet as Doris Lee and then, with the coming of stardom, shifted her cognomen to May. Which is as it should be. Isn't May the month of buds and sunshine?

These "snaps" of Doris, in Peggy Jeans, were taken about her Culver City, Cal. home. Miss May loves the outdoors. She can dance, swim, dive, play a piano, a banjo and a harp, fence, box, drive a car and twirl a good game of baseball.
A Song of Success

I wanted to prove that I could do it and succeed at it despite the fact that I can't sing a note and am certainly not 'the type.'

"I shall never take an oriental part again. I have made up my mind definitely to that. I don't care what sort of a part I have so long as it is different, so long as it is not oriental. . . . I'm an adventurer and I admit it . . . in my profession I am a rank adventurer . . . besides . . ." she gave me one of Ming Toy's little whimsical smiles, "I'm turning gray," she confided, tragically, "from wearing those heavy Chinese wigs. Really, it's a serious matter with me. I spend every spare moment in a hair-dresser's being drowned with tonic."

We were sitting in Miss Bainter's dressing-room at the theatre, which is hung in rather a Chinese-patterned chintz and contains a chaise-longue, on which she, for one, never reclines, and numerous taffeta cushions. We were consuming her mid-afternoon habit, a chocolate ice-cream soda, and she was "receiving."

There came a fluctuating but constant stream of visitors to the door—and not one was turned away—and not one went away without being affectionately...
questioned and exclaimed over and encouraged and made much of . . . irrespective . . . there were old friends and new friends and unknown friends . . . professional friends and celebrities and otherwise . . . and to each and every one of them "Faysie," as they almost all of them called her, gave of herself, prodigally and without stint. Never once did I hear her say "I am going to do this," or "I am doing that." The personal pronoun seems to have been self-eliminated from her vocabulary.

One friend told her of the wedding of a girl they both knew which was to take place that same night. The conventional fact of a satin wedding gown was alluded to. Fay Bainter was staring into the mirror in front of her, registering the various details with widenings of her merry brown eyes and little emphatic nods of her tawny vital young head. She was quite totally oblivious of all save the mental images the recountal was conjuring up for her . . . her lips moved, almost inaudibly, "and orange blossoms?" she asked tensely, "and orange blossoms . . . too . . . oh, my . . . !" She finished with a long-drawn in sigh of rapt contemplation.

"Would you leave the stage to marry?" I asked her, "like this girl is doing?"

"And she's been on the stage for ten years, too," interpolated the friend who had been avidly recording the nuptial details.

"Time she did leave, then," said Fay, succinctly, and as if dismissing the halcyon subject, albeit reluctantly, and then to me: "leave the stage? Why, of course I would. Not for three or four years, perhaps, but then I shall be quite ready—and without a qualm.

"You see, I've been on the stage since I was four years old and I'm twenty-five now and after you've done that sum in subtraction you'll see why I'd be ready for something different."

After "Ming Toy" had been (Continued on page 74)
Above
Ethel Stanard

Left
Gretchen Eastman

Right
Cleo Mayfield

in the
Varieties with
Cecil Lean
Stars o' the Keith Circuit

Ernestine Meyers
Who is Gracing the Vaudeville Stage in an Act with Paisley Noon

Photograph by Alfred Chevalier Johnston
Seven years ago Lucy Cotton came to New York from Texas with her mother and sister. She wanted, they turned to the middle-sized Grace, our Lucy.

I turned to her now. She was busily absorbed in untying a box which had just come from the modiste’s, and looked with her parted lips and scintillant eyes, for all the universe . . . hopeful. “O, whatever we are and shall become, there is no argument about it,” Lucy sung, “we owe to mother. She has been wonderful. Just the right guide and all that a parent should be. That goes far towards MAKING a girl. Mother was not demonstrative. But she was a woman of deeds. Why, the neighbors in Houston, (remember, Yu-stun, slow and ever so soft!), thought she was crazy to send her children to the opera every week and always into five dollar seats. They could not understand why mother would much rather stay at home from one of their teas in order to be present while our instructors were at the house coaching us in dancing, dramatic work and music, so that she could help later when we practiced. You see,” with a lucy-cotton smile, “if I love only the Beautiful now, it is because mother earnestly and very conscientiously reared me in that manner. She never chose for us.

WAY, way back in the sixties, far south of the Mason-Dixie line, there lived a family—Cottons, they were—who had to themselves a charming home, a huge plantation, a troupe of slaves, . . . ’n everything. Then came the war, and the young lad, who had known only the environment of luxuriousness, was bereft of all his treasures except . . . his bride.

The dainty Mrs. Cotton wanted most seriously to do something to help. But her husband, who had had no experience whatsoever in aiding the upkeep of an income, was horrified to have her premise a woman’s slightest thought should be devoted to it. So there was nothing left for the little wife to do but settle down in their pretty home—it was VERY pretty, if more compact—and make it the brightest spot on earth.

Years passed . . . and Houston (I love the way Lucy says it, “Yu-stun”) . . . in that mellow intonation of hers), grew to look upon the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Cotton as the Three Graces. Amy, always gay and free from doubt or fear, to them was Faith. The youngest girl was Ruth. She was Lady Graciousness. They called her Charity. But when it was the symbol of joy, of outlook, of Hope, they

Photographs by Eugene Hutchinson

Page Twenty-Eight
our literature. She knew that we had been shown what was fine and what was not would be distasteful. She never commanded us about our recreations or demanded certain kinds of friends. Her standard she had willed when we were babies to become innate in us. Therefore, she knew that we knew, and felt as free."

By this time the contents of the box were being held up for supervision. It was white satin and the lace that trimmed it was exquisite. Lucy was speaking. I recalled my whereabouts and heard, "I am going to be a bride today. Only in the picture, OF COURSE. 'Sun-up' is its name, and---oh, I beg your pardon." She opened the door and came back with a package. Quickly the wrappings were torn off, and a bouquet... colossal... of roses, ... and sweet-smelling ferns was revealed. One long breath, and Lucy, a picture in her flushness, exclaimed, "Isn't it heavenly to be able to work for people like this? Mr. Bacon is so kind—and thorough. We really did not have to use these lovely things, but he would never hear of artificial flowers. Everybody around here is splendid to me."

"Mr. Earle, the camera man, has helped tremendously in his advice about make-up, and the director, Mr. Bailey, when I did do anything well, never hesitated to comment. And, when you know that a staff like that is depending upon you to do good work, why, you cannot help but do BETTER. It is a mistake for supervisors not to encourage their subordinates." Evidently, all the people under whose auspices the work of Miss Cotton was performed never made that mistake. She, from the first, had been told to go on, go ahead, go far. She had it "in her," was the slogan.

Step by step her course has grown. Slowly, surely, ... ever so surely. And it all started on the right track. I like to believe, because she came from Yu-stun, ... or because she had been inspired to live up to being Hope, ... or because "Mrs. Cotton wanted most seriously to do something to help."

Seven years ago, Lucy and Ruth were brought to New York by their mother. They had had the good fortune to meet Schuyler Ladd, who wanted Miss Daniels, the director of Teachers' College, to have HIS good fortune and meet them. Miss Daniels was charmed (and charming), and knew (Continued on page 74)
Four Fame and the judgment of its famous jury of judges.

After months of work and careful elimination, the judges have been able to decide upon four of the leaders. This is not a final and definite decision upon the leaders, and the ultimate winner may not be one of these four young women, but the probabilities are that the Fame and Fortune winner is on the quartet whose portraits grace these pages.

One of the four is Pauline ("Toots") Sandell, of 127 Kingshighway Park, St. Louis, Mo., a decided blonde type of beauty. Miss Sandell has blonde hair, dark blue eyes and is exactly five feet four, weighing 120 pounds. Her age? Since she may win the contest, that must remain a secret. Miss Sandell has had a year's stage experience in vaudeville and musical comedy, and she has posed in an amateur photoplay. She participated in a fashion pageant given on August 3 in St. Louis.

Another leader is Helen Lee Worthing,

AFTER examining the thousands of portraits entered in the Fame and Fortune Contest conducted during the past year by The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, the judges are slowly approaching a decision.

It has been the plan of the contest, which closed July 1, to select three or four leaders, invite them to come to New York, where tests and experimental films would be made, and then to name the ultimate winner. The three magazines would secure an initial motion picture position for the lucky contestant, and unite in giving special publicity for two years to the winner. With the tremendous circulation of Shadowland, The Classic and The Magazine this naturally means fame and fortune in every sense of the words. If the initial position secured by the magazines is not productive of immediate success, the publications will secure other opportunities, having thorough faith in
Fortune Stars

of 1073 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Miss Worthing, like Miss Sandell, is a blonde beauty. She has dark blue eyes, blonde hair, is five feet six in height and weighs 130 pounds. Miss Worthing is a Louisville, Ky., girl. She appeared briefly in stock as a child, but her experience has really been limited to amateur theatricals. Miss Worthing gave a great deal of her time to war and Red Cross work. She drove her own car on these errands of mercy. While living in Kentucky, Miss Worthing was a member of the famous Louisville Dramatic Club.

There is no more promising contestant among the lucky four than Blanche McGarity, of 236 Blum Street, San Antonio, Texas. Miss McGarity comes of a famous family of border pioneers and fighters, and, judging from the many varied and striking pictures she has submitted, she has every screen requisite. Indeed, Miss McGarity played a small part in the film "The Forfeit." She was born on a Texas ranch, has blue eyes, light golden hair and is 4 feet 11¾ inches tall, weighing 101 pounds.

The fourth is Anetha Getwell, of 1520 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. Miss Getwell has had some motion picture experience in Chicago. She has light brown hair, dark blue eyes, and is five feet six inches in height.

It is interesting to note that all four young women are blondes and that seemingly all parts of the country contribute equally to the super-honor roll list. It is probable that the next issue of Shadowland will announce the further findings of the Fame and Fortune judges.

The jury of the Fame and Fortune Contests numbers such notable screen figures as Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cez de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, Samuel Lumiére and Eugene V. Brewer. The contest was launched on December 1 and closed at midnight of July 1, running exactly eight months. During this time tremendous interest was manifested in the contest in every part of the world, entries coming from as remote spots as the Malay Settlements, remote spots of South America, New Zealand, etc.
Geraldine Farrar and her husband, Lou-Tellegen, have taken a home at Culver City, Cal., close to the Goldwyn film studios. Miss Farrar is spending the summer before the movie camera and, for the first time, her husband is her leading man.
There are loves that endure for the lifetime of a kiss, the length of light laughter, the bud and bloom of a rose. There are loves that last and grow stronger when watered by tears.

It was springtime in Arcadie; rosy spring in the orchards, green spring on the hills, white spring in the hearts of the men and maids of Grand Pre. The dim grey gloom of the old church of Our Lady of the Pity was lightened with flashing glances, the sparkle of dark eyes below demure lashes, smiles that darted swift as the swallow's wing.

"I love you," said the glances. "And I you," said the smiles. "You are so beautiful—none of the others have hair so soft and dark as yours!" "You are strong! You are brave!" "I will love you as no one ever loved before." "I will be faithful till the heart of me is dust."

"It is God's beautiful way!" Father Felician said softly; "there will be need of me at your house before the leaves fall, Benedict Bellefontaine!"

The two old men stood together in the doorway of the stone church, watching the pairing couples moving down the path. The last of these couples was a girl of flower slimness and sweet young curves, and a youth with the shoulders and thighs of one of the gods that walked the earth before men grew too wise for them.

"It is plain to see how it is with them," Benedict sighed. "Since the days when he carried her, a laughing little wench on his back there has been no one but Gabriel. It is hard to say when she fell in love with him; rather she has always been in love
with him, tho I think they do not know it yet."

"They will find it out soon, by the look of things," the old priest smiled, "and then there will be a wedding, and afterwards another of God's miracles—a home. They call Evangeline in the village 'the Sunshine of Saint Eualie,' and she will fill her husband's house with sunshine and—please God—with strong, rosy children who will lay flowers on our graves, Brother, in the years to come. A good world, Benedict Bellefontaine, a good world!"

But the other shook his head doubtfully. "There is a shadow over Arcadie," he murmured; "strange things are brewing. This morning I thought I heard guns, tho it was but a woodpecker's drumming, and the scent of my orchards is bitter like the tang of gunpowder. And all this week past Gall, the Half-Witted, has been walking the fields wailing, 'Woe to Arcadie—woe to Arcadie, the Fair!'"

To him at least there seemed no shadow anywhere across the world, only golden light, and the strange, piercing pain of bird's mating calls—and themselves suddenly alone under the far, wide sky.

They had paused by the gateway that led to the fair acres of the Bellefontaine farm, and had been speaking gaily of the promised yield of grain and the new hatched brood of ducks swimming in the pool beneath the willows, when they grew silent, and looked into each other's faces, and tremblingly away. "Evangeline," said Gabriel, breathlessly, "oh Evangeline—how beautiful you are,—Evangeline—"

His voice lingered along her name as tho it loved it. He leaned across her shoulder and she felt his great frame shaking, and her hands stole to her soft low girl bosom. "Evangeline," Gabriel said again, brokenly, "do—you know—?"

The light in her eyes was like stars shining in a deep forest pool. "I know," Evangeline nodded; "it is strange, Gabriel, but I think I have always known. Still—tell it to me now."

"I love you, Evangeline." "And I love you, Gabriel." "You are so beautiful; none of the others have hair so dark and fine and fragrant as yours. "You are so strong, mon homme! So brave." "I will love you forever and ever."

The old fugue of Love! The old harmonies of sighs and whispers and broken words with the lift of laughter running thru the old mating song of mankind.

The sky was red with sunset when they came, hand in hand up the lane to Benedict Bellefontaine, smoking his long pipe in the latticed door; the light on their faces was not from the sun. It dazzled his old eyes, bringing the easy tears of the aged. He kissed his daughter's forehead and then Gabriel's. "Let it be soon, my children," he told them, smiling. "I would see you happy before I die."

"Before the leaves turn," Gabriel answered, "I will have our cottage built. It is early still—there is time for much to be done ere autumn," and he looked down at the girl hungrily, the blood leaping to his brown cheeks, as she lifted her face gravely to his kiss.

Much may be done in the space of a leaf's life—aye, you were right, Gabriel, much may be done. Adown the leafy lanes of Arcadie goes Gall, the Half-Wit, keening his prophecy of woe, and the lads make mock of him; but what of those ships that sail ever nearer and nearer over the water toward the Arcadian shores?

England had asked from her unwilling subjects an oath of allegiance, had asked and had been refused. What? promise to take up arms against France, their mother? To strike at the beloved breast that had nourished them? As well ask the men of Arcadie to open their veins and drain them of the French blood that flowed warm within! England, the arrogant, had asked and had been refused—what next?

They looked into each other's faces and tremblingly away, "Evangeline," said Gabriel breathlessly, "oh, Evangeline—how beautiful you are—Evangeline—"
When the thunder rolled over the peaceful valleys in a summer storm, “Cannon,” thought old Benedict Bellefontaine, with a heavy heart; and when the lightning pierced the sky with bayonet of flame, “The torch”; and when the rain beat against the diamonded casemate, “women’s tears.”

“My father is troubled sorely,” Evangeline told her lover. “Can it be that aught will happen?”

“No, no!” he reassured her from his joy, “there is nothing wrong that can come to a world as beautiful as this, Dear Heart.”

And so, engrossed in their own enchantment, the summer slipped away and the little cottage that Gabriel was building for their home was almost done. In the great farmhouse of Bellefontaine Evangeline moved shily about her tasks, her lips curved always in a little smile, while the hands that smoothed her store of home-woven linen were caressing and tender like a mother’s fondling the clothes of her first born.

And as they worked and dreamed the storm gathered unseen.

“Come down, Evangeline,” pleaded the lover, standing one morning in early September beneath her window. “You know it is this afternoon that General Winslow has com¬manded all the men of Grand Pre to come to the church and listen to His Majesty’s edict, and—it is long to wait for a kiss till this evening!”

“Father Felician says that it is good for men to learn patience!” she reminded him, archly; “however—” she took a rose from her bosom and kist it, “you shall have this to saluce you till evening. Come home from the meeting with my father, and you shall taste bread of my own baking, and a marvellous cake, a very miracle of a cake of white flour and spices and citron that came from the Indies on the last packet.”

But the cake was never eaten, for at dusk came a white-faced neighbor woman stumbling up the lane and screeching out the dire news.

“Men! They’ve locked them up in the chapel, and English soldiers guard the doors! We shall never see our men again!”

Evangeline, white as her kerchief, calmed the frightened handmaids, smiling gallantly with lips from which all color had drained. “Tis not likely they will detain them long. Why should they—they have done no wrong? Come—let us take their places for to-night and care for the stock. To¬morrow will bring happier tidings.”

But under the light words her heart was sick and cold. “Gabriel!” she whispered, as she fed the lambs in the sheep fold, “Oh, Gabriel—and I only gave you a rose!”

For five anxious days, five dragging nights Grand Pre was a widowed village, and the women went about their unfamiliar tasks with stunned looks and eyes wept dry. On the sixth day Father Felician, whom the English had excepted because of his holy offices, came to the farm of Bellefontaine with a heavy heart and led Evangeline aside from the curious serving maids.

“My child, God is good and wise, and we must not ask to understand his ways,” he told her, “Can you bear ill news?”

“I can bear anything except the loss of Gabriel—and my father,” she answered steadfastly. “Tell me—what has become of them? What is to become of us all?”

“The English have decided to take the Arcadians from their land,” the old priest said in a voice become feeble within the last week. “They are to be transported on the ships that have lain all summer in the harbor, taken to America and there scattered so that they may never bear arms against England.”

“The men only?” Her face was wild, and he hastened to reassure her.

“No, no! Everyone is to go, men and women and children, and their lands are to be seized. It is hard, very hard.” His faded eyes rested upon the peaceful landscape before them, the gentle fields, dotted with grain sheaves, the little town nestling in the dip of the hills. “I had hoped to sleep the long sleep in the soil of Grand Pre, my beloved, but—the Lord knows best! We are in the Lord’s hands.”

“So long as it be together,” Evangeline spoke calmly, “what
doesn't it matter? Any place in the length and breadth of the world—so long as we be together.

Father Felician, looking into her luminous face could not tell her the terror that nagged his soul—the fear that in the confusion and hurry of embarking there might be separations, families torn asunder, heartbreak and suffering.

The October morning was gay over Grand Pre, sprinkling the red tiles of the rooftops with a spray of gold, showering the white walls of the houses with leaf shadows. From the chapel issued a file of haggard men who searched the groups of bystanders with wild anxiety, seeking their own among the weeping women and children awed into silence by the strange happenings.

Benedict Bellefontaine, walking among the first of the prisoners, gave a great shout of horror. “Look, neighbors!” he pointed a trembling hand, “they are burning our homes! Four generations of Bellefontaines lived beneath that roof-tree, brought their wives thither, died and were buried from it—look at it now!”

From out the crowd of distraught women a slender girl figure came running, wound warm white arms about his neck. “Father, where is Gabriel? My poor father, do not look at the flames of our home—we will carry home with us in our hearts, we three, and rebuild it again in new lands!”

All along the line women were casting themselves upon the breasts of their men, and the soldiers, sickened by their task and anxious to get it over quickly, were dragging them away. Everywhere the white face of despair met the eye. Amid their pitiful huddle of household possessions, with the whimpering children dragging at their skirts, they stood for the most part strangely silent, like figures in some uneasy dream.

“Evangeline!” the call was low, but she heard it with the ears of the soul and sprang to the side of her lover. He held out his manacled hands to her in a gesture of infinite love and longing, “Dear heart, have courage! I love you always—remember that—if anything should happen!”

“And I you, Gabriel,” she answered, laying her head against his breast. For the first time it came to her that there was a possibility of separation, but above the panic of her heart she managed a brave smile. (Continued on page 72)
Wild Thrills I Have Met

By Ruth Roland

THRILLS, expected and unexpected, go hand in hand with the making of screen serials. After months and months of filming thrillers—(won't say years and years, it sounds so old and gray haired)—I have decided that there are just two things that really worry me. They're stage-coaches and wild horses that like to topple over backwards.

Anyone can guess why I don't care particularly about the horses, but a word or two anent stage-coaches is necessary. Scenario writers aren't satisfied to have stage-coaches move in stately fashion through their scripts. A stage-coach immediately suggests a runaway down a mountain side, with high rocks on the right and a precipice on the left. I don't know why they have this effect—but it's true. Even so, I wouldn't worry about the dangerous trail down the mountains if stage-coaches weren't so rickety and there wasn't the ever present danger that one of the horses might trip, might get tangled in the harness and might drag all the other horses out of the trail to oblivion.

Something like this happened dur-
Prohibition and
By Louis Ray

THUS sang Byron—Byron of the prophetic soul. While other poets developed a national feeling and were crowned with laurel wreaths Byron's protesting temperament sensed far ahead the distress of other lands. His vision, indeed, encompassed America in the year of the big drought. He beheld a Shepherd of Texas leading sheep-like senators into the pastures of prohibition and voiced a popular indignation with "a land of slaves shall never be mine." And then with true contempt for the abridgment of personal liberty he advised his followers to "dash down the wine."

Of course, by "dash" Byron meant to drink, though his opponents cling to the belief that he intended the cup of wine to be destroyed violently. He was a true devotee of Bacchus and his fellows, to say nothing of his girl Terpsichore. And so he might be called the Paul Revere of the cabaret. He sounded the warning—and Broadway listened and paid no heed.

And now with the eclipse of Bacchus the cabaret seems doomed. These resorts of the Rialto, these oases upon the desert of monotonous money-grubbing, these places wherein the buyer, the deacon, the broker, the student, the New Yorker-with-relatives-on-his-hand, the New Yorker-with-time-on-his-hand, the flapper and the grandmother were regaled with entertainment while they paid fancy prices for a hot bird and a cold bottle have seemingly had their day, or rather their night, and are passing into the limbo of forgotten things along with the plays of yesteryear, the Grand Duke Nicholas, red-light districts and Ford jokes.

It is too bad—too bad for the sentimentalists of Broadway who believed in the permanency of the Great White Way. They, after all, are the ones to suffer most. The cabaret proprietors and café managers can easily be absorbed into some other get-rich-quick industry. Perhaps, they will rush into the present bull market of the stock exchange. Perhaps, they will produce plays by Samuel Shipman. Perhaps, they will promote prize-fights. At all events, with their ingenuity and energy, they will not shed long the idle tear.

But the sentimentalists, on the other hand, will groan beneath a mountain of despair. Life for them will not be worth living outside of the locker-room of their favorite club. Broadway for them will become the Sad, Black Way. Theirs will become a life of continuous reminiscence of the "good old days" when Jack's was the center of the universe, when Rector's beckoned the happy throng, when Healy and Shanley proved that Irishmen could run enormously profitable restaurants—and cabarets, when a host of Pakistan-named places brought zest to the town, when the furthestest extension of the lobster belt reached Reisenweber's and the

Photograph by
Keystone View Co.

New York celebrated the passing of liquor with a number of parties. At one of these, given by H. L. Meader, Annette Moore, above, posed to represent the passing of John Barleycorn

"Place me on Samian's marbled steep, Where nothing, save the waves and I, May hear our mutual murmurs sweep; There, boon-like, let me sing and die; A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine— Dash down you cup of Samian wine!"

A pre-dry wave New York cabaret at the Hotel Martinique
The Cabaret

Café des Enfants at Columbus Circle and 59th Street.

Most of the cabarets will make, it is safe to say, a brave fight for existence with the aid of soft drinks. But the snap of the fingers will be gone, the jazz spirit will be missing. Without them no cabaret can hope to live. Certainly the cabaret never exerted an appeal by virtue of its cuisine. It was always the entertainment presented therein that attracted—entertainment that pleased easily because it was provided to the accompaniment of the flowing bowl. A delightful illusion was created and the patron consequently never indulged in critical analysis. So long as there was sparkling song, so long as there were pretty women to sing or dance it, and—most important—so long as there was the cup that cheers the patron was satisfied. A fig for the chef and his exorbitantly-priced dishes. "We didn't come here to eat," said the patron, "we came here to put the bar in cabaret."

The cabaret as it is known to Broadway and the imitations of Broadway throughout the country is an institution of recent origin. Of course, it had its beginning in Paris. But it was the Continental musical comedy librettists who seized upon it as a subject and popularized it. They gave theatrical life in such pieces as "The Merry Widow" to the famous Maxim's, the Café de Mort Rat, the Café de la Paix, the Jardin de Paris, the Bal Tabarin, the Folies Bergère, and a score of others. And the result was the enterprising American showmen and restaurant proprietors began to dot New York's landscape with cabarets fashioned after the Parisian model. They were quick to see that the stage representations of the French resorts intrigued the public. Very well, the public will have the opportunity of patronizing these resorts transplanted to Broadway. Thus there came into existence here Maxim's, the Jardin de Paris, the Montmarte, the Bal Tabarin, the Café de l'Opéra, the Café de la Paix, the Folies Bergère, and a host of other places with French names.

It was at the height of the cabaret craze in 1911 that the last-named resort was opened. Under the direction of Jesse Lasky, now the most prominent of the movie magnates, and the late Henry B. Harris the Folies Bergère was to represent the last word as a Parisian restaurant revue. A special building was constructed wherein tables were arranged about the lower floor and balcony at which the patrons were served with refreshments while being entertained by a revue and variety performance.

The plan was too revolutionary, however. The Folies Bergère proved a dismal failure and the building was soon remodeled and renamed the Fulton Theater. Since then the public has gradually accepted the restaurant revue until now the white-light district is filled with entertainments of this character.

Maxim's, in Thirty-eighth Street, enjoyed a tremendous vogue, having been opened shortly after "The Merry
Widow” was launched upon its successful career. Visitors to New York who flocked to the musical comedy also had to include Maxim’s in their plans otherwise their trip to the metropolis was not complete. Then came a pretentious restaurant on the site of what is now the Brokaw Building. Given the name of the Café de l’Opéra, it introduced a custom whereby only evening clothes were to be worn by its patrons. This custom soon meant an early death for the restaurant, for the would-be patrons rebelled at the restriction and flocked to restaurants where they could wear what they pleased.

The cabarets at that time consisted chiefly of girls who danced and sang popular hits of the day, male quartets and soloists who confined their attention to ballads. Occasionally a couple of eccentrics dancers in bizarre costume were introduced. Most of the restaurants in the so-called lobster belt, extending from Thirty-fourth Street to Columbus Circle, took up the vogue. And its popularity spread to all parts of the nation. Visitors to New York eagerly sought “the best cabaret in town” upon the advice of the hotel clerk. And the business of providing entertainers was one that entailed the introduction of booking agents who did nothing else but route the performers from restaurant to restaurant.

New York in its characteristic search for novelty soon grew tired, however, of the cabaret. It needed some other diversion to attract it. It began to appreciate that the entertainment offered was not sufficiently unlike that of the vaudeville and musical comedy shows. The cabaret proprietors, alert to this attitude, looked around for some means to stem the growing tide of indifference. And they hit upon the idea of permitting the public to dance in their restaurants. And to keep the public ever interested they introduced by means of their performers various dances of grotesque names—the Turkey Trot, the Bunny Hug, the Grape Vine. The public was again conquered.

The dance craze, originating in New York, swept over the nation. The restaurants became more popular than ever before. They engaged orchestras especially skilled in rag-time effects, and large spaces were roped off where the patrons might indulge their love of the new steps. A flood of gold poured into the coffers of the cabaret managers. They no longer talked exclusively o’ gin and beer, but of one-steps and hesitations and this and that dancer.

Then, one day, with the same suddenness as with which it started, the dance craze ended. The cabarets were forced again to seek some new methods of separating the public and its money. This time they went in for pretentious revues modeled after the musical comedies of the stage. Soon a restaurant began to be known by the revue it offered. Such places as the Palais Royal, the Moulin Rouge, the Strand Roof and the Pre-Catelan sprang into existence, each advertising conspicuously an “after-dinner revue.”

The restaurant-revue, growing each day in popularity, began to compete with the musical comedy attractions to such an extent that theatrical producers sought legal redress in the shape of heavy licenses where admission was charged and prohibited singers and dancers under contract to them from appearing in the revues. Their efforts did not accomplish much. And it was not long before the theatrical producer decided to beat the cabaret man at his own game.

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., instituted a midnight revue atop the New Amsterdam which he termed a “Frolic.” He engaged various well known artists and a large group of pretty girls, and a performance was given which lasted for a little over an hour, including an intermission during which the public was given the privilege of dancing. The idea caught on at once. New York had become ripe for a typical Parisian restaurant-revue. The entertainment was so diverting that tables were reserved far in advance. Being presented at such an hour refreshments were always in great demand. Thus Doctor Ziegfeld defrayed the cost of his elaborate revue. What is more, his financial reward was so splendid that he opened a revue of similar character at nine o’clock. Morris Gest followed Mr. Ziegfeld in becoming another theatrical exponent of the midnight revue, presenting successful shows on the roof of the Century Theater.

The cabaret men have not seemingly minded the opposition of the theatrical men. They continue to present their revues, scouring the vaudeville pastures chiefly for their material and eagerly obtaining the services of ice skaters, experts in jazz dancing and rag-time singing to woo the easy spenders along the great trail of gaiety.

But with the coming of prohibition theirs will not be to do or die. Theirs will be to reason why the land of the free should at this late day substitute as its symbol the camel for the eagle.
The Height of Indiscretion

By Hadi Barron and Saxon Cone

Illustrations by Oscar Frederick Howard

Curtain Rises to Disclose

The library of Miss Reno Ney Vada's California bungalow in the most plutocratic section of the movie colony. All California bungalows in aforesaid colony are palatial. This is, therefore, palatial. Vague shapes show in the semi-darkness—gate-legged tables . . . chaise-longues . . . an occasional slender palm. At the back, casement windows give out onto a moonlit garden of roses . . . and silhouetted sharply against the white glow from the windows are the figures of a woman and a man locked in a close embrace. The air is hushed and breathless . . . almost vibrantly waiting . . . Thru the door to the left sound distant strains of dance music. As the curtain rises fully the two silhouetted faces meet in a kiss . . . As the kiss gets—and nicely under way the doors are flung open and several people appear on the threshold. They start back as they perceive the osculatory pair.

Woman's Voice (spitefully)

Oh, I beg your pardon! Such an intrusion. So sorry!
(The intruders retire, whispering facetiously among themselves. The pair at the window break away from one another in horror.)

Man's Voice (aghast)

Good God, Effie Letterman!

Woman's Voice (horrified)

Do you suppose she saw us? To recognize us, I mean? Oh say you don't!
(The man does not answer at once but fumbles about along the wall stumbling profanely over tables and chairs and finally locates an electric switch. In the flood of light they are revealed as a piquant, not to say press-agented young woman in an equally piquant evening-gown and a typical movie-idol variety of young man. Their eyes meet and fuse in a blank despair.)

The Man (with a groan)

This is a bally mess I've got you in for! I ought to be horse-whipped! Instead of which I shall probably be stoned—nice little stinging scorpion stones from nice little stinging tongues. If I could only protect you at my own expense! If only you weren't involved too! Good God, I see now—the woman does pay. But to think that you—you—should have to pay for me—my darling! I simply can't bear it!

“Do you suppose she saw us—to recognize us, I mean. Oh, say you don't!”

The Girl (hopefully)

Perhaps it won't be so bad as we think. Of course she recognized you. There's no mistaking your inches nor your shoulders nor your celebrated profile. But I . . . well really, I look a great deal like Thérèse in the darkness. They were even thinking of having her double for me in my last picture . . . and in the dark . . .

The Man (grimly)

In the dark is right! I'll say! I suppose there isn't much difference, then, between several doses of applied henna and hair like the paleness of minted gold—

The Girl (clasping her hands)

Don't . . . don't, Roger! I can't listen to flattery on the brink of ruin. I've—'ve always kept so—so free of this sort of thing. There's never been a breath to touch me. Oh, don't you suppose she might have taken me for Thérèse?

The Man (doubtfully)

I don't know. She sounded so damned pleased. Effie
does adore scandal . . . and she's always been hopeful of it among us. And there never could be much of a scandal about Thérèse — she's too promiscuous. Besides . . . knowing about us . . . and then . . . (with another groan, pointing to the jewelled ornament in her hair). She must have seen that against the moonlight. No use, we're lost!

The Girl (bitterly)

I'm lost, you mean? A man can live down anything — anything I tell you. A woman — never. Oh, why, why did I let you do that — and here of all places? Why can I never resist you? Why does your spell reach out and take hold of me wherever I may be, whatever I may be doing? The scent of those roses is not more powerful to me . . . not more drugging . . . (She begins to weep, daintily, desperately) and . . . and we've kept people from suspecting for so long . . .

The Man (taking her hands tenderly)

Sheila . . . dearest . . . why do we try to hide it any longer? Don't you love me enough to come out before the whole world and confess our secret? Make a clean breast of it? Don't you, my dear?

The Girl (shrinking)

But — with a married man! A married woman? My dear, the thing simply isn't done — wouldn't go. No, no, we could never live it down. Everybody in our set would snub us.

The Man

But there are other places, other people . . . people who look at things differently, who are not so — so narrow. We might even go away —

The Girl (with a Duse-like gesture)

Away? After all our struggles to get where we have in our Art? After all our struggles to get in, socially, with the best of this colony? After we have just succeeded? Oh, I can't! Don't ask me!

The Man (pacing the floor, consumed with remorse)

I was a cad. I should have thought of you, not of myself. Of your reputation rather than of my desire. But you're so damnably beautiful in that gown, Sheila. So enticing. So seductive. It doesn't seem fair of you, Sheila, to look like that . . .

The Girl (looking out of the French windows and giving a little, convulsive cry)

Hush! Here is Thérèse coming now! She's been walking in the rose garden — and she's alone, too . . .

The Man (drily)

That isn't half so incomprehensible as it would be if she wasn't —

The Girl (hurriedly)

No, no, but don't you see? She hasn't been in there with the others. If we could only make them think that it was her you were kissing . . .

The Man (getting it at last)

By Jove! But what about the thingumbob? (He points to the jewelled bandeau in her hair.)

The Girl

Leave it to me. Go out there (she points to small door to
right) and come back in about ten minutes. (He exits and Sheila opens the French casements and calls to someone outside. Calls: Oh, Roger! it's ear dance ... you naughty, neglectful man!)

(Thérèse enters, on the unbragious side of thirty, yet holding on to the coat-tails of youth like grim death. You know the kind. She wears a gown still lower than Sheila's but without the same effect, which she probably knows.)

Thérèse ([with the inscrutable glance one woman gives another she—ah—loves—])

Sorry, de-ar, it's only me.

Sheila (smoothly)

I saw you, and so I assumed that Roger was somewhere near. He usually is, you know. My dear, I only wish I had your talent for men. It amounts to positive genius!

Thérèse ([surprised but willin' to be flattered])

Oh no, now ... bien ... la, la, ... we'll ...

Sheila (effusively)

Indeed it does! Effie Letterman was just saying to me that Gertrude Van Vleck told her that she heard Charlie Coddington tell Saxon Sills that the man who married you would be awfully plucky—er, that is, of course I mean lucky. And then, a woman's success is known by the number of husbands she has had nowadays, and you've had—how many is it to date, dear?

Thérèse

Yours, not counting the one I lost naturally. That was Bartwell Bremer, do you remember him? Poor dear, I cant help but be glad that he passed away before Prohibition came. He was one of the few men I ever saw who could drink two Clover Clubs, three Manhattan's and a stein of lager at dinner and still be able to quarrel with the waiter about the amount of the check afterwards.

Sheila (a trifle distrait)

Five husbands of your own—that you were married to, I mean, beside all those you weren't! Positively, that is a record!

Thérèse (patronizing)

Oh, well, it's all in getting the knack of it!

Sometimes it's a bit inconvenient, though. The other day I met a man at a house party who looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place him until we had had quite a nice little flirtation, then something he said made me think who he was—my second husband, my dear, if you please!

Sheila (interested)

What was it he said?

Thérèse (quoting)

I say, Baby-Doll, did you know you had a deuced tempting little mouth?

Sheila

But they all say that. I dont see why that reminded you ...

Thérèse (yawning)

Oh, it wouldn't, except that I got my decree on the strength of that remark. You see, it was the maid he was saying it to the last time. Men have absolutely no imagination, my dear. All of my husbands made love to me in exactly the same words, gave me the identical excuses for being out late, and said precisely the same things on the witness stand! It's only in moving picture leaders that men ever say anything original.

"My dear, I only wish I had your talent for men. It amounts to positive genius. And what a love of a gown! A positive man-trap!"
Voices (in the distance)

Jada, Jada, Jada, Jada Gin Gin Gin.

Thérèse (moving toward the door)

I believe they’re shimmying—don’t you adore to shimmy? I suppose I . . .

Thérèse (coldly)

That’s the style nowadays, my dear, to have just as much lacking as the law allows! The more of the wearer and the less worn. This is what Worth calls the “Eve model”.

Thérèse

I thought you would like it when I bought it. Do you know, I always try to think what you would like, Roger. (Archly) I wonder why that is. It is quite beyond me why I do it.
Effie (dramatically)

I tell you I saw them with my own eyes! Kissing, actually kissing! Haven’t I seen close-ups of them sans number? Wouldn’t I know?

Miss Ney Vada

How vulgar!

Others (in unison)

Unpardonable! . . . unpardonable . . . absolutely unpardonable . . . completely unpardonable.

—Has anyone seen old Roger this evening?” said Sheila, guilelessly, “I suppose it’s due to low visibility, but he seems to have disappeared”

Miss Ney Vada

It’s worse than vulgar. One may be vulgar and get away with it. One may never be provincial.

Effie (pensively)

If it had been the ducky chauffeur, or that ever-recurring extra man with the soulful eyes, or that lamb of a Czech-Slav you’ve adopted for a pet—it would have been too cute. Those things will happen—but Roger—it simply isn’t done!

Miss Ney Vada

It’s too bad, but we shall have to cut them off our lists, c’est tout! We couldn’t run the risk of this occurring whenever they’re guests together. . . .

The Ingenue

And then, think of our public! Think if a word of this should get to the press reviewers! Not even Roger’s popularity would stand under the scandal,—it would absolutely ruin his career!

Effie (cautiously)

Poor Roger! You needn’t tell me its his fault, he was simply dragged into it by that designing little, scheming little—(pauses as Sheila enters, etc.).

(Enter Sheila door right humming a careless little song. She meets their glances of surprise and distrust with a sweet naïveté.)

Sheila (guilelessly)

Has anyone seen old Roger this evening? I suppose it’s due to low visibility, but he seems to have disappeared.

(Silence, painful and prolonged. Glances. Raised eye-brows. Facial interrogations. Mustached evolutions.)

Effie (rallying)

My dear, I rather took you to be an authority on that subject!

Sheila (amusedly)

I? My dear, how naive of you!

(The French windows reopen to admit Thérèse and Roger, the former wearing the incriminating bandeau. The women exchange furtive glances. Effie nods knowingly.)

Sheila (gaily)

Behold the prodigals! I suppose you have forgotten your two dances with me, Roger.

Roger (with a melting glance at Thérèse, who presents a rather distraught appearance)

There are times, my love, when a man is almost justified in forgetting—his wife!

Thérèse (to Sheila)

I’ll have to make your husband’s apologies, dear. It was my fault that he forgot, but you see, I mean didn’t see—oh dear, I can’t seem to . . . anyway, you have him now, with my best wishes. (She goes out, smiling archly.)

(Effie and Miss Ney Vada and train follow.)

Effie (audibly to audience)

I was mistaken. It was Thérèse he was kissing. She never forgets her rôle. How nearly I convicted the poor dears of bad taste!

Miss Ney Vada (cutting in)

And to think how nearly I convicted that sweet Sheila-person of such peasant instinct. I’m positively . . . something to atone . . . (last words lost as party exeunt).

Sheila (collapsing into the nearest chair)

Saved! My God, my God, what a close call! Well, we’ll never commit that indiscretion again! Oh, I’m weak!

Roger (approaching her with ardour, tempered with apprehension)

Never? Never is a long day . . .

Sheila (rising precipitately and backing away from him)

Have a care, Roger! Of course, I mean never—except before the camera . . . or under lock and key!

(Curtain drops hastily.)
"WINTER"

From a painting by Edward Gay, N. A.
Sketching from Nature

There is no hard and fast rule or rules on sketching from nature. Every artist has his own method and no two methods are alike. Every pupil that comes out of art school starts sketching as he was taught, but he soon changes his method to a better one, or at least to one that better suits his temperament and style. In giving my methods I do not pretend that they are better than anybody's else—I simply assert that this method is the best for me. Take it for what it is worth.

First of all we must draw a sharp line of demarcation between sketching from nature and painting finished pictures. Thumb-box sketches were originally small sketches made in a very short time, say an hour, and were used as mere notes, or samples, or impressions, from which larger paintings were made in the studio later on. Lately, at some of the thumb-box exhibitions at the Salmagundi Club and elsewhere, the artists all seem to think thumb-box sketches were elaborately finished small pictures. Most of these pictures had apparently been made in the studio and had been gone over and retouched time and again.

In sketching from nature the first thing to do is to pick your subject, which must be very simple. It may be a cloud, a tree, a road, a fence, a house, or anything, but it should be practically only one thing. You will have all you want to do to get one thing done right, because, as everybody knows, the light and atmospheric conditions are much different at three-thirty from what they were at three. A few minutes makes a lot of difference. If it is a cloudy effect we are painting, we all know that perceptible changes are taking place every few seconds. The same may be said of everything else we paint except that the changes are not so perceptible. Not only is the sun moving constantly, thus changing the light, but changes in the atmosphere are also changing.

Having selected your subject, the next thing to be considered is the composition. Shall the tree be placed to the left or to the right, and shall the top of the tree end at the top of the canvas or shall the upper half be omitted? Shall the horizon line be above the center of the canvas or below (of course, it should never be in the center)? Shall we include that stump in the foreground or shall we draw an imaginary line just above it, which is to form the bottom of our picture? Shall we include that small bush on the right and that post on the left, or should we make our picture a little smaller or a little larger?

Having definitely settled just what part of the landscape and sky we are to include in our picture, we begin by sketching in the bare outlines of the things we are to paint. This can be done with a pencil or with a bit of charcoal. Having drawn accurately, yet roughly, the outlines of our sketch we now start the painting. Presumably we have our paints all set on the palette together with a little can of medium. I place zinc white in the center, light chrome yellow next to the left, and yellow ochre next to it. To the right of the white I place Harrison red, next alizarine crimson and lastly permanent or ultramarine blue. For my medium I use a mixture of one part turpentine, one part linseed oil and one part copal varnish. I prefer this mixture because it dries quickly, obviates varnishing later, and prevents the colors from "sinking in" and looking "dead."

I start my sketch by using plenty of medium and very little color—in other words, a mere wash. This first painting is merely to get my values, and I generally use only crimson and blue, with sometimes a little white. I paint my whole sketch thus, sky and all, being very careful to get the values as accurately as I can. When this is done I stand off and study the monochrome for inaccuracies. If there is any doubt, I dim my vision by almost closing my eyes and peeking thru my eye lashes. In gazing at the landscape thusly I shut out all color and see simply a picture in grays.

After perfecting my purple-wash picture to my satisfaction, I am prepared to start the real picture. Experience has taught me that if this under-painting is carefully done, my final picture will meet with my approval; and if it is not, my sketch will be a failure. There is no such thing as "let well enough alone" in making the under-painting. The best possible is the only thing to do! This under-painting in purple may have taken me half an hour or more on a 8 x 10 canvas or it may have taken even longer if I had trouble with my values. I am now ready for the final painting itself. I mix up a good-sized mass of paint, and with a stiff, flexible, bristle brush I scoop up a quantity of the mixture and lay it on. By this time the under-painting has become so tacitly that it will not mix with the final painting. I do not rub it on the canvas, or "paint" it, but I lay it on. I sometimes begin with the trunk of the tree, or with the house, or whatever the main object is to be, and I sometimes begin with the middle distance. Some painters prefer to begin with that part of the picture which shows the highest note, or brightest light, and second, with that part of the picture that shows the deepest shadow. Thus, having obtained these two values, they know that all others must bear a proper relation to these two. In other words, they begin at both ends of the spectrum and after having gone thru various gradations of color value they meet somewhere in the center. Other artists prefer to begin with the highest point of light and from that work down step by step to the darkest shadow. The only trouble with this method is to tell how large the steps should be. If the gradations are too severe the shadows will be black, which, of course, should not be. Nothing is black in nature. There is color in every shadow. And, if we should begin with the darkest shadow and go step by step up to the highest point of light, if by chance our steps are too large we end in pure white, which is again wrong, because there is no pure white in nature. And so, the best plan seems to be to place a little jab of paint of the right value on the point of highest light and a little jab of paint over the darkest shadow. We then know that all other values must be somewhere between these two.

After having laid on the paint generously on every part of your canvas so that the under-painting is completely covered, the picture should be almost complete. In laying on the masses of thick paint over the under-painting there is no harm at all if some of the edges of the under-painting show thru. If it does, so much the better. Please note that I use the expression "laying on." This is important. The moment you try to "paint," that is, rub your brush back and forth as they do when they paint the side of your house or barn, then you begin to get a muddiness or grayness to your picture which is fatal. Your picture must look fresh and brilliant, and if you mix your colors too much you will lose this brilliancy and freshness entirely. Every object you look at, particularly the sky, is alive with variegated colors. Your canvas must be very much the same. If you mix three primary colors together you are bound to get gray, which we call mud. Therefore, it is well to keep your palette clean and to lay on your colors pure. If you make a mistake in laying on your final colors, dont lay on some more in an effort to correct the error but with your palette knife remove the objectionable color and try it again. When your sketch is done take a walk for a few minutes, then come back and look at your picture from a distance.

If it "carries" well, you have had a successful day. If it does not, the probabilities are that you have made some vital error in your values.

The Painter.

Page Forty-Nine
The Playwright’s Opportunity

By Lee Shubert

[Mr. Lee Shubert is one of the representative men of the American theater. Consequently, his comments upon the opportunities for the native playwright carry unusual significance. Are you writing a play? Then, read Mr. Shubert’s article. If you’re not—But, then, you are. Everybody is!]

NOT a great many years ago, American managers were accused of favoring European playwrights. During the war the supply of plays from England, France, and Italy greatly decreased, and as for Austria, Germany, and Russia, these sources were altogether cut off. Now that we are enjoying peace days again, the question naturally arises as to whether we may continue to look to Europe for the bulk of plays to be produced here in the next season or two.

For the benefit of those who have written for the American theater and the hundreds of thousands who cherish the hope of turning out successful plays, let it be recorded that now is the golden opportunity. Never in the history of the theater in this country has the time been so propitious for the playwright with a reputation or the man or woman with the knowledge of play construction or for a person with a good story to tell, as it is at present. The demand for plays with merit greatly exceeds the supply. The situation is such that producing managers are inclined to offer special inducements to new writers to enter the field.

Which is to say, that the “made in America” idea is just as firmly entrenched in the theater as in the sincere desire to further the plan, as it is in any other branch of American art or industry. Managers have always encouraged the native playwright, and the comparatively small number of successful American writers for the stage is not so much that producers make it difficult for unknown authors to get their plays read and produced, but rather because so few writers with talent for dramatization have gone in seriously for playwriting. If we do not get the plays to read we certainly cannot offer them, and when we find ourselves short of plays, we have no alternative but to go into the open markets of Europe.

During the war, when the theaters on the continent were for many months at a time practically a dead issue, we imported plays because new playwrights on this side were not developing as quickly as they should have. Paradoxical, as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, and despite our efforts to support embryo writers, we find very few willing to take up the profession with the same spirit and enthusiasm necessary for success in any other profession. There are elements of play making that are technical, points of writing that are wholly of the theater, and none can acquire this knowledge without making a study of it. Without this fundamental knowledge of the theater playwriting becomes irksome and means that when a manuscript is submitted by a person who lacks this knowledge it has to be turned over to a “doctor.”

In this connection the would-be playwright differs from the student in any other profession, because he is obsessed with the idea that his way is the right one, and nothing can divert him from that opinion. The result is that the manager is accused of being permitted to produce only plays of men and women who have attained some success in the theater and are, therefore, without vision and slaves to conventionality and fixed rules of stagecraft. But every manager knows this is not true.

At best, the theater is a huge speculation from the time the manuscript is read until the curtain goes up on the first performance. For this reason alone we can hardly be criticized for trying to minimize its uncertainty as regards the selection of plays. Even the combination of the best authors and the best play-readers is far from fool-proof in picking plays, and often this experienced partnership goes far astray of public opinion. The fact that a particular author’s name may appear more frequently on playbills than that of another, and the further fact that so few new names appear at all, is not because the managers force the one to write for them and discourage the other. Quite the contrary. We welcome one manuscript with as much appreciation and with as much optimism as we do another, if anything, rather more hopeful that the new writer will have a promising play than the man with the reputation. While managers do what they can to aid the beginner in the theater, they do not want nor do they expect a halo for this service, for it is obvious that the more people writing for the stage, the larger our market from which to select.

(Continued on page 76)
What Every Woman Should Know

By The Rambler

PARIS is officially known as the harbinger of fashions. Time was when Paris styles were brought over here primarily for the benefit of the extremists, were worn by women who could afford to tickle their fickle fancies with new fads, and who recked not the cost of a costume which might not prove to be as popular a success as it was a novelty.

But alas, that state of affairs is no longer possible. The little woman in Kankakee now knows the latest Paris fashion very nearly as soon as her sister (if only under the skin) who haunts Newport's Bellevue Avenue in summer, and The Avenue in winter.

The reason for this leveling of distinction is motion pictures. Actresses of the stage have long been the accepted means of popularizing styles, but today the actress of the shadow world is an even more poignant factor. For not only is she, or rather her shadow self, seen in even the tiniest helmet, but her salary is very nearly three times that of the footlight actress. Lavishly does the motion picture actress invest in Parisian and American fads and fancies of fashion. So quickly does she spread the new manner of styles throughout the land, that designers are becoming quite frantic in their effort to keep the supply of exclusive models up to the demand.

The other day while speaking to a Fifth Avenue designer of models for the elite, I was shown several

Page Fifty-One
very smart drawings of thin young women poured into long slender garments featuring tight skirts, Russian blouses, and a long waistline.

"These are the styles of today, Madame," he said with his suave little gesture which comes from much playing up to ruffled feminine vanities, "but for tomorrow—ah—I already have my people working on the skirts that are short and full, and waists with short sleeves. I must keep constantly changing my models or my customer—ah—she meets herself in the street a dozen times in cheap—cheap—copies!"

Thus one finds the fashions of today in a rather hodge-podge condition. Almost anything is acceptable, and the more odd it is the more apt it is to be credited with the blue ribbon badge of novelty.

One fact is certain, Paris is wearing the short skirt model. The Parisian skirt hangs close to the figure, altho in many instances the straight line is broken by an overskirt of eccentric or conventional design.

Fannie Ward writes entertainingly from the French capital concerning the length of skirts, "—and the gowns! The necks are cut so low and the skirts so high that it looks as if the modistes were trying to make both ends meet and had nearly succeeded despite the hardships of war! Raymond Hitchcock once said that it was his
desire to give a good show and deceive no one. Well, the Parisian designers have evidently tried to visualize this idea with their latest models. A one-piece bathing suit is arctic attire in comparison with some of the latest underdresses.

From Paris also comes the verdict for short sleeves, although because a French woman generally insists upon wearing gloves, a slight preference has been given to the three-quarter sleeve, thus compromising with the tremendous expense of long gloves, and while we are speaking of gloves an attempt is being made to popularize the glove fashioned of guê kid and flouncing a gauntlet trimmed with fur, or embroidered in colors matching the costume.

It is said that the Redingote is to be featured this winter. This is one of the oldest garments in the history of fashion. It used to be called a polonaise because it was introduced into Paris court fashions by a queen who was a Polish princess. The long overgarment was a feature of her national dress. It seemed neither unusual nor surprising to her. To the

The last of the bathing season brings forth the bathing cape. This model is one of the smartest to be bought on the Avenue. From Bonwit-Teller & Co.

French it was both. And was seized upon as a new epoch in fashions.

Today the house of Chérut is reviving this eighteenth century cloak. As shown by Chérut, the polonaise or Redingote of today is a long straight coat with a slight fullness over the hips. The whole hangs limply from shoulder to hem and is girdled about the waist by an immense sash. Dark serge or satin is the favored material.

This revival of the polonaise which reaches to the hem of the gown undoubtedly accounts for the fact that there is a revival of knee-length coats in tailored suits. Fall and winter will undoubtedly see the banishment of the suit coat cut off at the hips, and the popular appearance of the knee-length model.

Meanwhile evening gowns are of two distinct types and the well-gowned woman must consider the occasion before dressing for her after-sundown hours.

If she is to go where dancing is the feature of the entertainment, a dance frock should be worn. These are short, and provide a certain freedom of movement by cunningly de-
The American woman has become a connoisseur of lingerie. Best & Co. offer the latest in flowered chiffon camisoles— and underthings.

Black over white or dull blue are the popular shades and jet is the thing in trimming.

Speaking of trimmings, those little things that make or mar a costume, ostrich feathers are the ornaments of the hour. One sees them caught in sashes, forming ruffles for sleeves, and even used to form a whole overskirt. Truly the bird with the long neck has come into his own, at least temporarily, which is the most that can be said for any fashion.

A delightful contrast to the unreasonable velvet crowned hats—timely slits in their clinging skirts. Taffeta is the approved material for dance frocks at the present moment and provides a crisp freshness to the sultry scene of any warm Indian summer evening.

On the other hand if dancing is not to be the form of amusement, my lady should have in her possession several distinct evening gowns. The shade of difference is the dignity so evident in the real evening gown. Long lines, a train that is serious with tulle or organdy brims we have been wearing during the past two summers are the mid-summer hats of smartest tulle that the Paris milliners have sent us. Some of these hats are crownless and for those who object to having their hair disarranged by the breezes soft layers of tulle are provided as a crown. The brim of the crownless hat consists usually of frills of silk net. Any woman who can match her well-coiffed locks with a hat such as this may be sure of looking particularly lovely.

For the replenishing of the vacation wardrobe, the Fifth Avenue shops are showing smart satin skirts, as the one sport garment that is always in good taste. For the cooler days of the bathing season, Bonwit-Teller has imported a unique cap which buttons snugly across the shoulders and yet does not detract from the smartness of the silken bathing suit.

Another certain luxurious smartness, stolen half from the Parisienne and half from the sun actress, is the beauty of the American negligees. Fifth Avenue shops are featuring shimmering silks and chiffons fashioned in loose flowing models which retain not only a certain lure but style as well.

A similar condition exists in the manufacturing of lingerie. If any American woman today wears cotton unmentionables, nobody knows it. The daintiest of chiffons, the most fragile laces, and the most appealing shades of ribbon are fashioned into the most fascinating lingerie America has ever seen. The shops are indulging in an orgy of beautiful lingerie and the American woman is turning her purse inside out to purchase this most bewitching folly of fashion and—who can blame her.
Department of Photography

Prizes to be Awarded for the Best Photographs by Amateurs

SHADOWLAND is to have a Department of Photography. Being primarily a picture book, photography will enter largely into its make-up, but we don’t intend to let the professional photographers monopolize this magazine. All publications that are devoted to motion pictures and the stage, depend, for their illustrations, on professional photographers. This is so from necessity, and not from choice. Yet the truth is that in all contests where prizes are awarded for the best photographs, it is the amateur and not the professional who usually wins. This may not be true of portraiture, but it is doubtless true of all other branches.

Roughly speaking, there is a camera in every town in the United States and one in nearly every home in many towns. The camera is a great luxury. When one learns to use it properly there is no end of pleasure and profit to be derived from it. The first thing a person does when he or she gets a camera is to snap everything in sight. Perhaps all the family are lined up in front of the house, and after they have straightened up and readjusted themselves out of their natural proportions, they are snapped by the proud photographer. Then the house itself is taken, then the dog, the cook, the horse, the barn, etc. But after a time one tires of this sort of thing and the camera is laid aside until visitors come or until the vacation arrives, or a picnic is planned.

But there is another use of the camera which many have not yet learned, and that is, the art of taking artistic pictures. In this department I shall try to show my readers how to enter this wonderfully interesting new field. In the meantime we want all those who know what art in photography means to send us contributions for this department. We shall print each month as many of the good ones as we can make room for and we shall award cash prizes for the most artistic ones. We wish to hear from the amateur photographers only. Write on the back of Water study: On the Great South Bay.
the photograph your name and address and the title of the picture. It is immaterial whether the print is large or small, but the larger the better, because it is a very simple matter to reduce the size of the picture, and very difficult to enlarge it; yet if the picture is very small it will probably be useless for our purposes. We cannot undertake to return any photograph submitted, but each and every one will be preserved, and the better ones placed on exhibition in our editorial rooms.

Following are a few photographs taken by the editor of this department some years ago. The last, entitled "An Afternoon's Ride," is a picturesque subject and is nicely lighted. It would have been better, however, if the little girl had entered into the spirit of the occasion and put a little action into her pose. It is obvious that she is camera-conscious. The boy was apparently not old enough to know what a camera was, and therefore the photographer succeeded in getting a good pose out of him.

The second picture, entitled "Star Gazing," is another good bit of lighting and posing, if we do say it ourselves. This picture was, of course, taken in the sunlight with the lens well stopped down.

The first picture, entitled, "On the Great South Bay," is picturesque, but it has very few of the elements of a fine photograph.

The third example, entitled "A Mid-day Meal," shows a couple of children about to have luncheon on a patch of berries that they have just picked. The principal charm of this picture lies in the naturalness and ease of the poses.

Editors are frequently asked the question, "What kind of photographs are best for reproduction—dull finish, or glossy ones, black or sepia?" The answer, in our case at least, is that any kind will do, but that black and white prints are preferred. Sepia, blue, brown, green and other tones do not usually reproduce as well as black and white. Above all, do not attempt to tint your photographs with various colors if you expect to have them reproduced. One color is bad enough, but two or more colors make a photograph almost impossible for reproduction unless the engraver goes to the expense and trouble of rephotographing it through color screens, which, in our case, cannot be done.

Generally speaking, there are two kinds of photography: the sharp, clear, contrasty prints, and the soft, fuzzy atmospheric ones. In nearly all prize contests the latter get the prizes. It is not so difficult to learn how to snap a scene or an object with just the right lens opening, in perfect focus, and giving it just the right time; but it is very hard indeed to make such a picture "artistic." Study any great picture, such as a Corot landscape, or a Millet figure painting, and observe the different values. Note that the objects in the foreground are strong and that color gradually disappears or "grays" as it recedes into the distance. If such a scene were snapped with a small hand camera, universal focus, all objects would appear on the photo with equal distinctness, and the only thing to help the eye determine what was near and what was distant would be the size of the various objects. If there were a fence running from the foreground into the background the posts in the foreground would be large and those in the distance very small, thus giving perspective, but very few lenses would give the correct color values of those posts, provided the universal focus were used. The same fence in a painting would contain pure, rich color in the foreground, and less of it in every post as it approached the distance and on the horizon it would be a light colorless gray almost the same tone as that of the lower sky. How to get this color perspective in photography is hard to explain—experimenting is the best teacher.

In this connection it is important to observe that when the eye gazes at a landscape it gets an "impression." That impression is instantaneous, and it cannot be complete and all-inclusive. In other words, the eye cannot possibly take in every blade of grass in the foreground and each post of the fence, and so on. The impression is general. It does not include detail. From this fact arose the great school of artists known as "impressionists," and what is true in painting is also true in photographing. The painter no longer paints every twig and leaf on the tree, and neither does the artistic photographer try to bring out every little detail of the scene. Nearly all good pictures have some central object or "center of interest," and all other objects in the picture are subservient and of secondary importance. When you look at a picture your eye unconsciously wanders to one particular part of the picture and that is the center of interest. If a picture has two or more centers of interest, it is not a perfect picture. Very often a photographer, and even a painter, finds that he has two pictures in one, and he then cuts up his negative, or canvas, making two separate pictures so that each has but one center of interest. For example, suppose you snap a very pretty scene which contains a large tree on one side and a large barn on the other with a road between. Now, unless you have a quick and sure eye for composition you are quite likely to get two pictures instead of one, unless you succeed in making the

Page Fifty-Six
road the center of interest using the tree and barn as balance. Of course the road should not be exactly in the center of the picture, and neither should the barn and tree be equally distant from it, because the center of interest should never be in the center. You may find it advisable, before mounting such a picture as I have described, to trim the print on one side or the other, eliminating part of the barn or part of the tree. And now, returning to perspective and values, you will find it an excellent plan to focus your lens on the center of interest, which is usually in the fore or middle ground, allowing the objects in the distance to fade into comparative obscurity. In other words, if it be some sheep which are fifty feet from your camera, focus at fifty feet. Then the trees and hills in the distance will be out of focus and they will appear properly subdued so as to give them the proper perspective.

In the next issue of Shadowland we hope to illustrate this article with photographs by our readers. If you have any pictures laid away that you think are artistic send them along. If not, please get busy with your camera.

The Amateur Photographer
The Age of Propaganda

By Hudson Maxim

In recent years there has been a rapidly growing recognition of the value of public opinion. As a man thinketh, so he is, and so he does. Likewise, as the multitude thinketh, so it is and so it does.

The great war has demonstrated the fact that public opinion, more than anything else, shapes the destiny of nations. The opinion of the world can not be ignored. The unscrupulous attitude and actions of Germany in precipitating and in conducting the world war, lacerated the sense of justice and righteousness of all the other nations of the world, and allied against her the antagonistic opinion of even all the nations not actually allied against her in arms.

The military despotism of Germany was not, however, blind to the value of public opinion. No man or group of men ever more appreciated the value of public opinion than the Kaiser and his ring of military bandits. For that reason, for twenty-five years prior to the outbreak of the war, the Wilhelmstrasse was the greatest school of public opinion in the world, or rather, the greatest manufactory of domestic public opinion.

Public opinion, like a garment, is very largely a manufactured article. The religion, the political opinion, and the patriotism of a people, very largely depend upon leadership, upon the instructions of their leaders, teachers and guides. Therefore, when the Kaiser precipitated Armageddon, the German people were unitedly with him and stood solidly behind him, because for twenty-five years they had been taught that their own self-interest would be served and they would be enriched and generally benefited by the success of German arms, which success seemed certain of realization.

But the Kaiser and his coterie of bandits under-rated the potentiality of the public opinion of the rest of the world.

We must recognize, in this connection, the fact that the Kaiser had taken the precaution to back-fire against antagonistic opinion in the principal prospective enemy countries—England, France, Italy and America. He did this by fostering and promoting in a very effectual way a propaganda of pacifism.

In the pulpit and in every public forum and in the public press throughout these countries the doctrine was preached that war at all times is essentially wrong; that non-resistance is better than resistance; that the only true arm of defense is the inculcation of the lessons of brotherly love and a spirit of kindliness and non-resistance. The pacifists strongly urged that the United States should not prepare for national defense, but on the contrary that this country should set the other nations of the world a great moral example by disarming.

It seems strange now, in view of the lessons of the great war, that such fallacious doctrines should have been believed. But they were believed, with the result that this country did not prepare properly for defense, and when the war came it found us naked before our enemies. Had it not been for the colossal fleet of Great Britain, Germany would have won, and this country would have been conquered and plundered. We had a very close call as it was. We got into the war just in time, not a moment too soon, to throw our weight into the balance and save our Allies and ourselves from defeat.

The more the great mass of the people become educated and enlightened, the more difficult it is to lead them without understanding, or at any rate to lead them without first showing them good and sufficient reasons for following. The truth has passed when the great mass of the people will blindly follow any leader, without asking questions.

Abraham Lincoln said that it may be possible to fool the whole of the people part of the time, or a part of the people the whole of the time, but that it is impossible to fool the whole of the people all of the time. The time is getting shorter and shorter when the whole people can be fooled, or when a part of the people can be fooled all of the time.

The pregnant lesson that the people have learned through the war from the demolition of the doctrines of the pacifists, in which so many sincerely believed before the war, now serves to make the people more wary of placing their entire confidence in the oratorical emotionalism of any propaganda.

Nevertheless, there is a very large class of persons in the United States being led by Bolshevist propagandists.

By the term Bolshevism, I mean any and all -isms, of
whatever name, that have for their object the equalization of rewards for services rendered to employers and society, regardless of the kind and amount of service rendered; any -ism which has for an object the leveling of social and economic values; any -ism which has for an object the infraction of any rights which the fathers of this country declared inalienable—life, liberty, freedom of conscience, the ownership of property and the pursuit of happiness; any -ism based on the belief that all men are created intellectually, physically and morally equal, which intends to invert the laws of Nature in an attempt to bring all men to equality, not by elevating the lower classes, but by lowering the upper classes to the level of the lower classes.

Such has been the aim of Bolshevism in Russia. Such has been and is the aim of I. W. W.-ism, anarchism and other -isms that are being taught, both secretly and publicly, throughout this country.

The time has passed when the mere possession of property and position in this world can secure their retention and enjoyment. The struggle for existence now obtains savagely in every sphere of human existence. Those who have property or any valued possessions, if they wish to hold what they have, must now defend them. Hence the question becomes pertinent as to what is the best means of defense. The time has passed when the great proletarian class can be held in subordination by belief in and reverence for the divinity of kingship. The time has passed when a minority can govern the great majority by force.

There is available but one way whereby the great proletarian class may be governed, and it is through education and through understanding that in a society like that of the great American commonwealth the welfare of each individual is based directly upon the security under which he is able to profit by and enjoy the fruits of his earnings for services rendered. Hence, the security and welfare of each individual is pregnant with the genius of the time of the individual in the commonwealth, because methods or systems of government, laws or practices, made to enable one class to profit or benefit at the expense of another class must, in the end, prove self-destructive and ruinous to all classes.

There is but one way to salvation and security. It is by systematic, persistent and broadly intelligent educational propaganda. Much may be done from the public forum, especially without conflict. Much may be done in the press. But above all, and very, very superior to all, is the power of the motion picture.

It used to be said with truth that he who writes the songs of a people shapes the destiny of the people. The time has now arrived, however, when they who write the motion picture scenarios are they who are shaping the destiny of nations.

What is said in public speeches must be translated or converted by the hearer from oral symbols into mental images, and what is read must be translated in the mind from visual to audible symbols, and from audible symbols into mental images, for we are able to realize the abstract only by rendering it into the concrete. The intangible must be made tangible.

Again, the great majority of the people it is necessary to reach are more actually than figuratively children of a larger growth, and little children much dearer that enjoyment be combined with instruction. The motion picture most happily combines enjoyment with instruction.

Most readers of newspapers, magazines and books are solitary readers. They read to themselves alone. The public speaker is able to appeal to but a very few of those necessary to reach. But the motion picture appeals to everybody. Its appeal is universal.

Thus it will be seen that the value of the motion picture as an instrument of public educational propaganda transcends any and every other means, for the motion picture is superior to every other means, not only in special particulars, but also in every particular. What is seen with the eyes needs no translation or conversion—it consists of imagery, ready to be received by the mind, with which the mind has the habit of being impressed and of remembering as actual impressions of experience. The memory is very tenacious of what is actually seen with the eyes.

There is no possible way that any appeal to the public, of whatever character, can be so effectively made as through the motion picture. The films news services and travelogues portray current events with great impressiveness. The marching of troops, the play of big guns, fighting-ships in action, street parades, fruitful harvests, results of fire and flood, are all vividly portrayed on the screen, and every person in every part of the country is kept in touch and in sympathetic accord with all persons and events in every other part of the country. National pride and patriotism are fostered.

Great and useful lessons are taught by power of example. Results of scientific research into every secret of Nature, the living and development of plants and animals—all are seen upon the screen. The history of past times is re-enacted, with the dress and arms and armor representing every period. We are able to see with our own eyes how the Pyramids were built; how the Roman galleys and the Roman legions manuevered and fought; how ancient cities were stormed and taken, and how modern armies and modern fleets bring against each other all the demonical ingenuity of death and destruction involved by the genius of this inventive age.

In the portrayal of the manners and customs of polite society, good manners are taught. By seeing innocence betrayed, innocence is taught to guard itself. But in this respect great care should be exercised not, in order to put innocence on its guard against betrayal, at the same time to give instruction to those who would betray. Although there is evident good done in placing the unwary on guard, by showing up the tricks and sharp practices, the sharp practices themselves, and the methods employed by burglars and hold-up men, still there is evident harm in giving instruction to criminally-minded persons in the methods practised by criminals.

The time is here, and now, when concerted, intelligent, persistent steps must be taken to shape public opinion by useful instruction, for by such means, and by such means only, can internal trouble, even if not internal revolution, be prevented. It is a matter vital to the interest of every owner of property in the country, to every man with a home, and to every man and woman who believes in the sacredness and inviolability of the home. If the home is to be made secure it must be defended, and property can have no value when there is no security.

The time is here and now, when the better classes in this country must act and do the right thing for internal national defense, and that right thing can best be done through the instrumentality of the motion picture.

A Happy Mortal

I am the richest man in the world. Rothschild, Rockefeller and others have larger balances at the bank, but they all have more unsupplied wants than have I. If I had their gold I could not eat any more nor any wholesomer food, could not wear any more clothes, could not have any more real friends, could not have any more home comforts and could not read more books. If I had their gold I would have more responsibilities, more worries, more dangers, more obligations, more troubles and more longings. I want no automobiles and no steam yachts; no mansions with dozens of servants; no stocks, bonds and mortgages to worry me and to tempt others; no money that I cannot use on earth, and but little to leave for the ruin of my children. Therefore, since I have everything I want, I am the happiest, and hence the richest man in the world.

—The Philosopher.
Where the New Stage
By Arthur

SOME sixteen new playwrights reached Broadway with full-length plays during the theatrical season just ended. They call for special attention because among their number may be at least part of the hope of a bright future in American drama. Some sixteen is by no means a poor showing for newcomers. There is hesitancy in stating the number exactly, but records of a busy year cannot be as precise as an earnest chronicler might wish—just as there would be difficulty in defining the length of the season itself. Such questions are as debatable as those propounded by the formula of "Alice in Wonderland": "Which is whether?" or "How long is when?" But, whoever these newcomers may be, each calls for careful scrutiny to see if he (or she, for this age boasts a feminist movement), bears the mark of the Muse on his forehead.

To realize the importance of this, it is necessary to review the circumstances making it likely that the United States of America is soon to give its drama a place in the sun. For circumstances are what appear to cause the playwright to be born at all, rather than special endowment on his part. Without the age the man seems useless; but when we have the age it seems inevitable that the man will somehow appear to take advantage of it. There has been no great period of national prosperity that has failed to produce its corresponding advance of arts and letters. Concerning modern drama in particular, we have had Shakespeare in the Elizabethan period in England; the period of Calderon in Spain when Castile was in full flower; Molière in the heyday of the French court, and Ibsen in the train of a great aesthetic movement in Europe and the Scandinavian countries.

The great material prosperity of this country, with its unprecedented opportu-
Playwrights Come From
Edwin Krows

rich professional blood. This healthier regard, dating from the late nineties of the century past, actually has brought a large number of new American playwrights to the fore; and it is a matter for congratulation that the average number produced in each succeeding season in the past, has not waned in this. Taking the names of the newcomers alphabetically so there may be no cries of favoritism, the roster reads: Gustav Blum, Hillard Booth, Martin Brown, Wilson Collison, Harry L. Cort, Abijah Dudley, John Taintor Foote, W. D. Hepenstall, John L. Hobble, Whitford Kane, Anthony Paul Kelly, John Larric, Leighton Graves Osmun, George E. Stoddard, Rita Wellman and Percival Wilde. Blum collaborated with Larric in writing the Shubert production, “A Sleepless Night”; Booth wrote “Diane of the Follies” for Woods; Brown, “A Very Good Young Man,” for Hopkins; Collison prepared “Up in Mabel’s Room” for Woods; Cort joined Stoddard in making the book and lyrics of “Listen Lester” for John Cort; Dudley wrote the book and lyrics of “Come Along”; Foote contributed “Toby’s Bow” to John Williams; Hepenstall and Kane wrote “Dark Rosaleen” for Belasco; Hobble wrote “Daddies” for the same producer; Kelly evolved “Three Faces East” for Cohan and Harris; for Arthur Hopkins Osmun wrote “The Fortune Teller”; to the same manager Miss Wellman submitted “The Gentle Wife,” and Wilde collaborated with Samuel Shipman on William Harris’ “Dark Horses.” A couple of these plays were Atlantic City try-outs; but theatres of the boardwalk metropolis have as good a claim to the name of Broadway as any of the sidestreet houses that profess hundreds of nights on the glittering thoroughfare.

In no case mentioned may a prophecy concerning a given dramatist’s future fairly be based on his play. Playwrights rarely “arrive” on the work they themselves consider their best. Usually, the drama that wins production is so sadly battered by outside hands on the way that the author is too heart-sick to appreciate the laurels then awarded by the press agent. The most the would-be prophet may do is to consider the dramatist’s origin, training and possible sincerity. On the other hand, where the desirable qualities of sincerity and good craftsmanship are discernible in maiden productions, there is no valid reason why they may not be found the supposition of an earnest, respectable future.

Most older dramatists, not jealous of their younger contemporaries, are disposed to believe that great success of a first production will prove fatal to its author. He has reached the top of the ladder at a single bound; but, in face of the fact that the youthful Sheridan, after a two-year interval, followed his brilliant comedy, “The Rivals,” with another masterpiece, “The School for Scandal,” they feel that he cannot preserve the proper frame of mind in which to pay future devotions, because he has not been duly humbled by his art. But they may call on history, too; for John Home never wrote another “Douglas”—and to date Elmer Reizenstein has not written another “On Trial.” Notable in connection with this phase of the matter are the names of John L. Hobble, author of “Daddies,” and Anthony Paul Kelly, author of “Three Faces East.” Their plays ranked among the positive “hits” of the season; yet both are young men of negligible experience in the so-called “speaking” theatre.
Kelly has not about him the same air of mystery sustained by Hobble. He did not come, so to speak, "out of the nowhere into the here." Before "placing" his play with Cohan and Harris, he enjoyed a reputation as one of the best and highest-paid scenario writers in the cinematic field. This position gave him pertinent train-

ing, for in it he was called upon to adapt many stage plays to the screen, and, in dissecting them, became familiar with general features of stage technique. According to his own account, his play was written within two months. The day after completion he read it to Sam Harris, the manager, who in turn passed it on to his partner, George M. Cohan. Less than forty-eight hours then passed before contracts were signed for the play's production—"the entire transaction," as the firm's press representative has observed, "probably constituting a record in the case of a play by an unknown."

For John Hobble, the production of "Daddies" was a professional sunrise. He was a Kansas cattleman, but had by no means the untutored mind that the bare statement implies. He had always hoped to write plays; and in furtherance of that intention came to New York about ten years ago to study dramatic construction first-hand in the theatres of the big town. Throughout the time he wrote plays, and for a like period—until this red-letter occasion—those plays were returned as unsuited to production.

It is the habit of newsmongers to pick for emphasis the more sensational features of a new dramatist's past life; and much harm is done thereby to the large body of would-be playwrights who fondly imagine that the work is easy. How fine it must sound to them that "Tony" Kelly began as a rodman in surveying gangs for the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads! Or that Wilson Collison, author of "Up in Mabel's Room," was a drug clerk in Columbus! Or that George E. Stoddard, co-author of "Listen Lester," worked in a railroad freight department—not saying that he was a bookkeeper, but rather leaving it to romantic imagination to believe him a baggage-smasher! But the facts in the case prove that one and all went through some transitional steps that may be called, in this light, by no other name than apprenticeship to the writing profession.

Very often this apprenticeship lies in newspaper work. The
The Misleading Widow

By Hamilton King

BETTY TARRADINE had sinful red hair and a talent for men which amounted to positive genius. She had, and not secondarily, a genius for the prodigal spending of moneys, and the non-payment of what she considered "perfectly insolent bills." Finish the description by saying that everybody loved her nearly to death for the good and sufficient reason that they just simply couldn't help themselves have men following at her nonchalant, ten-inch heels like so many whipped dogs . . . what more does a village need? Naturally, she must violate at least ninety per cent. of the Ten Commandments. Naturally, my dear!

Betty Tarradine and her chum, Penelope Moon, had inhabited the austere village for a period of three months and had given it a consecutive and running series of at least thrice

and you will know all that it is necessary for you to know about Betty Tarradine.

Of course, the small New England village in which she had come across and purchased her "love duck of a house" didn't hold the same simple opinion. They, or it, wanted to know a considerable deal more about Betty Tarradine. "Any woman with such hair," said the village; "and such a way with men—we'll . . . !" The "well" was damning and conclusive.

In such a village for a woman to be young, a widow "so she says," to have hair as red as the most delicious sin and to that many shocks when there came the smasher in the rapidly spread information that the one and only hospital for wounded soldiers could not possibly accommodate the overflow, that some of the officers would have, perforce, to be billeted privately, and that that woman, the Tarradine woman, you know, had actually contracted for two officers to stay beneath her unhallowed roof. It could only mean One thing. The village to an inhabitant had never had an evil thought . . . but . . . it could only mean ONE thing! To a woman, at least, the town pursed up its impeccable lips, elevated its head, and gathered its spotless skirts about its orthopedic heels.

Naturally, all things are essentially natural, it behooved the spiritual adviser of the village, the Reverend Liptrett and his still more reverend sister to remonstrate with the, at least potential, Magdalene. It was their Duty, as they saw it, and they always saw it. Had they ever failed in the doing of their duty? Had they? They asked the village. Hadn't they paid semi-weekly visits to that shameless girl who had brought

Fictionized by permission from the Famous Players-Lasky film production based upon the scenario of Frances Marion, in turn derived from Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood's stage play, "Billeted." Starring Billie Burke as Betty Tarradine, with James L. Crane as Capt. Peter Rymill, Frank Mills as Col. Preedy, Madaline Clare as Penelope Moon, Fred Hearn as the Rev. Ambrose Liptrett, and Frederick Emerson as Mr. McFarland. Directed by J. S. Robertson.

And then she woke up and knew, quite suddenly, with a pounding heart, that she could send herself a telegram saying that Peter Tarradine was dead.

Page Sixty-Three
home with her from parts unknown a . . . baby? The unspakable girl who defied the village and said that Love was All, and that once there had been One who had said, ever so gently, “Forgive her for she loved much.” Hadn’t they labored with that girl? Persisted with her? That she brazenly went and rid the village of herself by the theft of her own life only went to prove more conclusively that the wages of sin is death, which they had told her and told her and told her.

Hadn’t they visited and visited Seaman Abbott, who was a confirmed drunkard with the heart of a child, until he, depraved soul, took to drugs and committed so many frightful atrocities that he had to be “put away” where, in hideous confinement, he railed blasphemies at God and the ministers of God and even the sisters of the ministers of God. Their duty . . . they hoped they never failed in that . . .

And now there was this Tarradine woman with the incriminating hair.

“A light woman, Ambrose,” the “good Miss Liprett” told her brother, with something the effect of a child who munches over a succulent apple, “a light woman, a pleasure woman, my dear Ambrose, they are dreadful to deal with, very, very dreadful!”

During this soul-saving conversation the “light woman” was feeling anything but light, which, we are bound to admit, was not the customary state of grace with her. In this particular instance, as Penelope Moon agreed, she had good and sufficient reason for being both downcast and misanthropic. When one pursues, or tries to pursue, a high and exalted duty to one’s self and one’s country, and then is circumvented by fat, greasy objectionable butchers and bakers, who wave fists which clutch long-columned white slips, and mumble forth unreprintable threats and re-creminations . . . where is the world being made safe for democracy? Where indeed?

“As I was saying, Pen,” Betty tearfully adjured her commiserating companion, “as I was saying to the butcher, all I want to do is to give these two poor, convalescent officers good red meat and plenty of it, and I asked him what possible harm there could be in that? And then, the . . . the brute . . . he yelled, actually yelled, Pen, never caring for one instant about how sensitive my ears are and always have been, he yelled that what ‘th’ hell, ‘th’ hell, Pen, did he care about two fat, wine-fed off’cers when his family were eating war-bread and not enough of that! Of course that doesn’t seem right, but the boys first, Pen, we’ve all been taught that! The baker said practically the same thing, only in a different dialect, and so did the dry grocer and the green grocer. They’re shockingly bad-mannered. The gas-and-electric man was also to be heard as well as seen, and a variety of others. I really couldn’t get all of their lists of ailments. The hue and cry was money, Money, MONEY!”

“But, dear, but Betty, darling . . . . ”

“To cap the climax,” finished Betty Tarradine, waving a desperate cigarette which seemed to wreath its pale gray smoke like loving, ghostly fingers about her red, red hair; “old McFarland was here this morning, and had the little taste to tell me that my bank-account has been ruthlessly overdrawn. He was quite, quite horrid. He hinted, and not at all delicately, at horrid things. I might have been eighty and withered and toothless for all the difference I made to him. It’s rather a mess, Pen . . . . ”

“Did he have any suggestions to make, knowing you so long and all that, I should have thought . . . . ”

“Oh, he did say that I might borrow some on Pete’s life insurance . . . . but what good would there be in that? Besides, Peter might hear of it and I just have the queerest feeling about letting him know that I haven’t recovered one bit—from extravaganzu, you know . . . no. Now, who the devil . . . . ?”

The Reverend and Miss Liprett having slid in rather than await the ceremony of being announced were greeted to Betty’s inadvertent remark. They took it stoically. It was no more, it was even a little less, than they had anticipated. She was smoking, too, how true to form she was running! Red hair, youth, men, cigarettes, they had now only to await the drinks and the last proof of moral disintegration would be complete.

“We hear, my dear Mrs. Tarradine,” observed the Reverend Ambrose, seating himself daintily on the tip-edge of a dainty wicker chaise-longue, “we hear that two officers are to be billeted here. We trust this is not the truth.”

Betty widened her child-like eyes, small blue pools of truth the Reverend Ambrose found himself thinking and at the discovery of his own thoughts, blushed to the sparse roots of his sparse hair.

“Of course it’s the truth,” said Betty; “Colonel Preedy

The evening was closing down, like a pair of folding cable wings, over the Tarradine establishment. Betty had been handbagged and fed up on port wine

Page Sixty-Four
and his aide, Captain Rymill. We hear they're quite dears. We expect to have an awfully jolly time. Champagne suppers and all that. For our country, you know. Clever, tho', isn't it, to have patriotic duty and pleasure so si-
amese-twinned?"

Miss Liprett took to her smelling salts, and the Reverend Ambrose shook out his stiffly starched pocket handkerchief. His sister believed in mortify-
ing the flesh. This, he felt, was going to be harder than he had anticipated. It was painful, really painful. Mrs. Tar-
 radine was a child, a baby, who must have a candy-
coated, dangerous pacifier removed from her pink lips. Too pink, the Re-
verend admitted to himself, albeit reluctantly.

"But, my dear Mrs. Tarradine," the minister of God rallied himself from the strange sensation, and surely unprecedented, of falling into a rose-pink mist; "my dear Mrs. Tar-
 radine, surely, surely not without a—a chaperone? My sister, Tabby here, would be only too pleased, I am sure. Our duty . . . we always . . ."

Betty Tarradine gave one of her laughs. They were exclusively her laughs. "How funny of you!" she chortled; "you see, my dear man, I've been married. I'm quite, quite within the law. He, Peter, my husband, I would say, left me because I was so damned . . . so terribly, I mean, extravagant."

Miss Liprett swayed slightly.

The Reverend Ambrose shook his head. "How very, very sad," he said, "those whom God hath joined together. How do you take it, my dear Mrs. Tarradine? My poor, suffering sister in our Lord?"

"My heart would be broken," said Betty, blithely, "if I had that kind of a heart."

"Did you . . . did you love him, my dear Mrs. Tarradine?" asked the Reverend Ambrose, ever so gently. He had never known before what the small word "dear" may come to mean.

"To desperation," said Betty Tarradine, succinctly; "and I drove him to the same state."

"And now?" pursued the minister of a just God; "and you feel now . . .?"

"I don't feel," said Betty, rather shortly, and rising, "the milk's split and I haven't the time nor the agility to lap it up. Thank you so much for calling, Miss Liprett. . . ."

It came to Betty in the middle of the same night. "Its" with Betty were always her inspirations. She had been dreaming . . . rather horribly. She had been dreaming of hands holding closely columned white slips and on the back of each hand there seemed to be a face, and each face was the round, fat blinking face of the Reverend Liprett. And then she woke up and knew, quite sud-
denly, with a pounding heart, that she could send herself a tele-
gram saying that Peter Tarradine was dead and she could show it to McFarland and he would ar-
range for her to collect all of Peter's life insurance, which was ample and considerable. Peter might never know. He was so far away. He had told her that if there was an opposite end of the earth he was going to ferret it forth and remain there. Generally, Peter did as he said he would. Besides, there would be compensation in such a sum. The Law of Compensation—that was the thing.

She stole into Pen's room and told her all about it. In the morning she wrote the telegram and Pen, who was detailed to meet Colonel Freely, sent it to her. When the Colonel arrived he found a most charming person with scarlet hair, clad in black, and weeping studiously. He was called upon to be consolatory and he was nothing loath. It was in such a manner that Captain Rymill, the Colonel's aide, entered upon the heels of his superior officer, and begged to be allowed to add his services at such a time. "Her hus-
band," he muttered, "beautly sad. . . ."

“Don’t spoil your game,” said Peter Rymill, “I came down jolly early, I suppose. I wanted to hear the morning throw off the blankets. Haven’t felt this way since . . . since I was a kid.”

They walked out into the garden. Into the first garden in a new-born world. It was stirring from its sleep, and there were perfumes, delicious. The morning was delicately blue and it was blushing . . .

“Not at all. The hospitality is all yours. At least, we have no call to quarrel now, Betty.”

“No,” agreed Betty, and discovered how ardent she yearned for mortal combat.

“I changed my name when I went away, you know,” confest Peter.

“I thought so. Did you suspect that Mrs. Tarradine might be—me?”

“Oh of course not! How can you think so! And in New England, I never suspected you of New England, Betty . . .”

“Shall we play the game thru?”

“Of course. Why not?”

“I think Penelope is going to like Colonel Preedy. It’s in the air.”

“Then we’ll be a foursome. You always did go in for situations, Betty.”

“I know,” said Betty, soberly, and threw away the June rose she was holding.

Later on, Peter Rymill came back (Continued on page 77)
The House and Home Doctor

By George B. Case

Illustrated by scenes taken in and about Thomas Ince's California Home

[Being a department for those who want to bring art and good taste to their homes, as well as comfort and luxury.]

The greatest of arts is the Art of Living. Without a Home you cannot live.

A Home should be a place one seeks for rest, entertainment and comradeship.

Chaotic homes cause indigestion, bad temper, fevers and death. Chaos is caused by ill-advised decorations, bad arrangements, colors and tones not in harmony with disposition and personality, and last, but not least, the absolute lack of the use of common sense in the study of home arrangement.

It is a fact that energetic, forceful and combative dispositioned peoples are antagonized by such colors as reds, pinks, and blues.

There are re-
corded cases of sickness where patients were unable to respond to either treatment or their own natural vitality until removed from rooms that had strong colors to one of soft neutral tones, where immediately they became restful, temperature decreased and convalescence was rapid.

If your body is ill you hire a doctor, take his medicine and get well or die. Do likewise if your home is ill and don’t quibble when it comes to a question of making it complete.

If you have a natural taste and knowledge for the
decorating and arrangement of your home the problem is a simple one, but if you lack these qualities employ one whom you know to have them and then leave it to him or her, as the case may be, to complete, without interference from you.

Don't start until you are thoroughly prepared to do it properly and then leave the worrying to your decorator and furnisher and when he turns it over to you as being complete, you will find it free of all foreign elements, confusing and ir-

(Cont'd on p. 79)
Greetings to thee, friend; come hither and I will conduct thee on a pleasant journey. Come! Let us reason together.

* * *

A gentleman who hangs up his hat in Chicago and calls that his home does not wish his name mentioned but wants me to tell him my opinion of evolution. First, here is the greatest authority of all, Herbert Spencer, who says that evolution is "A change from an indefinite, incoherent, homogeneity to a definite, coherent, heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations."

After this formula was pronounced, the universe probably heaved a sigh of relief as it flowed away this plain, simple, obvious account of itself.

The true history of creation is now pretty generally understood, even by the school children, and as the years go by the doctrine of evolution takes firmer root and seems destined to be universally accepted. But, evolution takes us up to man and there it stops. What next?—that is the question. Assuming that this inscrutable mystery which we call God was the contracting engineer of the universe, and that He evolved the heavens, the earth and the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, and finally man—what next? The reins are now in man's hands. The will of man now controls. Man determines what animals shall survive and what shall not; man destroys this tree or plant and grows another; man creates new varieties of fruit, plant, tree and cereal and breeds new varieties of domestic animals; man tames the wild beast, makes the desert blossom as the rose, turns the course of rivers, levels mountains and harnesses the elements to do his bidding. But man himself has stopped evolving. He is not so strong nor so fleet as his savage ancestors, nor can he see nor hear as well, yet he is superior in every other way. He is not so strong yet he is vastly more powerful for he has captured steam and electricity. His eyes are not so good yet he can see better for he has the microscope, X-ray and the telescope; and furthermore the pictures he sees are made permanent by photography. His ears are not so good but he can hear better for he has the telephone, the phonograph and wireless telegraphy. His legs are not so dexterous yet he can move faster for he has the bicycle, the automobile, aeroplane and the motor boat. His hands are not so powerful and large, but he can make more and better implements for he has tools and machinery. In fact, every department shows a rest of bodily development and an increase in mental faculties.

Query: Shall evolution hereafter be confined only to man's mental and spiritual growth? And if so, what is the future in store for man's personality? Shall not his soul go on evolving? If so, where? Even The Sage cannot answer this! * * *

Success knocks at every man's door and keeps knocking. Look carefully and you will see her there trying to get in. * * *

Certainly, I am opposed to liquor selling, and it is a very good law that they have passed, making it a crime to manufacture liquor.

There is no earthly reason why people should drink liquor when there is plenty of water to be had. It is also a crime to smoke tobacco and cigars, and there should be a law forbidding that. Smoking is a filthy and unhealthy habit. It does no good to anybody, and often does a great deal of harm.

And while we are about it, why not abolish chewing gum, drinking ice cream sodas, eating candy, cake and ice cream, and all such unnecessary luxuries? For that matter, what is the use of dessert at all? And while we are on the subject deciding what is good for people and what is not, and what we want them to do and what we don't want them to do, why not pass a law forbidding the manufacture and use of soups for dinner? Why soup? In olden times people sat down and ate their roast pig or their bread and milk or shoulder of lamb with some potatoes and bread and butter; and what was good enough for them is good enough for us. Therefore let us abolish all course dinners. Why not confine the human family to a diet of bread and milk? The race would be more healthy, and it would be a tremendous economy! At the same time, while we are in the economy business, I see no necessity for pictures, statues, paintings, vases, cases, colars, neckties, rings, stickpins, dogs, cats and a thousand other things I might mention. These are all superfluous luxuries and we should learn to do without them.

The stopping of the liquor traffic is the first step. Hooray! Let us take the next step, then another, and another until finally we will be living near to nature's heart like Robinson Crusoe, the Indians, the Cliff Dwellers, yea, like Adam and Eve.

* * *

Mr. L. T. B. must wait for his answer because I have not yet made certain whether the size of Charlie Chaplin's shoes is 16 or 17.*

* * *

In answering questions about the salaries of actors and actresses I must draw a distinction between real money and stage money. The publicity man and the players have a habit of speaking in big figures because it sounds nice. It is quite true that Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin make something like a million dollars a year each, and I guess it is real money. But when they tell me that geniuses like Fatty Arbuckle are receiving ten thousand dollars a week, I am inclined to think that a large part of it is stage money. If not, it certainly pays to be fat even if you are not funny.

* * *

Mrs. Thompson—The several Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Petikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindus, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Zendavesta (or Zend Acest) of the Persians and the Scriptures of the Christians. Of these the Koran is the more recent, dating about the middle of the Seventeenth Century.

* * *

I have the pleasure to announce to a Jacksonville young man that Mother Goose was real. Her maiden name was
Eliza Foster, born 1665, married Isaac Goose 1693, joined Old South Church, Boston, and died in 1757 at the age of ninety-two.

* * *

I know of no particular objection to taxing bachelors. It is about as successful as taxing anything else or about as absurd. Our reasons for taxing things (except lands) are usually very ridiculous. They taxed windows in England once which finally resulted in windowless houses. Tax bachelors? Certainly, tax all luxuries. The only fear is that if we taxed bachelors too much they might commit suicide, preferring death to martyrdom. Some old philosopher has observed, "The married man is like the bee that fixes his hive, augments the world, benefits the republic and by a daily vigilance without taxation any, profits all; but he who contemns wedlock (for the most part) like a wasp, wanders, an offense to the world, disturbs peace and makes misery as his due reward."

* * *

M. Mirei1 is informed that the word dago is a corruption of Diego (James), San Diego being the Patron Saint of the Spanish. It was first applied to the Spaniards in Louisiana but later to the Italians and Portuguese.

* * *

C. M. B. asks if I know how many words there are in the Bible. I don't unless I can accept Dr. Horne's statement. He spent over three years in making the following compilation, which time could pe haps have been put to better advantage: books, 66; chapters, 1,189; verses, 31,173; words, 773,746; letters, 3,566,480.

* * *

I don't think that the query of John T. Muldoon is very timely. He asks the origin of the expression "Almighty Dollar." I know of no such thing as the Almighty Dollar. During the last two or three years all the dollars I have had have been anything but almighty. A dollar today is not worth much more than a dime was a few years ago because you can't get so much for it. I believe that Washington Irving was the first to use the expression "Almighty Dollar," but Ben John son speaks of "Almighty-gold."

* * *

Am I opposed to the prohibition amendment? Certainly I am. But I am not strong on the theory of violation of personal liberty that I hear so much about. Liberty? What is liberty? Where can I find liberty? Everywhere I go I am confronted with the "rights of others." May I smoke or go barefoot, or naked?—Not if it interferes with your alleged rights. May you do as you please? Yes, provided you do not do that which infringes on my rights. If I choose to say that your form of worship interferes with my rights who is to say whether it does or does not? Nobody wants to respect the liberty of others when he thinks it interferes with his own. Where can I go, what can I do, and what price must I pay to secure the right to be let alone? There is nobody since the time of Adam, except Robinson Crusoe, who enjoyed real liberty. In fact, Adam did not enjoy much liberty after he appeared upon the scene. Liberty is a thing of the past. We are bound hand and foot with the rights of others. Men are now absolutely dependent on one another and we cannot expect much liberty as long as we have to respect the rights of ten thousand other men on whom we must depend for our milk, our bread, our meat, our clothes, our coal, our books and so on.

* * *

Let every man provide himself with a pair of judgment scales, in which to weigh the merits and demerits of his fellows. Since the best of men have their faults, and the worst of women their virtues, let us put them on the scales and judge if they are worthy. To disca-d a friend because he has two faults where he has twenty virtues, is folly.

No less than three anxious inquirers have written asking me where Hell is. They will probably find out for themselves some day. Acheraus, a cavern on the borders of Pontus in Asia Minor, was fabled to lead to hell or the infernal regions, and through this cavern Hercules was believed to have directed the three-headed watch-dog of Hell, Cerberus, to the earth. There seems to be no dispute about this, and no other places have laid serious claim to the distinction except New York, Monte Carlo, Paris and Chicago.

* * *

Miss M. T. R. is respectfully informed that the famous Mary who had a little lamb was a real girl. She was a Massachusetts girl and her lamb was one of twins dispossessed from the pen by its cruel and unnatural mother just as it was later dispossessed from school by the heartless teacher. A young riding master, named Rowston, preparing for Harvard, was at school on that memorial day and it was he who wrote the verse which rivaled those of Dante and Milton—so far as fame is concerned. The famous lamb was undoubtedly born under an unlucky star (although I have not its horoscope) for it was finally killed by the horns of an angry cow.

* * *

Somebody wants to know if I believe that Fridays are unlucky. Being an American, how can I?

AMERICA'S UNLUCKY FRIDAY

Columbus sailed from Palos on Friday, August 3, and discovered the new world on Friday, October 12, 1492. On Friday, June 13, 1498, he discovered the American continent. On Friday, March 5, 1497, Cabot received his papers from Henry VII, which resulted in the discovery of North America. On Friday, September 6, 1565, Menendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower first disembarked at the new emigrants at Provincetown, and on Friday, December 22, her passengers finally landed at Plymouth Rock. Washington was born Friday, February 22, 1732. The union of the colonies was made on Friday, May 20, 1775. Bunker Hill was fought on Friday, June 12, 1775, and the Saratoga surrender took place on Friday, October 17, 1777, which resulted in our recognition by France. The surrender at Yorktown was on Friday, October 19, 1781, and on Friday, June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee read the Declaration of Independence to the Continental Congress. Let us all be very careful then not to undertake anything serious on a Friday, for we are sure to have bad luck.

* * *

Those who believe in lucky or unlucky days should remember that there can be no gain without some loss, and no loss without some gain. If your horse wins, someone lost. If you had good luck at cards, someone lost. If you find a purse, someone lost. If your stocks go up, someone lost. Hence, what might be a lucky day for you would be an unlucky day for someone else. Likewise, when you are praying for fair weather, the farmer is praying for rain; and in summer, when you are praying for a rainstorm, the yachtsmen and mariners are fearing it.

* * *

You refer to Pythagoras. It was Pythagoras who said, "There is nothing true in this world," to which Aristotle answered, "The proposition is either true or false; if false we are not bound to believe it; and if true, there is something true in this world, and your proposition is false."

* * *

"Smart Aleck" is informed that I am not related to Russell Sage nor am I made of the material from which they make a certain kind of tea that is supposed to prevent the hair from fading. You can't tell anything about names.

* * *

Eurene Sue was not a lawyer. Holl Caine is the author of Abel's brother. Hardy was not noted for endurance. (Continued on page 73)
“Always to the last day of my life and beyond that, I will love you and be faithful to you.”

He stooped to kiss her, but a guard dragged him away. Their last glimpse of each other was a brave smile, a lifting of the hand. “Good-bye, Beloved—for a little while—”

A little while—a lifetime, Evangeline—Gabriel!

The ship that bore the Sunshine of Saint Eulalie and her father out of the harbor of Grand Pre, with the smoke from the ruined village blowing across her decks and veiling their desolation in merciful haze, was not that which bore Gabriel. When at last she became convinced of that she had a moment of black despair, as tho a flash of second sight had shown to her what was to come. Then, bravely, she laughed away her fears.

“When we reach shore,” she told her father, almost gaily, “we shall find him waiting. It is foolish to borrow trouble.”

In the long journey she was the leaven in the soddén hopelessness of the prisoners, comforting those who had been torn from their families, bringing smiles to the pale frightened faces of the children, courage to the souls of the men. And even when there was no Gabriel waiting at the end of the journey she did not falter.

“It is too soon for him to come—I was foolish to expect it!” she said cheerfully, “we will wait here for him.” They waited, and the autumn died on a pyre of crimson and golden leaves, and the winter came, but not Gabriel. Something of the sweet roundness was gone from Evangeline’s cheeks, but her eyes were bright and tearless. “Come, Father,” she bade old Benedict Bellefountaine steadfastly, “we will not wait any longer, for it has come to me that Gabriel would not be like to hear of us here. We will go and find him instead. Father Felician has told me that one party of our people went down the river they call the Mississippi; no doubt he was among them and has tarried to make a home for us, knowing we were coming.”

So, with staff and a small pack of possessions they set out on their weary quest, and with the opening of the spring they came to the yellow waters of the river they sought. And there on its banks they found familiar faces, neighbors of Arcadia, already settled in tiny log homes, “Gabriel and his father, Basil, the blacksmith, left us and went down the river two leagues from here,” they told Evangeline; “there they have tilled a few acres and built a cabin.”

That night Evangeline dreamed that she was held in the strong arms of her beloved, and woke with her heart high with hope. In a canoe, driven by friendly Indians, they went down the stream, and on the morning of the second day saw smoke ascending to the clear blue sky from the chimney of a rude cabin. Basil, the blacksmith, came to meet them, but Evangeline, looking for Gabriel, scarce saw him. The smith spoke slowly, “It is strange you did not see my son—he left me but yesterday. He goes to the Ozark Mountains by the Indian trail to trade for furs. I sent him hoping to cure him of grieving for his lost Arcadian happiness.”

There in the strange new land Basil had set up a shrine to the Virgin, the Lady of Sorrows, a rudely carved image of wood. Before it Evangeline knelt and prayed. “Lady, do thou knowest the heart of a woman, thou hast wept a woman’s tears. Lady, watch over my Gabriel in his comings and goings. Lady, comfort him, and tell him that I am faithful.”

Another spring cast its bridal blush over the land. The petals fell from alien apple blossoms, and they wandered, seeking the missing lover, in tiny hamlet and frontier town. Sometimes there was report of him. Once they came to a cabin where Gabriel had halted only three days before, but they never quite caught up with him. Late in the second autumn word came to them that he had established his lodge in the wilderness ten leagues up a tributary stream in the country of the Shawnees. Evangeline would have followed at once, but the Indians refused to take a canoe up the stream that was already ice-coated.

When at length she reached it the lodge was deserted, tho there were signs that it had been recently occupied. Standing in the place that his feet had so recently trodden she fought for patience and courage; fought and won. “Something tells me that I shall see you before I die, Gabriel, my dear one,” she whispered; “perhaps it may be soon, but the time will come some time, and I shall never rest day or night till it comes!”

Again began her search, no longer gaily, but with the endurance of strong faith, the patience of strong love. Old Benedict Bellefountaine grew feeble as the months passed and became years, and at length closed his tired eyes on the world that had been so unfriendly.

“Give it—up, my child—” he begged her with his last breath; “marry some other and find happiness while you are still young—”

But Evangeline shook her head. “There is none other but Gabriel,” she said, “for me in all the world.”

Alone she took up her seeking, sometimes in populous places, sometimes following some fugitive clue into the wilderness. Unnoticed youth slipped away, and the dark hair that her lover had kissed grew grey, but her eyes were the eyes of the girl Evangeline.

“Have you seen Gabriel, son of Basil the blacksmith?” she would ask of all she met. “He is very tall and straight and handsome, my Gabriel—you could not forget him.”

She had forgotten that years bring changes. To her it was always the youth Gabriel she sought, the young Gabriel she would find.

So, in her hopeless search a score of years slipped by and she came to the city of Philadelphia, where a red disease was raging, filling the streets with weeping, tearless, naked, pitiful children. She became a nurse, and the little figure, slight still but no longer deliciously curved, was seen in the horrors of pest house wards, and gliding from one sick chamber to another.

And at length her search was over, her faith was justified.

She had paused by a bedside in one of the hospital wards and gently lifted the sheet from the still form beneath. An old man lay on the pillows, hollow and grey of cheeks, shrewd of frame, dying.

This was Gabriel—Gabriel the stalwart, the brave—Arcadia.

Evangeline gazed on the wasted form, then the room rang to her cry, “Gabriel! Oh, my beloved!”

The lids fluttered back from the fast dimming eyes, he looked up and saw her—knew her. On the threshold of death he halted to whisper her dear name, “Evangeline—”

As the halting accents died away she knelt and kissed him solemnly, an old, frail woman kissing an old wrinkled man. But to her eyes it was the lover of her youth she kist, to his it was the old Evangeline, beautiful and young.

Upon her breast she pillow his head that had gone unpillowed so long, and so held he slipped out of life, his lips even in death forming her name.

Over the lifeless head Evangeline bowed her own. “Father,” she whispered, “Father, I thank Thee!”

This is the tale of Evangeline and her love. This is a tale of a love that was patient and brave and strong, and if tears shall fall in the telling they are not tears of sorrow, but of thankfulness, and we may say with Evangeline:

“Father, we thank Thee that such things may be.”
(Continued from page 71)

Samuel Smiles was not over cheerful. Howells is not at all boisterous. Longfellow was not tall. Guy was not noted for gaiety. Burns was not at all fiery. Chatterton was nothing of a chatterbox. Akenside had no such pains. Goldsmith saw but little gold and less jewelry.

Roger Bacon was an astrologer and an alchemist, and while in search of the Philosopher's Stone, discovered gunpowder by accident. It was this, more than anything else, that made Roger famous; but, when future historians come to estimate the results of this seeming great discovery, they will write it infamous.

A correspondent asks me to print the most famous of Lim- ericks. Nobody can say which is the most famous, for there are several that have gone the rounds and which are repeated year after year, among which I will mention two:

There was once a man with a beard
Who said, "Tis just as I feared,
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

In the drinking well
(Which the plumber built her),
Aunt Eliza fell;
We must buy a filter.

A high school lad wants to know the maxims of the seven wise men of Greece. Here they are:

Know thy opportunity.—Pittacus.
Most men are bad.—Bias.
Know thyself.—Solon.
Consider the end.—Chilon.
Avoid excess.—Cleobulus.
Nothing is impossible to industry.—Periander.
Suretyship is the precursor of ruin.—Thales.

There is no end
If, while on this earth, we live such lives as have created personalities worthy of immortality, worthy of perpetuation, worthy of a nobler end and wider scope than this world affords, does it not seem reasonable that those personalities shall go on evolving like every other living thing? The fittest of every species always survives—never dies. All nature proclaims this law. Nothing can be destroyed. The minutest atom will exist forever. When we have, or God has, created a character, soul or personality that has made the best of its environment, circumstances and possibilities, can we, by any stretch of the imagination or by any law of nature or of evolution, say that it is probable that that soul, character or personality shall be destroyed at the grave? The case or body goes back to mother earth whence it came, for it is only a dwelling, but the soul must go back to the God that created it. The brain dies, but that is but a workshop. The body is soon absorbed and becomes a part of nature's materials. But the Intelligence, the Will, the Personality, must leave its temporary residence and cannot die. If the soul has evolved and improved, while on earth, it seems reasonable to assume that it will go on evolving and improving in some higher form of life. It is the law of growth. It is the struggle for permanency of existence.

Victor Hugo said that the greatest Pelasgian was Homer; the greatest Hellen, Æschilles; the greatest Hebrew, Isaiah, the greatest Roman, Juvenal; the greatest Italian, Dante; and the greatest Briton, Shakespeare.

Not every person will agree with V. H. If a vote were to be taken, Moses would probably get more votes than Isaiah, and either Julius Cesar or Augustus or Marcus Aurelius more than Juvenal, and if the list were extended, Franklin might be named the greatest American, Goethe the greatest German, and perhaps Hugo himself the greatest Frenchman.

Was it not a mistake to build us with ears facing forward, to hear all the good that others say to our face? For, if they faced aft, we might profit more by hearing the truth spoken behind our backs.

G. T. R.—16, is informed that "Her Condemned Sin" was an old Biograph-Griffith 6-reeler, with these players: Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, Robert Harron, Lilian Gish, Dorothy Gish and Gertrude Bambrick. It was reissued January, 1917. Note that all these players are now stars, whereas when they played in this picture probably not one of them got more than $50 a week.

Thank you, "The Jaks," jolly tar, for your interesting letter. Heave ho, my lads, heave ho, and bring you back to terra firma. Hope you will like The Sage better than The Answer Man. (Course you will!)

Think nothing but beautiful thoughts of beautiful things. Dream of nothing but beautiful color and tender hues: Seek for nothing but lovely tones and graceful lines.

The reason that all human beings of both sexes—young and old, big and little, ignorant and learned—respect gray hairs, is that all we intuitively feel the superiority of the se- aoned and matured mind. Otherwise we should despise them if not one man in a thousand is ripe until he is sixty, and until that time his opinion is not worth much. Young men for action, for fighting and all physical pursuits, but for everything else the man of middle age—which is from fifty to seventy (always provided that man has lived sensibly and temperately) for not until about fifty or sixty do we really come into possession of our best faculties.

Put not your faith in astrologers, dear Miss T. B. Zarouster, Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Caesar, Crassus, Pompey, Di- tharus, Nero, Julian the Apostate and Napoleon all perished unfortunately, yet they had been promised all things aus- picious and favorable in the predictions of the astrologers.

The star of empire rises in the south, soars northward and sets in the west. From Rome to London, from London to New York, from New York to Chicago, and from Chicago to San Francisco will go the march of the power center, and the Pacific coast will lead all others in population. Egypt and Assyria were once the world powers; then the socracy passed north and west to Rome and Greece, then to Spain and France, then to Germany, then to Great Britain, then across the Atlantic, and next it will pass across the continent. The north always conquers the south, in the long run, for the northerners are always harder and the southerners more indolent owing to nature. The radius of the equator is two out of eleven people live north of the equator. The farther north they get, the harder they have to work and hence the better they are. This little essay will suffice as an answer to "Socrates," who desired to be the first correspondent to have his question an- swered in the first issue of Shadowland. His wish has come true, but his was not the first letter received. THE SAGE.
INVESTMENT IN COTTON (Continued from page 29)

that her friend, Alon Bement, the head of the Art Classes in the University, would be also. Indeed, Mr. Bement asked the girls to please be kind enough to pose for a portrait that one of his classes was doing. And somehow, some way, it slipped out thru the pupils, to the ears of Charles Frederick Nagle, the painter, that here had been discovered unusual models. He called on them at the Hargrave Hotel, and it was arranged that they pose for him as Martha and Mary in the phase when Jesus is approaching. It is in the British Museum now, known as 'The Home in Bethany.'-Following that, consequently, came the acquaintance with Howard Chandler Christy and Charles Dana Gibson. They sat for them, and also for a head done by Emile Fuche, called "A Study in Blue Gray," which today has its place in a Fifth Avenue gallery.

One Sunday morning, Lucy awoke to find that Harrison Fisher had declared to a dozen newspapers (illustrating with a photograph), that in Miss Cotten could be decried the ideal Southern beauty type. Ariadne Holmes Edwarde, the composer, happened to mention, while her maid was within ear-shot, 'I'd like to meet that girl!' and Hattie right-about-faced and said, 'You can, she lives on the floor below. I attend to her suite. Do you want to be introduced?'

'It is from Mrs. Edwarde,' Lucy said, as she was being helped into her gown, 'that everything I have now had its source. It's funny, isn't it?—people warned me that without influence with men I should never get along. And yet, all the potent things that ever happened to me came because of just such sweethearts as Ariadne. She knew my longing for the stage,—the way I had been trained for it,—and that the best possible way to begin would be in the chorus. She took me to Ina Claire, who was then at the Park Theatre making 'The Quaker Girl' a hit. They were only going to play six weeks more, but Miss Claire had me placed in the company, and told me to watch her closely, so that if the chance ever presented itself I could go on as her understudy.

'I loved what I had to do. I forgot I was in the chorus. I absorbed every mannerism of Miss Claire, and subconsciously memorized her lines. In the wings, Clifton Crawford often was kind enough to show me the dance. Well, the very last week of the performance, Miss Claire was taken ill, and I was called upon. I went thru the whole thing in a daze. I couldn't believe that it had happened. That I was there, the Quaker Girl, singing ... and dancing on Broadway.

"One more channel opened, like that when we were in Boston, and it was after that performance that Otto Harbach said to me, 'Some day I should like to write a part for you in one of my plays.' And, jokes of jokes, here I have been running all season in 'Up In Mabel's Room'--his play.

"Another coincidence was when Mr. Brady engaged me to be MEG in LITTLE WOMEN, and I went back to Houston and performed in the very theatre that I had seen Mr. Brady's wife, Grace George in, a few years ago,—and had been so thrilled that it was then my desire I knew was ... to act.

Miss Cotten unearthed from out the tissue paper two miniature satin pumps. She fingered them lightly as she adjusted orange blossoms in their lace rosettes. Then she continued: " 'Polygamy' followed the next season. It was a fortunate experience to be in the same cast as Katherine Emmett, Willard Mack, Ramonay Winters, Crystal Herne, Mary Shaw and Howard Kyle. But that ended, too, and I was then placed in 'Suki.' The part I did not care for. Something told me to change. And we should obey our instincts. Instinct is the first prompting we hear. It is the Little Voice. Argument is the thing that comes on top of that and tries to make us fluctuate. Well, I did not wait for ... argument. I went direct to Augustus Thomas and explained. He laughed at me for awhile. He even asked me if I thought I was a great tragedienne. But when I told him I thought he was only joking to ask that of me, he sent me to John Golden, who introduced me to his partner, Winchell Smith, who said he had THE part for me, and which for two years kept me playing in 'Turn to the Right.'

Lucy's charm instantly opens up all the hearts of those with whom she comes in contact. Specifically, when her triumph does blaze forth, it will be because of being capable. If she develops into our leading American actress, we should also remember that had it been destined otherwise, she could have used her voice in operetta, or twirled herself into the place of premier danseruse.

A SONG OF SUCCESS (Continued from page 25)

called to the footlights Fay Bainter's sister chatted with me. "She won't talk about herself," I said, rather desperate, "she's gone with positive enthusiasm into the lives and histories of all these other people ... but about herself ..."

"Faysie is always like that," said her sister, "and she's just a dear, a perfect dear, too sweet and lovely for anything. She is our 'papa' we say at home, pay-
ing all the bills, making all our plans, running everything, at least financially. Of course, when she's actually at home we don't allow her to be bothered with anything in the running of the house, but she orders the servants and attends to leasing and the banking and all that sort of thing. She's the very best sort of a 'papa.'

She always knew Fay was to be famous, altho she never seemed to harbor that idea herself—ever since I can remember Fay has been the brightest child, the brightest girl in any gathering of people in which she has ever found herself . . . and popular . . . she really ought to have a protective barrage to keep her from being overloved."

"She's so unspoiled," I remarked, "and so full of that misused term, 'pap.'"

"She never thinks of herself at all," her sister said, with a little, loving reminiscent smile; "and she is always just as you have seen her today, just crazy about everything and everyone and full of interest in the hopes and plans of other people."

Various people at various times have written learned tomes on the power of personality, on sheer personality, on personality plus, etc., etc. A talk with Fay Bainter is a mere matter of taking these philosophizing in concentrated, palatable form.

She is not beautiful, with the beauty of the bisque doll. She has neither a classical nose nor a classical mouth. She hasn't extraordinary eyes nor a Ziegfeld Follies figure. She isn't sweet eighteen, or whatever the proscribed age may be. She hasn't adopted any pose. She doesn't carry with her a bagful of mannerisms. She doesn't try to "make the best of herself." She is distinct as well as distinctive merely because she simply and literally cannot help it. She is supremely herself.

If she were divinely endowed with a super-abundant life, if she were to become inanimate, mere clay—one might well imagine passing her by without comment, without surmise. Therefore, she is sheerly personality triumphing over the little matter of eyes and nose and mouth. One looks at her and knows that she is not beautiful; she looks so high and dear at her and is ready to swear that she is. The main point is that one keeps on looking. She is charm made flesh and blood. She is personality made manifest on Broadway. She is great because she honestly believes that she is not. She is unnatural because she is so completely natural. She is more than human because she is so intensely, nearly and dearly human. She is Fay Bainter. And if an interviewer wrote that sentence and then stopped he, or she, would have written the first and the last word—the perfect interview. She is Fay Bainter.
"In nothing do men approach so nearly to the Gods as in giving health to man."—Cicero.
And thus do I find myself sitting on the same white-washed fence with the other Gods.

What is the most important thing in the world? Drummond said that the greatest thing in the world was love; but I don't agree with him. What good is money, love, influence, popularity, books, art, music, land and estates, yea, a kingdom, without health? Yes, indeed health is the most important thing in the world. If it is health, how much do you know all about? Horace Fletcher may have broken two of which sent him to a premature grave, but, nevertheless, he said some very wise things, among them the following:

"Were I an iron and steel automobile, instead of a flesh and blood automobile, which I really am, could I get a license for myself, as a crestfallen to race myself with safety, based upon my knowledge of my own mechanism and theory and development of my power?"

If you are in good health you will probably pass this paragraph and think no more of it; but some day you will find yourself on the sick list, and then you will wish that you had obtained a license to run your machine intelligently. So halt, brother, and read this sign:

"Don't exceed the speed limit!"

If you do, you will be arrested and then the doctors will take you in charge.

I don't know whether I would rather be in the hands of the doctors or of the sheriff and jailers. If in the latter, I would stand a fair chance of getting out; if the former, the Lord knows whether I would ever get out at all, at all. There are doctors and doctors. No two were ever known to agree upon the same thing. I can quote eminent authorities on both sides of any question. I can prove that milk is the best food possible and that it is the worst food possible. I can prove that two meals a day is the best kind of life insurance and I can prove that two meals a day is signing one's death warrant. I can prove that exercise is excellent and I can prove that it is fatal. And so on and so on.

There is really only one doctor in the world, and his name is Doctor Nature. All other physicians are simply assistants to Doctor Nature. Every wise doctor will tell you, when you are laid up with typhoid or some other disease, that he can't cure you, that the disease must run its course, and all he can do is to keep you comfortable and prevent infection. If you cut your finger, everybody knows that Doctor Nature will have it all right for you if you give him a chance. From your own human medicine chest he will send down to the spot just the right chemicals to heal the wound. All you have to do is to keep all foreign substances from the wound so that Doctor Nature can do his work unmolested. A little peroxide or something of that sort simply to keep Doctor Nature's enemies off. It has nothing to do with the healing.

Nearly every day somebody asks me how to get thin or how to get fat. In fact, among several hundred acquaintances I do not recall one who is perfectly satisfied with his or her weight. Books and books and books have been written on this subject and yet the public seems to be uninformed. After all, it is a very simple subject and very easy to understand. Some foods turn into fat and others do not. Which do and which do not is pretty generally known. Every person burns up so much fat every day, active persons using up a great deal and inactive persons using up very little. Every time you snap your finger you burn up tissue. If you chop wood all day you will burn up a lot. If you do nothing but read the papers, walk around the block, talk to your friends, eat and sleep, you will not burn up very much; and if at the same time you eat large quantities of fat-producing foods, you are pretty sure to gain weight. While it is true that some persons are born to be thin and some are born to be fat it is equally true that any person will gain or lose weight according to their activities and diet. It is merely a question of how much cargo you take aboard the ship and how much you unload per day. If you should sit in your chair all day reading a novel without taking a mouthful of food or drink you would find yourself much lighter at night than you were in the morning, even if you don't perspire perceptibly. You are losing weight all the time through your breath, through your eyes, through your pores, etc. It is simply a matter of arithmetic. If you take on board every day two pounds of cargo and only unload one pound, you are bound to gain one pound a day, and that is as plain as A, B, C, unless you are D, E, F.

Overeating is and always has been the greatest friend of the physician, for we all eat too much, and the surplus over necessity forms a poison which has to be eliminated through boils, pimples, colds and other diseases; but, since eating is such a pleasant amusement and since we should make sure that the brain and other organs have sufficient variety from which to select their nourishment, let us eat, drink and be merry and then burn up the unused surplus by plenty of vigorous exercise.

Disease, pain and trouble are due to ignorance. Knowledge cures all. The only difficulty is in getting the right kind of knowledge.

There are 725,000,000 air cells in your lungs, which, if spread out, would cover 290,000 square inches. In twenty-four hours eight tons of blood pass through your lungs to relieve itself of carbon dioxide and to take in oxygen. There are about 2,000 miles of tubing for your blood to circulate through, and a drop of blood travels about 168 miles a day. To produce good health you require two pounds of oxygen for every pound of food in your blood, and to get this oxygen you must breathe deeply and breathe pure air. Nine-tenths of us use only about one-half of the 290,000 square inches of lung area, and therefore the other one-tenth have twice as good health as we have. To open the windows and doors, and to get out in the open is good, but that is only half the medicine—to fill your lungs is the proper dose.

To be fat is a misfortune and a disease—in many cases a crime. Tom Reed, who came and went before Taft and who was no Littleorian himself, declared "no gentleman ever weighed over 200 lbs." Yet, those who are thin yearto be fat, just as those who are fat yearn to be thin. We are never satisfied—always reaching for that which is just beyond our grasp. Overeating and under-elimination are disease's best friends. The big eater must pedestrianize extensively after each meal, drink half a gallon of water daily, and fill up frequently with oxygen. Burn it up—that is the thing to do.
THE MARIONETTE

(Continued from page 17)

classics as Aristophanes’ “The Birds,” and Shakespeare’s “The Tempest.” In Munich a municipal theater took up the work and carried it on until the outbreak of the world war. Here the puppets did the plays of Maeterlinck, the comedies of Schnitzler and the folk plays of Hans Sachs. Every modern device of stagecraft was utilized, even to revolving stages.

Winthrop Ames and Clayton Hamilton had perfected plans to bring the Munich marionettes to America in 1914 when the war swept the continent. Probably the Munich theater is now a mere memory.

Active interest in the marionette has cropped up here and there in America. Tony Sarg brought his puppets with him from London. Aside from Mr. Sarg, some excellent marionette productions have been staged at the Chicago Little Theater by Maurice Browne.

Mr. Sarg first took up the marionette idea when he had his studio in London in the Civic Opera House of Little Nell—and Charles Dickens. Here he began giving entertainments for the amusement of his friends. But the idea of reviving the marionette kept growing.

In New York, Mr. Sarg began by giving entertainments in Greenwich Village and later, aided by Winthrop Ames, he presented entertainments in the Broadway theaters. Now his yearly marionette engagements are part of every stage season.

Mr. Sarg takes an absorbed interest in the marionette. He considers it particularly significant that the puppet should hold interest during and after the great war. “It is interesting that the marionette, which springs from the child heart in humanity, should reassert itself at this time—significant of the way the war has stripped it to the simplicitics of life.”

Mr. Sarg employs a miniature stage upon which he utilizes striking stage effects. His dummies are three feet or less in height, and, as the scenery is built in proportion, an illusion of far greater size is obtained. If, by chance a human hand appears, its seemingly abnormal size is startling.

From a loft or scaffolding, hidden behind and above the stage, Mr. Sarg and his marionetteers manipulate the puppets. Each figure is suspended by a number of cords or threads from a short bar of wood. Each character is handled by one person, who moves about on the scaffolding with the support of blocks of wood in one hand, while he or she gives movement to the strings with the other hand. This is identically the same way that the marionettes of the middle ages were handled.

Nothing has changed except that the modern marionettes are far more elaborate as to mechanism. Some of the Sarg characters have as many as twenty-four strings, which, of course, require remarkable dexterity, as well as a delicate sense (upon the part of the puppeteer) of the dramatic and of graceful movement.

We watched Thackeray’s “The Rose and the Ring” from the “wings.” Mr. Sarg, two masculine aids and the young woman—the latter in artistic overalls, corduroy tams and bobbed hair—a la Washington Square, moved about the tiny platform, putting Thackeray’s famous characters thru their mimic romance. The “players” when not actively engaged in the drama, were carefully hung like butcher shop foul at one side. In each case the dialogue was spoken by the puppeteer handling the particular mannikin in question.

Mr. Sarg confided to us the difficulty of getting able puppeteers. “Women are best, because their fingers seem most sensitive,” he said. And he related the technical requirements of a marionette scenario. “Long sentences of dialogue are necessary,” he explained, “because the spoken words must be long enough to cover the marionette’s movement. A short bit of repartee would leave an action half finished. Every movement is conspicuous and must mean something directly attached to the furtherance of the story. And, when lines are spoken, the character speaking the lines must be the only marionette in action. Otherwise, confusion would be caused the audience. Out front one centers one’s interest naturally on the puppet in movement and instantly connects the dialogue spoken off the stage with this particular character.”

THE PLAYWRIGHT’S OPPORTUNITY

(Continued from page 50)

If I am compelled to withdraw a play by a new author, it is with personal regret, not so much because of the financial loss as it is that for every play by a new writer that fails we lose, perhaps, hundreds of other plays by men and women who become disheartened when a newcomer fails. Usually these writers think the managers are responsible for the success or failure of the play, making it so either by casting or by production. I do not deny that this may happen, but generally speaking, it is not true. They seem to forget that for the manager to produce a play indifferently means that the manager deliberately throws away the cast of the production and the initial cost is just as great for a failure as for a success.

Instead of incubating a feeling of distrust for theatrical managers, if the young writer would look over the roster of successful authors and take a page from their book, they would see that half of the established men and women writers of today were not heard of a half dozen years ago. Everyone must make a beginning. As an illustration I cite the case of Samuel Shipman. Mr. Shipman has been writing for the stage a great many years, but he was never successful until the day he acquired the necessary technique. This season there are three plays of his current on Broadway and all of them successes. As an example of a modern playwright whose methods might well be followed, I recommend Miss Cutro, who has two successes to her credit this season. "A Little Journey" and "39 East." Both of these plays shortly are to be brought out in book form, and I earnestly recommend to embryo playwrights that they study these plays as diligently as they would a work on the drama. Similarly they should read the published plays of well known authors, and it goes without saying that seeing plays is a wonderful schooling.

Of all the professions, playwriting is, perhaps, the most lucrative, the most congenial and in many respects the most independent. Yet there are fewer men and women interested in studying the theatre than any other professional pursuit. One successful play will make an author rich, whereas in any other profession it takes years to become established and build up a respectable clientele.

Time and again I have seen men and women step out of obscurity into the limelight almost over night, and very often they have done so by means of their first play.

The same opportunity is still open.

FILM-FANTASY

What is the fantasy, wistfully fair, Haunting me daily, murmuring at night, Shadowland reveries, twilight-hued, vague, Elusively, gloomingly bright?

What is the strain of a half-finished song, Thr Robbins with mystery, lilting and low, Simmons, dismissal, bewideringly fused, Notes of a bitter-sweet wo?

It trembles like poisoned moon-radiance and gleams
In each rose-clad spirit of dawn, It may be the soul of a dream that is dead
Or a love that will never be born.

—The DRIFTER.
THE MISLEADING WIDOW
(Continued from page 66)
and picked it up carefully and tenderly.

Life in the Tarradine establishment moved with a momentum that not even the visitors could have conjured up for it. Not that the village wasn't talking. Never that. Hadn't Peter Rymill been seen and heard in the various shops of the village settling that 'Tarradine woman's' long overdue accounts? Hadn't Reverend Miss Tabitha Liprett heard him paying the butcher's bill, seen him for the matter of that? It could only mean ONE thing, Naturally.

And the Colonel-Person ... was he or was he not seen with Penelope Moon mooning along the less frequented ways and byways of the outraged village? He left. And their looks.

There were other things, however, that were disturbing the inmates of the temporary billet.

There were darker matters afoot.

The darkest was, that Peter Rymill seemed to find Penelope Moon a veritable tonic for his eyes, if staring at her three-fourths of his waking time was any conclusive proof. Betty, tormented, thought that it was.

On the other hand, Colonel Preedy seemed to Peter Rymill and Penelope Moon to have nothing on earth better to do than get his vision scandalously entangled, and nothing more to say than to a sing-song repetition of the praises of the Titian variety of woman.

As for Betty Tarradine, a Colonel was "a triumph," she said.

Penelope spoke daily of returning home. Peter Rymill protested that that was all rot, damned rot. Betty was miserably silent, and still more miserable because it was silent.

The one amusing thing in all their world was the fact that the Reverend Ambrose literally denied his God to propose the sacrament of matrimony to the scarlet-haired woman.

"He was too ridiculously funny," half-wept the overwrought Betty in describing the scene; "he sandwiched his amorous declarations with fearful airings of his wretched little scruples. In one breath he said 'I love you to distraction' and in the next he affirmed, 'I will save you from damnation.' In the third he cried out that I was 'the blessed damozel leaning down from heaven' and in the fourth that I was 'a snare and a delusion.' Eventually, he tottered away, wilted, starless, probably penitential."

After dinner Penelope stayed at the table with Betty while the men sought the terrace for their smokes. Penelope was white and said that her head ached like the very devil.

"I'll tell you, Betty," she admitted suddenly, "I'm a little rat. I suppose, but I'm mad over Colonel Preedy and I can't stay here and see you two love each other ... Betty, don't cry, don't dear . . . I . . ."

Betty sobbed noisily.

"You g-goose," she sniffled, "you bat, you blind bat, you bug in a r-rug. I'm not in love with your old Colonel. I'm in love with Peter, with my Peter, with my Peter Tarradine."

"With—your husband? My dear— . . ."

"With Peter Rymill, who isn't Peter Rymill at all, but just Peter. old Peter, Peter-whom-I-love."

"Betty, oh, Betty . . . what can you do?"

"D-dear!" groaned Betty, tragically, "d-dear . . . like a rat in its h-ole . . . in . . . its . . . h-ole. . . ."

Betty did the next best thing she could to dying in a hole. She was perched airily and rather inauspiciously in a cherry tree the afternoon following her confession to Penelope when she overheard Peter and Penelope coming down the path and Peter was saying that they had had orders to move on. They sat on the bench directly beneath her and when she parted the branches to peer through Pen's head was on Peter's shoulder. She didn't wait to hear what he was saying, which solely concerned the absent Colonel, but fell through the branches and rolled ignominiously upon the gravelled path at their very feet.

When they picked her up, Peter with strange mutterings which might have been blasphemies or endearments, she couldn't take a step. "Sprained ankle," said Peter, looking unduly greenish-white; then, seeing Colonel Preedy in the near distance he hailed him. "Carry Betty to her room," he called, "she's had a bally tumble." He added: "He's so mad about her, I'll give him his chance. I've lost mine, so what the . . . ."

Penelope glared at Peter and brought up the rear.

The evening was closing down, like a pair of folding sable wings, over the Tarradine establishment. Betty had been bandaged and fed up on port wine. Penelope was packing in her room and dropping more tears than garments into her Innovation. Colonel Preedy was packing in his suite. Peter was wafting about the corridors, ghost-like and best. Beset with his old love for Betty, Betty who had driven him mad, but never so mad that his love for her wasn't the maddest of all. In all the four corners of the earth he had tried to forget her, and in the battle-din. And he hadn't been able to. It had eaten him down. What if she did spend money? What if she did do mad, bad, foolish things? What did it matter what she did? Essentially, she was Betty, scarlet-haired, extravagant, made to love!

He groaned and tried the knob of her door. She would be sleeping, child-like, after her fall . . . he knew . . . he knew. . . He would go in and kiss her, kiss her for goodbye, kiss her tears away . . . just once, just for the last time. He would kiss her and go away . . . yes, kiss her and go away . . . leave her for someone else . . . for Preedy, no doubt . . . good God, how the damned thing clawed at his heart!

She was sleeping and he stole over to her bed and bent over her. Child that she was . . . baby . . . playing through the playhouse of the world . . . pouting when the playhouse didn't suit . . . baby, but how he loved her! Someone was coming in . . . someone else. He dropped to his knees and rolled under her bed. It was Preedy . . . the bound . . . the hound . . . Preedy . . . but what was he doing? Proving on Betty's dressing-table, handling her things, furiously . . . what the hell, had Preedy gone unaccountably mad? Had the War got him, after all? Preedy . . . he was stealing a picture . . . stealing . . . why, it was Penelope's picture and he was kissing it, Preedy was kissing it, and with never a glance at the woman sleeping on the bed. Old Preedy and little Penelope . . . of course. He understood a lot of things now. Love . . . devoted queer, but heavens, how it hurt!

Someone else was coming. Peter almost laughed aloud to see the dignified Colonel bolt for the clothes press and close himself in.

The door opened and Penelope stood on the threshold, very red of face. "Betty, they insist," she began, then, "Colonel Liprett, can't you see that she's asleep?"

"I see," said Miss Liprett, through fidget lips, "a man beneath her bed, the man, and he is not asleep. Not by any means. It can mean only ONE thing. Naturally."

Peter crawled forth. He rose to his full height and then sat familiarly down upon the bed. Betty opened her eyes, surveyed the group, then looked at Peter. They widened and misted and suddenly her heart was in them, and it was all for him, for Peter, for old Peter . . . He understood and encircled her with his arm. Miss Liprett was on the immediate verge of collapse. Peter gave a short laugh.

"Sorry," he said, "to spoil your fun, my dear lady, all of you, because you are, you know, having one hell of a good time. Now calm yourself . . . after all you are far more acquainted with hell than either my wife or myself. Yes, my wife. Matrimony. A sacrament. Why, you know . . . oh, years ago.

(Continued on page 78)
WHERE NEW PLAYWRIGHTS COME FROM

(Continued from page 62)
economy and attractiveness of presentation, and, of course, power of selecting interesting material.
Percival Wilde, co-author of “Dark Horses,” and author of the prologue of “The Woman in Room 13,” had begun literary work as a book reviewer for the New York Times and Evening Post, when, in 1912, his first short story was published. W. D. Hepenstall, co-author of “Dark Rosaleen,” is an Irish newspaperman and short story writer. Until five years ago he was on the staff of the Belfast Morning Telegraph, and since that time has work as the same character in America. “Bide” Dudley, who wrote the book and lyrics of “Come Along,” conducts a theatrical column on the New York Evening World that is said to have increased that newspaper’s circulation some 20,000 copies. He came to New York eight years ago, after working as a humorist on the Kansas City Star, the Denver Post and other newspapers.

John Taintor Foot, author of “Toby’s Bow,” in which George Marion made a triumphant return to the stage, comes from the more dignified literary field, having some celebrity as an author of animal stories—dog tales, in particular. Beyond that, little of a biographical nature is known of him. Martin Brown is another man of mystery, although in his case probably not through any express desire on his part. There is a rumor that he is a former newspaperman; but he has not been on hand to verify it.

It is natural that some of the newcomers should have arrived via the stage itself—as an actor, like Frank Craven; stagehand, like Frederick Ballard; press agent, like Channing Pollock; or director, like John Emerson, who was literary executor for Clyde Fitch. Thus, Whitford Kane, co-author of “Dark Rosaleen,” is an Irish newspaperman and short story writer.

Harry L. Cort entered the theatre from an unusual angle—as the son of his own producer, John L. Cort. The screen is so closely allied with the theatre that it is but reasonable to suppose that in time almost as many stage authors will graduate from its ranks as from the stage itself, becoming a third great source of dramatists, with the theatre and the newspaper.

Leighton Graves Osnum, who wrote “The Fortune Teller,” in which Margie Rambeau starred, had considerable experience in filmdom before placing his stage play. Mr. Osnum is the most consistent illustration of the power of faith I have ever met. I visited him last January in his California bungalow at Hollywood, just after he had received the telegram announcing acceptance by Arthur Hopkins, and while still in the first flush of excitement. He took up playwriting for the “regular” theatre on the advice of an occultist who charted his destiny in the stars. The better to follow out this destiny he dropped even his bread-winning work to devote himself wholly to the stage. Certainly the prompt outcome repaid him for the chance he took. He is now living in a small Jersey community near New York, working on other plays, one of which has been accepted, too.

THE MISLEADING WIDOW

(Continued from page 77)
Naturally. You see, the dirt has been in your own mind, no place else. A vacuum cleaner, my dear lady, excellent, for drawing up the dirt, then a good disinfectant. I dare say you'll come around. Yes, my wife. Quite so. Ta, ta . . .

The Reverend Liprett and his more than Reverend Sister took their duty with them and withdrew.

Peter Tarradine took his wife into his arms, then yelled: “Come out of the clothes there, Preedy, and go spoon with your Moon . . . best of luck, old chap! . . . Oh, Betty,” he said, so soon as they were gone, “oh, Betty, the years we waste, the years we waste, give me the kiss I haven’t had since the world before last . . .”

THE UNFORGIVABLE

She has betrayed me.

She was my best friend. I trusted her with everything I had, my confidences, my secrets. I even gave her the name of my dreamer.

I invited her into my house, entertained her at my table. I was glad, yes, glad when I saw that my husband admired her.

And she has betrayed me! I never suspected, though she must have practiced her perfidious wiles under my very eyes, laughing at me, no doubt for a blinder fool. She was not my friend and I trusted her.

And now, bereft, betrayed, my home a ruined thing, what is left for me? The divorce court, you say?

No, no, you do not understand. It was not my husband she stole from me. It is much more serious than that. One can get other husbands.

But I shall never be able to find such a good cook again.

Men dying, make their wills, but wives escape a work so sad; Why should they make what all their lives

The gentle dames have had?
SHADOWLAND

Voices hushed, translucent lights, and music's sobbing strain;
Faces stripped of world-bewn masks, a fleeting glory gain;
Upon the screen the old, old theme of Love's immortal reign.

Shades of dusk, moon's magic spell, the thrill night's charms inspire;
A silhouette of man and maid enthralled by Heart's Desire;
A shadow-realm where youth and love and stuff o' dreams conspire.

The flash of time, the spreading dawn, the golden moments fleet;
The crucial hour of sorrow’s tryst, the parting bitter-sweet;
And then the End triumphant when Hearts long severed meet.

The picture o'er, light's dazzling gleam, loud music burst from thong:
A medley of discordant notes from surge of passing throng:
Impassive masks donned to conceal dreams memory dares prolong.

VAIA MACBETH JONES.

HOUSE AND HOME DOCTOR

(Continued from page 69)

RITATING influences that you felt but were unable to locate before.

Hospitality, lazy comfort and quiet luxury are the three great feeling factors in a well-ordered home.

It is just as necessary that your guest be instantly pleased with his surroundings as he enters, as it is that your dinner be well cooked and served and to instill that desire in your friends to come again. The chair he sits in must fit him and his surroundings must appeal.

Last, but not least, the creating of a feeling of its being an unusual home and not cheap should be studied very carefully. This is not so much the question of the amount of money spent as it is taste and arrangement.

I have always been pleased and particularly proud when clients of mine have said: "What a wonderful home you have given me," rather than if they had said: "What a beautiful chandelier;" "What a rare rug;" or "What a sweet-toned piano;" or "What exquisite pictures;" "My idea of a real home, real comfort and real luxury is one you feel rather than see and this can only be created by treating the ensemble rather than the detail.

Avoid the decorations that make your friends gasp with astonishment and apparent delight and you may feel quite sure that when your home is so ordered that they call and just slip in and lounge around in absolute good fellowship, you have reached the ideal in home decorations.

From time to time in this magazine I am going to take up the discussion of various homes with illustrations, temperaments of owners, etc., and I shall be pleased at all times to answer questions as to decorating, arrangements, remodeling, horticultural architecture and in fact all things necessary to be thoroly acquainted with in order to make the environment of your home that of a holy, sacred place, which you will always wish to be in.

SHADOW SONG

Only a memory fading away
As vaguely sweet as a violet’s breath—
Or the perfumed thought of the time I dreamed
You lay against my breast.

Only a memory giving again
The breaths of the roses that died last June—
A fleeting smile at the death of day—
For that slender lily beneath the moon.

A shadow . . . light as a bubble blown . . .
I piece it together, bit by bit,
Frail as a wild wind-flower . . . oh, Love . . .
My heart is breaking because of it!

THE DREAMER.

In This Issue of Shadowland

Contributors

Edwin Markham is the world-famous poet, writer and lecturer, believed by many critics to be the greatest living poet. He is best known for his "The Man With the Hoe."

Hudson Maxim is the inventor and thinker, famed for his numerous devices which have revolutionized modern warfare. He is the author of a number of books on varied subjects and was foremost in America's campaign for preparedness.

Lee Shubert is the well-known theatrical producer and one of the leading men of the American theater.

Arthur Edwin Krows is a well-known authority on the theater and motion pictures. He is the author of an excellent book on the development of stagecraft.

Louis Raymond Reid is managing editor of The Dramatic Mirror.

The Color Gallery

SHADOWLAND acknowledges its indebtedness to Alfred Cheney Johnston for the portraits, reproduced in color, of Billie Burke, Mollie King, Elaine Hammerstein, Dorothy Phillips and Joan Paige; to Abbe for the pictures of Elizabeth Risdon and Yvonne Shelton; and to the Hoover Art Company, of Los Angeles, for the picture of Vivian Martin. The portrait of Miss Burke is copyrighted by Mr. Johnston.

Skin Bleach

You, too, can make your skin beautiful. Use Marie Antoinette Skin Bleach—a new, absolutely harmless Skin Food. Does wonders. Gives magnificent glow of beautiful beauty. Makes skin immediately, without fading or re- coloring. Applied to any skin. Fells soft and radiant. Removes Blackheads. Fad and freckles disappeared. For applied to unsightly and other treats. Does not irritate. No spray. Removes 15-shillings and redness on old lady’s face for one minute treatment. Send $1.00 for fifteen trial bottles. For Marie Antoinette Skin Bleach—builds up hollow cheeks and soft tones, and develops skin into a golden glow with real gold value for tissue build—a new price. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.
Two Million People
have pronounced the

Motion Picture Magazine

the best and the leader in its particular field. It was the first Movie Magazine ever published and has always had the largest circulation. It contains all the newest and finest of stories, articles and illustrations.

If you like SHADOWLAND you will like the Motion Picture Magazine—and it is only twenty cents a copy.

The October Number will be on sale at all news stands on and after

Saturday, August 30

Place your order with your newsdealer now, for even an edition of 400,000 will not last long, and only a few days after it is out you will get the usual “Sold Out” answer.

Don't Miss This Biggest, Oldest and Greatest of All Movie Publications

THE

Motion Picture Magazine
The Greatest Cast
ever assembled for any Picture
appears in support of
ANITA STEWART
in Louise Provost's story from the People's Home Journal.
"Her Kingdom of Dreams"
Directed by Marshall Neilan

You'll remember them in these photoplays:

MARSHALL NEILAN
Director of "Daddy Long Legs"
"The Unpardonable Sin"
and other successes.

MAHLON HAMILTON
"The Danger Mark"
"The Hidden Hand"
"The Death Dance"

SPOTTISWOOD AITKEN
"The Birth of a Nation"
"How Could You, Jean"
"Capt. Kidd, Jr."

KATHLYN WILLIAMS (Star)
"Out of the Wreck"
"The Whispering Chorus"
"We Can't Have Everything"

TULLY MARSHALL
"Bound in Morocco"
"Cheating Cheaters"
"Arizona"
"Joan the Woman"

EDWIN STEVENS
"The Devil's Toy"
"The Squaw Man"
"Faith"
"Cheating Cheaters"

THOMAS JEFFERSON
"Hoosier Romance"
"Tarzan of the Apes"
"Sid Hopkins"
"Romance of Tarzan"

RALPH GRAVES
"Sporting Life" (Leading Man)
"White Heather" (Leading Man)

THOMAS SANTSCHI
"The Crisis"
"Beware of Strangers"
"Little Orphan Annie"
"The Hell Cat"

ANNA Q. NILSSON
"Auction of Souls"
"Trail of Yesterday"
"No Man's Land"
"The Way of the Strong"

JAMES NEILL
"Say, Young Fellow"
"The Little American"

WESLEY BARRY
"Unpardonable Sin"
"Daddy Long Legs"

Watch for "Her Kingdom of Dreams" at your theatre
"ONCE UPON A TIME -
ILLUSTRATION BY F. R. GRUGER

The children's hour—filmed! There is hardly any pleasure so keen as taking children to the motion picture theatre.

Heavens above, how they do enjoy themselves!

Mother used to set aside a regular children's hour, and read or tell stories.

But now, they go to one of the better theatres where Paramount and Artcraft Pictures are playing.

To tell the truth, Mother vastly prefers this to the old children's hour.

Because she enjoys it, too. Doubly, in fact,—the children's enjoyment and her own as well.

The public has sensed the fact that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation can be depended on to keep Paramount and Artcraft Pictures just what all parents would like them to be—both for themselves and for the youngsters.

Which is just another of the underlying reasons why ten thousand communities are for them.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount and Artcraft Pictures—and the theatres that show them.
Lady Mary
"the fashionable fragrance"

Fashionable—
because its unusual fragrance
is companion to ermine.
ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT CHEWING GUM

RUTH ROLAND says: Ripe, red cherries and Adams California Fruit Gum I think are equally delicious. I love them both.
This robust little girl shows the good health and happiness that is characteristic of Mellin's Food babies.

Write today for a copy of our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," and a Free Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company,       Boston, Mass.
Are You a Blond?

The Secret of Making People Like You

Miss Evelyn Gornell

in "Up to Mabel's Room"

Wallace Reid

Star in "The Valley of the Giants"

A Paramount-Artcraft Picture

T

HE greatest asset any man can possibly have is the facility for making people like him. It is even more important than ability.

The secret of making people like you lies in your ability to understand the emotional and mental characteristics of the people you meet.

Did you know that a blond has an entirely different temperament than a brunette—that to get along with a blond type you must act entirely different than you would to get along with a brunette?

When you really know the difference between blonds and brunets, the difference in their characteristics, temperaments, abilities, and peculiar traits, you will save yourself many a mistake—and you will incidentally learn much you never knew before about yourself.

P

aul Graham was a blond, and not until he learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunette did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; did not know how to make people like him.

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular.

Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astonished at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

You, too, can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Paul Graham you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and you CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU.

Here is how it is done:

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blond or brunette. There is as big a difference between the mental and emotional characteristics of a blond and those of a brunette as there is between night and day. You persuade a blond one way—a brunette another. Blondes enjoy one phase of life—brunets another. Make a midnight in one of a job—brunets in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women; in getting on well with them; in mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success is certain.

For example, there's the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked and strike things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walk-out he spoke to the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this because he knew just how to make these men like him and do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peers, a man of tremendous ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given that of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the opportunity came, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every other person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But, in spite of that, in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case it is a family business for any woman to break into the cool circle of society in this town, if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's character and making them like you.

YOU realize, of course, that just knowing the difference between a blond and a brunette could not accomplish all these wonderful things. Many other things must be taken into account. But here is the whole secret:

You know that every one does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone, if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion, every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and do to please them—to get them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of making friends, of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple, seven-lesson course, entitled "Reading Character at Sight." Every half hour's reading of this whole course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's Course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to all the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.

Remember, you take no risk, you assume no obligation. The entire course goes to you on approval. You have everything to gain—nothing to lose. So mail the coupon NOW, and learn how to make people like you, while this remarkable offer is still on.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation Publishers of the Independent Weekly
Dept. B-1410, 119 West 46th Street, New York

You may send the Dr. Blackford's Course of seven lessons, entitled "Reading Character at Sight." I will return the course to you within five days if I do not use it. For my receipt, or send you $5 in full payment of the course.

Address...

Page Three
The End of the Fame and Fortune Contest

TWENTY-FIVE honor roll leaders in The Fame and Fortune Contest of Shadowland, The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic were invited to participate in special motion picture tests, filmed at the Roslyn, L. I., estate of Eugene V. Brixner, publisher of the three magazines.

Twenty young women—the pick of 100,000 contestants from all parts of the world—were present and, under the eye of Willard North, the well known director, were given thorough tests. Many newspaper men and motion picture cameramen for the various news weeklies were present.

The young women participating were: Blanche McGarity, of 236 Blum Street, San Antonio, Texas; Anetha Getwell, of 1523 N. La Salle Street, Chicago; Helen Lee Worthing, of 1073 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.; Toots Sandell, of 127 Kingshighway Park, St. Louis, Mo.; Marla Lea, of 490 Riverside Drive, New York; Anita Booth, of 55 East 34th Street, New York; Bobbie Deely, of 6140 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Lucille Kle Bold, of 47 Dunn Street Atlanta, Ga.; Ver B. Hubie, of 4 East 30th Street, New York; Shirley Blackshaw, of 260 Laurel Street, Manchester, N. H.; Fay Brennan, of the Hotel Harrington, Washington, D. C.; Melanie Gordon, of 1871 California Street, Washington, D. C.; Carolyn Brooke, of 918 South 16th Street, Birmingham, Ala.; Isabelle and Margaret Falconer, of 42 West 72nd Street, New York; Dorothy Reynolds, of 244 Riverside Drive, New York; Virginia Browne, of 365 West 16th Street, New York; Ethel Mae Chadbourne, of the Government Hotel, R-S Building, Room 138, Washington, D. C.; Evelyn Jewel Pouch, of 611 Western Parkway, Louisville, Ky.; Josephine Stanler, of 548 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The judges are now considering the test pictures and an official announcement will shortly be made. It is very probable that The Motion Picture Classic for November will carry the full findings of the judges.

The contest is to be made an annual institution.

A Bird’s Eye View of the Screen and Stage

THE FOOTHOLDS

The actors’ strike shows no signs of a settlement as Shadowland goes to press. The war between the Actors’ Equity Association and the Producing Managers’ Association has resulted in the closing of some thirty New York theaters and all houses in Chicago, besides affecting other cities. Vigorous efforts are being made by the playwrights to bring about peace. A new actors’ organization, the Actors’ Fidelity League, has appeared, fathered by the producers. The American Federation of Labor is solidly behind the Equity, according to official announcements by Samuel Gompers.

One of the interesting developments has been the taking over by the Actors’ Equity Association of the Lexington Opera House for a season. Here all-star entertainments are being given, the biggest of the stars being Ethel and Lionel Barrymore. Ethel Barrymore has appeared in scenes from “Ca- mille” and “Romeo and Juliet.”

The Equity announces a stellar revival of “The School for Scandal” with John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, John Barry more and Lionel Barrymore.

Meanwhile two New York theaters are open: the Fulton, with “John Ferguson,” and the Playhouse, with “At 9:45,” William A. Brady, the producer of “At 9:45,” is playing the butler in his own melodrama. The Hippodrome opened briefly with “Happy Days,” but the strike closed its doors.

Meanwhile, rehearsals of new productions are at a standstill and the White Way is dark and silent just at the time when the rush of the new season’s productions is at its height.

The loss due to the strike was placed at a million dollars on September 1.

THE SCREEN

The actors’ strike has not touched the cinema, altho signs are apparent both in the East and on the coast that the players might easily be tempted to follow the Equity lead if called upon to do so.

Jack Pickford has been signed by Goldwyn. This adds one more to the Goldwyn string of stars, which numbers Geraldine Farrar, Madge Kennedy, Mabel Normand, Pauline Frederick and Tom Moore.

Vivian M. Moses, former publicity director for Select Pictures, is now associated with Guy Empey in picture production.

Vivian Martin has left Famous Players-Lasky. Bessie Love is leaving Vitagraph.

David Griffith has purchased “Wild Oranges” for special production.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton’s productions, commencing with “Dawn,” will be released thru Pathe Exchange, Inc.

Edith Storey is said to be returning to the screen with Havard.

William Farnum is doing “If I Were King,” Justin Huntley McCarthy’s romantic drama. Farnum plays Villon, the vagabond poet.

Antonio Moreno has re-signed with Vitagraph.

Elise Ferguson is going to England to do three productions for Famous Players-Artcraft. Hugh Ford will direct.

World Film has signed Jackie Saunders to star.

Elise Janis’ first Selznick Picture will bear the title, “A Regular Girl.”

Constance Binney has completed her first Reallart production, a visualization of “Erstwhile Susan.” Mrs. Fiske’s success with Mary Alden in the Fiske rôle.

NAZIMOA

You pass, a shadow in a land of dreams,
And yet the silence of your passing seems
To echo with the wild and wistful songs
Your people send, to calm the bitterness of youth,
As old as time, more sorrowful than death.
But when our tears would fall, like tender breath
Of summer wind, when Northern sunlight gleams,
Comes laughter and the joy of ice-free streams
That, vast and deep, flow forth to friendly seas.
Oh child and woman, whom life’s tragedies
And joys have made a thing of cloud and fire,
You are a People’s pride and their desire.
The strange and lovely beauty of your face,
Your sublity, your strength, bespeak your Race.
So we, who scorn her ways, her woes despise,
Find hope for Russia in your steadfast eyes.

ELEANOR SHIPLEY HALSEY.
Important Features in This Issue

MY GREENWICH VILLAGE......Guido Bruno
An unusual article by the man who best knows this picturesque part of New York

APPLYING THE NEW STAGE ART TO MOTION PICTURES.......Jameson Sewell
John Wenger and his unique ideas

THE ACTORS' WAR........Louis Raymond Reid
America's first histrionic strike

PEAKS AMONG BOOKS.......Heywood Broun
The newest literature in review

"CAMERA!".........Hadi Barron and Saxon Cone
A complete one act comedy

INFLUENCE OF THE SCREEN...Olya Petrova
A remarkable discussion of the films and their morals

THE M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY
SHADOWLAND

Published monthly by the M. P. Publishing Company, a New York Corporation with its principal offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Eugene V. Brewer, President and Editor; Eleanor V. Brewer, Treasurer; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary. Editorial offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to which address all mail should be sent.

Subscription: $3.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $4.00 a year; in foreign countries, $4.50. Single copies, 35 cents, postage prepaid. One and two-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Application made at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-class matter.

Copyright, 1919, by the M. P. Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain.

SHADOWLAND 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MR. EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Publisher and Editor of Shadowland, Motion Picture Classic and Motion Picture Magazine. A copyrighted portrait study by Samuel Lumiere, official photographer of the three publications.
Painted from photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston.
MEDITATION

From a Painting by
W. Fitz
My Greenwich Village
By Guido Bruno

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNN HOLCOMB

GREENWICH VILLAGE! A Republic in the air! A gathering of constantly changing men and women that have a past or have a future and live in both. A gathering of people that worship the highest ideals, constantly building bridges from one illusion to another, not noticing the mud that covers their roads and that is thrown after them from all sides.

GREENWICH VILLAGE! Refuge of saints condemned to life in the crude hard realistic world, you playground of sensation—thirsty women with a yellow streak and of men that mistake the desire to see wild oats for artistic inclination.

GREENWICH VILLAGE! Where genius starved and gave the world the best it bad, where fortunes were squandered and fortunes made, where heavens of earthly bliss prevail and tortures of hell are suffered, where night and day cease to be the regulating element of the world, where new ideas are developed into systems, into systems that will be overthrown tomorrow and substituted by others that will not live any longer.

Only six years ago Greenwich Village was a quiet idyllic part of old New York. Lovers of history would come and view curiously its time-honored historical houses, squares and burial places. Some of the oldest and most exclusive families lived in the mansions on the north side of Washington Square and its by-streets. Artists and writers had taken possession of the south side of the square. Here they lived in dilapidated dwellings used as studio-buildings, a quiet life among themselves.

They worked, frequented the nearby restaurants in little Italy, un molested by the gruesome commercialism of a New York that seemed so far away, quite outside of their own retired world.

There were hardly any stores in this vicinity, the streets desolate in daytime, dead at night. And now Greenwich Village has become a strange and mysterious community.

Newspapers, especially the Sunday supplements, have told you a lot about Greenwich Village, about its peculiar restaurants, with bizarre colored furniture, about tea-rooms where a peculiar sort of people assemble, the kind of humans you are accustomed to call Bohemians; where impossible things are being sold in almost unreal shops.

You have heard about women here wearing bobbed hair and smoking cigarettes, sitting round tables without table-cloths, talking of art and of matrimony and of social problems in quite a peculiar way; about men who let their hair grow long, prefer flowing neckties, and who are ever ready to serve you their theories of life—quite a tickling sensation after your family dinner in a Harlem elevator apartment.

Publicity has done it all, and I have the sad honor to have brought it about.

But for a French pastry-cook, a proprietor of an ice cream parlor and an Italian printer journeyman, who owned a handful of type and an old fashioned hand press, there would never have been a "Bruno's Garret," never a "Greenwich Village Gazette," which became later "Bruno's Weekly." Charles Edison, Thomas A. Edison's son, would have never come to Greenwich Village to start here his Thimble Theater, his dancing on Washington Square, his music...
There is a "but" and it hovers above the roofs of the houses, rustles thru the leaves of the trees and seems to form a rare and scarce patina over the stones of its grave-yards and the iron of its house gates.

Did you know that houses have souls and that you who are living in steam-heated, electric lighted elevator apartments, are living in houses with dead souls? Your telephone wires pierced their hearts. Your steam pipes put them upon a bed of Procrustes and your tapestries muzzled them. On bleak nights you can hear the wind moaning outside your roof asking in vain for admission. He cannot deliver his message for neighboring souls. It is on such nights that you turn restless in your bed listening to strange noises; you switch on your light and reopen your book which you laid away in the evening. . .

Greenwich Village seems to be the mysterious link between the great past of the big spirits who lived here and the unknown future of those who worship them. The old time-worn houses seem to have voices which you do not hear but which you will feel if you are one of the chosen few. And then the trees in its parks will look different to you from every other tree in the world. Its old dilapidated mansions, its cottages and frame houses now occupied by the humblest tenement population will regain for you the by-gone splendor. The deserted streets on rainy and stormy nights will bring you in close communication with the souls of men who made life worth living for everybody who can read or feel.

Someone once called New York the head of the United States and justly can Greenwich Village be called the brains of New York.

Since the days of the Revolution, which gave our nation independence, until yesterday and until this very day, almost everything big and of consequence can be traced to this little community. Thomas Paine lived and died here. Edgar Allan Poe came to Greenwich Village to spend his honeymoon, and to dream, to love, to starve and to write some of the things which have made his name immortal. Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson used to sit and chat on Washington Square while their housekeepers were cleaning their near-by apartments on Fifth Avenue. O. Henry spent most of his time in New York in Greenwich Village and some of the stories that made him famous are pictures of its life. Bayard Taylor and hundreds of others lived here.
Roosevelt had his headquarters on Washington Square and Abraham Lincoln made some of his important speeches here shortly before his assassination. Genius always struggled for recognition in the boundaries of the village and here it found its first recognition by another generation struggling similarly hard and paying its price for the laurels awarded by posterity.

The Village Paper

It was in 1913. I was broke, had come from the West, where I had sold the monthly magazine that caused my ruin for the price of a ticket to New York. My search for friends had proved futile. I used to live on Washington Square and there I sat on a bench, with $1.50 in my pocket and a large store of ideals, ambitions, energy. I wanted to do something.

There is not a lovelier place in the city than Washington Square. It carries a touch of intimacy that makes dear the boudoir of our beloved one. It has the dignity of a church and the friendliness of an inn-keeper who values us as gladly-sheltered guests.

It was a wonderful evening and I took in the romance of it all. All at once it came to me! Over there the university: on the north side of the square all the aristocratic mansions: on the south side the aristocracy of mind in shabby lodging houses and studio buildings! Of course, this is the Quarter Latin of America. And I thought of the curious people that I knew lived in the neighborhood. How they worked: how they spent their lives in the happy solitude of creating. I made up my mind to tell the world about this strange spot in the most commercial business city on earth. I had to talk to somebody. I decided then and there that I would start a paper, call it Greenwich Village, and make it a picture of this neighborhood: quaint, most intimate, dignified, peculiar in spots, learned here and there but also with a ragged edge. The only shop I could see in this neighborhood was the very ice cream store which is still opposite the terminal station of the Fifth Avenue busses. I found a very nice chap there who seemed enthusiastic about my idea of a Greenwich Village magazine. “I am a printer,” interrupted a rather rugged looking Italian who had listened to our conversation. “I have type and an old machine: if the paper isn’t too big in size I would like to print it.”

I accompanied him to his shop, a little room two by four, everything most primitive; but I had no money and so I decided to take advantage of the offer. Next morning I went out soliciting advertisements to cover the expense of my first number. I found everybody willing to advertise in my new paper. The Episcopal-Methodist Church, a few Italian groceries, a real estate firm, a German bakery on Sixth Avenue. Those were hard days. I helped to set the type, to print the paper and what a long weary process it was! But finally we got it out. The first number we issued in five hundred copies, I took them around to the newsdealers and left them there on consignment. I lived on the floor above the ice cream parlor; the rent then was about a tenth of what it is to-day. Somebody called it Bruno’s Garret and the name stuck. I rather liked the intimacy of it and printed beneath the title page of the next issue of (Continued on page 75)

Below, The Greenwich Village Inn
THE HIEROGLYPHIC GIRL

Little Billie Wagner, of "The Gaieties of 1919", reveals a remarkable understanding of Egyptian picture-writing in the accompanying study. Billie, we suspect, would have pleased even a critical Pharaoh.
Putting the New Stage Art into Motion Pictures

By Jameson Sewell

It will be but a short time before an adventurous and far seeing motion picture producer utilizes the newer stage art in making photoplays. That, in brief, is the opinion of John Wenger, an artist and creator of stage settings who is singularly fitted to know.

Mr. Wenger has made a study of motion pictures at first hand. For many months he has created special scenic settings at the New York Rivoli theater, New York's de luxe photoplay house on Broadway. All this, aside from creating settings for the Metropolitan Opera House and the Boston Opera Company and being an artist of considerable distinction.

"The time is not far distant," believes Mr. Wenger, "when the art of Max Reinhardt and Gordon Craig will be applied directly to the production of motion pictures. Not that the artist has not already manifested himself in the cinema. 'Broken Blossoms' is a thing of singular beauty and imagination, of one painting in movement after another. 'Broken Blossoms' is the first of the sort of pictures the future is bound to bring. Yet David Griffith, the maker of this bit of animated art, reveals a singular lack of the artistic sense in his 'Fall of Babylon.' This is just a spectacle of crowds and clashes, of court favorites in tights and extras in tin armor. It is better done, doubtless, than anything of its kind but it is not the work of art that is 'Broken Blossoms.'

"We have had one or two other examples of the new art, as for instance Maurice Tourner's 'Prunella' and
Two interesting examples of stage sets designed by Mr. Wenger. The upper scenic interlude was presented at the New York Rivoli as a background for a Bolin ballet.

"The Blue Bird." These were but a step into the unexplored field of new stage art."

John Wenger was born in Russia. After developing his ability as a painter and contributing a bit to the Russian stage, Wenger came to America ten years ago. During the years that followed, his paintings were exhibited at the National Academy of Design, the Pennsylvania Academy, the Architectural League, and at various exhibitions. He became a member of the exclusive Salamagundi Club.

Wenger had always loved the stage and in it he saw infinite aesthetic possibilities. Some four years ago he gave an exhibition of stage models. Frank Conroy, then a guiding spirit of the Washington Square Players, saw the exhibition and, impressed with Wenger's ability, commissioned him to make a setting for that famous amateur organization. Wenger designed the settings for "He," "Schnitz-Scene," "He," Schnitz-Scene" and "The Blue Bird." Just before this, however, Mr. Wenger contributed to the Boston Opera Company. After the demise of the Washington Square Players, S. L. Rothapfel, then managing director of the Rialto and Rivoli theaters, sent for Mr. Wenger and placed him under contract to design sets — "scenic interludes" — for the Rivoli theater. Mr. Wenger began with the film presentation of "The Blue Bird."

Altho managerial changes have taken place, Mr. Wenger is still the art director of the Rivoli and Rialto theaters. His settings at the Rivoli, built to fit a stage but four feet...
Some of Mr. Wenger's sets give the aspect of remarkable depth, despite the unusual limitations of the stage. These sets have been the background for vocal, musical and dance interludes to the de luxe programs. Since Mr. Wenger has been at the Rivoli and Rialto, he contributed the scenery and costume designs to the Metropolitan Opera House's production of Igor Stravinsky and Alexander Benois' "Petrushka."

As art director of two of New York's leading picture palaces, Mr. Wenger has, as he expresses it, "come very close to the public."

"I always keep one thing in mind: to help people understand the music. Harmony in color can, of course, help tremendously. I use my canvas to create a musical atmosphere, to suggest, to start the audiences thinking.

"I do not try to illustrate a number but to help it. I never try to create a concrete setting idea but to deal with the abstract. Any stage reproduction of nature is artificial. Then why not be wholly artificial—and be fanciful and fantastic?"

"I find that the public likes, best of all, sympathetic things—the things (Continued on page 75)"

Page Seventeen
MAE MURRAY
Only a short time ago Miss Murray was a divinity of the dance. Then along came motion pictures and the lure caught the goddess of Terpsichore. Miss Murray has been very popular on the screen but she is going to return to the stage soon.
Fred Stone Invades Cheyenne

Before an audience of 15,000 at Cheyenne's famous round-up recently Fred Stone proved he wasn't a mere movie cowboy. Fred "bulldogged" a steer and rode "Rawlin's Kid," one of the fiercest outlaw horses at the show.
Allan Dwan has been filming the late Richard Harding Davis' romance of a South American revolution out in California. At the left is the battle of the hacienda.

A non-revolutionary moment in "Soldiers of Fortune," with Norman Kerry as Mr. Davis' hero and Anna Q. Nilsson as the fair and fluffy heroine.
Filming a Revolution

Mr. Dwan utilized six hundred mounted men in this scene, some of them, it is said, being real followers of the eminent M. Villa

Above, H. Lyman Broening, head cameraman; James Hogan, assistant director; Mr. Dwan; and Arthur Rosson, assistant director
The Complacent Comedienne

WHENEVER I think of Madge Kennedy, as I saw her last week I think of the word tranquillity, and whenever I think of the word tranquillity then, by the same token, is the personality of Madge Kennedy suggested to me. Calm things... fair things... a grey dove of peace in the unobtrusive sunlight... a mirrored lake, deeply blue and placidly undisturbed... the slope of the Westchester hills, serene and beautiful... all the gentleness of life when the tempo is legato.

It is not, or not, the usual thing to chat with a star who is admittedly doing nothing. "Just resting!" proclaimed Miss Kennedy (who is essentially, first, last and all the time, Mrs. Harold Bolter). It is quite an extraordinary sensation not to listen to plans for this or that, decisions, theatrical opinions, ambitions, etc., etc. Yes, it is decidedly extraordinary to talk with a star who is doing nothing at all and who, paradoxically, thinks that nothing at all to do is the pleasantest sort of an occupation. Nothing by way of work, that is.

"You see," she said, by way of explanation of her happy leisure, "I have a one-track mind. Which is a great misfortune. More versatile people can work and play at one and the same time, and therefore keep on indefinitely without serious damage to themselves. If I could go out in the evening, after a long day at the studio, for instance, and dance my head off, or do any silly, forgetful thing, I'd be all right—but you see, I'm just not that way. When I work I just plain work, and I can't do one other thing. I go to the studio at nine in the morning, and I'm never even relaxed enough to be cheerfully late, work all day, rather intensely, and then go home at night and go to bed so as to be ready for the next day—and I keep that up and keep it up... until I snap.

"I 'snapped' while I was out in California... of course," added this Wife-Very-Much in-Love-With-Her-Husband, "Mr. Bolter's being in the service may have had something to do with it... we've been separated too much as it is... but at any rate I just suddenly knew that I had got to stop the whole thing, and make any plans or have so much as an idea on the subject of plans... and then Mr. Bolter came out to California to get me and bring me home, and we had a wonderful, wonderful trip, and here I am! I haven't a plan, nor an idea. I don't know what I'm going to do, nor when I'm going to do it. But I do know that when I do feel ready to begin it will be with a new zest again, a new grip. I'll see things in a fresher, keener light. I'll have

Madge Kennedy's personality suggests calm things... fair things... a grey dove of peace in the unobtrusive sunlight... a mirrored lake, deeply blue and placidly undisturbed... the slope of the Westchester hills, serene and beautiful... all the gentleness of life when the tempo is legato.

Photograph by Iras L. Hill

Page Twenty-Six
new ideas and a new perspective, and without these things, art, even the most consummate, becomes stultified and jaded.

"I'm taking in all sorts of new ideas and new impressions and getting, I hope, new illusions . . . and all of these will go into my work whenever I take it up again . . ."

She gave her serene little smile and patted the small black travelling case at her side. "I'm a commuter, too," she said, "I come into town once or twice a week with my little suitcase and take home such interesting things as spices and blue lingerie ribbons and celery salt, and then I order all the things cook needs at the same time.

"We've taken a house at Briarcliff for the summer. A delightful place with a still more delightful view. My mother, who was with me in California, of course, and just stopped over in Chicago, is coming on soon and we are keeping it as a surprise for her. We're seriously considering buying in the country and living there all the year 'round."

"So that you may have a menagerie?" I asked.

"No, I don't believe in domestic menageries. Dogs, for instance. One grows too fond of them, and, invariably, something happens to them—and there is heart-break. I suppose it is my super-domestic attitude, but that's the way I feel about it. I did have a darling bear-cub in California, but Mr. Bolster gave him to the Zoo out there. He couldn't have lived here because he had to eat catalpa leaves. He was a very particular bear. An Australian one. The original of the Teddy Bears.

"We'd (Continued on page 70)"

Pages Twenty-Seven
At Home with the Murray-Leonards

Mae Murray and her husband, Robert Leonard, have been occupying a summer place at Manaroneck, N. Y., in the Westchester hills.

Altho exceedingly busy between the screen and the stage, Miss Murray finds time to take her morning gallop each day.
Playtime finds Miss Murray and Mr. Leonard on their tennis courts.
Screenland's Newest Beauty

Exclusive Pictures Taken for Shadowland by Nelson Evans

Katherine MacDonald has been rapidly coming to the front rank of film players—due as much to her singular beauty as to her dramatic ability. Miss MacDonald's work in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" made her the star of her own producing company.

A beauty intermezzo
Miss MacDonald calls Pittsburgh her home town and she stopped briefly at the New York Winter Garden on her way to celluloid success. Then metropolitan artist-began to fall down and worship—and Miss MacDonald went west to conquer new fields—and the cinema
The Southampton, L. I., beach—the Mecca of Society folk

Mrs. Flewellen Chambers with her big Japanese parasol on the Southampton beach

Mrs. J. W. Wright snapped on the sands
Society at the Beach

Miss Doris Godwin and baby Jacqueline Godwin enjoying the beach breezes

Mrs. John E. Liggett, wife of the heir to the Liggett tobacco millions, at the beach. Mrs. Liggett will return to the stage this fall with the permission of her wealthy husband.

Mrs. Frederick Humphreys and Mrs. Stewart Davis watching the sad sea waves.

All Photographs © International Film Service

Page Thirty-Three
The motion picture camera has caught the placidness of nature in this glimpse of the mirror lake. And there is nothing quite so restfully placid as Mother Nature.

The turbulent rush of the mountain stream is a vivid contrast. Here one catches the tang of the primeval pine.
This was before the world went mad. This was before
the old gods of Might and Right of Birth went toppling
into shattered shards of clay. And on the great estates
of Prince Michael Orbeliani the peasants still toiled like
dumb beasts not knowing that they had souls or kinship
with God.

"I simply wasn't visible at all!" Marcia Warren laughed.
She had a generous laugh that parted her full, deeply crim-
son lips over strong even white teeth. "It wasn't that
they snubbed me. Little Father, that would have implied
that, humble, vile as I was they had condescended to see me.
Sail, I shouldn't complain—"

"I wish," he said slowly. "I wish we were back
in old Mapleton with its Methodist ice-cream festivals and its
elm trees and friendliness. I wish there was some fresh-
cheeked youngster sitting on the front steps under the wistaria
courting you. Russia isn't any place for young people who
are just starting to live—or old people who are just about
ready to stop living. A man may spend all his life in a
stranger country, Marcia, but he gets homesick to die in his
own land!"

Marcia chose to ignore the latter part of the words. "I fancy
Mapleton would be a tight fit for me. Little Father,"
shelghed out her young arms in a splendid, free gesture.
"I need room, lots of room to live in. I
couldn't be satisfied with tight little
thoughts, and neat, or-
derly little ideas that
smell of moth balls,
and have been made
over out of other peo-
ple's views. And—
omehow I don't think
I could be satisfied
with the fresh-cheeked
youngster either. I'm
—"well, I'm rather a

"I simply wasn't visible at all!" Marcia Warren
laughed. "I shouldn't com-
plain—have I not been
permitted to hold a dip-
er of water for His High-
and-Holiness and Little
Father—he has nice
eyes!"
THE WORLD AND ITS WOMAN


big person, if you know what I mean, and when I love
he will be a big man. Maybe not a very respectable man, nor
a good man even, but big with great splendid sins and flashes
of God, Himself—"

"Dread gripped him. He shook her arm. "Marcia! You're speaking of someone real—is it—is it the young Prince?"

Her smile was like a steady flame. It was as tho a lamp
were lighted in some far chamber of her soul illuminating her.
"Yes, Little Father"—proudly, "it is Michael. It will
always be Michael, I think. The first time I saw him—years ago when we were children I knew somehow—with a kind of
c拦vroyance that I was a woman-child. No other man
had ever made me feel that, Little Father—oh, of course its
impossible, I knew it then, when he was only a straight, solemn boy with a
kingly way of carrying his head,—and
one small hand laid on the neck of his
great hound. But I'm not going to be
sorry, ever, only glad that he's in the
same world that I am where I can see
him sometimes in the distance—I care so very much!"

"My poor child," John Warren said brokenly, "will your
wonderful, fine life be like a strain of music that is never
played, then? You should have had love, Marcia, you
should have borne children—"

She touched his hand lightly. "I shall sing my song,
Father, don't worry!" she told him, "and all children are not of
flesh and blood. When the time comes I shall bear my
child."

Late that evening she stood in her bare little room, austere
as a nun's, looking vaguely out across the great veldt, stark
under the cold light of the stars. A wave of loneliness bitter
with tears washed over her soul, a prescience of barren years
of unfulfillment. Would it no, after all be better for her if
she went back to the pleasant friendliness of little places,
green fields, white towns, homely commonplace things? But
even as she asked the question she answered it, never! Should
she be a coward and flee from Life, should she exchange
reality, even tho it was the reality of pain and hunger for
shadows of peace?

"I am not afraid!" she challenged Life. "You cannot
conquer me—there is nothing you can do that shall con-
quer me!"

A hesitant rap on her door was followed by her father's
voice, "Marcia! Are you still up? A strange thing has
happened," he stood in the doorway, a candle in his hands.
"The old Prince has sent for you to come to the castle to
sing to him. It seems he heard you one day as he was
riding by, and thought your voice was like his wife's, dead
years ago."

And so it happened that for the first time in her life Marcia
Warren, whose twenty years had nearly all been spent in
Russia where her father was the manager of Prince Orbeli-
aña's oil wells set her free-born foot over the doorsill of the
nobility. She stood in the great, dark hall, waiting for the
Prince to summon her; all about her suits of
armor leered out of the shadows, vague tapestries
stirred in the chill draughts, blazoned escutcheons
gleamed with crimson that was like the blood of
peasant generations.

In this hall no doubt the dark Lords of the
Manor had dealt out life and death to their serfs;
had drunk and Wassailed to still the howling of the
winter wolves on the white barrens, into these
dismal portals they had received the terrified maidens
come to pay the ruthless lord his manor-right of
their virginity upon their wedding eve—it seemed
to her vivid imagining that the shadows were not
cast by the great torches in their high scottes but
by old, ill deeds done long ago, shadows of selfish-
ness and pride and sin.

The present Prince was a good man, she had
heard her father say, and her heart argued for the
younger Michael and yet—who had decreed that
they should be fed by other's hungering, that they
should dance, as they were dancing now in the great
ball room below the balcony while the women in the
village brought forth dead babies, starved in the
womb? She crept to the edge of the balcony and
looked down with sombre eyes upon the glittering
scene below, the slim, scented women of the
aristocrats with their silken skins and jewels, the
men with curled hair and beards, brave in white
and gold lace, vain of their varnished boots, blasé,
contemptuous of lip and glance. The glow from
the chandeliers was caught in the facets of a thou-
sand jewels, filling the room with darting flashes,
cold sparks of light. With a shudder, as tho she
looked on something loathsome, Marcia Warren,
daughter Of the Pilgrims, turned away. "There is
a day coming"—she said aloud, 'when the Piper
will want his pay."

And since the Prince still delayed in sending for
her, she moved on down the hall to where at the end thru parted velvet curtains a breath of blossoms sent out invitation. Five minutes later she stood again in the hall, pressing her clasped hands upon the tumult of her heart. Those slender arms, very white along his shoulders,—those low broken murmurs, snatches of trembling laughter and that kiss. Her lips felt hot and moist as tho in mockery. She had been beautiful—that woman in the Prince's arms, beautiful in a still marble fashion, wondrously gowned, a woman to wear sables regally, to draw the glances of the crowds—

"Why should you be surprised that he is to be married?" she asked her heart, trying to sting it from its numbness with the lash of scorn, "it is the nature of a man to mate with his kind, an aristocrat with aristocracy. What is it to you who he holds against his heart, whose lips he crushes, why do you—Oh God!"

She pressed her teeth upon her lower lips, and closed her eyes but even behind the lowered lids she could see them as she had seen them a moment ago, as she would see them thru sleepless nights to come, the strong, noble face that she had hung like an icon in the shrine of her heart bent over the icy beauty of Olga, Baroness of Breslov, pressing upon the perfect lips a kiss that shook her, watching it. She scarcely was aware of what she did until she stood in the dim-lit library before the frail old figure, sunken in its velvet chair and began to sing.

Then out of the agony and travail of her heart came forth a song. The dusk throbbed to its world passion, world pain—the notes were like silver ingots hot from the crucible, molten in the fires of the soul. When the last echo had quivered into silence the old Prince lifted his frosted head and looked keenly at the young spent face among the shadows. "You are a great singer, my child," he told her gently, "some day the world shall crown you with a crown beside which our coronets will be worthless as straw."

These words were to come back to her years later, as she stood in the wings of the great Opera at Petrograd waiting to make her first appearance as prima donna, years in which she toiled until she was spent in body and soul over tedious exercises, struggling to put aside her grieving for her father's death, and that other grief which mercifully grew gentler with the years until she was almost able to think of Michael as of one who had died very long ago.

As she stood in the jewelled gown of Thais the glare of the footlights revealed a figure rounded in a gracious womanhood, a face serene and thoughtful with a beauty that was more than physical. If the dusky fullness of the lips, the hollows of the throat, the curving breasts cried to the beholder, "I am made for the sweet offices of love," the low forehead and dark eyes disdainful of coquetry said gravely, "I am made for thought."

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" whispered one girl of the ballet to another, looking toward the still, white figure, "they say she hasn't any lovers but I can't believe that."

"I've heard that she is a revolutionist," the other muttered, "my seamstress told me—she says Peter Poroshine, the Red Leader, is mad about her! Ah, there goes her cue—do you suppose she's frightened—just think, the house is filled with titles tonight, a cousin to the Czar in one of the boxes—"

Beyond the footlights, a blur, a murmur as she stood before them so different in her nun-like purity from the other prima donnas, fleshy, stereotyped, corseted. A blur, and one face leaping to her eyes out of the thousands turned to her, and in one cosmic moment all her hard won peace was gone. He was sitting in one of the boxes with his wife and another man with gossy, brillianinted beard and long, restless white hands. He leaned a little forward, and she thought he made an involuntary sign of recognition, as tho his soul had greeted a kindred soul. And suddenly her spirit was caught up in a great surge of joy, and she began to sing.

The papers the next morning were full of the sensational success of the young American singer, but the club rooms and tea tables buzzed with another tale. Prince Michael had at last succumbed, he had gone straight from his box to the singer's dressing room, he had remained with her ten minutes—an hour—two hours according to the imagination of the raconteur, he had already established her in an apartment on the Mall—he had been repulsed, he hadn't been repulsed. What luck for her—a Prince of the royal blood, hand-
she was suddenly filled with a kind of animal fury, the woman creature fighting for her mate.

Some as a young god, too, and quite free to love whom he chose, for didn't the whole world know of his wife's disgraceful affair with Count Otto? And after all she might be charming and have a golden voice and all that, but, my dear, she was only an American—a nobody— at all!

And while the wise- acres wagged industrious tongues Marcia Warren was living in a world apart, a little world with only two inhabitants, a little world as small as the heart of a woman, yet touching the nethermost stars. For Prince Michael had told her that he loved her, told her with a trace of the aristocrat in his voice but with truth in his eyes, and that night when she knelt after her old child fashion to say the childhood prayers she thanked God very earnestly that this thing had come to her to remember when she should be old.

"Your—wife," Marcia said steadily, and touched his hand gently in mother pity for him, forgetting her own pain. "Then, even if that barrier were gone we could never marry, you an aristocrat, I a woman of the people. Are you asking me to be your mistress, Michael?"

"I am asking you to be my love!" he said bitterly, for he saw that he had lost the battle. "You cannot love me if you will let a word stand between."

"It is a world that stands between us," she corrected, "and the world will have to fall into ruin and be made new again before I can come to (Cont'd on page 26)"

For, with rather remarkable innocence she did not understand what Michael wanted of her, and in strange awe of that innocence that made a sort of sanctuary about her like a nun's robes, he did not enlighten her until there came a moment when her nearness and his man-need of her flung aside all scruples and he took her into his arms and kissed her wide, grave eyes shut, and her lips into a crimson flower. Then, feeling her tremble, he set her down and they faced each other across the memory of that stolen, heady moment of joy.

"Marcia, I want you; I must have you," Michael said hoarsely, like a tragic boy, "after that kiss—Dear, we belong to each other! What do conventions matter, what does anything matter before that? I want you as I never wanted woman before, for I love you as I never loved a woman!"
1.30 p.m. Off to the studio with some new hats to aid her artless artistry.

2.4 p.m. Two trying hours elevating the cinema before a rude—and rather unappreciative—director.
Painting in a Sedan Car

LAST winter, while motoring on Long Island, I espied in the distance near a little frozen stream a few sticks and a bundle of clothing, and, as we came nearer, observed that the sticks were an easel and the bundle of clothes was an artist. His feet were deep in the snow, his hands were covered with heavy cloth gloves, on his shivering knees rested a box of colors, in his fist he held a brush and we could see little clouds of mist every time he breathed.

"Poor fellow," sighed my companion, "some poor artist—what a hard life! Why, that's worse than a day laborer's lot."

Many times after that I had occasion to note the hardships of the out-door painter, and particularly last March. The month had come in like a lion and was not going out like a lamb. Twice my easel blew down—once, canvas and all with the buttered side down. I then hung a large rock from the easel, which settled one problem. But I could find no solution to the puzzle of how to prevent my palette from imitating a unreeled sail in a three-reef breeze. And that young March gale seemed to pick out the most opportune time for hurling a gust at my right hand just as I was about to paint a slender branch of a tree, which produced a trunk where a twig should be.

On another occasion, I started out early one crisp November morning. The sun was trying to break thru some thick clouds and the frost made everything sparkle with color. Walking down a farm lane thru the meadow, I came upon a dandy scene that I started to paint. It was marshy and wet, and my boots broke thru the frozen crust into the mire. Then it began to rain, and my sketch became more of a water color than an oil. My feet were already wet, but I stuck it out, and got a pretty fair sketch, but it cost me a bad cold. After that I began to think. Why was it that artists have to work under such difficulties and discomforts? And why need they waste so much time making preparations and waiting for proper conditions? I remembered the old saying:

"For every evil beneath the sun
There is a remedy, or there's none;
If there is one, try and find it,
If there is none, never mind it!"

I had heard that Bruce Crane, Leonard Ochtman, Charles Gruppe and others had used such devices as moving vans, farm trucks, tents and peddler's wagons for movable studios and that these were rented of farmers or of anybody around who possessed anything on wheels. I had also heard that some artists combined carpentership with art and built for themselves temporary shacks near the scenes that they had selected to paint, and then awaited the proper atmospheric conditions. But I believe there is a better plan and here it is:

It so happened that last spring when I exchanged my last year's touring car for a new one, I decided to buy a Sedan. I figured that a convertible Sedan had all the advantages of a touring car, and none of its disadvantages. With all the windows down and side posts removed it was practically a touring car, and in a few moments it could be converted into a completely closed car, suitable for town use in winter and for rainy or dusty weather in summer. A Sedan is completely enclosed in glass. Mine is a seven-passenger, with plenty of room for carrying large framed paintings, easels, canvases, sketchbox, etc., and hence, it has become my portable studio, easily and rapidly moved from place to place.

Archimedes discovered the law of specific gravity while taking a bath in his tub; Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation by observing an apple fall from the tree; and James Watt invented the steam engine by watching the lid of his mother's tea kettle rise and fall with the escaping steam; and your humble servant invented "Painting in a Sedan Car" (compared with which the aforesaid inventions pale into insignificance), and just because he knew enough to come in out of the rain.

There is plenty of room in a Sedan car to place your easel in front of the rear seat. On a little folding stool under the easel I place my paint box. On the seat by my side, I have ample room for tobacco box, pipe, ash tray, paint rags, luncheon and canvases. The scene I am to paint can be seen from either of three directions. In fact, you can paint three different pictures without leaving your comfortable seat, or moving your car. Many a full day have I spent on the same spot, making as many as three sketches or studies. In winter, I have an oil stove standing on the floor of the car alongside my easel, which, of course, I do not keep lighted when the car is in motion. In summer I paint in my Sedan when wind or sun outside are bothersome. In the early spring I paint in my Sedan to avoid the damp ground and high winds. So, you see, the Sedan is a cure for all ills that artist flesh is heir to, including heat, cold, dust, rain and wind. Some wag has said that "laziness is the mother of invention." That may be so, and I will not deny that my invention is conducive to laziness. But I assert in all seriousness that there is nothing in this life quite so agreeable, comfortable and inspiring as Painting in a Sedan Car.

THE PAINTER.

HUGO RIESENFELD
Managing Director of the Rivoli and Rialto Theaters
Cartoon Drawing by Wynn Holcomb

Page Forty-Six
The Great Actors' War
By Louis Raymond Reid

Just as the first week of August, 1914, has gone down in the history of the world as marking the beginning of the greatest war of mankind so the first week of August, 1919, will record the occasion of the greatest conflict in the history of the stage. For many years the clouds of war have been gathering upon the theatrical horizon but they were lightly regarded. Actors might organize, it was confidently stated in theatrical circles, and be eventually affiliated with federated labor, but there would never be any real hostility between them and the managers because the latter held the purse strings and the actors—tradition had it—would never stick together.

And then with a suddenness which bore a remarkable similarity to that which marked the beginning of the world conflict the actor-manager war broke out. The Battle of Broadway was on and before a week had been passed it threatened to extend throughout the nation and part of Canada.

While no acts of violence, no atrocities have been resorted to, testifying anew to the gentlemanly character of the forces on each side, friendships by the scores have been broken, millions of dollars have been lost or sacrificed, bitter accus...
The leaders of the Equity Association on parade. Left to right, John Cope, Grant Stewart, Frank Gilmore and Francis Wilson.

trions and recriminations have passed back and forth, lawsuits by the dozens have been instituted, daily communiques have been published, strategic maneuvers to win the support of the public have been begun on each side. Indeed, every device known to warfare except actual destruction of life and property has been called into use by the powerful forces in conflict. It is the greatest sensation that has ever been recorded in the theatrical world, paling into insignificance that struggle many years ago between the "syndicate" (a group of managers dominating the activities of the stage and which consisted mainly of Klaw and Erlanger, Charles Frohman, Rich and Harris and Ali Hayman) and the "independents," who were seeking to break down the monopoly and who comprised, among others, such managers as the Messrs. Shubert, David Belasco and Harrison Grey Fiske.

At that time it was solely a fight of managers against managers. The actor was an interested onlooker inasmuch as his services were being sought by each side at remarkably lucrative salaries. His traditional dignity was supposed to shield him from the abuse and had feeling of a managerial controversy. He was first and last an artist, supremely indifferent to questions of contracts and other affairs of business.

With the passing of time, however, the actor began to take a keener and keener interest in his relations with his managers. He began to see and appreciate the practicality of organization as an effectual protection of his rights. And it was in this appreciation that may be observed the spirit which led to the crisis which confronts the theater today. Actors not only organized, but they stuck together in a campaign for principles which they believed just. And when they could not win by what they termed moral suasion they struck. And they struck with all the picturesqueness and dramatic instinct of which their natures were capable. They held mass meetings at their headquarters and in hotels at which emotion characteristically ran high. They paraded the streets in motor cars and afoot, enlisting the aid of public opinion. They held a pretentious parade which was marshalled with that fine and peculiar feeling for electrifying effects as are associated with stage presentations. They obtained a theater wherein they could attract patronage that would aid their strike fund. They picketed with zeal tho not with considerable originality those theaters against which they had declared a ban. They established offices in various restaurants and hotels for the purpose of conducting their multifarious activities in connection with the strike.

And while the actors were busy the managers planned their campaign with enterprise and adroitness. They also had their organization, headed by the alert and resourceful firm of Cohan and Harris, and upon the advice of shrewd lawyers they proceeded to harass their opponents with elaborate lawsuits and with the assembling of strike-breaking casts. They recognized the value of propaganda and, possessing great wealth at their command, printed large advertisements in the press stating their side of the case. They instituted a large press bureau with two of the most able publicity men of their theater in charge and they appreciated the moral value of wholesale resignations from actors' clubs in gaining defections from the ranks of their opponents.

Supreme confidence reigned on each side. Each side was convinced of the justice of its stand and of its ability to win. And the public, at first amused by something really new under the sun, became increasingly confused by the charges and countercharges, the changes in the theatrical map, the different incidents that were headlined daily in the press. But interest never waned.

Whether the strike lasts a fortnight or six months wide-spread disaster will have been effected in the theatrical world—a result which will be observed for many seasons to come. After all it is simply another phase of the age-long struggle between capital and labor. Perhaps it will inspire a great playwright, a Galsworthy, to write a new "Strife" in which the issue will be settled. But perhaps that is hoping too much. Perhaps it would be best to let the public decide the issue. After all it is the public which pays and pays and pays.
What Every Woman Should Know

By The Rambler

FASHION has taken an amazing turn for "fall of the year". Such a riot of color in suits, frocks and hats. Such daintiness of soft creamy laces, gorgeous spangled bands, metal trimmings and lovely old Spanish and Oriental lace a-flutter with romance. Such a variety of gloves in lovely mauves, ambers and greys with tiny embroidered flowers, gay, stunning bags, bizarre necklaces of gold and jade of antique and jet.

It seems like springtime we are going into instead of autumn. But, 'tis a time for frivolity. We have struggled long enough under a weight of somberness and must need bring much beauty to help a sad world to forget. For four years war news and casually lists were carried across under water by the big cables, the big ships carried soldiers, doctors, nurses. But now, frivolous fashion chatter flashes down there in the dark and the liners carry French models, sketches, beautiful fabrics.

Fashion has reverted to elaborate costuming after the comparatively simple styles of war years. History is repeating itself in the wide swing of the pendulum due to a reaction in feeling of her people who have been wont to express them in their dress.

It is interesting to note that American women are going back to line, to the rounded figure, to the new and different suit with formal cut, to the elaborate afternoon toilette, the gorgeous evening wrap. The American ideal of femininity has been a figure softly modelled as a boy's with but the suggestion of a curve here and there in its long sweep of line. The slender silhouette still prevails, but there is evidence that the American woman is seriously considering the remodelling of her figure in accordance with the French styles and will manage to introduce into her silhouette the suggestion of roundness rather than boyish slimmness.

This means radical changes for American designers. The earlier indications of a revival of Louis XV and XVI modes are bearing positive results in a vogue of full skirts, apparently fitted waists and distended hips. In other words the silhouette is being modified until it shows no relation to the straight line contour which has prevailed so long. This is particularly good news to the American woman because the new lines are admirably suited to her.

This new silhouette is shown in the new coat dress as well as in the tailored suit. The new autumn suit is evening gown of gold cloth, design in sapphire blue. Bonwit Teller & Co., of New York, supplied the model.
strictly tailored. Its lines have none of the softness of recent seasons and in some instances there are bindings of black braid that make the effect even more severe. Many of the coats, reminiscent of Louis XV, have the “nipped-in” shoulder and the belted coats are giving way to the coats with semi-fitted waist line with coat skirts that are full and flaring and largely pocketed at the hips. The skirts to these suits have more material in them but they are still straight in line. In general one may say that the length of the skirt will be about ankle length or a few inches above while the coat will be of any length below the hips.

The one-piece frock will continue to be worn. One of the first necessities of Autumn wearing is the practical little frock of serge or tricotine developed along simple lines and there is a revival of interest in the redingote frock with simple blouse and gathered tunic.

For formal afternoon and evening wear there is nothing so popular at the present moment as lace. Women will gladly return to the loveliest and most feminine of fabrics, assured that at the present time they are encouraging one of the great industries of France. Over a crepe de Chine lining of any color the lace is hung with considerable fulness—the fulness concentrating at the hips. The bodice over a mere strip of lining shows the pattern of the lace to great advantage over a white skin, and tiny shoulder straps cling to the low-cut bodice which is without sleeves.

The skirts of tulle or satin afternoon and evening frocks are almost elaborate; if they are not flounced or ruffled they are draped or puffed up into panniers. This mode depends upon contrast for effectiveness and snugly cut bodices are demanded by the very elaboration of the skirts. The return to the apparently fitted waist in dresses also in suits has given rise to the idea of corsets with slightly higher upper parts. Some are being made a bit higher, but extremely high and stiff corsets are not likely to be revived.

It seems destined to be a season of great extravagance but also one of great dignity. We shall see less of frocks of youthful simplicity that required extreme youthfulness to wear them properly, and in their place we shall see gowns of line and character that are suited to mature charm. While evening gowns will remain without sleeves, afternoon gowns will favor the elbow and three-quarters length and the long tight sleeve will give way to the long sleeve that is straight and loose at the wrist.

For early fall wear, French milliners are showing a good deal of felt in soft, rich qualities and also in bright colors. Velvet is combined with felt to a large extent with a crown of one and brim of the other material. Chic fall hats in medium sizes are made of duvetyne or wool velours, either of which is sufficient excuse for decorations of wool embroidery. There is also the bizarre little Persian trille of many colored silk, soft velvet hats, hats distinctive with the new baby ostrich trimming and the indescribable French cachet interpreted in fabrics of silk, wool or velvet.

Modish veils show ornamental borders of chiffon, braided net or embroidered traceries on a chiffon hem repeating the design woven in the meshes of the veil. Wooden beads also are used on veil borders. Veils that belong with special hats are draped in some instances to stand up around the crown while the lower part falls over the face.

Smart and different styles in separate coats for fall and winter wear are as a rule, extremely simple in line but the colors run riot, with warm reds, browns and blues in the ascendant. The materials are particularly lovely with plusses, velvets and waterfall silks much in evidence. Two-color combinations in soft wool velours are new in this season’s coats and stripes and plaids are among the novelties for utility coats. There is also a fotted redingote of separate coat which will find favor with lovers of strictly tailored garments.

A highly practical straight line style of coat made from plain velours or mixed coating fabrics is cut on
The Albin Marbles

NOT so long ago the Painter handed us an art proof of “Naomi, the Greek”—as we thought, an excellent copy of some fine old Greek fragment. This was our first view of the “Albin Marble” camera studies. Being of an investigative turn of mind we sought out their creator.

“I have sought for over twenty years,” Mr. Albin said, “to make the camera as elastic a medium of personal expression as even paint and canvas. The ‘Marbles’ are straight photographs direct from life but rather more or less a ‘stunt’ and not to be confounded with pictorial photography as an Art.

“I came across the germ of it during research work. After constant experimentation I secured a print of a lovely nude, which I handed to a friend, a famous sculptor. Quite unsuspecting, he marvelled at the delicate modelling, fascinated by the uncanny realism of the statue and after close scrutiny declared the sculptor to be a genius.

“Right there I knew that I had won; for, as I have said, the print was a photograph, direct from life, without any preparation of the model whatsoever, with whitening or any of those sickly whitewash, imitation-plaster-cast stuffs.

“Fake, of course, but since it has made possible a few things worth while, I suppose it will be forgiven.

“The day will come, and soon, when money will be spent to secure art directors who are first artists, and less on the conglomerate abominations of junk and fake architectures, astounding but quite senseless. Just wait and watch for the frantic and pathetic imitations of that masterpiece, ‘Broken Blossoms.’

“As for the nude on the screen or in still photography—yes and no.

“Hitherto, on the screen, it has been so disgustingly, inexcusably naked. Thank God the public has so completely damned it. Some day an artist will produce a thing of sheer beauty, nude but not naked.

“Possibly the ‘Marbles’ may provide a means of preserving unto posterity records of such lovely figures as possessed by many a stage and screen beauty.

“The process of the ‘Albin Marbles’ is so involved as to be difficult to patent and must therefore remain the secret of one man.”

SYLVIA

An Albin Marble photograph from life of Sylvia Jewel, one of the most famous of art models who is now appearing on the screen in “The Soul of a Madonna.”
Peaks Among Books

By Heywood Broun

T

HE best novel of the year has been written by a playwright. No book of the season has received such enthusiastic notices as Somerset Maugham’s “The Moon and Sixpence.” Maugham is well known here and in England as a playwright, for he has furnished light vehicles for John Drew, Billie Burke, Margaret Anglin and a number of American stars. As a novelist his following is not nearly as numerous, alhith “Of Human Bondage” was hailed by a small group as a remarkable achievement. There is the slightest of relationships between Maugham the playwright and Maugham the novelist. His plays are the veriest fluff while his books are all of the most serious intent. The difference is marked even in the titles. When Maugham writes a play he calls it “Smith” or “Penelope” or “Mrs. Dot” or something else which suggests that it will do for the tired businessman who has been unable to get first row seats for the musical comedy. And the plays invariably make good the mood suggested by the title.

But with books Maugham is quite a different person. “The Moon and Sixpence”, for instance, offered a problem even before it was read because nobody except Maugham knew what it meant. He agreed at length, however, to let his readers into the secret and explained that, when he was a boy, his nurse used to tell him of a very foolish man who was so eager to find the moon that he overlooked a sixpence which lay at his feet. Grown to man’s estate, Maugham says that the moral of the story has lost savor with him, for he thinks that perhaps there is more wisdom in looking for the moon than in stooping for sixpence.

However, the hero of the new Maugham book does something more than overlook the sixpence. As a matter of fact, he fairly grinds it under his heel in his quest for the moon. This hero is an Englishman named Strickland, who at the age of forty suddenly decides to go to Paris and become an artist. He deserts his wife and his two children and leaves a curt note saying that he is not coming back. Of course, his wife and all his friends believe that an affair with some woman or other is at the bottom of his strange behavior. A friend of the family is sent to Paris to intercede with him and discovers to his surprise that there is no woman in the case and that Strickland actually has gone to Paris to become an artist. The emissary from the family tries to convince Strickland that he is a fool to attempt to take up a new career so late in life since he has almost no chance of obtaining anything more than a third or fourth rate success. But Strickland has no patience with this line of reasoning. “I tell you I’ve got to paint,” he explains. “I can’t help myself. When a man falls into the water it doesn’t matter how he swims, well or badly: he’s got to get out or he’ll drown.”

And Strickland sticks to his art and becomes a great painter, althith his genius is not recognized until after his death. The book is striking because it goes squarely against the Anglo-Saxon tradition that love, or sex attraction, is the one definite dynamic force in life. Certainly, American patrons of the theatre, the screen and the novel have learned to expect stories in which men win battles, build railroads, write operas or stop drinking for the sake of a woman’s smile. Strickland is different. His interest in women is merely incidental. It is physical and transient.

“I don’t want love,” he says. “I haven’t time for it. It’s weakness. I am a man and sometimes I want a woman. When I’ve satisfied my passion I’m ready for other things. I can’t overcome my desire, but I hate it; it imprisons my spirit; I look forward to the time when I shall be free from all desire and can give myself without hindrance to my work. Because women can do nothing but love, they’ve given it a ridiculous importance. They want to persuade us that it’s the whole of life. It’s an insignificant part. I know lust. That’s normal and healthy. Love is a disease. Women are the instruments of my pleasure; I have no patience with their claim to be helpmates, partners, companions.”

Strickland lives up to this creed and is absolutely ruthless in all his human relationships. He allows no affection, no friendship, even, to come between him and his art. To be sure, other novelists have written about geniuses who were thorogood egotists, but Maugham is extraordinarily successful in his portrait, because he succeeds in convincing the reader that the man is authentically great. This effect is gained by a number of effective devices. First of all, he gives us only a few glimpses of the man’s work but these are so vivid that we are encouraged to go on and complete the survey in our minds. Also, he is careful never to let Strickland himself make any claims to greatness. The man is not allowed even to attempt to explain his work. He is pictured as frankly contemptuous and indifferent to what people think of him. He is not even anxious for recognition by posterity. Strickland paints simply to please himself and when he is done with a picture he loses all interest in it. This is an egotism so colossal that it is disarming. Only one character in the book is allowed to realize completely the greatness of the artist. All the rest are skeptical. In other words, the reader is allowed to become in his own right one of the discoverers. (Continued on page 74)
The Influence of the Screen
By Mme. Olga Petrova

There is probably no greater influence today in the life of the proletariat than the influence of the screen. This influence has grown from the wonderment expressed by a hand of spectators, in the first improvised picture theater, at the fact that photographs could move, run and apparently live to the influence that, but a few months ago, caused many to forsake simple and peaceful modes of life to wage bitter and unrelenting war against the common enemy of our latter day civilization.

Of course, there are those who still lift a pitying eyebrow at the moving picture in general and an incredulous one at any influence it may have in particular.

With these we are not directly concerned, but with the thousands who fill the picture theaters from the North to the South and from the East to the West, we are very closely and certainly concerned indeed.

One is continually told that the audience goes to the theater to be amused and not to think.

Never was statement more stupid and paradoxical than this. Every person, unless he be imbecile, intoxicated, or otherwise mentally comatose, thinks, consciously or subconsciously, just as he breathes consciously or subconsciously. It is the quality of the thought he thinks that is the open and variable quantity. It is the thought suggested to the onlooker by the happenings on the screen that engenders the influence which may react to his benefit or to his harm.

As to what is amusing—

One man's fish was ever another man's poison and while one woman feels that she has not spent a profitable quart d'heure unless she weeps copiously, another rolls her eyes ecstatically over the wooings of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks.

Another remark that one hears continually, whenever the influence of the screen for harm is mooted, is the remark that people are perfectly well able to judge for themselves what is good or not good for them, without the interference of a self-appointed benefactor of the public morals. That the discrimination of the last mentioned individual may be of a questionable variety goes without saying, but the necessity for sane discrimination is apparent, for the same reason that we have religious advisors, medical advisors, legal advisors and so on.

If the quality of thought appreciated and accepted by the mob were by nature of such soundness, from a personal or communistic standpoint that guidance were unnecessary, then the gaol and the church, the school and the reformatory would disappear automatically and the towers and minarets of Utopia would reflect the whiteness of a hitherto unsuspected dawn. The mass is fed therefore upon food which is more or less predigested by the school and the church, not to mention the mother or the newspaper and last but by no means least by the screen.

Now, thinking being one thing and reasoning a horse of quite another colour, the mass forms its conclusions for the greater part by just such artificial processes as these, taking them on surface values.

To expect that same mass to reason these copy book maxims pro or con would be to expect a miracle.

I once heard a person say, "Show me what newspaper a man reads and I will tell you his political opinions." That remark might be translated for the screen, "Show me which artist's pictures a person most frequently sees and I will tell you that person's general outlook on life.'
This statement may sound broad but to one who receives as many personal letters as I do, both on the subjects of my own plays and the plays of other artists as well, it underestimates rather than exaggerates the truth. I have found that the bulk of these letters take for gospel that which they see upon the screen and are powerfully affected thereby.

This being the case, it behoves those who have the responsibility of guiding the public mind, pictorially speaking, to see to it that that mind shall be given such quality of thought that shall not lead it to lesser state of grace.

For instance—while one admits that sex and crime have their place in art and on the screen, one would make it a sine qua non that if lapses from certain laws are to be made the basis for screen amusement—call it what you will—the offenders must be brought to face the inevitable consequences of their wrong doing. These consequences should be shown in as great detail as the offence so that the criminal may not be hysterically proclaimed a hero or a martyr, or the puella publica as a sweet, guileless young thing who “Gawd knows couldn’t help it.”

Such pictures as Raffles, just to take a case in point, are to my mind exceptionally dangerous and bad propaganda for the unreasoning.

Here is a man who under the guise of friendship eats his friend’s salt, takes him by the hand, and under cover of the darkness and a sleeping household, robs him.

In the film of Raffles all the sympathy of the beholder is enlisted on behalf of this common, dirty sneak thief. Instead of the play’s showing what a ninety-nine out of a hundred cases would have logically happened to him in actual life, goad, and which by the way would tend to show that even apart from the ethics of common decency, it is an economic blunder to steal, he is shown as a hero of romance and is, of course, allowed to escape free and clear.

Pictures showing heroines in Riverside Drive apartments bereft and befuddled, surrounded by a bevvy of obsequious serving wenches and an army of prize Pekingese, while they, the heroines, hold streaming handkerchiefs to their eyes to the accompaniment of a subtitle which informs us that “Mother simply had to have an operation and it was the only way,” are common to fatuousness.

The fact that clinics are provided in every hospital where medical and surgical treatment is free of charge, of course never enters the nasty minds of the scenario writer or the still more nasty, because more commercial, producer. The “sacrifice of her honour” is the tasty tid-bit which must be served up on a platter of gold with a piquant sauce of neurotic and weak-spined hysteria.

To show later the hospital or the river would fill the producer or the carefully educated public with disgust at such crassness of realism.

Such sordid details must be spared the delicate susceptibilities of those who a few reels earlier thrilled deliciously at the aforesaid sacrifice, particularly if accompanied by a thrilling display of torn skirtswaps and dishevelled hair.

No! No hospital, no river! the audience must be placated, the heroine must be whitewashed at the eleventh hour so that there may be no avoird pensee among the Simon Pures of the flock.

That rara avis in the screen play, the woman who goes out malice aforethought to select her mate with or without the law as beseems her best and then faces squarely the consequence of her own action, no matter what that consequence may be, is on the other hand a villainess of the deepest die and rarely gets by the scissors of a thoroughly moral censor board. The sympathy of the mass is not with her. She has given them probably no thrills in the first place. She has not been dragged by the hair to the apartment on Riverside Drive, she has not profited to the extent of showing us a bevvy of maids and a collection of prize Pekingese thrust unwillingly upon her as the result of mother’s operation, and she has not howled to high heaven that she couldn’t help it, depriving us thereby of the final exercise of our inalienable right to forgive. Again I say that this pandering to the nasty desire for nasty things, to the morbld and hysterical craving of these, whose principal object in coming to the theater, is to see forbidden and therefore attractive sins which they are, after all, sinning by proxy is bad stuff, very bad stuff, indeed. And there is another thing which helps to make this state of affairs illimitably worse. That is the advertising or publicity which the producer or exhibitor employs to stir up the worst side of human nature to a pitch of curiosity which will redound to their inevitable harm and to their undoubted profit.

It is only a few months ago that I saw a full page advertisement in a New York Sunday paper which bore advertising to this effect in its largest and blackest type:

“She led one man to ruin
Another to dishonour
And a third to DEATH.

See Miss Blank in — - — — — .”

I made a point of seeing this picture. I was anxious to know what punishment could possibly be found mete for a lady of such disturbing (pictorially) proclivities.

I must say that that film thoroughly and entirely lived up to its advertised specifications. But the punishment! Why, of course, there was none. She couldn’t help it, her husband said so, in a title after which the scene faded out on a lengthy and thoroughly nauseating “clutch.”

This is only one instance of the harm that advertising, as just one of the many, but powerful ramifications of the influence of the screen, can accomplish. Take any advertising paper and read some of the idiotic and dangerous “muck” that is used to exploit certain screen productions.

Only one thing seems to me to throw any hope on the situation and that is that a pendulum can only swing just so far in one direction. It must finally swing the other way. We have had crime epitomized. We have had every kind of thrill, forbidden and otherwise, with the exception perhaps of the details of the punishment to fit the crime, until with the inevitable reversion of the pendulum, who knows but that some day we shall be thrilled to the soul at the sight of a daisy growing in the grass, or a sun setting across a silver sea. The advertising will tell us that it is the most beautiful sunset ever photographed and the sexual aberrations of the heroine will not even be mentioned.

When I think of Broken Blossoms, Mr. Griffith’s great because simple masterpiece, I see the signs of the times.

God send them soon.

---

Ghosts

The sign-posts are down along the way,
Memories that grip my throat with pain,
Odd, little lanes to Yesterday,
Woods that echo with summer rain.

All the old landmarks are swept away,
Rivers, and fields where the lilies grew,
And oh for the pain in the sad refrain,
The lovelight in eyes that were strange and blue.

---The Dreamer.
Rising Curtain Reveals:

**THE pergola porch and a corner of the lawn before the Artie Allyns Long Island country place at Rosedale.** French doors open into the house and beside the doors is a long stretch of white-washed wall. Tubs of oddly cut bay, wicker chairs, cushions and rugs are scattered about, and there is plenty of concrete evidence that the Artie Allyns have been "done" by a decorator.

In the extreme right foreground is a summer house discreetly hidden under Gloire de Dijon roses and there is a single rustic seat beginning to show traces of over work.

A full moon, such as always shines on the third act of one of Mr. Belasco's plays, illumines the scene with mellow glow. From within the house come the strains of the latest shimmie on the victrola and the lisp of dancing feet and entwined shadows flit by the open door and across the moonlit lawn.

A Female Guest accompanied by a Male Ditto come out of the house and look vaguely at the moon.

**The Male Guest (lighting a cigarette)**

The Allyns do themselves awfully well. Topping feed, that dinner, but prohibition does take the pep out of a meal.

**The Female Guest (yawning)**

I'll say so! It's as dull and respectable as a woman in a high-necked gown—or at least one that's only two and seventy-five per cent decollete.

**The Male Guest (tartlessly)**

Some dress Allison's got on (or off) tonight . . . did you notice? She's a tonic for the eyes.

**The Female Guest (with a suggestion of a sniff)**

What woman isn't that! As for the gown, it wasn't to tonic our eyes that it was acquired. If you ask me, I should say, "Cherchez l'homme!"
"What beautiful things you say, my Poet," said Allison rapturously. "It is because I have a beautiful inspiration, my Poem." Talking pretty frequently... 

The Female Guest
And then—the times we haven’t seen them at all! Oh, there’s no doubt but what he’s the raison-d’etre of this merry little gathering, and we’re merely in the “among those present” class—all except Elise Grafton, and she’s figured out to keep Archie amused.

The Male Guest
She’s figured out sufficiently—I’ll concede that point. But I thought old Allyn was devilish strict—went in for monogamy, respectability and all those odd ideas... the same old stuff, y’know.

The Female Guest (sweetly)
I imagine he keeps his morals in his wife’s name as he does his real estate. Most men do. Sh’h... someone is coming... (Leslie Sawtell comes out of the house. He is tall, slim, with a suggestion of free verse in his personality—romantic hair and talented eyes. He looks about as though expecting to see someone and discovers F. and M. guests.)

Leslie
Oh, didn’t see you at first! I’m in full retreat. Dodo Hastings is showing symptoms of resuming the even tenor of his ways and singing Tosti’s “Goodbye”... and I fled. As a singer, Dodo is an awfully good plumber.

Female Guest (conscientiously)
Tee-hee! What’d you say, their private stock...

The Male Guest (brightening)
Come to think of it, I believe I have seen her and that poet-fellow Sawtell...

The Male Guest (with a hollow groan as he follows her into the house)
Grape Juice! Lemon Pop! Nestle’s Food! (Left in possession of the pergola and the moon Leslie consults his wrist watch and looking rather nervously about him comes down the steps and crosses the lawn to the summer house. Once within, however, his confidence returns. He assumes an ardent pose.)

Leslie (obviously rehearsing)
The same moon... over Babylon... and you and I... Oh, I have loved you for these thousand years... Lady of the Argent Moon... (dropping to normal tone). Not a bad line, there... (he takes out a note-book and...
Leslie couldn’t. She was Eve, “Alhe!”, “I don’t care!”, “I’m not going!”

Allison (pouting)

Well, as long as you don’t carry the pretense too far... (she looks suggestively at him).

Leslie (accepting the suggestion and kissing her forthwith)

You little witch! You Adorable! (Lest the audience should grow weary the editor has unemotionally deleted a surplus supply of kisses here. The reader may season with them to individual taste, during the following scene. It’s a straight case of not being able to go too far.)

Allison (with a pretty pout. She knows it’s pretty, having practised it before her dressing table mirror.)

And you don’t ever say these things, or do these things to other women...?

Leslie

There are no other women. To me you are Eve herself, original Eve. Eve incomparable! the first, the only woman in the world... Eve, my Eve, at whom I may gaze only thru the barred gates of Paradise.

Allison (rapturously)

What beautiful things you say, my Poet!

Leslie

It is because I have a beautiful inspiration, my Poem!

Allison (with, doubtless, argentine dreaminess)

How long have you loved me, my lover?

Leslie (with a gesture, SOME gesture)

I have loved you ever since you were a Queen in Babylon and I was the least of your slaves. Behold! (he drops, with drama, to his knees before her and kisses the hem of her imported model). Your slave then, my Queen, through the ages, and tonight... ah tonight... (heaves a bronchial sigh) more than ever your slave

"Allie! Dammitall, where are you now?"
tonight, most Glorious!
More than ever before... tonight.

Soprano Voice within the house with the tremolo stop:

"Oh barren pa-a-in, oh bit-ter loss!
I kiss each beed and strive at last to learn
To kiss the Cross, Swee-o-eeheart.
To—kiss—the—Cross—"

Allison (tragically)

To kiss the Cross! Yes, that's what love is! A cross to kiss! A bitter Cross to kiss! A beautiful, terrible thing! (More perfervidly, in evident enjoyment of her despair.) If only Archie were not so narrow, so provincial in his attitude toward the whole affair, but he insists upon being disagreeable. Why, the other night we were playing Blind Man's Bluff, so naïvely, so innocently, I am sure he peeked and caught you kissing me. There's nothing the man is not capable of! And afterwards—(she flings up her hands)—Oh, la, la! To have heard him go on one would have thought I had been doing something out of the way.

Leslie (indignantly)

The bounder! Why, he's archaic, medieval—he'll be expecting you to darn his socks next or to be the mother of his children. Does he think that being married gives him a monopoly of you? Doesn't he know that the watchword of this age is co-operation?

Page Sixty
"PEOPLE are always treating me as if I were a child," said Wanda Hawley.

This is the only thing I can think of about her that reminds me of Ibsen at all.

This and the fact that she lives in a veritable doll's house; a little four-room bungalow which faces a grass-covered, flowery bungalow court, together with about nine other bungalows all exactly alike and all looking very tiny in comparison with the big Hollywood houses around them.

For the rest, she is all "Peg O'My Heart" and not even a little bit "Nora."

She was looking very exquisite and very contented; sitting comfortably relaxed in a big wicker rocking chair. She had worked hard all day. (An ordinary American wonders if Ibsen's Nora would have made such a fuss about being treated as a child if she had worked hard all day. Probably not!) Anyhow, there was nothing of Nora's restlessness about Wanda nor was there anything of the stage ingenue. She made the remark about being treated as a child simply and quite apropos of the conversation.

Wanda Hawley lives in a veritable doll's home; a little four-room bungalow in Hollywood. The little film discoverer has taught Latin, played accompaniments to such musicians as Albert Spalding and posed for artists. Then came her big screen hit!
By Elizabeth Peltret

(She had translated a Latin phrase for a scenario writer at the studio that morning and, as a result, had been asked by everyone on the set where she had learnt the translation; it seemed impossible to them that anyone could be so beautiful and still know Latin.)

Wanda taught Latin while she was taking a post-graduate course at Normal school. Not only this, but she has earned money almost ever since she can remember. First with her music, playing accompaniments—she played for Albert Spaulding before he was so famous as he is now—and later, when she was studying vocal music in New York, posing for artists and photographers. She is the most perfect blonde imaginable and her skin is a thing of wonder; so soft and delicately fair that she needs almost no make-up for the screen. Verily, one CAN have everything — beauty and brains and all! But I was telling you about her work for the screen.

Her first moving picture, "The Derelict," with Stuart Holmes was a triumph for her.

Miss Hawley is so exquisitely delicate that she gives one the impression of always playing at things. She is Romance incarnate. Probably that is why she was selected to do Laurette Taylor's role in "Peg O' My Heart" on the screen.

(She was called Wanda Pettit then.) That was two years ago and she has been steadily improving in technic and depth ever since as witness her latest pictures "Old Wives for New," "We Can't Have Everything," and "For Better, For Worse." Now she has been given the title role in "Peg O' My Heart," the most longed-for part in all Hollywood.

On the night I saw her, she had stayed at the studio until half past eight. (When one is busy becoming a screen star one works.) All she had had to eat during the day had been one sandwich.

Leaving the studio at eight-thirty her husband was not to be found. He had waited outside for hours but had chosen just that moment to go to the corner for some cigarettes, so we walked (Cont. on page 74)
The Fighting Actors of the A.E.F.

By John Hopkins

TWO bodies of workers came thru the fire and blood test of the world war with flying colors—the Salvation Army and the players. The achievements of the Salvation Army are now a matter of history. This article is an effort to record something of the activities of the actor in one field of war work—keeping up the morale of his brothers on the firing line.

The generosity and the self-sacrifice of the player in times of need have always asserted themselves. The players in this country for instance, did a tremendous work in putting over the various Liberty Loan drives and war saving stamp campaigns. They fought shoulder to shoulder behind the fighting men. But in this limited space we have only time to deal with the actors who fought with the soldiers.

It was natural that the vast American Expeditionary Force should produce a number of acting companies, just as it produced its individual baseball and football teams. The first of these dramatic organizations—and the only one officially recognized—was the Argonne Players, organized in the Lorraine sector in July, 1918. These players made history.

The Argonne Players first numbered twenty players. The first performance was given on the Fourth of July. From that day the Argonne Players became a growing and advancing organization, never losing its identity. The actors were not permitted to devote their whole time to entertaining their brothers, nor did they desire to—for a bigger work was on. They played during their out-of-the-line intervals, returning to their various regiments when their units moved back to the front of the line.

The Argonne Players were organized from men of the 77th (Metropolitan) Division, made up largely of New York City men. The personnel of the division naturally numbered many players and, as the Argonne Players grew, they came to include Percy Helton, the well known juvenile actor, Jack Waldron, a comedian and dancer, Howard Greer, who designed and directed the scenery, posters and costumes, Fred Roth and Alfred Dunín, who wrote the books and lyrics of the productions, Stuart Sage, Harry Cahill, Mario Rudolf and others.

The initial performance, given on the Fourth of July, was a minstrel show presented in the municipal theater at Baccarat, in the Vosges. The theater was located some twelve kilometers from the fighting line and the audience included a visiting French general and 15,000 doughboys.

From that opening performance the Argonne Players went thru a series of thrilling experiences, absolutely unlike those ever encountered by a body of actors. They played in all sorts of places; quiet vineyards far from the front, in shell shattered chateaux, in wrecked barns under fire and in the open air under camouflaged trees. Many times shells burst a few feet away from their impromptu stage but the players came thru unscathed. One shell might have wiped out the whole cast. Just one member lost his life, David Hockstein, the violinist, his death occurring in the trenches under fire.

The Argonne Players developed a style of performance all their own. They created a revue which they termed "The Amex Revue," comprising a succession of various acts. This was unlike the musical comedies with choruses and typical numbers given by the various other American acting units which were created later and at total variance with the British pantomime performances.

The Argonne Players encountered many colorful experiences. Once early in October, 1918, while playing on the edge of the Argonne Wood in a ruined cathedral minus a roof, a flock of enemy bombing planes suddenly appeared overhead. The Boche airmen noted the lights of the performance and began dropping explosives. Some of these fell fifty feet away, but the players kept on with their roles. Alto the officer ordered the lights flashed out. The Argonne Players boast of the fact that the Germans never once held up a performance. Sometimes, however, they were forced to play in gas masks.

Earlier in 1918, in August to be exact, the Argonne Players went thru another bombing experience while giving their revue in the Vosges sector on the grounds of a chateau formerly occupied by the German crown prince. Hidden by camouflaged trees, they kept on with their revue. Here they utilized the crown prince's own piano, a small walnut instrument inlaid with (Continued on page 80)
THE NINE O'CLOCK GIRL

Beatrice Dakin is one of the pleasant features of the Ziegfeld 9 o'clock Revue and Midnight Frolic atop the New Amsterdam Theater.
Ferdinand Oliver Walton kicked six ripe apples with the toe of his long-vamped shoe; lit a cigarette, threw the cigarette away, heaved eight prodigious sighs, which, aside from registering emotion, considerably inflated his chest and then dropped on his side beneath the apple tree.

Muriel Harper Ashley took an engagement ring off one finger and put it respectively on another various successive times, powdered her small decisive nose unnecessarily, kicked an apple herself, and finally dropped happily to the side of Ferdinand Oliver.

“Oh, darling!” groaned Ferdinand Oliver.

“Oh, ducky!” moaned Muriel Harper.

“Being engaged is hell!” intoned Ferdinand.

“Being married would be ...”

“Heaven!” supplied Ferdinand Oliver.

Suddenly he sat erect. He rumbled his ferocious hair with ferocious fingertips. His eyes blazed. His nervous hand sought, found and clenched the nervous hand of Muriel.

“I'll tell you what it is,” he began, “we'll put an end to this misery. It's not my fault I was born too late to be of any use to you or to myself. No, siree. It's my mother's fault, and my father's fault. Yes, it's their faults. I don't know on which side the fault is the greater. But I shan't suffer for it. Not any longer. I believe they did this with malice aforethought. They knew it would come to this. It's just like father!”

Muriel Harper laid a placating hand upon his increasingly belligerent shoulder. Privately, she considered him perfectly magnificent. “There are only three more months,” she reminded him, “and you'll be twenty-one—” she added, “and mine,” but very softly, for she was shy, and this was first love, and she had not learned the vocabulary as yet.

Ferdinand Oliver turned upon her and waved his histrionic hands. “Three months,” he affirmed, with fervor, “are ... is ... well, on the straw that will break this camel's back! We've been engaged three years—and that's just three years too long, and we're not going to be milk-and-water engaged any longer. Not if I know it!” He turned flamingly upon her, “What do you say?” he demanded to know, with considerable more of ferocity than amour.

Muriel felt that the moment required adequacy of her.

“Let's go see mother,” she volunteered, "she'll ... she'll know ...”

Ferdinand Oliver lacked three months to his desirable majority, but there his lack ceased. He made up for it in many other ways . . . such as a Bear-Cat racing car and several bank accounts and other little assets of a like nature. Also, there were various wills made out in his favor, and a great many eyes were upon him, social, financial, and otherwise.

There was nothing to stop him from getting the racing car and racing on to his and Muriel's consummation, that he could see. He had reached, he felt, a limit. Besides, it was Spring. And Spring does odd things to a chap. Makes things lovelier.

Makes them hurt too. Tugs and pulls at one. Makes, for instance, long engagements so many insults. Makes mar-
riage to the Only Girl imperative...insistent...

There was nothing at all the matter with the Bear-Cat car. It was in the pink of condition. It didn't feel, not in the least, the pale green budding of the young May. But, you see, its driver did. That's why it stopped so many times on the way down to the country estate of the Ashleys...so many unnecessary times, speaking mechanically. So many times in unfrequented spots, where there wasn't much possibility of any passer-by. Perhaps if it hadn't stopped so many times...

"I have to kiss you so much, you see," explained Ferdinand, rather at random, after several of them, "to make up for all the time we've wasted not being married." He groaned, with a tragical gesture, "the time we've wasted.

he repeated, "the t-i-m-e!"

"I do love you," said Muriel. She found it a completely satisfactory speech to make upon all and any occasion when with Ferdinand Oliver. It was, at least, inevitably adequate and all that could be expected of her. And she felt

Three hours later the young Ferdinand Olivers had supped on nectar and ambrosia and were just about to replace the garish electrics by the pale immalance of the pervasive moon.

The Ashley plate and jewels. As it was, the elder Ashleys came in just in time to allow "Soapy" to remove the flat silver and make his getaway, while the Parson, less agile, was reduced to a clothes-press in Muriel's room.

The unsuspecting Ashleys, mère et père, greeted the young people on the porch. They were of the rare gender who have not forgotten the pains of their own earlier Mays. They seemed to know just all about young Ferdinand's flaming cheeks and cold hands and the lump in his throat and the constriction icy-like, in his chest. They seemed to be quite in tender accord with the vague, eager uneasiness of Muriel. When they proclaimed, together, throatily, "We want to get married, we must, we must!" they looked at one another and smiled, rather beautifullly, rather reminiscently, as tho they heard the whispering of still animate hours, laid away, with reverent touch, in lavender.

"Of course," said the elder Ashley, "there must be a minister, according to a proper sequence of events. First an engagement, then a license, then a...

His weighty statement was summarily interrupted by the appearance of a somewhat, somehow, ecclesiastical
individual, rather rumpled, much at a loss and considerably out of breath. Apparently, and quite unaccountably, he had come from above.

To the four interrogative pairs of eyes focussed upon him he said:

“T’m Parson.”

It was succinct. It was likewise something in the nature of an ancient miracle.

“There’s the hand of God in this,” muttered Ferdinand.

“Amen,” whispered Muriel, and then she took his hand and pressed it, and there was an interlude.

During the interlude Ashley, père, had arranged for the ceremonial, and it took place forthwith, with the odor of the opening honey suckle all about them, and a few early, mating birds calling over them, and the flush of the May sunset caressing them with a faint rose luminosity. Now and then the Parson had to be prompted, having a vague way of trail ing off into rapt silences and Ferdinand Oliver had to be prodded in order to take the ring from Father Ashley’s hand, because he was gazing into Muriel’s eyes and was the world forgetting utterly. Otherwise, the sacrament was complete.

Afterward they had tea on the porch, and the Parson suggested that he depart, having, he told them, just dropped in, it being a little, informal habit he had, and yes, he would do it again, without a doubt.

After tea, Ferdinand suggested that they be moving on.

“There’s father to be reckoned with; you know,” he said.

“I don’t feel quite up to father, tonight. He’s a bit pyrotechnic when he’s talked. I think we’ll be moving on. We’ll just drop in on some hotel for the night.”

Three hours later the young Ferdinand Olivers had supped on nectar and ambrosia and were just about, in their hotel room, to replace the garish electrics by the pale immanence of the pervasive moon when there came a sharp tapping at their inviolate doors.

Muriel reared up among the pillows. Her small pink face took on the pillow-tone. “I... its your... your father, Ferdinand,” she quavered, “Oh, I felt that the worst was to come. He... he must have been behind us a-ll-the... t-time...”

The rapping grew rather brutal. Demands were being made. “What kind of a house did they think they were in?” bel lowed a decimating voice to the tune of the rapping

The rapping grew rather brutal. Demands were being made. “What kind of a house did they think they were in?” bel lowed a decimating voice to the tune of the rapping; “what kind of a house did they think they were in? What KIND? This house had a name to keep up. Nothing of this sort had ever occurred before. They would leave or they could be assisted to leave. Violence wasn’t sought for by the owner of the voice, but violence it would be if they were not clear of the premises in half an hour at the latest, at the most. They were to go at once. They were not to wait for nothing—not for NOTHING!”

When it was possible to edge in a word, Ferdinand faintly inquired the nature of their particular outrage. He sug gested that they had been decorously wedded at the home of the bride’s parents... admitted, of course, that his own paternal blessing had been conspicuous by its absence but surely, as for respectability... and they were very tired... the day had been strenuous... please to go a-way...

He might have said more but the rapping recommenced.
accompanied by the fearful information that th' hell they
said . . . married . . . not much . . . a thief, a com-
mon thief, had pulled the marriage stunt for them, and there
was no more respectability there than . . . than . . . well,
what had a thief, a second-story man to do with the Voice
That Breathed O'er Eden . . . and they weren't the ONLY
tired ones . . . and WERE they goin' to quit before it
became necessary for the other guests to . . . that their
good name might remain unblemished?

There was a terrible silence on the nuptial side of the
door. Then Ferdinand said, going out into the
corridor, very quietly, "We'll leave."

A final rap and a threatening "Half an hour!"
and there was silence.

"That chap . . ." vouched Ferdinand when
the noises had ceased and Muriel, shivering, had
pulled the bed-clothes precisely to the breathing
point of vantage of her nose; "that chap . . . a
thief . . . played a trick on us . . . oh, rotten
. . . rotten . . . what a mess . . .!"

"We . . . we didn't know," blushed Muriel,
half inaudibly.

"We can't go out there," proclaimed Ferdinand.
There was an admission of outrage in his voice.

"Of course not," quavered Muriel. Her eye
sought the fire-escape . . . and lingered . . .
"We might go . . . out there," she suggested,
"and . . . and wait . . . ."

Ferdinand Oliver turned his pajamaed person
carefully about and surveyed the escape. "Lets,"
said he.

Midway down they crouched . . . and waited.
From the well of inky darkness the reiterated
rappings did not sound so imminent and dread-
ful. After awhile, they suspected, and rightly,
that a master-key was opening their locked door
and that their departure was being profanely, if
relievedly, commented upon. "Of course," Fer-
dinand would mutter, "father's responsible for this."

Near to morning they crept stiffly back. They
might, they thought, just MIGHT, get a bit
of rest before morning. Then they could go for
and adjust this fracas.

They went for good considerably before morn-
ing. It might have been the scorching shame
they had put upon the place; it might have been
some mere playful incendiary, but the worthy
and reputable hotel took to itself flames in the
five hours of the morning and burned cheerily
and completely to the ground surrounded by a
full circle of night-clad, blasphemous or resigned
persons, according to their several dispositions
and possessions.

Ferdinand Oliver rescued his racer, escorted
Muriel and set off for the Ashleys again to see
what might be seen.

The Ashleys were again awaiting them upon
the porch. Both amiable persons gave strong evi-
dences of sleeplessness.

"Where HAVE you been?" they called, as the racer made
the final curve, "oh, WHERE have you been?"

There was a third person with them. A man. He wore
a badge and a suspicious expression. Both were fully dis-
played. He was, Mrs. Ashley explained, rather fearfully,
a detective.

"Your father . . .?" she said to Ferdinand.

"Of course," said Ferdinand, and set his mouth.

"That terrible person . . . Parson he called himself,"
Mrs. Ashley continued, holding fast to Muriel, "is a com-
mon thief. That much this man has discovered. He re-
moved most of the that silver in company with an individual
called "Soapy" before he . . . before he . . . oh, my
child, before he DIDN'T do anything to you and Ferdie.
How terrible it all is! How terrible!"

Muriel thought so, too, and began to sob. The night had
not been without its terrors. There were those rappings . . .
those accusations . . . the black pit of the night viewed
from the fire-escape . . . the icy clutch of Ferdinand's
hand . . . the overwhelming fact they were still . . . still
engaged . . . or if not engaged . . . what then . . . what?
Muriel and Ferdinand discarded their engagement-like
night apparel and were about to go forth in search of a

Page Sixty-Eight
we were sweethearts long . . . long ago . . . We . . . I . . . one can be . . . widower . . . too long . . . sort of atrophy, you know I . . . sort of stiffen up . . . about . . . hardening of the heart-ribs, you know . . . ha, ha, oh, ho, ho, ho!"

It was rather lamentable. May sat grotesquely on the paternal shoulders. Ferdinand Oliver blushed for his parent, even while it came to him that his three months' deficiency no longer meant anything in his father's young, young life. Nothing meant anything save the spinach with the round spots on her cheeks . . .

"And now," suggested the elder Ferdinand, amiably, "I propose that I go for a clergyman, order a nuptial feast and we have a double ceremony; here, this blithe May morning. What do you say, my son?"

Ferdinand groaned and collapsed on to the railing.

"Todle along," he admonished his rejuvenated parent; "so long as it's the guaranteed article and I can SILLIEP I'm with you. Make it snappy, old top, just as one bridegroom to another."

When the elder Ferdinand returned, some half hour later, to the porch that Mrs. Ashley and Muriel had howered with roses, he had with him a Very Reverend Jenkins, with the uttermost sort of a Prayer book and Hymnal in hand and an expression that was a marriage sacrament in itself.

Only Ferdinand was missing. When he was sought for, and found, he was found to be struggling valiantly with the "Parson" of yesterday, who had so complicated and fire-escaped and otherwise fired their honeymoon eve. Parson had come back for more. His table service, he had felt, was not complete.

Ferdinand had just dealt him a ringing blow when the Very Reverend Jenkins scaled the staircase to reach the scene of combat.

"But upon my soul," exclaimed the Reverend Jenkins, "that is Jedediah Parsons. He was a class-mate of mine. What does this all mean? If he married you young people, you are married, fast and tight."

Jedediah Parsons was recovering from young Ferdinand's well-aimed blow. "I must have fallen asleep preparing my sermon . . . or something . . . " he said rather painfully.

The Reverend Jenkins lifted him to his feet. "This chap's had amnesia," he said, "it will explain the whole thing. But he's Jedediah, all right, all right . . ."

Ferdinand raised a beckoning finger to Muriel.

Ferdinand Senior turned upon them, his spinacher by his side. "Where you going?" he wanted to know.

Ferdinand gave a prodigious yawn. It was quite a horn-tronic, nicely contrived yawn. Muriel rubbed her pretty eyes with a pretty weariness.

"You see, Father," said Ferdinand, "we . . . we didn't get much sleep last night . . . to speak of . . . ."

**Mistaken Identity**

By G. C. Beck

Maby it happened
That you were walking down the street
And met a sweet little lady
With whom you felt very familiar
Because you had known her so long
On the screen,

And you almost said "Hello"
Before you discovered
That she only resembled
Your little favorite.

For you felt sure
That if it had been
The one you had in mind
She would have been very glad
To see you.

And you went on
And mabe you saw
A fascinating woman
Whom you recognized
As your most heartless vampire
Of the screen,

Yet you lifted your hat
Before you were aware
That it was only her counterpart
For you knew
That she wasn't really bad
Or conceited
And would be truly glad
To see you.

Or mabe you saw
A tall, bronzed man
Who seemed alone in the crowd
And you rushed eagerly up
For you had no doubt
That your superman
Who embodied your true ideal
In the shadow realm
Of western chivalry
Would be glad to see you
And to shake your hand.

Or mabe it was
A slim little man who looked
Very serious. Yet you thought
It was your favorite clown
Of the pictures,

And you laughed to yourself
In anticipation
Of the queer grin
With which he would greet you
And the odd walk, or the funny fall
He would gladly do
For your especial benefit.

And tho you realized
That you had only met
Their prototypes
You went home proud
To know in your heart
That you really had so many friends
Who were rich and famous
And who would always be glad
To see you.
To be happy, learn what you know not, and teach what you know.

A literary man of note sends me a list of books and wants to know my opinion of it. He says that the best sensational novel is The Woman in White; the best dramatic novel, The Count of Monte Cristo, the best domestic novel, The Vicar of Wakefield; the best marine novel, Mr. Midshipman Easy; the best novel of country life, Adam Bede; the best military novel, Charles O'Malley; the best religious novel, Ben Hur; the best sporting novel, Sardanapalus; the best political novel, Lothaire; the best novel written for a purpose, Uncle Tom's Cabin; the best imaginative novel, She; the best pathetic novel, Old Curiosity Shop; the best humorous novel, Pickwick Papers; the best Irish novel, Handy Andy; the best Scotch novel, The Heart of Midlothian; the best English novel, Vanity Fair; the best American novel, Scarlet Letter, the best novel of all, The Heavenly Twins.

Is it not strange that he does not find a place for such classics as Lorna Doone, Jane Eyre, Cloister and the Hearth, Don Quixote, Gil Blas and the greatest of all, Les Misérables?

* * *

That is quite apropos now, what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina—"It is a long time between drinks."

* * *

William T., I fear you will never be as great as your father. We hear of "chips of the old block," but the truth is that parents seldom transmit their great intellectual powers to their children. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Milton, Buffon, Cuvier, who are fair examples of the great intellects of their time, did not transmit their power to their progeny. What is known as genius is not transmissible. The creation of a man of genius seems to require a special effort of nature, after which, as if fatigued, she reposes for a long time before making a similar effort. Distinguished men seldom have distinguished sons.

* * *

A fond mother wants to know if I believe in letting small children have dictionaries to study. Dear me, no. Unless they are something like this:

**Bed time—** shut eye time.
**Dust—** mud, mud with the juice squeezed out.
**Fan—** a thing to brush warm off with.
**Fins—** fishes' wings.
**Ice—** water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep.
**Monkey—** a very small boy with a tail.
**Nest egg—** an egg that the old hen measures by, to make new ones.
**Pig—** a hog's little boy.
**Salt—** what makes your potato taste bad when you don't put it on.
**Snoring—** letting off sleep.
**Stars—** the moon's eggs.
**Wakfulness—** es that are all the time coming unbuttoned.

As Thoreau says, there is something almost petty about an ultra-refined taste, for it easily degenerates into effeminacy, and it does not consider the broadest use. Good taste is a quality of the mind that can be, but which seldom is, cultivated by refining influences and intelligent effort. Nobody studies how to acquire taste, yet is it a quality akin to genius, and one that can be acquired, whereas genius cannot. It is that faculty of the soul which discerns the beauties of a thing with pleasure and its imperfections with dislike.

A young divinity student at Wesleyan University asks me to write a few words on waists. No, for no doubt it would be a waste of words.

Speaking of waists, there is not so much to be said now as there was a few years ago when our best ladies looked like wasps with figures like an hour glass. Their waists are quite sensible now—not because women are very sensible but because it just happens so. No longer need they fear an Anti-Corset League, but it would be a mighty good thing if there were an Anti-High Heel League. Why women insist on walking upon stilts, when nature has provided them with two perfectly good and lovely feet, is more than I can understand.

* * *

Mr. Morton, you will never set the world on fire. You are too conservative, too cautious and too evenly balanced. He who fears to climb lest he fall, or to lie down lest he be trod upon, will never rise nor fall; he will simply sitzle, dry up and blow away.

* * *

"Two twin fans" want to know what I think is the greatest photodrama ever produced. That is a hard one. Years ago when I saw Vitagraph's, "The Christian," with Earl Williams and Edith Storey, I said that this was the greatest yet done and I stuck to this for several years, altho Vitagraph did another and shorter play which I still think should rank high among the greatest—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Later, when I saw "Cabiria," "Civilization," and "The Birth of a Nation," I thought these were the greatest, although they really come under the head of photo spectacles. Leaving out the spectacles, I am inclined to think that the greatest photodrama is "Revelation," with Nazimova, "Broken Blossoms," by Griffith, is far greater in several respects, but I am inclined to place the former at the top of the list. As for the greatest farce I think I would name Chaplin's "Shoulcher Arms." For the greatest comedy I think I would name Mary Pickford's, "Daddy Long Legs." I would like to name several other great pictures that come to mind as I write, but I fear to name ten, lest I omit ten others that I will afterwards recall as being equally great. Of this, more anon.

* * *

A suffragette beams on me and inquires if I believe in "clubs for women." Well now, it depends upon the kind of clubs.
Maurice G. Layne of Detroit wants to know how actresses keep their eyes wide open for a minute or more without tears. It is simply a matter of practice. Have you never seen those fellows in the shop windows dressed up to look like wax figures? By long practice these people can stand in a certain posture for many minutes at a time without a single blink and without a single perceptible movement of the chest. I don't think it will do you any harm to try to keep from winking, but it certainly will not do your eyes any good. But, if you must wink, wink both eyes!

Waco Forrest of Zeus, Va., wants to know "what's the most coveted pedestal of a movie actress." I am sure I don't know, unless it be her understanding, in other words her legs. Whether her greatest ambition is fame, fortune, or glory, I don't know, because they all differ. I fear, however, that many of them think more highly of a shapely ankle and a well modeled face than they do of a good heart and home.

You are wrong, T. J. B., about Solomon's wisdom. Undoubtedly the reason that Solomon was so wise was that he had 700 wives to consult, whilst I have none.

Why not invent a class of critics who can see the good as well as the bad? There is some good in everything and in everybody, but the critics seldom see it; for, like flies, they pass over our good parts and light only on our sores. The critic creates discouragement when we need most, perhaps, encouragement. It is important enough to learn our faults, but it is just as important to learn our merits; so let us boost more and knock less.

Of course I think that motion pictures are a permanent institution. For nearly 1,000 years the drama has been to the world one of its chief sources of entertainment, culture and education. Motion pictures began its career only ten or fifteen years ago and even now it shows signs of competing with the drama. The motion picture is a mirror in which we see vice in its hideousness and virtue in all its purity, and we learn to despise the one and to adore the other. On the Greek stage a drama consisted in reality of three dramas, called a trilogy, and was performed consecutively in the course of one day. The moving picture play performs the same thing in one hour.

The greatest product of creation is the woman with beauty, brains and virtue. The only trouble is, the Creator never made one.

My young friend from Syracuse is quite right but there is such a thing as carrying economy too far, which recalls the following lines which I find in my note-book:

He never took a day of rest—
He couldn't afford it;
He never had his trousers pressed—
He couldn't afford it;
He never went away care free,
To visit distant lands, to see,
How fair a place this world might be,
He couldn't afford it,
He never went to see a play—
He couldn't afford it;
His love for art he put away,
He couldn't afford it;
He died and left his heirs a lot,
But no tall shaft proclaims the spot
In which he lies; his children thought—
They couldn't afford it.

As you say, Lazarus, it never rains but it pours, yet every cloud has a silver lining. As the artist and the poet love the storm, so must we learn to love the clouds of life because they help to make the coming sunshine brighter.

A young lady asks if I advise against marriage between persons of unequal age. Well, it is customary for man and wife to be nearly of the same age, yet history records many happy marriages to the contrary among which might be mentioned that of Mahomet, who at twenty married a wife of forty; Shakespeare, who married Anne Hathaway seven years his senior; Dr. Johnson, who married a lady twice his own age; Howard, the philanthropist, who, at the age of twenty-five selected a wife of forty-two; Mrs. Rowe, the author, was fifteen years the senior of her husband; Margaret Fuller, who married Count D'Ossoli, ten years her junior; and Jennie Lind, who was ten years older than her Otto Goldschmidt. If two persons really love each other, it matters little about their ages so long as they enjoy each other's companionship. An old man of the library might prove a burden for a young wife who loves society, the theater, admiration and dress, and so might an elderly matron of the household prove uncongenial to a young man who loved the outside world more than his home; but, given two persons with similar tastes and plenty of admiration for each other, they usually get along splendidly, even if there is a wide difference in their ages.

To do a mean thing is bad, but to keep on doing it is wicked. It is easier to quench a spark than a fire, so stop now.

I am sure I don't know what will become of the Kaiser. Since he is Wilhelm Second, if history repeats itself, he will have a sad fate. Nearly all the Seconds in history were treated pretty roughly, among the unhappiest being Alexander II of Russia, Edward II of England, Napoleon II of France, Richard Second of England, James II of England, Abdul Hamid II of Turkey, Nicholas II of Russia, William II of England, William II of Holland, William II of The Netherlands, Henry II of France, Henry II of England, Ludwig II of Bavaria, Louis II of France, and Louis II of Hungary. I don't care what they do with Kaiser Wilhelm II so long as they do it quickly and put him in a safe place until his Creator calls him to a better one.

To see the faces of common people in the street has always been one of my greatest pleasures. I am convinced that we not only love ourselves in others, but that we also hate ourselves in others. In every man there is a little of all men. It is a fact that there are many people who read merely that they need not think. But I hope that you are not one of that kind, my dear Antonio.

"Truth" is informed that the Sage doesn't pretend to keep track of the marriages and divorces in the profession. When last I saw J. Warren Kerrigan he was not married and therefore I can't tell you whether he is married to Lois Wilson and has two children, as you say. I understand that the greatest living authority on such matters is the Answer Man of the Motion Picture Magazine, so you had better consult him. Also, I don't wish to go on record as stating why Owen Moore doesn't live with his wife, Mary Pickford. Common sense would suggest, however, that it is quite impossible for them to be together all the time, even if they wanted to, since they always play in different companies and usually in different parts of the country.

As for the unpopularity of Jess Willard, I think you were correctly informed, because he was never very popular and is, of course, less so now than ever. He reminds me of a big stuffed pig, stuffed mostly with conceit and overconfidence. It is well that "Jack the Giant Killer" knocked the stuffing out of him, because now we shall have a real champion and a popular one.

Beasts have passions, humans have reasons: but since we are human beasts we must keep our passions within reason.
When young, we have all we can do to keep from laughing when we shouldn't; when old, we have all we can do to laugh when we should.

It is not too early to repeat the old saying, Christmas is coming. Now is just about the time to begin making preparations. Most people wait till about the middle of December, and thus double their expense and trouble, and the expense and trouble of everybody else. A moment's thought will convince anybody that the prices of holiday goods are greatly in excess of the prices of the same articles at other seasons. A large part of the so-called holiday goods are merely vender and tinsel and of only temporary utility. The manufacturers make up holiday articles to catch the eye more than for permanent use. Especially is this true of such things as toys, dolls, frames, desk articles, and ornaments, particularly those that sell for a dollar or less. Standard, staple articles, such as are sold the year round are always more reliable than those that are made up for the holiday trade, and the prices are more reasonable. Large profits are expected on holiday goods. Furthermore, we are all excited during the holiday season, and we flit hither and thither wondering what we shall buy for this one and that, and the crowds only add to our bewilderment. Perhaps some of us even let the grocer and the butcher bills go for another month, so as to have plenty to spend on presents; whereas, if we should begin buying now we would not feel the strain on our wallets. Again, the clerks and shop girls are sadly overworked during the holiday season, and they have not the time nor the patience to treat us as they do now. It is not fair to them, nor to the horses and drivers, to pounce upon them as we do, all in a week or two. The best plan is this: write down a list of all those to whom you wish to make presents, and from time to time set opposite their names several articles which you think would be appropriate to give them. The next time you are out shopping, look around all the stores, buy what you want, assign it to the favored one on the list and then set your mind on completing the list on subsequent shopping tours. In this way you will have ended a hard task by December first and will have saved a lot of time, money, energy, and worry.

It is more blessed to give than to receive. My address is 177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

So you think I am insane. Thanks, immensely! Pascal, Socrates, Schopenhauer, Auguste Comte, Descartes, Leibniz, Tolstoy, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Edgar Allan Poe, Shakespeare, Goethe, DeQuincey, Byron, Coleridge, Cooper, Dante, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin and Sir Isaac Newton have all been put down by the learned brain specialists as insane, manic or semi-insane, and have been declared by the holy order of science to be demimaniacs, clinically psychotic, morally paralytic or physiologically deformed, and to have been afflicted with "veritable disease of the ego," the maniacal phase of circular insanity, chronic neurasthenia, paranoia, or some other form of psychic disorder bordering on madness. In other words, anybody who accomplishes something worth while is insane. And so, my dear "Philosopher," I feel that I must have made an impression on you. Thanks!

I will answer you, Mrs. M., the best I can, but briefly. The will to survive is at the bottom of everything. Education, intelligence, the desire for power, and a desire to appear superior to our fellows are simply manifestations of that will to survive under more favorable conditions than they. As we become more civilized we begin to look on our fellows less and less as rivals and more and more as brothers. And here lies the true test of civilization. The selfish man is the not-yet-civilized man. It is his altruism that civilized him. The history of primitive man proves all this. The first impulse of man was to save himself; the second was to save his family; the third to save his fellows. Not until he is able to say, "The world is my country, all mankind, my countrymen," is he thoroughly civilized. The doctrine of patriotism in which a man loves his own flock only and hates all others is evidence of only partial civilization. All of which, if true, proves that Germany has never yet been a civilized nation.

Another "Evolution Fanatic" persists in trying to draw me out again on this very dry topic. According to evolutionary philosophy there are three great processes of all true development, as follows: Aggregation, or the massing of things; Differentiation, or the varying of things; and Integration, or the uniting of things into higher wholes. From a careful study of this one phenomenon science could almost decide that Progress was the object of nature, and that Altruism was the object of progress.

Why was the long, cruel, unluring process of evolution chosen, when it must have been foreseen that Man was eventually to take the reins in hand and complete the work? It has taken hundreds of thousands of years to evolve Man, and although he is now physically complete, bodily development having been arrested, the relentless struggle goes on, and Man unwittingly becomes the executioner in the tyrannical trial of Survival of the Fittest.

Says Lucretius, eyes were not made to see with, but being formed by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, sight followed by an unforeseen accident. If eyes were made to see, seeing must have existed before eyes; if it did not, why eyes? And if seeing did not exist before eyes, how could eyes be made for that which is not—for nothing? Vive la logique!

My observation has been that the highest type of intellectual people attend grand opera and the drama when plays by such as Shakespeare, Ibsen, Goldsmith, Sheridan and Bernard Shaw are presented. In the next class below is the type of less intellectual people who like the modern plays with morals, and problem plays. In the next class below is the type who likes vaudeville. In the next lower class is the type who prefers musical comedies. In the bottom class is the type who wants burlesque, commonly called leg shows. There is no set rule about this, for there are too many exceptions. But each class is sufficiently peopled to cause the writing of this paragraph, in answer to an inquiry. You seldom find a person who likes Shakespearean plays and musical comedies also, and you seldom find a person who likes cheap burlesque and grand opera.

Here's a quotation, and if you don't know the author and tried to guess you would not get it right in a thousand guesses:

"Who loves not wine, women and song
Remains a fool all his life long."

The author is none other than Martin Luther.

—The Sage.
BREAKING INTO VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from page 42)

on their route, whose manager in turn sends this publicity to the local newspaper. To the artist this service is furnished gratis with the exception of the photographs which he may order thru this department at wholesale rates. So the Joy Brothers never arrive at a new town without being properly introduced by the press.

Yet for artists to work direct with the United Booking Office is not a steadfast rule. Sometimes when not scribed to a theatrical paper and knew that there were such "lifts" as vaudeville agents—that acted in the capacity of the lawyer, secured bookings and assumed entire responsibility of their vaudeville welfare.

Thus, when arriving in New York, they promptly hie to such a representative's quarters. The red-headed office girl is not impressed that half a continent lay between home and their reducing into vaudeville. After her many promises of "come back tomorrow," the agent finally sees them. With alternating bent knees they stand at his desk and explain their ambition. Headliners, not booking agents were his specialty. Yet, that intangible something which Mr. Albee calls the artist's soul, manifests itself in their square-chinned application.

"Well, boys," he says, almost surprising himself with his kindliness towards these new recruits, "I'll see if I can fix you up." Then they, "grand right and left" into and out of the break-in system identically as had they gone direct to the United Booking Office.

Arriving to the point where they are glowing with enough polish to be rewarded with big time engagements, their agent keeps them booked thusly: The Joy Brothers wire there has been a break in their itinerary. The agent hustles over to the United Booking Office. To the Southern booking manager, he says, "Do you want the Joy Brothers for the week of the twentieth?" Whereupon the Southern booking manager examines his date books and files. "No, all filled. Can you offer the twenty-seventh, however?"

"Right," agrees the Joy Brothers' agent, and pencils the date on his memorandum book. Next he hustles over to the New England booking manager to see if he can get the week of the twentieth. Perchance this manager may have four open weeks. The Joy Brothers' agent eagerly grasps them, which necessitates sometimes an amiable, sometimes a stormy dispute with the Southern manager, for the cancellation of the single week. Then, the Western manager may at that moment receive a wire that Madame Headliner has become ill, opening eight weeks in his territory. He in turn tries to unload this time upon the agent, and the whole business begins and begins again.

Very recently, to avoid such over-lapping, the United Booking Office has established a priority system. Now, when the Joy Brothers' agent accepts as limited an amount of time as one week, it is registered on a card and immediately stamped by a time clock. Even five minutes later, should a booking manager offer the agent a greater number of weeks, whose dates would include that of the single one, previously made in another territory, it positively cannot be cancelled. This new ruling has eliminated for the artist on the road any speculation that today he might be informed he was to play Boston next week and tomorrow Chicago instead. Like the great public school system, where the facilities of conducting the progress of students is under daily discussion, by the biggest minds in the educational field, the vaudeville booking offices are also organized with committees and boards, having a personnel of an equal standard of legislation, to keep the hundreds of artists travelling the coast to coast, moving as regularly and systematically as does the United States mail.

But dissolving and assimilating again the logic of Mr. Albee, who has come up thru all the strata of the amusement game, is to remember what he has stated, namely that beauty, abundant financing and clever publicity cannot make an artist a success if she is not born one. He ever decries his own experience as a theatrical manager by saying, "It is impossible for me to see the success in a beginner, nor can the most analytical critic. Exclusively is the public such an X-ray, and the public will not accept the artist where there is not reciprocity between its heart and hers."

Truly, such an axiomatic study coincides with the vaudeville beginners herein cited. The Joy Brothers were born comics even in the school room. The mathematical wits of Arthur Griffith were sharpened in his mother's womb. The war of Janet of France's country was our own, and thus she was a footlight symbol that touched our hearts. Verily, if there is a rule for successfully entering vaudeville, it is according to Mr. Albee's—"Heaven and not manmade."

THE DOLL'S HOUSE

(Continued from page 62)

to have some of my girl friends come in and we would go to a picture show or read evenings when I didn't have to work."

Her favorite pastime is going to moving picture shows. As with all really ambitious players, her work has become her hobby, too. She couldn't stay away and be content.

"But now," she added, "if I want to do anything I have to remind myself that my husband is home and must be consulted about the matter. I think that getting wives accustomed to consulting their husbands about things when they have lost the habit is a serious after-the-war problem."

"But suppose they never had the habit?" (this from her husband, Dickie).

"Now, Dearest—" laughingly and the subject turned to what they plan to do when Peg is finished.

After "Peg" Wanda Hawley is going to have the bungalow all fixed up in cretonne and give a dinner party. "And then I'm going to town—Los Angeles (a thirty-five minute ride)—and buy some clothes; I haven't been outside of Hollywood since the beginning of 'Peg.'"

She is entirely without affection. For instance, she told an interesting little story (Continued on page 74)
owers of Strickland, which serves to bind him much more securely than if the writer had said at the beginning of the book, “Now I tell you this man is a great artist and that’s all there is to it. You must accept my judgment in the matter.”

Maughan is too shrewd for that. He tells you through the first person, using various characters to give varying points of view about Strickland. But the chief story teller is one of the chief skeptics. The fullest report which he gives on the art of Strickland is as follows:

“I will not describe the pictures that Strickland showed me. Descriptions of pictures are always dull, and these, besides, are familiar to all who take an interest in such things. Now that his influence has so enormously affected modern painting, now that others have charted the country which he was among the first to explore, Strickland’s pictures, seen for the first time, would find the mind more prepared for them; but it must be said that I had not seen anything of the sort. First of all I was taken aback by what seemed to me the clumsiness of his technique. Accustomed to the drawings of the old masters, and convinced that Ingres was the greatest draughtsman of recent times, I thought that Strickland drew very badly. I knew nothing of the simplifications at which he aimed. I remember a still-life of oranges on a plate and I was bothered because the plate was not round and the oranges were lopsided. The portraits were a little larger than life-size, and this gave them an ungainly look. To my eyes the faces looked like caricatures. They were painted in a way that was entirely new to me. The landscapes puzzled me even more. There were two or three pictures of the forest at Fontainebleau and several of streets in Paris; my first feeling was that they might have been painted by a drunken cab-driver. I was perfectly bewildered. The colour seemed to me extraordinarily crude. It passed thru my mind that the whole thing was painted at a very terrible pace.”

Naturally enough, the reader will align himself on the other side and say, “Why the simplon doesn’t know a great artist when he sees one.” At least that was our attitude and we almost felt like a successful art critic when we read how people came forward to bid for Strickland’s canvases after his death. The book takes Strickland from Paris to Tahiti, where he comes to an obscure and fearful death, but throughout Maughan has managed to give a glint of a spirit, however harsh and selfish, struggling toward an idealistic goal. Mingled with the praise of the book, there has been some comment that the novel is immoral since Strickland’s conduct throughout is strictly anti-social, but after all, the book lays down a course of life for geniuses only which will not affect the morals of most of us. More than that, it seems to us that Maughan has maintained an impartial attitude throughout. He neither attacks Strickland nor defends him. He merely presents him and leaves the rest to the reader.

But the “Moon and Sixpence” is perhaps a more engrossing and unusual novel than “Saint’s Progress”, Maughan can hardly challenge Galsworthy’s position as the great neutral among novelists. Perhaps it would be fair to make the title include playwrights, for everybody remembers “Strike” as the most perfect example of newspaper writing which a playwright ever bestowed on warring characters. “Saint’s Progress” is a beautiful piece of work. Every character has his due, but in spite of the impartiality of the book there is no lack of passion. Certain scenes are emotionalized to a point where they all but hurt. The story concerns a clergyman who tries to meet all the various war problems, particularly the changes in sex morality, with the formula of the Church of England. In the novel the formula proves inadequate, but Galsworthy does not commit himself as to whether the fault lies with the formula or with the folk who disown it. We found “Saint’s Progress” a singularly harmonious work and an engrossing one tho it is hard to merge it with incident. And yet we hankered sometimes to have Galsworthy choose between his characters and say, “This one is right and this one, for all his logical talk, is wrong.” But when we wrote that there were times when his impartiality made one want to shout “Don’t be so damn fair. Pick a side; take off your coat and get in it.” Keith Preston of Chicago countered by remarking that on the other hand he always felt like advising the excitable Wells to “Keep your shirt on.”

Certainly, Wells has never become quite so much wrought up about anything as religion. His work, whether better or worse, is much more intense since he discovered God the invisible king. “The Undying Fire” is among the most vehement of his books. Galsworthy may remain in doubt as to a religious formula for the problems of the day, but not so Wells. He has a faith to meet all facts. And he has small patience for skeptics. In “The Undying Fire” he has placed all the characters whom he sets up as opponents of his theories are so broadly burlesqued that they are hardly capable of giving an effective battle. As a result, all the good talk goes to the character who acts as the mouth-piece of Wells. The book has the merit, however, of great eloquence. Tho it is mostly talk, it is talk of a surprisingly brilliant sort. The plot is the merest formula, for Wells has taken the story of Job and used it as the frame work for a modern story. There is very little evidence that he is interested in what his characters do, but plenty to prove that he does care what they say.

Another brilliant partisan in the literary field is Blasco Ibanez. He is less interested in talk than Wells, for he traces not so much the careers of individuals as man in the mass. “La Bodega,” for instance, is a fine, colorful, passionate story of social revolution in Spain. It is also a book of propaganda for prohibition, but this is incidental. Blasco Ibanez thinks that red revolution will come only when the peasants of Spain are no longer distracted by red wine.

Leonard Merrick is on the high tide of a revival which has brought back to the reading public his “Conrad In Quest of His Youth”, one of the most pleasant defenses of philandering ever written. Merrick grows out of another literary device of beginning on the roof and working down to the cellar and then back to the roof again. This tale begins at the beginning and goes straight on to the end.

E. V. Sackville West has won a high position for herself with a first novel called “Heritage,” which has a fine feeling for the sight and sound and smell of things. Another book which gives us much of the influence of external things on man is John Walter Byrd’s “The Born Fool.”

Of the non-fiction books of the last few months the most amusing which we have read is “Set Down In Malice,” by Gerald Cumberlidge. In this a young English journalist writes all the things about his literary acquaintances which nobody should tell and which everybody wants to know.

THE DOLL’S HOUSE

(Continued from page 73)

about a really exquisite sport skirt she has. It only cost her, she said frankly, about seven dollars.

“We were invited to an affair at the Hollywood Hotel. I worked until half-past five and then when I came home found that I hadn’t a thing to wear. I haven’t had time to take care of my Wardrobe was ruined and torn or had something wrong with it. So I went to a little store down here on the Boulevard. The only thing they had that fitted was a last-year’s sports skirt. This is it. They took two pleats at the sides and you see the result!”

It was truly remarkable.

“But just wait until you see the things I am going to get—after Peg.”

It was almost one o’clock when I left but the Hawleys—both of them—took me all the way home in their car tho they were both very tired. Such har-oy, ambitious youngsters, not merely selfishly ambitious, but ambitious for each other! You have seen newspaper articles that began by asking what was of most importance to a woman, beauty or brains, fame and money or love in a cottage. Have you ever thought that it could be possible for one person to have all of these things? No? Well, it is, for here is Wanda Hawley, who came out of rainy, foggy Seattle, lives in a cottage in Hollywood, and is known all over the world, ready to prove it for you by the genuine smile in her eyes.
my paper, "Published in Bruno's Garret on Washington Square." I never thought my paper would interest others but the old residents of Greenwich Village and its floating population of artists and writers who lived here mostly because it was cheaper than anywhere else in town. "The New York Times" commented on it in several columns of its news pages. The other dailies followed the lead. In a matter of months, I received letters from all over the United States requesting sample copies. All this was very encouraging but did not enable me to pay my rent and pay for my food. The French pastry cook who kept a little shop on Fourth Street was my only friend. He gave me unlimited credit and I actually lived almost two months on French pastry. It was the most dreadful period of my life. I had tea and French pastry for breakfast: tarts and napoleons, biscuits and cream rolls for lunch and for dinner. I worked from early morning till late at night, writing next week's issue from cover to cover, going about gathering interesting material, trying to impress my advertisers with my prosperity never asking for payment in advance, and when the money came in, I had to pay the printer (and mighty little he got) and buy paper for the next issue. About Christmas I moved to the old house on the corner of Washington Square and Thompson Street and announced that any artist who was doing serious work could hang his pictures on exhibition in my "Garret," free of charge: any poet could come any Wednesday and Saturday afternoon and read his poetry to an audience that I would get for him. This was new then in New York and artists and poets came to take advantage of my offer. In the course of two years and a half I had forty-six exhibitions by forty-six different people and all are now well-known. Clara Tice with her little nudes attracted in my garret for the first time the attention of a public and of the Society for the Prevention of Vice. Bernard Wall who recently etched a portrait of President Wilson had his humble first exhibition here. Newspapers wrote miles of funny and serious stories about Bruno’s Garret. After the start of the world war English, French, German and Italian artists made their headquarters in the garret and attributed greatly to its cosmopolitan independent atmosphere. The poetry readings were a great success. I printed for the first time contributions of the since universally recognized free verse poets. Alfred Kreymborg’s "Mushrooms" (as he called his unusual poetry) caused the paragraphers and columnists everywhere to poke fun at my garret. My poetry readings became the rendezvous of the most fashionable people in New York.

And inside of nine months my correspondence was brought in big mail bags, the sight-seeing busses stopped in front of my old little frame building, which by the way, had been erected a hundred and fifty years ago by the first public grave digger of New York, Washington Square then being Potter’s Field.

One day Charlie Edison who had patronized the garret frequently unknown to me by name asked me if the same things that I was doing for painters and writers couldn’t be done for musicians. We formed a partnership, built Edison’s Thimble Theater opposite the Brevoort Hotel and issued an appeal to all musicians and composers of America. Anyone could come and play here or sing to audiences which we got for them. There was no admission fee charged and everybody remembers what a pretty and intimate show-house the Thimble Theater is.

Soon I thought of utilizing the theater for little plays. I got a small group of excellent professionals together, called them Bruno Players and we had memorable performances. This again being the first attempt of a small intimate theater in Greenwich Village. Unmolested by the police we had played Thursday nights, "Countess Julie" Sada Cowen’s "The State Forbids," an astonishingly free birth-control play; we had Japanese actors and a play by George Bernard Shaw. Charlie Edison gave concerts on Washington Square twice a week. On two afternoons each week we gathered all the children of Greenwich Village on the Square and had dancing teachers arrange for them delightful open-air dances. "Greenwich Village" had been published fortightly; now it became Bruno’s Weekly. Its circulation was 32,000 a week distributed all over the United States. This happy activity had continued for almost two years and a half. Others came down to the village, started art galleries and art shops, tea rooms, dancing halls, book shops, purely commercial places. A sort of Coney Island grew up almost over night; the quiet of the village was disturbed. The sacred peace was broken. Money changers had invaded holy ground. Slumming parties came nightly to "do the Village." The police had to interfere very often with the high life in basements and cellars. Artists, writers, and old residents fled as fast as they could. And then we entered into the war. More serious business called us.

We had our fun and, I believe, done a good deal to foster everything new in art and literature. Bruno’s Weekly had given ideas to editors all over the country. The art exhibitions in Bruno’s Garret which had been looked upon as freak creations of ultra-modern painters moved up-town to respectable art-galleries. The Garret had fulfilled its mission. Little theaters grew everywhere and so the little Thimble Theater had fulfilled its mission. Charlie Edison became manager of Thomas A. Edison, Inc. and left for good.

But the village disdours to-day. Rents have gone sky-high. Greenwich Village had established its reputation, and the undesirable elements disappeared as quickly as they had come. Here is another corner of New York.

Did you say you wished to "tour" Greenwich Village?

You must come down in the evening, then it is that village of which you dream, the background to so many big things, the essential in so many big lives, the heart of this city where you can forget the city and seven million co-inhabitants of yours. There is the arch with its simple architecture, the monumental gateway to the square. Lights here and there. High up on the tower of a hotel an electric-lighted cross and still higher a few stars, and if you are lucky and the night is clear, the moon. And then you cross over to the other side of the square and there are small narrow streets.

The square is deserted and only a few passengers, waiting for the next bus, make up the small group beneath the arc light. But the streets are peopled with men and women who stand around the Italian grocer and the pastry baker; they walk all day and kept silent; now they live their own real life. There are cafes as you can see on the rivas of small Italian coast cities where you really drink coffee and eat pastry and play dominoes. And then turning one of those streets and unexpectedly, like the background of a miniature playhouse, a little chapel looms up before you. The doors are open, candles before the altars are a testimony that the saints are not forgotten. Women are sitting on the stairs selling rosaries, little statuettes and paper flowers. Men and women and children are passing in and passing out. Follow the thundering elevated and turn again to the square. As many windows as you see lighted in these mansions of yore used now as rooming and lodging houses—so many homes do they contain.

Can you help thinking of it: "If I were a poet or an artist, I surely would live here and nowhere else?"

But, dear reader, because of your living here you would not be a poet or an artist.

PUTTING THE NEW STAGE ART INTO MOTION PICTURES

(Continued from page 17)

they understand. Something simple like moons and stars, the drift of smoke, a strong variety of color, touches them directly. They probably do not know why but simple beauty strikes home to them. "All this is interesting work. But I see a greater field ahead in stepping from the theater to the studio. How beautifully, for instance, could music be reproduced with fanciful settings, settings representing imaginative depth? And then to step to such works as those of Maelzelink..." When is that cell phone going to stop? The phone to deal with such realities as potatoes, cabbages and onions and life itself to the clouds?"
THE WORLD AND ITS WOMAN

(Continued from page 38)

you, openly in the sun, with God looking on.”

“Then the world will fall into ruins!” Prince Michael cried passionately, “for the turning of the night into the day is not more certain than that you and I shall one day come together. It was written so before the stars were made!”

It was only the first of many sieges he laid to her resolution but she steadily refused, sensing that there was much of the dross of Self in his Love, holding her own as too high and holy a thing for profession; even when his wife openly confessed the shame of their marriage by leaving Petrograd with Count Otto of the glossy beard and white hands, she refused to encourage a divorce.

“Marriage with me would ostracize you, beggar you, and in the eyes of your Church and of the world it would be no true marriage,” she said wearily, and when he forgot caution and told her boldly what the world whispered of them, she only smiled, a little quivering smile. “We know the truth,” she told him, “oh my Prince! Cant you see that I am trying to protect our Love? It is all I have had of Life—all I shall ever have—”

For she did not believe in miracles, and only a miracle could clear away the barriers between. Even when the storm clouds of the Revolution began to gather it did not occur to her that here might be solution. In her early days in Petrograd when she had been a struggling student she had allied herself with the young radicals of the Student Quarter drawn to them by her innate love of democracy and sturdy American detestation of class privilege. Even after she became an opera idol she kept up this connection, and now suddenly she found herself at the heart of the storm.

The poor, feeble puppet Czar came tumbling down from his painted throne, the aristocrats and rulers were flung into the prisons they had so often filled, or fled from the city to crouch in hiding from the despised peasants, red anarchy stalked thru the streets of Petrograd, leaving its bloody footprints broadcast on the pavements, touching its torch in grisly mischief to the roofs of stately palaces.

Prince Michael Orbeliani, already more than half a democrat at heart, left the city for his estates in the Caucasus to deal with his peasants single handed, and Marcia Warren, sick at soul, remained in her beautiful apartment in the city, from the windows of which she saw sights that drained the blood from her cheeks. Nothing in the few months of her love-time had been so hard for her as the thought that she could not share his danger with him; she had been strong enough to refuse happiness but her courage quailed and faltered at refusing to suffer with him.

She was sitting at her piano touching the keys with listless fingers one morning when Peter Poroschine, the Red Leader, made his way in, contemptuous of door-bells or ceremony. He was a great, coarse-featured brute of a man with thick, squat hands, covered with red hairs and a kind of animal odor about him. She shuddered instinctively under the courtliness of his look, tho she tried to interest him with her old friendliness. But he waved her words aside, laughing with a queer sidewise laugh that exposed yellow fangs.

“This is a busy time, let’s to business”—she saw that he was drunk with his new power—“we revolutionists are choosing our women before we turn them over to the State. I might have a damned, haughty aristocrat if I chose, but no! You know years ago that I was mad about you, Maria, but you were after bigger game then. Now there isn’t anyone bigger than I am, and I’ve come for you—”

He saw her recoil, and anger thickened his coarse face with blood. He caught at her shoulder with a snarl. “So we’re putting on the airs of a cursed aristocrat since we have had a Prince to kiss us!” he burst his bestial face close, “well, all I need to do is to say the word—tell my merry friends out there that you’re a friend of the nobility and there’ll be a hemp necklace around that pretty neck in a jiffy!”

She faced him, head proudly high. “You cant frighten me, Peter Poroschine!” she told him, “I would welcome death rather than give myself to you!”

He could have taken her then and there, but her clear gaze cowed him. He turned his anger into another channel. “I can tell you a piece of news, Madame High-and-Mighty, that will take you down a peg, perhaps. Your damned Prince has returned to town!”

Now, indeed, she quivered as tho his words had been blows, “No! That’s a lie to frighten me. How do you know—where is he?”

Poroschine laughed savagely. “Oh, he was seen all right by one of our spies. He had on the revolutionary uniform, and he’s at his old rooms now! But in half an hour he’ll be safe—in hell! And then, My Lady Disdain, I’ll attend to you!” he flung open the door, calling outside, “Feda, come here, my pretty chicken!”

The woman that entered was a veritable giantess, with hands like hams and a bristly moustache that gave her dull face a fierce aspect. Poroschine pointed to the stricken Marcia, “There’s the girl. Guard her well now, if you prize your worthless life, and I’ll return in an hour or so.” The door crashed across his words.

Marcia sprang to her feet, flung herself at the door, and felt her arm seized in the grip of iron. The hag laughed shrilly. She was evidently half witted, but bright enough for Poroschine’s purposes. Looking up into the hideous face, maddened by the slow ticking of the clock in the corner, telling away the moments of her lover’s life Marcia struck with all the power of her frenzy straight into the woman’s eyes.

In an uncanny silence they rolled upon the floor, tearing at one another with their bare fingers, struggling for a throat hold. The blood from a dozen scratches filled Marcia’s eyes, wet her lips. She was suddenly filled with a kind of animal fury, the woman creature fighting for her mate. Only half the other’s size she somehow found herself kneeling upon her broad muscular chest, and tying her arms close to her sides with the silken sash of the morning gown flung across a near-by chair. Then, dragging the snarling but helpless bulk into a corner where her shouts would not be heard, she sprang to the door and flung it wide.

How she made her way to her lover’s rooms she could never remember afterward, only a vague impression of wild faces, the sharp pain of her panting lungs, a half remembrance of a man with kind eyes who had given her a ride in his automobile for part of the way, stairs that seemed to be as high and steep as mountains, a door knob that would not turn in her nerveless fingers and at last—Michael, Michael haggard and unshaven, in strange, mad-splotched garments, staring at her wild appearance with startled eyes. A word told her errand, she clung to him, faint with dread.

“What shall we do?” she said hopefully, “I have no friends who would hide us. And if they take you—God forbid! We had better die together, here and now!”

“Wait!” she bade him, “there is one place where they would never think of looking for you and that is—my rooms! He will not return there until he has found you, and in the meantime we can think—can plan. Come! We must go quickly or it will be too late—”

Another furtive journey thru the mad dened streets, and they were back in Marcia’s room. In the stress of the moment she forgot the woman she had left behind the portieres. She clung to Michael. “Safe?” she whispered. “Oh, thank Heaven!”

But she had not counted on their enemy. Even as she spoke heavy footsteps grated in the corridor outside and Peter Poroschine stood before them, laughing triumphantly over folded arms. “You were not very flattering, Marcia, when you rated me such a fool,” he chuckled, “I put myself in your place, and the rest was simple. I rejoice to see, your Highness”—he made a derisive bow, “that you have no weapon, it simplifies matters.” He prolonged his triumph, savoring it joyfully, “and now, Marcia, what have you to say to the little proposition I made to you an hour ago?”

(Continued on page 77)
The Movie Man

Allison

You're positive it was what I wanted? The girl with the red hair and the green smock and the tall, dark man?

The Movie Man

Then they're birds.

Allison (breathlessly)

And they did... they were...

The Movie Man (with stentorous reminiscence)

I've seen Thora Barts and all the best kissers in the profession and I never saw anything to equal this afternoon.

Allison (clenching her hands)

Ohhh! The designing little cat—what Allison sees in her—it will serve them right to show them up before everybody. These sanctimonious men... I know 'em. And a red-haired woman... br'r! I guess after this Archie has seen nothing of the other way if he doesn't care to see my sures d'esprit carried on by exhibitionists. (To the movie man) Where can you throw the pictures? We'll have it done at once.

The Movie Man (indicating the blank space of the screen)

There's a screen for it, Mrs. Allyn. He begins to set up his apparatus. Allison goes to the door, claps her hands, addressing her guests.

Allison

Listen, everybody! I've a little surprise for you. You're going to see yourself as others see you. I've had a couple of movie men with cameras hidden in the various shrubberies all day taking pictures of you and now he's going to show them. Everyone come out on the veranda, please... (The guests file out on the veranda, laughing and talking with each other and evident traces of suppressed nervousness.)

One Male Guest (to another)

If that camera caught me registrating every emotion I've felt today, I'm going to look around now and choose the nearest exit.

One Female Guest (to another)

A flimsy scheme, I call it; taking pictures of our faces behind our backs!

Allison (looking at him, maliciously)

Why, why should you mind? You haven't registered anything more than a corking game of tennis and several full houses at cards, have you?

(Allison retires, gloomily. Everyone finds chairs and amid a certain atmosphere of tenseness the performance begins.)

Allison

Don't tell me that Vapid cook has got salt into the ice again, or that the toy pony has a cold or anything like that. You have the most dire expression.

Archie (darkly)

Where have you been, that's all I want to know. Where have you been. I say, with that collar-and-otoe, that spoon specialist, that cheap rhyme-peddler, that back-door Romeo, that...

Allison (with dignity)

If you are talking about Mr. Sawtell, Archie, which I find it hard to believe, you are only giving a free demonstration of your own ignorance. His free verse is very well known.

Archie (evagely)

Humph! Free verse and free love usually go hand in hand. I tell you I won't have you flirting with that abeyanu ass under my very nose.

Allison (venomously)

Then we'll find a shadier spot. In the meantime, need we discuss this here, Archie? You can beat me later, you know, when the house has quieted down for the night.

Archie (between his teeth)

You ought to be beaten. It would be different if you could even think you had anything on me. You haven't. You never have had. I've never so much as looked at another woman since I first looked at you. (He goes off, abruptly, in a huff. Allison laughs, bitterly.)

Allison

All men are liars. That's in the Bible. But there's one exception... my Poet Man.

(A man's figure carrying a small motion picture projection machine comes around the corner of the house. Allison starts then runs to meet him.)

Movie Man (sotto voce)

We're ready, Mrs. Allyn. It was a damn ticklish job, but I don't think anyone knew they were being tickled.

Allison (eagerly)

Are you sure that you took everything I wanted? The tennis match this morning, the swimming in the pool, the poker crowd—and—the other picture?
THE COMPLACENT COMEDIANNE
(Continued from page 27)
love to have a cow in Briarcliff—but we've no place to keep one . . . unless . . . whimsically . . . "we bought a tent."

Until one becomes accustomed to the little quizzical gleam in Miss Kennedy's grey eye, especially to people of the stage.
And the whole question of clothing is whether or not you adequately express your own personality thru your clothes. I have rather a difficult time doing that, I cannot wear the dashingly decorative of the fashionable moment. I have to be conservative in color as well, line and yet try to be smart, as well. I have to have, simply must have, New York for that—and Collins. It is so very important that a gown be not merely becoming but a very part, and always an unobtrusive part, of the person wearing the gown. A woman to my thinking is never well dressed unless you see her before you see what it is she has on. You must know that she looks charming, yet not know just why. It requires thought to achieve that impression, or lack of impression, and also help, skilled help. That I could not find in California. That is, in Los Angeles. I should think that some Los Angeles might be a happy hunting ground for some artist in the way of tenderers."

After which, we taxied to Stern's while Miss Kennedy filled up the little suit-case with pensive, pale blue lingerie ribbon and various odd's and ends dear to the feminine heart. Hers is excessively feminine. She has a gentle manner, a gentle voice, gentle hands, an air of tenderness. She is most wholly and absolutely woman. She wears her Art as she wears her gowns, unobtrusively.

As we were parting she said, rather dreamily, "You know . . . I've always wanted to do a romantic drama on the stage . . . who knows . . ."

We shook hands. "Ah!" I thought; "the creative mood is stirring in its sleep . . ."

There was a Movie 'Ero, and he had A Greek-god torso and A Brinkley face— Ten cars—a wife— A Sweetheart and A Che-ild Four million Fans, Some scandal— Curly hair— I-Love-You-Eyes—now Did You ever, ever hear The like of that???

G. H.
Perhaps you are one of those experienced patrons of motion pictures who can tell within fifty seconds of the first title whether a picture is going to be any good.

The directing and the dressing and the general "putting on" of the picture come in for instant comparison with all your standards of picture-quality.

If you are one of these you have found out that there is a name in motion pictures which sums up all the genius and equipment of the finest modern photoplay,—Paramount-Artcraft.

To see that name in the advertisement of a picture is to know before you pay that you will get what you want.

Check it up.

You will find that Paramount-Artcraft always makes a fitting end of a perfect day.

The Paramount-Artcraft Pictures listed alongside will be coming to your theatre. Save the list and ask the manager when.

Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount-Artcraft Pictures—and the theatres that show them.
If you are a lover of youth and beauty
If you are fond of wit and gallantry
If you know the spice of adventure
If you like to play
If you are in style
If you believe that too much work makes Jack a dull boy

Read the Motion Picture Classic where youth, beauty, wit, gallantry, adventure, style and mental recreation are enshrined.

At all news-stands

A year

Motion Picture Classic, 140 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Most Democratic Magazine in America

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is not the magazine of any class or order. It appeals to the millionaire and to the man in the street. The debutante reads it and so does the working girl. People in all walks of life find it interesting. Even the stars have a "crush" on it because it brings them nearer to the fans who adore them and whom they adore.

If you like motion pictures you will like the old reliable MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. It was the first magazine in the field and it will be the last to leave it. It has grown up with MARY PICKFORD, FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, PEARL WHITE, ANITA STEWART, MAURICE COSTELLO, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and THEEDA BARA. Upon occasion they all trek over to Brooklyn to visit it. When you hold a copy of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE in your hands you have all the stars looking over your shoulder. You are reading what they read, and what they find new and interesting is pretty sure to interest you, too.

The November Number will brighten all the news stands. It will have a BILLIE BURKE cover showing the star with one of her pets—a red crested cockatoo from Singapore. Beyond the cover you will find beautiful pictures, first rate screen stories, splendid articles and striking illustrations. The wise old man of the Motion Picture Industry—the famous "ANSWER MAN"—who knows every player of the Silversheet, every director from BRENNON and GRIFFITH to DE MILLE and INCE, and every location from Bermuda to Los Angeles, will answer questions propounded by particular correspondents, but which are of such general interest that thousands of readers will, as usual, stop, look, and listen to him first of all.

In the November Number, old friends of ROSEMARY THEBY will hear the latest news about their favorite; the increasing popularity of THOMAS MEIGHAN is discussed; H. B. WARNER reveals himself in an interview; BEBE DANIELS tells why she is about to forsake farce for drama and HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR cross questions Cecil de Mille.

Notwithstanding the high cost of living, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE still costs only twenty cents. If anybody knows where to buy a better magazine for the money, we wish he would let us know so that we can see what a better twenty-cent magazine looks like.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
SEEING is believing. When we announced our intention of publishing a new magazine of the stage and screen and kindred arts, our friends took up the idea with enthusiasm. They told us that SHADOWLAND would make a hit, and it did. IT STRUCK TWELVE! It appeared on the news-stands August 23 and the great American reading public immediately spotted it as a good thing. The first edition was sold out within three days and the first number was only a trial number anyway, a sort of shadow of the SHADOWLAND that is to come.

Rome was not built in a day. The oak is the monarch of the forest but it begins as an acorn and only reaches its lofty height by taking Time for a partner. SHADOWLAND is a human magazine. It did not spring full-armed from the brow of Zeus, nor does it pretend to be the mother of wisdom. It has not reached perfection. But its feet are on the way. It will get into its stride presently and then we shall see what we shall see!

Meanwhile telegrams and letters—letters on business letterheads and letters on French grey—pale pink—cream white, buff and pale blue note paper continue to flutter in. The perfume of the STARS—the dynamic air of BIG BUSINESS, the "signatures" of famous ARTISTS and the abiding sentiments of FRIENDSHIP reach us in every morning's mail bag. Happy is the magazine that can begin life with

Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Alice Brady, Virginia Pearson, Marion Davies, Elsie Ferguson, George Beban, Antonio Moreno, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Francis X. Bushman, Olga Petrova, Commodore Blackton, Norma Talmadge, Ralph Block, Theda Bara, William S. Hart, Geraldine Farrar, Samuel Lumiere, Mabel Julienne Scott, Pauline Frederick, Richard Barthelmess, Clara Kimball Young, Ruth Roland and Elsie Janis for friends.

Shadowland is proud of its friends and—hear us Apollo!—it is resolved so to live and move and have its being that all its friends will be proud of it.

IT WILL STRIKE TWELVE AGAIN
Lady Mary
\textit{the fashionable fragrance}

Fashionable—
because its unusual fragrance
is companion to ermine.

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Blds., N. Y., for a sample of Lady Mary perfume.

Talc 35c

Face Powder 50c
Bach to the Home of Olives

Palmolive Soap comes from the Orient and now goes back—a pilgrim returning to its native land. It travels in the kit of all who journey Eastward—the perfected combination of the Palm and Olive Oils so highly prized by ancient users.

For the smooth, creamy, profuse lather which today assures refreshing comfort wherever the user goes, owes its efficiency to the famous natural cleansing agents discovered 3,000 years ago by Ancient Egypt.

Palmolive is sold by leading dealers and supplied by popular hotels in guest-room size. It has followed the flag to every part of the world where American soldiers, sailors, and Nurses have been on duty.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U.S.A.

THE PALMOLIVE CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
Toronto, Ont.

Palmolive in guest size is used by famous hotels, for instance, the Lorraine group have arranged to furnish Palmolive to guests. This group includes the following hotels, known from coast to coast: the Palace and Fairmont at San Francisco; the Alexandria at Los Angeles; the Maryland, Hotel-Bel Air and Court at Pasadena; the Beverly in Santa Barbara and the palatial new Ambassador at Atlantic City.
The very first thing in the morning~

Comes the query—"What shall I wear?" If it's the Grey Georgette Gown—then thank fortune for "F. B & C.", because that's another way of saying—"Shoes to match."

"F. B & C." is the softest, most durable Kid Leather in all the world. It comes in a host of dainty, delightful shades to blend with your every gown, and the better-grade shops will gladly show you shoes of the Genuine.

Write for our illustrated booklet "Foot Notes"

Fashion Publicity Company
Department Q
New York City
A Message to Pedestrians

ON an autumn evening as you trudge homeward through the first snow flakes of Winter, you will pass a dozen news stands filled with the gaily-covered magazines for which America is famous. If you are an engineer, you will find a technical journal; if you are interested in religion you will see various uplifting and inspiring publications; if you follow the fashions into the actual practice of dressmaking, you will find magazines devoted to the cutting and fitting and decoration of garments; if you are a farmer, you will find a journal that will help you in the management of your farm; if you are a banker, you will find a financial oracle; if you are an advertiser, you will find Printer’s Ink; if you are a literary wight, you will find The Bookman and The Atlantic Monthly; if you like fiction, you will find the Black Cat and fiction magazines galore. Every taste and inclination; calling; craft; hobby; business and profession has its magazine.

Those beautifully printed publications are our esteemed contemporaries. None of them, so far as we know, is our rival. For, whatever else you may buy at a news stand, there is ONE INDISPENSABLE MAGAZINE waiting for you there. It has nothing to do with banking or railroading or farming or dressmaking or engineering. It is neither technical nor academic. It appeals to the high and the low; the rich and the poor; the learned and the unlearned. Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters derive equal pleasure from it. It has a worldwide appeal because it is concerned with the greatest agency in the world for the entertainment of man. It is the running partner of the SILVERSHEET. It is the magazine that establishes a personal and authentic relationship between the PLAYER and the PUBLIC.

If you are sympathetic; if you are good-natured; if you are unselfish enough to admire the achievements of others; if you are grateful to the players who lend their shadows to the Screen, you will become a reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. You will find it waiting for you on the news stands at all times and in all weathers and you will have a feeling of personal satisfaction as you carry it home.

The Motion Picture Magazine

175 Duffield Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

UNIQUE COMPETITION IN WHICH
THE VOTERS SHARE IN THE PRIZES

Who is the one great Star of the Screen?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

Rules of the Contest

1. The Contest will open on December 1, 1919, and close on June 20, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:
   December 1919 ballot
   January 1920 ballot
   February 1920 ballot
   March 1920 ballot
   April 1920 ballot
   May 1920 ballot
   June 1920 ballot
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 DuSable Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
I consider ........................................
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.
Name ............................................
Street ...........................................
City .............................................
State ...........................................
Country ........................................
(Dated) ........................................

Class Number 2
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 DuSable Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
I believe that ....................................
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ............ votes.
Name ............................................
Street ...........................................
City .............................................
State ...........................................
Country ........................................
(Dated) ........................................

Watch for list of prices and further details in December numbers of Shadowland, Magazine and Classic.

Remember! this is the greatest player contest in history.
A Bird’s Eye View of the Screen and Stage

THE FOOTLIGHTS

MOST of the big British playwrights are coming over this year. W. Somerset Maugham was here and John Drinkwater and C. Hadden Chambers have just arrived. Pinoe and Barrie are in the offering.

I na Claire becomes a star this season with the opening of the Belasco production of Avery Hopwood’s “The Gold Diggers” at the Lyceum theater in New York.

Broadway is just now undergoing an avalanche of melodramatic murder mystery plays. Already present are “At 9:45,” “A Voice in the Dark” and “The Crimson Alibi.” And George M. Cohan will shortly offer “The acquitted.”

New York theater tickets have advanced from $2 to $3.50 and $3.00.

A. H. Woods is presenting Marjorie Rambeau in “The Unknown Woman.”

Winchell Smith has withdrawn from the producing firm of Smith and Golden. John L. Golden will continue producing.

George Monroe, the comedian, is returning to the stage in the new Shubert “Passing Show.”

Justine Johnson and Walter Wenger, the producer, were married in New York recently. Mrs. Wenger will soon be starred by her husband in “Profane Love,” founded upon a Balzac story.

Margaret Mayo has obtained a divorce from her husband, Edgar Selwyn, the playwright.

Cyril Maude is now playing in England in a new drama, “Lord Richard in the Pantry.”

Ethel Barrymore is rehearsing a new play by Zoe Akins, called “Déchassée.” Miss Akins is the author of “Papa” and “The Magical City.”

Doris Kenyon and John Cumberland have the leading roles in Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood’s farce, “The Girl in the Limousine.”

Arthur Hopkins will soon produce a new play by Augustus Thomas.

Marie Tempest is to return to America. She has just finished a tour of South Africa.

Clyde Fitch’s “The blue Mouse” has been musicalized as “The Little Blue Devil,” with Lillian Lorraine and Bernard Granville in the principal roles.

Muriel Ostriche, the film star, will soon be seen in “The Dream Girl.”

Hugo Riesenfeld, director of the Rivoli and Rialto theaters, has written the score of a musical show, “The Love Lamp.” Harry B. Smith is the author of the book.

THE SCREEN

Harold Lloyd is said to be rapidly recovering from the effects of an accidental bomb explosion in Los Angeles.

John Wenger, the subject of an article in the last issue of Shadowland, has been selected as art director of the new Capitol Theater.

Kay Laurel is to be starred at the head of her own company. Jack O’Brien will direct Miss Laurel.

Metro has purchased James Cullen’s “The Cave Lady,” for May Allison’s use.

Abraham Schomer has signed Emily Stevens and Muriel Ostriche for his production, “The Sacred Flame.”

Vitagraph has re-signed Earle Williams for a term of years. Vitagraph is planning to present Antonio Moreno, now appearing in serials, in features after the first of the new year.

Sydney Chaplin has returned from Europe.

Marshall Neilan has purchased the rights to Booth Tarkington’s Penrod stories and he will place them with Wesley Barry, the freckle-faced boy of many pictures, as the young hero.

Agnes Ayres is now a featured William Fox player.

Edith Storey is now on the coast, working upon her first Robertson-Cole production.

Among the big plays shortly to be produced by Vitagraph are “The Great Divide,” “The City,” “The College Widow,” and “The Fortune Hunter.”

Jack Pickford’s first Goldwyn production is a visualization of John Fox, Jr.’s “The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.”

David Griffith’s new Eastern studio, on the John Flagler estate at New Rochelle, is now well under way.
Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

NOVEMBER, 1919

Important Features in This Issue:

AUTUMN STUDY ............... Ralph Blakelock
First reproduction of a painting by this celebrated artist whose death occurred recently.

DEATH IN FEVER FLAT ....... George W. Cronin
An absorbing one act drama by the author of "The Sandbar Queen."

A DREAM OF DREAMS ....... C. Blythe Sherwood
The remarkable story of Michio Itow, the Japanese dancer, and his unique plans.

THE LESSON OF URBAN ... Kenneth Macgowan
The influence of a big personality upon the American stage and screen, with first published reproductions of his latest work.

GENIUS IN A STRAITJACKET
Frederick F. Schrader
An interesting discussion of a present day stage problem.

EVOLUTION OF JAZZ ....... Louis Raymond Reid
The development and picturesque history of jazz.

THE STAGE SEASON DAWNS
RELCUANTLY ................. The Critic
The newest footlight attractions in review.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY

SHADOWLAND

Published monthly by the M. P. Publishing Company, a New York Corporation with its principal offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Treasurer; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary; Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor. Editorial offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to which address all mail should be sent.

Subscription $2.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $4.00 a year; in foreign countries, $4.50. Single copies, 35 cents, postage prepaid. One and two-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Application made at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-class matter.

Copyright, 1919, by the M. P. Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain.

SHADOWLAND 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Painted from Photograph by Geisler and Andrews.
A Dream
By C. Blythe

Michio Itow: The name, the history, the personality, the symbol for which it stands, is—altogether—too big for a magazine story or any other printed kind. He takes much more space than can be measured to bind the limits of the "beginning" and the "end" of the tale. He requires a finer instrument than the writer as interpreter.

It is the sort of material out of which Stuart Walker makes plays. Briefly, it is the fable of a boy! One who dreams and dreamt—dreamt earnestly in Japan. A boy who has sought the world over for his home and has come to realize that, literally, he belongs to no place. That he has inherited the right to make one where he will. A boy, who studied in Germany;

Photographs below by Marcia Stein
Michio Itow, a boy who studied in Germany; played in Paris; and found, at last, what he was and who and why in England. A boy, who in London, one week, was starving, and had to pawn everything he possessed, only to wake up the next week to find his name blazoned on all the billboards; himself one of the most desired, the most talked-of personages of the town.

The land of the Weeping Willow Tree! That is Itow's background. Violet skies, wisteria scent and sandalwood. But away, way back. Because Itow, when very young, left the Hana-yagi School in Japan, to continue his studies at the celebrated Dalcrose School in Dresden. And after special courses in art and drama and literature, he went on seeking answers to his queries about these branches in Italy, Egypt, Africa, China and Italy. He wanted to trace Art to its very beginning. His one desire was to grasp everything there was to know about it.

Itow's august father was an architect. Itow's family in Tokio were prominent and wealthy. Itow did not have to work but he always loved the theater... always! It was all play to
“In Moscow,—there you have your example of drama. A play given by the Stanislavski’s Theater is gone over and over and over, not for one month, not for two months, but for a whole year. By the time the actors come before you, they are not acting. They are living adaptations of their roles.

‘Ask the chorus girl,’ there or the woman of the Ballet in any foreign country, why she is doing that sort of thing, and what possible reason has she to remain content at only being a ‘bit’ of the performance, and she will answer,—how well I know!—‘I love it!’ Question any of your ponies or your ‘show girls’ here and what do they say? They have but one retort—‘MONEY!’

‘And yet, it is queer, is it not?—that in the Orient, we are all crazy to come West. After all, even if drama did have its origin in the East, its modern examples are chiefly found in the Occident. In the Orient, we may be true. But in the West, you see, you are new.

‘That is where, and that is how, the East and West separate. The East has the perfect spiritual understanding of Art; the West, the perfect material.

‘The East,’ Itow continued, letting the shadow of his hand fall on the wall, ‘sees the shadow and does not question about the hand. The West knows exactly what the hand is for and understands its composition but it dismisses utterly, the perception of the shadow. And that again, is not Art. It is not balanced. The world cannot be divided against itself like that. These two, to-

Photograph by Arnold Genthe, N.Y.

him. It was the thing he cherished most. A few more or less Nippon pennies meant only, as Itow says, “what you call here ‘pin money’. I liked rice cakes and the tea parlors were charming.” But the theater, to Michio, did not mean then or will it ever, just a stage and footlights.

‘Drama,’ Itow told me from his couch of orange velvet, “is as fine a combination as the Ballet. The Ballet is the inseparable triumvirate of music, color, and rhythm. Drama adds another sovereign—literature!”

‘You do not know here, in one of the most beautiful cities of the universe, what drama is. You schedule first, when the piece is to open, and then you get ready to decide what it is going to be about. You say that in September this play will be presented. And yet, it is only two or three weeks before the PREMIERE that you begin to rehearse. What is the result? On the opening night everyone is horribly fatigued. If they are not certain of their lines they do not care. They are too tired. And the scenery? Never is it complete. The paint is still wet. The design not quite finished.

‘This is not right. It is unnatural. It is forced. The atmosphere is tense. Everything and everyone could snap—in a flash. That is not artistic. That sort of creation could never produce Art. Why, we must be SURE in Art. We must not ask until we know what we want. We must not offer until we have something to give. We have to be calm . . .
gether, must grow to comprehend that when you move the hand away, you move the shadow away, and that when you toy with your fingers, the shadow dances also.”

Itow rose. He went over to his desk and returned to me with a presentation. It was a decorative pamphlet and in gold, on green, one read, “Michio Itow’s School, 9 East 59th Street.” ART AND THE ARTIST, on the first page, represents Itow’s belief that Art is a symbol of love, and the embodiment of this symbol is the artist. Inasmuch as Art is a symbol of love, Itow is certain then, that it must be universal, —giving a spiritual interpretation to the visible and a material significance to the invisible; and that he only is an artist who makes these two relations manifest. One cannot be an artist, in the true sense of the word, if he walks in one of these paths to the neglect of the other. The world cannot accept him as an artist unless he has a perfect understanding of both the spiritual and the material with the skill to represent them both in a significant form.

“This much, however, I will say,” he continued. “The East may have its dreams, but you have your producers. Of course, that is not perfect. What dreams to the principle of good when they remain latent, inactive? And, suppose you do construct towers that kiss the sky and plays that crowd the theatre,—how can their fulfilment be truthful when they are without dreams?

“There is no doubt about it; now is the time to bring these two together. The East can derive so much from the West. And the West, I am positive, is beginning to awaken to the fact that it has a great deal to learn from the East. My one goal, at present, is to help to make this ideal possible.

“As a child, I wanted to dance. I had to dance. But I did not know why. After years of study my answer came. It was because dancing dealt with only the beautiful and because everyone has his own feeling and his own expression. My dance is the expression of my feeling thru the movements of my body.

“Then I became the dancer, Michio Itow. I did not know why. Art — Beauty — Love — these are eternal. And when the dancer dies, so does the dance. But introspection finally brought the light and I see to-day my duty to myself. I know now why I am.

“My dance is also going to be the medium to my crusade. I go back to my country this summer so that I can organize the Japanese Ballet. It is going to be a colossal thing,—a wonderful thing. My company, however, will be limited to twenty-five. I shall not send for them. They will come to me. That is only how I know they will be those who want the painting, motion, tone that I do. We shall study a long time in Japan. And then we shall perform, twelve weeks; or so, in Paris. From there the world will be our route. And do you know what I am going to do with the receipts?

“T am going to purchase something that I have always desired to have for myself and my friends. An island — one of the most exquisite Japanese landmarks in the Inland Sea! I have seen the ceiling of Italy. I have marveled at the green in Switzerland. But, no place is more heavenly than the island I have in mind to buy in Japan.

On that island will be built my (Continued on page 74)
A NEW STUDY OF LENORE ULRICH

To appear on Broadway this season in a new David Belasco production
The Lesson of Urban

By Kenneth Macgowan

The movies are slowly making the acquaintance of Joseph Urban. Three years ago he created a stage setting for the Strand Theater. Two years ago he redecorated the stage of the Rialto. Now this season he has designed and built a gorgeous new picture frame for the Rivoli. Now this season he has designed and built a gorgeous new picture frame for the Rivoli. According to the gossip of celluloid Broadway, he is to make a series of settings that will gradually fill the whole circuit of Paramount-Artcraft theaters across the country.

It is a slow way of getting acquainted and it hasn’t yet brought Urban into actual production. But—like most things in film history—it has been a swifter acquaintance than the drama made with this great scenic artist.

Joseph Urban came to America in 1912. He had been art director of the Vienna Hoftheater until Felix Weingartner, the conductor, and Henry Russell, head of the Boston Opera House, induced him to leave Austria and come to the new home of music-drama in the Back Bay. For something over two years his rich and brilliant settings, together with a good ensemble, made opera in Boston far more satisfying and moving than it ever was at the star-ridden Metropolitan before the war and public opinion forced Mr. Gatti to give up his Italian scene painters and employ men like Urban, Anisfeld, the Russian, and Wenger and Pell-Geddes, the Americans. But that was not until the season of 1917-18.

Meantime, George C. Tyler and Florenz Ziegfeld had rescued Urban from the war-wreckage of the Boston Opera House. Tyler got Urban to paint the settings for Phyllis Neilson-Terry’s “Twelfth Night.”
and the Edward Sheldon fairy
spectacle, "The Garden of Para-
dise," during the season of 1914-
15. Both plays failed, and if
Ziegfeld had not appeared the
next spring with a contract for

"The Follies," Urban's vogue on Broadway would have been
still longer postponed. Incidentally, "The Follies" would
have remained the same hokumotif American beauties that
they had been since Ziegfeld began in 1907.

Then came the huge masque of "Caliban" for the cele-
bration of the Shakespeare tercentenary; after that, more
Follies; musical comedies for Klaw and Erlanger; a little
short-lived Shakespeare for James K. Hackett, and half a
dozensuccessful comedies and dramas—with the capitula-
tion of the Metropolitan Opera House to the new stagecraft
and its principal American protagonist somewhere in between.

But in all Urban's seven years in America the mass of the
big Broadway public and the millions of The Road have
yet to see his work in serious drama. They can judge it
only by opera and musical comedy. Fortunately, however,
in these variegated fields practically all that he has to give
in theory or practice has been foreshadowed.

Urban's work is a part of the great movement towards a
new sort of imaginative and vital and expressive type of
production which swept Russia, Germany and to some ex-
tent Paris, London and Dublin from 1905 to 1915. Its twin
gods were Gordon Craig and Adolph Appia. They were sup-
plied with the usual number of prophets—Max Reinhardt,
Stanislavski, Jacques Rouché and a score more.

The first tenet of the new faith is the expression in scenery
and lights, of the atmosphere of the play. The scenery must
not try to win applause for itself like some vainglorious star.
It must exist only to make the mood of the play clearer to
the audience. Thus the setting for "La Belle Helene" and
the lighting indicated in the sketch, picture a fantastic Greece
as airy and joyous and irresponsible as the music of Offen-
bach's delicious satire on the Homeric story of Helen of Troy.

A second tenet is simplicity. The artist must get rid of
everything that is going to clutter up a stage and interfere
with actors on the one hand and clear beauty and expres-sive-
ness on the other. Take the scene in heaven from Liszt's
"St. Elizabeth," as Urban has sketched it for the Metropolitan
Opera House. The golden streets of that city are nowhere
to be seen nor the angelic hosts. Indeed, a little of the base
earth is still to be seen at each side in the trees of the forest
at whose feet Elizabeth dies in the preceding scene. And
yet in that great blue sky and the single grace-filled arch,
heightened by a miraculous and lambent light, there is all
of the heavenly kingdom of the saints. The gates of heaven
stand wide!

The modern stage artist simplifies but he does not make
barren. He retains the thing which suggests to the mind of
the audience, far more than he could ever paint. Consider
the sketch of the church scene in Gounod's "Faust." Follow-
ing a suggestion of Erler, the Munich artist, Urban has con-
centrated the whole cathedral and all the authority and mercy
of the Church in a single great column of the nave. Above
us we feel the whole majesty and grace of Gothic architecture.
Note also, that while suggestion has brought us the whole
d edible of faith, the simplicity from which it springs permits
the girl Marguerite to stand out in her proper dramatic
proportions. In an elaborate cathedral scene, complete and
detailed, she would be lost. Here she stands revealed.

The new scenic artists brought into the theater the simple-
and, one would imagine, obvious principles of all pictorial
art which the conventional scene painters neglected in trying
to paint real shadows and build canvas churches and tinsel
heavens. A good many of the older men—and young ones
of no more ability or mental grasp—are now trying to imi-
tate the men of the modern school. But, however much they
may try to be simple or to use suggestion and symbolism,
one test usually vanquishes them. They may adopt the
impressionist's "broken color" as the moderns have done
instead of flat, mixed paint—hiding the thinness of their
canvas and giving sparkle and life to their colors—but they
never master design. They can not compose. Their stage de-
signs have none of the proportion and balance of mass and of
light and shade which you will find in such a sketch of the
new movement as Urban's drawing for "The Jewess."
Now what of all this belongs to movies? Certainly the decorative value and architectural distinction which Urban can give to the stage frame about the silver-sheet. So much has already been taken by the movies. But why not more? Why not ask another artist with a different style to do what Hugo Ballin has done for Goldwyn in his simplified settings?

Imagine the scene from "Faust" on the screen. The same single column, soaring out of the camera's eye up to the infinite. The same dim background, lit with half shadows revealing nothing—unless it is the terrors of Mephistopheles that hang about the girl. Strength and reality in that great column. All the spirit of the Church in its uplifting lines and in the comforting flicker of the candles. All the threats and terror of the devil in the black distances.

Is it worth remarking—in the hope that some producer may profit by it—that such a church (made of one column, one piece of "property," some nondescript wings or draperies and about one-tenth the ordinary amount of electric current) would be surprisingly more expressive than a board and plaster atrocity for which our failure harassed movie-makers now spend thousands.

And what can be done with the church can be done with a slave market. A huge Greek column seems just a bit taller and bigger if you show only ten feet of its gigantic base. A whole Arabian Nights city—as gigantic in the mind's eye as Brenon's palaces of "A Daughter of the Gods"—can be fused from the base of a column, the corner of a great wall, the foot of an arch, a window with the silhouette of a turret in the distance, and a dozen of such little bits of a great immensity which only exist in the imagination of the audience.

But the producer will doubtless go on spending money. He likes plaster streets that cost $20,000. They make him feel important.

It takes an artist—or an ordinary movie fan—to walk down the corridors of the imagination.

That is the lesson of Urban.

Urban's present work and methods are a curious outgrowth of his early career. As a boy he went to art school in Vienna, while his father, who happened to be the superintendent of schools, thought him safely ensconced in a law class. Not satisfied with one art school, young Urban went to two at once—the Viennese Academy of Fine Arts in the mornings and the Polytechnic in the afternoons. One gave him architecture from the angle of pure art, the other from the practical side. When Urban's father discovered that his boy was disobeying his instructions and avoiding the study of law, the parental wrath descended. Young Urban's art career would have come to a sorry end, had he not made a friend and patron of the president of the Academy and architect to the emperor, Baron Hasanauer. He placed Urban in his own studio; and, at 23, secured him a commission to redecorate one of the palaces of the Khedive of Egypt.

From this early triumph, Urban went on to a great mass of work which included the building of castles for such nobles as Count Esterhazy, the Rathskellar in the Rathaus in Vienna, country villas, and the Czar's Bridge over the Neva in Petrograd (the result of winning an international competition), and the management of imperial jubilees. When he first designed rooms to house art exhibitions, his work began to tend towards the sort of expressive decoration which he now contributes to the stage. In 1900 he went to Paris to arrange the Australian art exhibit at the exposition. He found a great many more paintings on hand than could possibly be hung, and as sole juror he promptly threw out all the academic, conventional and recognized artists for the younger men. The result, when Urban returned to Vienna, was a row which resulted in a score of artists leaving the Vienna Academy with him to found a famous "secession" society, for which he designed a remarkable building.

The creation of such exhibition rooms obviously suggests work for the stage. For the walls in a museum should ideally
Setting designed by Mr. Urban for the Metropolitan presentation of "Faust." Here Mr. Urban symbolizes the whole Cathedral by a single pillar.

suggest the nature of the pictures on view just as much as scenery should suggest the mood of the action in a play. In 1904, his friendship with the director of the Vienna Hof Burgtheater led Urban to join another artist, Heinrich Leffler, in the designing of scenery. During the next eight years he made settings for the Vienna Hof Burgtheater, the Vienna Hof Operntheater, the Komische Opera in Berlin, and in various theatres in Braunschweig, Mannheim, Cologne, Stuttgart, Lauchstaett, Charlottenburg, Hamburg, Duisburg, Budapest, and finally in 1912 he came to America.

The logic which drove the architect into scenic decoration is unescapable. His early study had served him well by bringing him a wide knowledge of periods and detail. It also brought him a fine appreciation of the importance of new methods of lighting the stage. He has never met footlights in public buildings and he prefers for the stage the wonderful, varied shadows of daylight and the depths of night, which have decorated palace, wall and gate as no row of staring footlights ever could do. Scheiming out sources of beautiful and effective lighting in his buildings, Urban learned the great lesson which he expresses thus:

"Paint not so much with colors, surfaces and artificial perspectives as with the actual glories of light itself."

In a similar way, Urban's training as an architect showed him that the essential problem in stage design is how to make a place upon the stage express the mood of what goes on there. The architect has always faced a double problem that roughly corresponds to this.

The complexity of the architect's work—ranging from plumbing to matters of pure design—is a splendid preparation for the immense number of practical details that enter into either a stage or a screen production. He sees that the designing of scenery is a great deal more than a matter of painting a picture on a backdrop and calling it a production. That is the fault into which the Russian painters—Bakst in particular—have fallen. Out of his experience as an architect as well as a producer, Urban has drawn a deep belief in scenic design as a rounded art of many factors.

"The new art of the theatre," he has said, "is more than a matter of mere scenery. It concerns the entire production. The scenery is of no use at all unless it fits the play and the playing perfectly. The new art is a fusion of what is pictorial with what is dramatic. It demands, not only new designs in scenery, but new stage directors who understand how to train actors in speech, gesture and pose to harmonize with the setting. They must know how to establish a single key for the whole production. It must be a key in which simplicity and suggestion are the most essential factors."

FROM THE POET'S WIFE

He writes of Isabelle and Jane,
Until I nearly go insane.
He writes of Jessamine and May,
Until my raven locks grow gray.

He writes again, and once again
Of all these girls in loving strain,
But, oh! I wish once in his life
He'd write an ode to me—his wife.

La Touche Hancock.
AUTUMN LANDSCAPE
From an original painting
By Ralph Blakelock
OttozJU

Painted from Photograph by Alfred Cluster Johnston

Nedda Mansfield
Corinne and the Swans

Corinne Griffith, the Vitagraph beauty, is a pretty busy young woman usually, but she found time recently to invade a Long Island estate with a Shadowland photographer. Result: the accompanying studies.
Constant Constance

loud and say 'I want.' Sub-conscious—those were my longings. Unspoken—all of my prayers.”

“You see, as a child, I loved to dance. Mother let me take lessons from Isadora Duncan’s sister. I was four years old when I started and how well I remember the class! We were all youngsters. The mothers used to sit around, and gape with wonder at the tininess of us, and become furious with jealousy when we had to take off our shoes and stockings. It’s different nowadays, isn’t it? . . .

“Well, I went to school in Paris and came back to Westover, in Connecticut, to be ‘finished’. I was never ‘finished’, however, because it just happened. . . .

that at one of our fêtes, in which I danced, Mr. Winthrop Ames was present. Mr. Ames told me that he would give me an engagement if ever the chance arose. The opportunity came later in a little play which he produced called ‘Saturday to Monday’. I left everything at Westover, you can’t blame me . . . and accepted the offer. Altho the piece was very pretty, it only lasted from Saturday to Mon-

Nothing worth-while was ever attained without suffering and hard work,” said Miss Binney. “That is one of my lines in Miss Crother’s play, and I love it. It’s so true. It comes back to me every minute . . . when I want something, . . . when I want something awfully—and it makes me realize that the only way in which I can obtain that thing is to strive for it. And the bigger the thing the more I have to strive. I suppose I’ll be striving all my life, I want so much.” Miss Binney laughed. A delightful Penelope Penn chuckle. “Of course, I mean striving in wanting, too. We must not give up our dreams when they begin to materialize. Besides, it seems to me that when we want hard enough, we’re praying. And prayers are always answered, when they’re right, aren’t they.

“Did you want hard enough to become a stage celebrity and a screen star?”

“That’s just it.—All my life I’ve wanted to play. I was crazy to get into the theater. But I wished and wished so much, that I worked terribly hard towards it . . . And in all that time of conscientious study, I never had a minute to spare in which to cry out
By C. Blythe Sherwood

day. But Mr. Gest saw me and asked me to be in 'O! Lady! Lady!' the musical comedy by Mr. Wodehouse and Mr. Bolton.

Dreams and wishes began to come true then. I danced in the Wodehouse piece and the papers noticed me. I danced in extra bits and when the leading lady, Vivienne Segal, was taken ill, I substituted in her place. It was funny. I'd never sung before. I was horriblly frighted at first and I used to finish the song as soon as I could—and I'd fill up the verses with dancing!

"The first wonderful season closed—that was last year—and they wanted me to keep Miss Segal's part in the Chicago company. But I don't exactly know what it was—something... Subconsciously—all told me to remain here; advised me not to leave New York.

now that dreams had begun to come true. So I accepted an offer from Mr. Ziegfeld to appear on his Roof. I stayed only one night, however. I didn't care for it. It's queer how easy life is when you know, even sub-consciously, what you want.

"A few days after I left Mr. Ziegfeld, I was invited to a tea. And perhaps, I was able to go just because I was not doing anything at that time. Mr. Henry Hull was there and he said 'Don't you remember, we played together, years ago, in your father's office, when we were children?'—And, of course, I did. It all came back. Henry, in knickers. I, curls and socks. Father had introduced me to this nice young chap who was working with him in his law office when I called one day.

"Of all the Hull boys,—Henry, Howard, who is Margaret Anglin's husband, and Shelley, who died last year and left us one of the sweetest memories in the theater-world,—Henry was the last to go on the stage. For a long while he was with my father. He never thought of the stage in those days. Neither did I. That afternoon, at the tea party, Henry suddenly said:

"'Can you act?"

"I don't know. I never did, but I want to,' I answered.

"'Well, please go to see Miss Rachel Crothers, to-morrow. You're just the type she needs to play opposite me in our new play '39 East.'"

"I went to Miss Crothers. 'Please read this,' she said, offering me a hand-written script. I stumbled thru the lines somehow. But that was just the way they were supposed to be delivered... stumblingly. And I was nervous. I wept. And that was (Continued on page 74)
When Wintery Winds Hit California

The Mack Sennett bathing flappers are preparing for a hard winter. The California weather authorities have been predicting three or four rigorous cold months and the Sennett motion picture squad are all ready for the worst. Note the warm and enveloping wraps. Let Old Man Winter do his darnest!
Why Wild Ducks Are Wild

What would you do if you were a duck and a charming young person like Gloria Swanson, attired as a "blind" all in grass, tried to lure you to your fate? Could a mere duck resist?

The "walking blind" is a Japanese idea. In the land of the Mikado sportsmen hunt wild geese attired like Miss Swanson—a sort of neutral garb somewhere midway between a hula-hula frock and a hay rick.
Billy Wagner is one of the chief charmers of the Shubert production, "The Cigarettes of 1919." The whole show has no prettier girl than Billy.

Lola Fisher is a distinct and piquant stage personality. The Clare Kummer comedies introduced her to interested Broadway. She will be seen in a new piece very shortly.

Photograph (left) by Moffett, Chicago
Louise Groody was last seen on the White Way in John Cort's "Fiddlers Three." Soon she is coming back in a brand new Cort production. Stage folk are watching for this charming little person.

Both photographs by Medoff, Chicago.

Marion Sunshine will, we hope, soon return to the New York footlights. Remember the old Keith team of Tempest and Sunshine. Marion was the bright half of it, figuratively speaking.
Miss Suratt has just returned from Europe.

She will soon be seen on the New York stage, probably in vaudeville.

Photographs by Hixon-Connelley, Kansas City, Mo.
The is Scandal!

"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's drama, is just now attracting wide attention on Broadway, after pleasing the blushing city of Chicago. Is New York blushing? Well—Mr. Hamilton's heroine pretends that she is married, in order to get herself out of a difficult predicament, and the pseudo-hubby invades her boudoir, demanding the prerogatives of a real husband.

Of course, he only means to teach her a lesson. Here are Charles Cherry as the near-bridegroom and Francine Larrimore as the flapper heroine. At the right is the ultimate outcome. They find that they're really in love, naturally.
Beautiful Cinema Moments

Two glimpses of Alla Nazimova in the forthcoming Metro adaptation of I. A. R. Wylie’s novel of India, “The Hermit Doctor of Gaya,” and, across the page, a study of Elsie Ferguson in the Famous Players-Artcraft visualization of “The Counterfeit”
The Only Owen

Owen Moore, the new Selznick star spends much of his time week-ending near Mt. Kisco.
Erstwhile Susan

By Jane Ward

"WHY any lady should feel for marryin' Pop!" marvelled Barnabetta, "as tho there wasn't enough troubles in this world already yet."
The Dutchess paused from her scratching in the unproductive gravel of the side yard to utter a solicitous "cluck." The contents of the churn slapped the sides with unabated vigor. Kingdoms might fall, thrones totter, Pop might go wooing but butter must "come" by five o'clock of a Thursday afternoon, whatever!

Barnabetta—a combination of the two parental names which had been Mrs. Dreary's single flash of poetry in a life of dull prose—swept back the elf locks from her forehead with the back of one thin little arm, and continued her soliloquy, a habit which she shared with the immortal Hamlet and for a similar reason—there was no one who cared to hear what she said, or would understand if they did hear.

"I may be wonderful dumb but I aint damn enough to marry Abel Butcher, even if Pop did give him the say I should him with his long face and his goat whiskers, and so awful near, too!"

The Dutchess cackled, probably with mirth and ate a grasshopper. Pickings were poor at the Dreary farm for small white girls and big white hens and this was a bond between them, this and the fact that they both belonged to the despised sex. They were both contemptuously "female."
It was a quaint scene they presented to the young man who approached up the walk between its bright borders of phlox and bachelor's buttons—Barnabetta's foolishness, her brothers called them. The late afternoon scattered largesse of gold through the branches of the gnarled old cherry tree on Barnabetta's gingham pinafore, her intent, serious little face under the straggling locks of bright brown hair, on the friendly hen apparently conversing with her at her feet. The old churn was clumsy to manage but a delightful dull red, the old house was ramshackle but a charming lichen gray.

"I beg your pardon!" smiled the young man, and swept his hat off with a beautifully manicured white hand, "but could you suggest how I can get an automobile out of a hole in the bridge down yonder? The front wheels are pretty thoroly stuck, and I'm afraid it will take a horse to move it."

Barnabetta's mouth opened, and remained open, no words issuing. In all her seventeen years no radiantly wonderful being had ever taken off his hat to her. The Mennonites didn't hold with such foolishness, as tending to make females forget their proper station. Then a strange thing happened. Barnabetta grew—before his face and eyes, beautiful, as tho behind the dull little face a rosy lamp had been lighted and she shone softly.

"My!" breathed Barnabetta rapturously, "My!" And so saying she turned and led the amazed young man down to the barn from whence she emerged leading old Tilly, an apathetic mare to whom this duty was no new one, for Pop Dreary, to eke out his income had thrifty loosened the boards in the bridge and made quite a little sum hauling luckless automobiles therefrom:

During the walk to the bridge the young man chatted
"I ain't durn enough to marry Abel Butcher, even if Pop did give him the say I should."

But Barnabetta spoke not at all, for the simple reason that she had nothing to say. The taking off of a white Panama hat had revolutionized her world. The others in the car smiled at the odd little figure, and the lady in the marvelous silk coat and floating blue veil held out a white gloved hand patronizingly.

"Oh" cried Barnabetta, from the over-welling deeps of a full heart, "ain't you too beautiful yet! And so stylish already!"

Old Tilly performed her function methodically and the car stood on the further side of the gap. David Jordan tried to put a bill into Barnabetta's hard little hand but she shook her head. "No, Mister, I'd 'take shame to be paid, but—if you'd feel for me to have those books, I'd feel to take 'em somepin' wonderful!" and her eyes burning with desire she pointed to the dull-looking text book and two magazines lying on the seat.

"What a quaint child!" Theodora Jordan drawled as the car sped away from the blue-pinafored figure clasping its treasure to her flat little breast, "and what uncouth language! To think that English is murdered in this fashion not twenty miles away from Waterford College and the tutelage of the eminent Doctor Barrett, philologist and Ph. D."

Edgar Barrett refused a smile. He was a cynical young man who took himself very seriously and so far he had managed—by superhuman guile—to remain single in spite of the earnest efforts of, so he believed, hundreds of women to marry him. Theodora Jordan, snobbish, ultra-cultivated and beautiful felt that the goal of orange blossoms and Mendelssohn was in sight however and was concerned to see the undignified and un-scholastic efforts of President Jordan to crane his neck around in order to watch the absurd little Mennonite maid.

"It would be an interesting experiment," he intoned, as the car swept about a curve, erasing Barnabetta, "to experiment with an untutored, unsophisticated mind like that. Indeed it has long been one of my pet theories that it is possi-
I've give Abel Butcher leave to have you, and the sooner you git married yet, it's better."

Barnabetta drew a gaspy breath. She took a step forward, looking at the walls as tho she expected them to fall upon her and crush her at once, but forced her quaking lips on. "Pop, I want to go to—to college and get learning! I feel for books somepin' fine. An—an I won't never keep company with Abel Butcher—not never, never, Never!"

For an instant pure surprise removed the power of speech from Barnaby Dreary. Then his face grew a slow, dull purple. Taking a single step forward he picked his daughter up by the back of her frock and holding her dangling like a kitten spanked her with a huge, freckled paw. "You, a female having the dare to say what you'll do!"

Jacob regarded the contretemps with round, dull china blue eyes. He was a fat, pimply youth who shared the Mennonite view of the opposite sex but he was canny. "Beatin' aint so good fer females, Pop," he urged. "It weakens 'em fer work already."

This sensible view of the matter appealed to Pop Dreary who set Barnabetta down upon her feet with a final shake, satisfied that he had dealt with the situation in a practical manner and that hereafter his daughter would know her place already. If he could have foreseen the thunderbolt that he was about to hurl by his own act into his peaceful domestic scheme he would have removed his marrying regalia of black broadcloth, that smelled of moth balls, and unaccustomed stiff collar and have fled to the fields to put in a thrifty day among the turnips rather than take a chance with a wife.

But Miss Miller, the well-fixed lady had an income of one thousand a year and Barnaby Dreary was already spending it upon thoroughbred hogs and a new cow house, so, unwitting the future he departed to commit matrimony, and returned at supper time, escorting the new Mrs. Dreary. This lady was lean and long and according to Barnabetta's wide-eyed gaze, "wonderful stylish." Her hair was frizzled until it resembled the interior of a hair mattress, and arranged in terraces, eked out with a switch of a different shade. Her dress was "worldly," a black silk, ruffled and frilled and she moved with mincing step, holding her elbows close to her sides in a manner the height of the genteel.

Barnaby was subdued and uneasy, and wonder of wonders he was carrying the lady's carpet bags, instead of leaving her do the toting! He jerked an elbow toward Barnabetta, explaining sourly, "this here's my darter, Jool-yet, and those there are my boys, Jacob and Emanuel. And now you better git our work clo'es on and git me my supper yet."

The new Mrs. Dreary disdained her husband's suggestion completely, and undulating to Barnabetta kissed her, a loud tender smack. "Ah, dear spouse," she beamed, "it is evident you do not understand the delicate nature blossoming here! My sweet child, I want you to feel that we are not only mother and daughter but comrades, confidants, playmates!"

Barnabetta almost swooned. It was the first kiss that she had ever received. It seemed to her a bold thing, almost indecent —yet oddly pleasant. But her father's scowl sent her scuttling across the room to lift the heavy
carpet bags and turn toward the stairs. "I aint so sen'stive, yet, or stylish. Better I should do the toting" she said matter-of-factly. But her stepmother stopped her and with a graceful wave of the arm, a la Del Sarte toward the lowering youths, indicated the bags.

"Chivalry, dear sons!" she smiled, "Surely my esteemed gentlemen you will not permit of a lady’s carrying burdens in your presence." A storm was brewing in Jacob’s outraged stares and Emanuel’s dropped jaw but Jool-yet seemed unaware of it. Her next remark, delivered softly to one in particular, was without guile. "I require harmony about me—my delicate, sensitive nature—and we will have harmony. I am, as I told my revered spouse, well-fixed, and the money is all in my name!"

Upstairs the three Dreary males regarded one another dubiously over the despised carpet bags. Jacob glovered. "Tarnation, Pop, are you a-goin’ to let that bedsat female have the dare to run us, yet?"

Barnaby Dreary scratched his head. "I’ll larn her," he growled; "no female woman can run me, all! I’ll larn her to die—by Mister, . . ." but his tone lacked resolution. Downstairs, at this moment Barnabetta and her stepmother stared into one another’s faces, and then a new strange sound gurgled out on the startled atmosphere of the dark old kitchen. Barnabetta was laughing!

"Poor Pop! And to think I took so sorry fur you to marry him! But—a innit you going to dress plain, now? Us folks always cut off our hair and put on caps and brown stuff dresses when we get a Mister yet."

She had serene faith in her appearance despite the fact that the other girls who passed along the corridors stared at her with giggling whispers

Mrs. Dreary smiled self-satisfiedly, and smoothed down her voluminous ruffles with a be-bered hand. "I think not, my charming daughter. Be patient and you will observe a number of changes in this household. Among others I intend that you shall have an opportunity to partake of learning and to that end I have already summoned the village schoolmaster to prepare you for the advanced curricula of that fountainhead of wisdom, those halls of intellectual endeavor, Waterford College."

Barnabetta flung the back of her work-worn little bannocks over her lips. And over it she stared, unbelieving her ears, at this wondrous being who had become a fairy-godmother to bring her dearest dreams true. "You continue to mean, Mom!" she gasped, "you couldn’t to mean it, yet!"

"Yet, my sweetest child, is not refined parlance," Mrs. Dreary chided, "and do not call me Mom. Call me Juliet—not, indeed, that that is my name, for I was erstwhile Susan, but Juliet is so symphonious, so harmonic, so much more in tune with my true and poetic nature! As for the college, it is true, as you shall see."

The Drearys saw many strange things within the next few weeks, saw a female actually sitting, of an evening, before the melodion in the parlor—that room, sacred to funerals, and singing "Listen to the Mocking Bird" instead of pressing the trousers of the household, saw Barnabetta bent over unwholesome volumes filled with foolishness instead of greasing her better’s shoes, saw the ugly spectacle of Jacob and Emanuel furiously carrying up their own shaving water, saw Barnaby Dreary medit. (Continued on page 67)
Genius in a Strait-Jacket

By Frederick F. Schrader

I recently saw an actor taking part in a benefit performance who astounded me. The play was a little parlor comedy in which he played the part of a husband who has to deal with an hysterically sentimental young man who is in love with his wife. He astounded me because I had never seen him do anything so artistically finished and quietly effective. I had always seen him play eccentric policemen, and had seen him often in the course of years. Like myself, the public knew this actor only as a counterfeit policeman—and the only reason was that he had never been permitted to do anything else.

I know an actress, once a Broadway favorite in light opera, who was so glad to make an honest living in moving pictures that she consented to play an Irish Molly of the most pronounced type. But terror overcame her when she realized that, once identified with the role, she would be irrevocably doomed to play Irish Mollies the rest of her life. Nothing but a fluke saved her from that fate. But she was justified in her apprehension.

Her terror betrays a peculiar condition besetting the American stage.

It is the "type" mania.

Specifically, if an actor becomes marked as the successful interpreter of a certain type of characters, his value as the portrayee of any other class of roles is restricted or actually made impossible. If chance assigns him to the métier of domestics with a dialect, he can seldom emancipate himself; he must dwarf and repress his artistic stature to fit his condition of servitude. Thus, the American stage has a well-defined class cult, with all its prejudices and hatreds.

In the "good old days of the drama" no such distinctions prevailed and the fact that it is now well established works a regrettable injury to the drama in the gradual suppression of creative artistic power in the actor.

Beyond the general division of actors into classifications designated as "leading man," "heavy," "juvenile," "walking gent," "first old man," "light comedian," "low comedian," etc. (and relatively the same with the women), no special tags were formerly employed to determine a player's line of work. This system provided a latitude which enabled the individual to shine in diversified roles.

The modern system of casting a play takes no account of the former method. It really is not a system, but a happy-go-lucky manner of getting results, according to which actors are broadly, if not literally, rated as "bar keepers", "detectives", "political bosses", "slim girls", "fat girls", "cooks", "dagos", "priests", "chauffeurs", "crooks", etc.—the list is endless, of course.

In brief, the actor has no fixed professional classification. Whatever he happens to be born to, so to speak, is what he remains. His artistic organism and temperament are less likely to be considered than the color of his hair, age, height, size, weight and complexion. In this manner one of the chief elements of art, to imitate nature, is sacrificed, and the spiritual and mental endowments of acting are subordinated to the purely physical—the imaginative part gives way to the crass materialism of bulk, fiber and gravity.

When John T. Raymond played Col. Sellers; when Stewart Robson played Bertie the Lamb; E. H. Sothern, Lord Dundreary and the Crushed Tragedian; Mrs. W. J. Florence, the wife of the Hon. Bardwell Sloane, and Florence, Capt. Cuttle in Dickens" "Dombey and Son", they gave a concrete demonstration of acting as a fine art, because they buried their own identity in their parts. Lionel Barrymore did this in his delineation of Col. Ibbetson; Frank Keenan did it in playing Jack Rance, the sheriff, in "The Girl of the Golden West". We still have a number of character actors who employ real art in depicting types of American life. But we have all been compelled to see wholly inadequate and sometimes wholly distorted figures on the stage within spheres that were beyond the realization of our players, not because they were not the "type", but because they had ceased to regard acting as a creative art by neglecting to absorb from the study of books of biography and manners the enduring elements of interest. As we have no longer any (Continued on page 76)
Marian a la Mode

Special fashion poses made for Shadowland by Marian Davies, the film star
Removing your eyes for a moment from the dashing cold weather finery, you may note Miss Davies' pumps. A little bird whispers to us that they're F. P. C. kids.
COMMENT: Our many friends among the amateur photographers, will see from the general quality of the prints selected just what character of picture—and workmanship—Shadowland intends to foster. One bit of advice: Snaps of "baby" or "doggie," no matter how "cunning" and lovely one's friends may pronounce them, usually lose all interest outside the home circle. Many of the prints submitted would only be...

"THE VAMP"
By S. H. Seelig
c/o Boston Camera Club
48 Boylston Street

Note: All of Mr. Seelig's prints show careful study, originality and good craftsmanship. We reproduce "The Vamp" as an object lesson to other amateurs of the value of little things close at hand as material for good studies. Mr. Seelig will find his Vamp better composed by trimming slightly on the left: the composition slides into the right hand corner.

"JUST AFTER DAWN"
By Julius Krebs
745 Hunterdon Street
Newark, N. J.

Note: We congratulate Mr. Krebs. This marine, a snapshot, has all the qualities of a fine photo-art study. Just right in color, tone, balance. Rather an evening study than "Dawn." We suggest—a good enlargement—ex. gr. 16 x 20 and submission to any art publisher. Readily saleable.
Photography
Photographs Submitted During the Month

of interest in the amateur's own kodak album. Again, the amateur's greatest sin, trying to crowd the whole countryside into one print, or loading it with detail, is fatal to all pictorial quality. Do what all successful amateurs do, study carefully every good photograph or rather painting you can see.

C. A.

"MEDITATION"

By S. H. Seelig
Boston Camera Club
48 Boylston Street

Note: We include this soft-focus study as a pointer to so many entrants who have sent their Brownie-snaps of "baby" or "little sister"—good snaps but not "pictures." A careful study of this subject will show how easily such a "snap" may be made attractive.

"THE OPEN ROAD"

By J. R. Winter
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Note: Evidently a carefully selected subject—time exposure and ray filter—with ortho plates or film. A good argument for the use of tripod by amateurs. Delicate sky-values—in fact very fine tonality through. We feel that by careful trimming on the left of composition, we have much improved the balance.
The Evolution of Jazz

By Louis Raymond Reid

It is the age of jazz. The war—we'll have to lay it to the war—has brought us syncopated lawlessness. A jumble-tumble of emotions finds its expression in weird noises, in blues—Memphis blues, matrimonial blues, Beale Street blues, senatorial blues, actor-manager blues, prohibition blues. And we can thank (or curse, if we choose) the negro. He it was who, with incorrigible sense of gaiety and rhythm, took Terpsichore on a toot. The result? She is afflicted with an acute case of delirium tremens.

New York has offered a refuge. So has Chicago. So have other cities which audaciously boast an underworld in these piping times of peace and prohibition. Sometimes it appears as if Topsy would never again be invited into a Keeley cure of walzettes and two-steps—so great has been her fall. Yes, indeed, jazz is a hopelessly drunken, reeling thing. It breathes the spirit of the underworld—a kind of underworld which has almost become legendary in insouciance and youthful vigor. With its irresistible sway it has restored New York, New Orleans and San Francisco in the affections of that cynical foreigner who once declared those cities to be the only worth while ones in the United States. A brave assumption, it is true. But is it not obvious that this foreigner knew only two classes of people—the gay and the stupid? And surely New York, New Orleans and San Francisco at one time expressed only the gay.

Jazz—no one knows the derivation of the word—had its origin in the African jungles. Savage, monstrously masculine, primitively passionate, it formed an integral part of the negro's character just as certain as did his plaintive folk songs that sprang from the cotton plantations and his flashing era of ragtime. With curiously sensual wriggles of the body he danced it. With tom-toms, human bones and various other noise-making devices he played it. Gradually it crept out of Africa. It made its way via the slave ships to New Orleans, where it definitely established a foothold, stole triumphantly north to Chicago, finding access to shadowy retreats in the so-called black belt, and made its way into the gaudy resorts of New York's tenderloin.

The negro had done his part. It remained for the white man to take up the burden and capitalize it for the benefit of a jaded world. The latter, with his keener commercial sense, his greater lust for life, his insatiable greed for novelty and excitement, made it a supreme melodic atrocity, a fascinating grotesquerie of noise, a prehistoric combination of innocence and vice.

Jazz caught the fancy of the young. A world fed up with war and destruction had to offer some freedom, and the relief from high nervous tension was found in dancing wildly and living, as Nietzsche would say, dangerously. Complacent and languorous girls suddenly became wild women. Amiable and respectable fellows suddenly became wild men. And the dance was on and joy was unreined. All the while there issued from various elevations noises such as the world had never known before. Every conceivable instrument and device which would give sound, strange and unmelodious, were pressed into service. Barrels, whistles, dishpans, kettles, bottles, all found a new use as instruments of torture. And if these were not enough ingenious jazzes performed weird tricks with staid saxophones and ludicrous trombones, even going to the extent of muting the latter with derby hats.

And the young on their way to the draft boards and the transports and social functions and shopping tours experienced a new sensation in their feet which rapidly spread to the shoulders, arms, chest and hips. The music of the jazz resurrected the spirit of St. Vitus. People suddenly developed an amazing ability to transform themselves into jelly. Such extraordinary bodily expression attracted sedate dodos who were resting comfortably on the shady side of sixty and lured them away from their monotonous tasks of coupon-clipping. They too abandoned themselves to the shammy with pride and eager eye. They would keep up with youth at all costs of dignity and watchfulness over rheumatic joints.

The leading exponents of jazz are well known, the identity of the original standard bearer is obscured in mystery. Some of the dance-defying pioneers on the frontiers of respectability who have hewn their way into the innermost recesses of jazzland claim that old John Spicchio of New Orleans is primarily responsible. At any rate it is certain that he knows all the music of the negro and can transform it, when necessary, into any kind of inharmonious blues or hesitation. But there are many, many others who have similar accomplishments and who belong in the front rank of jazzers.

Bert Kelly was one of the first to invade the north. He concentrated upon Chicago and it was not long before he and his group of musicians became a sensation of the night life there. Walter Kingsley is authority for the statement that the word "jazz" came into existence at a party which Thomas Meighan, the movie star, gave in Chicago to several well-known stage and screen players. Kelly's instrumentalists provided the music. Motion pictures were taken of the party, and on the film show—(Continued on page 72)
Death in Fever Flat

One Act Play

By George W. Cronin

Illustrated by Oscar Frederick Howard

SCENE. In the Great Far West, i.e., far from the "Movie" West.

CHARACTERS:
Hank, proprietor of the Good Hope Roadhouse.
Lon Purdy, about whom the play is concerned.
Mizpah, his wife called "Padie".
The Stage Driver.
The Ghost of Harvey Mace.
The Ghost of the Other Man.

The time is the present, about 11 P.M.
This is not a Bret Harte play nor is it designed for W. S. Hart.
And it should be performed with none of that customary and spacious braggadocio of western plays.

A JOLLY SOUL
(Hearsely) Pitch into her, boys! Tune up your gullets!
(With quivering breath) "She was born in old Kentucky—"

ANOTHER SUCH
(With peevy) Aw, shut up, that's Mouldy! Giv's that Tennessee warble, Hank.

VOICE OF HANK
(Rather rich and fine)
"When your heart was mine, true love,
And your head lay on my breast,
You could make me believe by the falling of your arm
That the sun rose up in the west—"
(There is a momentary pause, filled in by)

A VOICE
Y'oughter go courtin' with that throat o' yourn, Hank.

MACE
(As in misanthrope) Aw, women—
(During the laugh that follows, an auto horn blares outside and a bright shaft is visible thru the rear windows.)

VOICES
Stage's come. Stage's come!
(There are sounds indicating the rapid evacuation of the Bar, and a moment later one of the rear doors is jerked open and the Stage Driver enters, dragging in two heavy suit-cases which he deposits near the small table with appropriate grunts, meanwhile encouraging the passengers to enter.)

STAGE DRIVER
Uh! perty lumpy bags—come in folks, come in! Seems like you might be carryin' all your b'longin's.
(The two passengers enter; the man, quickly, nervously, almost furtively; the woman, with that weariness which ignores everything except its own condition.)
"What the devil's the matter with your doors?" demanded Lon.

Stage Driver

Come in and set, lady. Don't be scared. Looks a little spooky but Hank'll have a glem fer ye in two shakes. (Places a chair for her)

Here, I know you're plumb tucker'd. Make y'self t' home. (Looking around at the drear surroundings) 'S fer yer able.

The Man

I thought the stage went thru to Hollow Eye tonight?

Stage Driver

Well, sir, she do, but this time she don't. I've been havin' to run ten miles on low already and I jest don't dare to take her cross that thirty miles of sand the way she is. She'll drink water like a thusty hoss and like as not lay down and die on us half way out. Then where'll we be? No, sir, you folks'll just have to camp here at Fever Flat till I kin do a tinkerin' job tomorrow mornin'. So I'll step into the bar and tell Hank you're here. (At the door to the Bar) Hank'll do the best he kin for ye. He's a square man. Good night to ye! (Goes out, leaving door half open.)

The Man

(Briefly) Good night. (Looking about) What a hole. Like somebody died here and they'd gone off and left it all stand just the way it was. (He goes to the open door at the rear and stares at the naked moonlit hills.)

The Man

Them hills gets my goat. They're nothin' but blitherin' skeletons, and this bunch of shacks they call Fever Flats looks more like no more'n a damn bone yard to me. (Shutting the door.) Ugh! it's cold in here. Feel like I was sittin' on my own grave's edge.

The Woman

(Scarcely raising her head, and speaking with no emotion, in a dead dry voice) You didn't use to be so pernickity, when you was punchin' on the range, Lon.

Lon

(Waspishly) And you didn't use to look like a hag, neither, Padie.

Padie

(With a momentary flash) Drink's poisoning your tongue, too.

Lon

(Viciously) Who's drinking? Caint I take a thimbleful now'n then without all this jawin'?

Padie

You ain't takin' thimblefuls. You're just soakin' it up. You'll be gettin' snakes if you keep on. 'n then, what'll I do? (Resuming her air of weary indifference) Not that I care so much what you do with yourself—or what becomes of me. Nothing matters.

Lon

(Petulant and aggrieved) There you go, actin' abused. How about my rights 'n

Stage Driver

pleasures? Aint got none I s'pose.

Padie

Oh, shut up, you make me sick. (Hank enters; a ruddy, vigorous young man, strangely out of place among all this rubbish. He wears a barkeeper's apron and speaks cordially.)

Hank

Howdy, folks! Howdy do! Well, this a kinda rough lay-out fer you-all. Y' see the stage is due here at five, and steps fer grub, then makes Hollow-Eye by about nine, but here 'tis. . . . (pulls out watch) half an hour of midnight an I s'pose you aint et, yet eh? (Lights the glass lamp.)

Padie

Thanks, we've had sandwiches, but maybe my husband's like something.

Lon

(Significantly) Wet. (Padie shrugs indifferently, and fixes her hair. As she turns toward Hank the light for the first time falls full on his face. Padie stares fixedly at him, and half rises with a little cry.)

Lon

(With a quick startled glance at Hank, speaks to her in a sharp, threatening voice) Padie! Sit down! Are you gittin' plumb loco drivin' out so late in automobiles? (To Hank, apologetically) You kinda flustered us, mister, cause you have little a look of a friend of ours that died sudden.
Mournful case. Pardner o' mine. No, you're not much like. He was tall, heavy-built and lighter comected. Must a been consid'ble older, too.

PADIE

(Almost in a whisper) No.

OLD

Older, I say. My wife's kinda wrought up by this here little spell of travelin'.

HANK

(Sympathetically) Oh, you're not used to it, eh?

PADIE

(Slowly and deliberately) We've been at it—(draws out the word into a burden) years.

OLD

(Impatiently) That is, off'n on m' dear. Only off'n on.

PADIE

(Monotonously) All the time.

HANK

(Trying to be a little jocose to break the oppressive atmosphere) Should think you might hanker after your own nest, lady.

PADIE

(Rising rudely) Well, just keep your thoughts!

HANK

(Completely abashed) Yes Ma'am. Your room is just at the top of the landin'. I'll make ye a light. (He hustles away upstairs to cover his embarrassment, taking the suit-cases with him.)

OLD

(Irritably) You're always tryin' to belittle me in public. Is that any way fer a wife to act? I wanta know?

PADIE

What do you always lie so for?

OLD

(With rising voice) That's my business. I'll do as I damn please. And dont you go too far, crossin' me. I wont stand it. Some day I'll up, an—

PADIE

(Contemptuously) Beat me. That's all that's left to you, wife-beater.

(OLD raises his hand as tho to strike her but lets it fall as HANK reappears on the landing.)

HANK

Excuse me, m'am. Have you your own towels by you? Ourn is pretty scaly, it's so long since we've had in women folks, at least ladies.

PADIE

(Moving toward the stairs) Thanks, we have some.

(OLD to PADIE as HANK, hidden from audience, descends.)

OLD

You might as well be decent, Padie. You aint got none other but me.

PADIE

(Bitterly) Yes, you've took me from 'em. We've been trapsin' and trapsin' till I'm plumb sick. Yes, I'm— (Her voice breaks and she runs blindly toward the stair, almost into the arms of HANK, which further increases his consternation.)

HANK

(Holding her off) Stidy, stidy. There's the ladder, m'am. Cant I fetch you somethin'? Toddy?

(PADIE shakes her head, runs up, and slams her door.)

HANK

(To OLD in friendly fashion) Women folks is cur'us, cur'us.

OLD

(Surlily) Take my advice and keep free of 'em.

HANK

It was a woman did fer my brother.

OLD

(With increased interest) Oh, you've got a brother, eh?

HANK

(Simply) Had.

OLD

Where is he?
Hank
Down at Laguna Madre, Arizony.

Lon

(Leaning forward and gripping the edge of the table)
Ranchin'?

Hank
Buried.

Lon

(Haltlingly) How—what were you saying—about a woman?

Hank
A woman done for him. That's what they said, I don't know. I didn't git there for a long time. There was a mix-up.

Lon
Well, well. That's strange.

Hank
(Eagerly) I spose you heard of it? It was all in the papers. It even got as far as Denver.

Lon
The double doors swung open as before, revealing a figure standing motionless outside, bathed in moonlight. At the same time the flame in the glass lamp began to flicker and wane.

Hank
You've been in Arizony, I spose?

Lon
No, not quite. I've been all around them parts but never in Arizony

Hank
'Taint what you'd call a perty country, but it's mighty satisfyin'. Too blame cold up here.

Lon
Why dont you move?

Hank
I'm goin' to, but you see my brother had half interest in this here tavern and there was some litigation about it. Case's, just finished. I been here three years, ever since he went. But I'm pullin' my stakes, you bet. I wouldn't be buried here! Would you?

Lon
(Dryly) I'd rather not.

Hank
So she took me fer a friend that's croaked, eh? That's cur'us.

Lon
Eh? What's that? Who?

Hank
Your wife.

Lon
Oh, yes. Well, he was a good ten years older. And dark-complected.

Hank
Thought you said he was light?

Lon
Mebbe I did. Well, he mought have been a trifle lighter'n you, but then, size him up by the average, he was dark. Let's forget him. Bring us a bottle of yer best—and see that the glass is clean.

Hank
To be sure. (Goes out.)

Lon sits with his head between his hands, brooding. The voice of Hank rises from the bar, rendering the second voice of the Tennessee "warble".

Hank
(In the bar)
There's many a girl can go all round about
And hear the small birds sing.
And many a girl that stays at home alone
And rocks the cradle and spins.
(As the song ends, the door at the rear opens

(Continued on page 60)
What Every Woman Should Know
By The Rambler

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings;" mused mi-lady as she strolled down the greatest avenue in the world, past the wonderful fashion marts and thru the side streets, past the smaller but also smart shops, pausing frequently to marvel at the tempting array of everything dear to the feminine heart so artistically displayed in the big windows.

"The world is so full of a number of things"—she thought again, but—"happy as kings"? Well, kings should be happy, for one thing they don't have to worry about fashions, wearing as they do always the same kingly garb, crowns included, season after season. But how can a woman be happy when she contemplates such a bewildering display of fashions, all so inconsistently different, contradicting one another, as it were, right before one's eyes? "Such a number of things," indeed!

And mi-lady is right. Individualism is the cry of the age, and individualism in dress is one of the results. We hear of the new silhouette and we see it demonstrated in voluminous overskirts, double hip pockets, gracefully draped and belloused frocks, skirts with ruffles and frills; and then we turn to observe a slim figure swathed so tightly in velvet or satin that she can hardly put one foot before the other, and on every side we see the one-piece gown of slender lines.

When all these modes are unmistakably in the fashion how can any one silhouette be said to be the mode? The most noticeable feature of the present day mode is its catholicity and there can be no distinctively new silhouette nor is any real novelty of design a possibility. Small wonder mi-lady is bewildered at the apparent inconsistencies of present day fashions.

The fact has been accepted among artists that every woman is a distinct type belonging to some period in history, and now the world of fashion is recognizing it and has finally decreed that instead of setting up a few standard styles and demanding that all types wear practically the same modes, there shall be a wide enough range of styles to cover every period of history and every type and enable every woman to find the most becoming attire.

Every woman's problem, then, is to classify herself. In short, let mi-lady hie herself to her mirror, study the reflection there and decide upon her type. The rest is exceedingly simple, as a tour of the shops will show. In the exclusive Fifth Avenue and smaller establishments we find not only fashions belonging to a particular period but fashions echoing
Jane Marsh designed all the little details that characterize them as belonging to a particular type.

For the piquant woman with dainty coloring, the Dresden Shepherdess type, the models show the soft clinging lines of the Renaissance period with lovely effects achieved in satins and soft flexible silks, draperies that assume the shape of panniers and the blouse which is in one piece with the girdle with surplice closing, quaint and becoming.

For afternoon and evening wear the Dresden Shepherdess type of model displays gowns of dainty tints and fabrics, ruffled taffetas and lace berthas, airy nets with ribbon trimmings, delicate crepes and chiffons with flowing lace sleeves. One model wore a hat with picturesquely drooping brim with black and pastel shades; another, a chic round velvet turban with an irrepressible spray of feathers, and a very young girl was particularly alluring in a poke bonnet of draped velvet such as grandmother wore.

Capes maintain their tremendous vogue and an afternoon and evening cape of taupe-velvet with fur collar charmingly accommodated the fuller skirts affected by these models, while a motor or traveling coat of homespun with novel yoke and sleeves and muffler collar was at hand for utility wear.

For mi-lady of Oriental beauty there are the brightest of colors, the richest of fabrics—a gay commingling of colors and the glimmer of metals and brocades. The daytime dresses worn by models repre-
senting this type are more or less straight but elaborate with embroidery, braid and other trimmings. For formal afternoon wear there is a gown of black velvet with a front tablier of brocaded velvet weighted with gold and jet fringe, and girdle of gold metal with gold tassels. The velvet is draped from the left shoulder, where it is caught by a gold buckle. The gowns for evening wear are built along clinging lines and graceful curves and, carrying out the idea that this type of woman depends upon the quality of fabric and bizarre ornamentation to achieve the proper degree of elegance, the effect is one of almost barbaric splendor.

Fanciful effects are noticed too in her wraps and furs, sumptuous garments, shapeless almost in cut, or luxurious brocades, supple velvets and fleecy duvetyns with colorful linings. But it is with her hats especially that mi-lady of Oriental beauty comes into her own. One model displayed a millinery triumph of splendid brocade with lining of Chinese royal blue taffeta, a narrow edge of black Chantilly lace and a blue and silver ribbon round the crown. Another was of black velvet with rose and silver lining and a rose and blue ostrich falling into cascades of graceful spray. Dost see the picture?

Above, this unusual gown from Russek's is of dainty blue duvetyn crepe attractively beaded with cut jet. Wide bands of Hudson seal border the sleeves and skirt. A girdle of black silk cord encircles the waist; and below, this modish suit is of blue silk duvetyn with high beaver collar, coat in knee length with soft narrow belt

And there is the prim Priscilla, the demure stately beauty, belonging to the days when lovers sang sentimentally "The Spanish Cavalier," "I'll Hang My Harp on a Weeping Willow Tree." She does not hope to achieve the exquisite loveliness of the Dresden Shepherdess lady nor the colorful splendor of the Oriental beauty, but she combines the charm and sauciness of today with the dignity belonging to Queen Victoria's early reign and the result is inimitable.

For the edification of this alluring type of femininity one model wears a dress of heavy satin with wide hip fullness and so much depth that the sides take on a pannier aspect. The waist is merely a fitted straight bodice with square open neck and sleeves that do
Right, two grays of moleskin and squirrel make a most interesting combination in this elegant wrap from Maison Bernard. Rose brocade crowns the taupe velvet-brimmed hat; and above, with a vestee of handsome seal this lovely red duvetyn suit has an unusually distinctive air. Best & Co.

and bouffant bags that Victorian ladies knew as "reticules."

There is a noticeable return, too, to furs of Grandmother’s day, and the little Victorian lady of today may find herself wearing a becoming coat or cape combination of sable and mink. With these quaint creations the returned “picture hat” with its graceful drooping brim and swirl of paradise feathers is singularly fitting and becoming.

For the business woman and the woman who affects the tailored type of dress there is a deal of diversity in the styles apart from the strictly mannish kind that are characterized by smart simplicity and exquisite tailoring. This season suits have taken to masquerading. Some of the suits have various modes of camouflage which make them appear like dresses, while some of the frocks look like coats. Coats, too, have turned into garments that are half coat and the other half cape.

not reach below the elbow. A quaint afternoon frock is of “Morning Glory” silk with draped tunic and draped lace fichu. Lace forms the vest and ends of the flowing sleeves beneath which are fitted and buttoned oversleeves of sheer fabric. Another formal frock is of soft pink taffeta with graduated flounces of lace about the rather full skirt, narrower ruffles of lace outlining the “bib” front of the bodice, short puffed sleeves with lace ruffles and pink sash. So reminiscent were these frocks of “When Grandma was a girl” that we were not surprised to see that the models wearing these gowns wore early Victorian coiffures with ear-rings to match and carried the small beaded
Coatlike frocks give their wearers a trim, well-dressed appearance and for that reason will be extremely popular. This type of costume has been dear to the heart of the French woman and is now being universally adopted by the American women who so long have favored the tailor-made suit for street wear.

Each season, however, sees a further departure from the suit. We have come to realize that we are never well dressed in a blouse and skirt after removing the jacket of a suit. One of these new coat dresses take the place of either a suit or a light weight topcoat on mild autumn days, and one may go to business, shop, lunch or even dine with the feeling of being well dressed.

Generally speaking, the business or tailored woman will cling to the type of dress that is trim, smart and sensible. She will not wear trailing skirts, uncomfortably full ones, nor yet the unreasonably short frocks affected by French women. Coats of the new tailleurs are much longer than those of last year. Many of them are three-quarters length, although some are even longer than this. Fulness does not appear in the back. No matter how flaring the sides may be, the jacket must be without fulness.

For the lover of the separate blouse, the choice of meteor for blouse material is extremely practical. Brown and raspberry shades are especially attractive. The short sleeve which ends just above the elbow or merely covers it is preferred for over-blouses, the necks of which are high in the back, but show a rounded opening at the front. These blouses are effective with separate modish skirts.

For the street (continued on page 79)
When Tennis Reigns

Right, Maurice E. McLoughlin, the California ex-champion and one of the most popular of tennis stars, as he appeared in the recent National Lawn Tennis Tournament at Forest Hills, Long Island. Left, Paterson, one of the Australian stars.

A glimpse of the clubhouse and bleachers at Forest Hills during the match between Walter Johnson and William T. Tilden for the National tennis championship.
Study of a Lady

A portrait by Charles Albin, one of the official photographers of Shadowland, The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic. The subject of this study appears in "A Dream of Fair Women," the official test motion picture of the Fame and Fortune Contest.
Percy Hallroom finds that his desire to be a Doug Fairbanks helps him vastly at the necktie counter.

Maxie Jones always has an impulse to Theda Bara with every pair of gloves she sells.

Prudence Peabody has been reading in the film magazines about the Mack Sennett bathing girls. Prudence just knows that Marie Prevost has nothing on her.
Mrs. Vanderbrook Jenks (Social Register) has just discovered that men in the movies always like ingenues, and she decides to be one at any cost.

Miss Hortense Eloise Stonefeller, 3rd., i.e., society flapper, decides that she must be an Alla Nazimova — or nothing.

J. M. S. Morgenthau doesn't allow the banking district worries to prevent him from longing to be a Bill Hart, tense jaw muscles, ready trigger finger, and all.
The New Season Dawns Reluctantly

By The Critic

Illustrations by Wynn Holcomb

The great actors’ war is over. Peace is here and new productions are as thick as returned officers with medals. While it lasted, the players’ strike was altogether a happy event.

Broadway was ghastly dark after sunset. Its electric night life, for instance, consisted wholly of a chewing gum advertisement and the usual Selznick movie signs on every other corner. Otherwise, that is, Broadway was dark.

Dramatic critics could be observed romping merrily along the streets, as light hearted as when they were boys. Now and then they wrote caustic pieces for their papers on the decadent movies.

The streets were jammed with stars. Stars who weren’t entertaining the proletariat on the sidewalks were giving benefits at the Lexington Opera House and in other hastily secured theaters.

One or two non-Equity productions managed to weather the strike of scene shifters, electricians and mere actors, but with sadly upset casts. Managers began to play roles themselves. George M. Cohan did a barber in his “Royal Vaudeville” and William A. Brady histrioniced as a butler in his “At 9:45.” Folks you never suspected would or could act began to do the former.

Just when the whole thing was at its merry height, the strike ended. Pleasantly for all sides, apparently. Managers returned shringly to their private offices, dramatic critics again began coming late to the theater with bored but restored expressions and the avalanche of new season plays got under way.

The season is still in a sort of incoherent state. Yet a few productions are already raising their heads above the surface. For instance, there’s Booth Tarkington’s comedy, “Clarence.” After reading the eulogies of the New York critics we sort of gained the vague impression that the great American comedy had arrived.

But “Clarence” didn’t knock us wholly off our feet. Nicely amusing it is and all that, but not the whirlwind the critics paint it. Of course, we saw it under rather unhappy circumstances. We sat in the last row of the orchestra while a middle-aged ingemue with curls and cataract occupied standing room just back of our right ear. All this rather cramped Mr. Tarkington’s subtleties for us.

“Clarence,” however, is funny. Bully in places. Tarkington has built it around the way a returned soldier straightens out a distraught but typically American household. Clarence isn’t a philosopher or anything like that, but just an awkward private the draft had accorded the post of driving army mules. Clarence, as splendidly played by Alfred Lunt, lies sort of midway between Ed Wynn and Charlie Ray.

Clarence is a remarkable character, but also are two others, the son and daughter of the household, wonderfully drawn by the understanding Tarkington and wonderfully played by Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes. Hunter’s adolescent Bobby Wheeler is a gem—a glorious presentation of that awful cocoon period of boyhood.

Sem Benelli’s cheery little tragedy, “The Jest,” has been revived with John and Lionel Barrymore in their roles of last season. To our way of thinking, the Barrymores easily lead the American histrionic profession.

It is rather of late date to comment upon Benelli’s piquant study of rape, murder and insanity in the festive middle ages. If you are planning vengeance upon your landlord, for instance, we recommend “The Jest.” For this tragedy sets out to present the triumph of mind over matter. John Barrymore plays a cringing coward who has been brow-beaten all his life by a big, noisy mercenary. After he loses the fair daughter of the neighborhood fishmonger by force, he sets out to get even.

And he does. He does! The tragedy has sweep, power and grip. The splendid acting of the Barrymores is beyond praise. If there is anything better than John’s high-keyed playing of the cowardly painter, Giannetto, it is Lionel’s vivid presentation of the swash- (Continued on page 71)
Fair and Warmer

By Gladys Hall

If Billy Bartlett hadn't been wallowing about in the last yellow rim of what he might have termed hell if he had been that kind of a man, it might have occurred to him as an enormity that he was spending an evening "alone with a woman". He might have included it in the category of things not quite "nice". For Billy Bartlett was essentially "nice". Nobody ever disputed that indisputable fact. Not even his wife.

Billy Bartlett had been sort of miserable for quite some months. He had been vaguely miserable since the first night Laura had not run to meet him on his return from the office, had not hurtled herself into his all too receptive arms, had not muttered unintelligible nothings into his ear. A dull ache had started on that night. The dull ache had persisted. It had grown to chronic violence when Laura remarked, during the course of that inexplicable evening, that she had "run into" Philip Evans and he had taken her to tea. She had added, defensively, that there was no harm in that as she could see. Billy knew, vaguely, that there was a great deal of harm in Philip Evans. He had heard tales...

FAIR AND WARMER

Fictionized by permission from June Mathis and A. P. Younger's scenario based on Avery Hopwood's comedy. Produced by Metro Pictures Corporation, starring May Allison. Directed by Henry Otto. The cast:

"Blancy" Wheeler ............... May Allison
Jack Wheeler .................... Pell Trenton
Billy Bartlett .................... Eugene Pallette
Laura Bartlett .................... Christine Mayo
Philip Evans .................... William Buckley
Tessie .............................. Effie Conley

at clubs and elsewhere ... confirmatory ones. He had seen things with his own eyes ... and then there was the hurting fact that Laura had been engaged to Philip Evans before she did him, Billy, the ecstatic honor of preferring him ...

"Philip was impossible," she confided to Billy once ... on their honeymoon ... "he flirted with anything and everything, black, white or yellow, so long as the creature wore skirts. It was altogether abominable."

Now, it seemed, the promiscuous Philip was turning his eyes in the direction of Billy Bartlett's Laura, and Billy Bartlett's Laura did not appear to remember the term, "abominable."

And so things had drifted wretchedly along for Billy and thrillingly, it seemed, for Laura, until this hideous night.

They had been dining together, in their usual strained silence, and Billy had reminded Laura that the Jack Wheelers from the apartment above were coming in later for bridge.

Laura had flushed to an instantaneous and bewildering red. She had said, almost angrily, that Billy was purposely obtuse, purposely torturing her, that he knew...

Page Fifty-Nine
Blanny regarded the tea-cart with pigeon toes and awe. It had a fearful aspect.

she was dated for the opera with Phil and that she couldn't and wouldn't hurt Phil's feelings by an eleventh hour refusal. Billy thought, silently, that some people's feelings were always being swathed in cotton, wool. While his . . . he shivered . . . and said that the nights were growing cool. . . .

Laura seemed to feel a need to rush on. She said a lot of unpleasant things. She said that Billy was cruel, that he was blind and also, and many times, she said that he was stupid and dullest than the proverbial dish water. She compared Billy to a great many things relative to dish water. She asked Billy what he meant, anyway, and didn't he suppose she wanted any life just because she had gone and married him? Didn't he? Was a tomb to be her portion with a corpse that never even walked? She finished up by demanding that he give her a divorce. Her freedom. Her soul again.

Billy's white face reflected his stricken soul. He pinched himself to find out if this thing were true. He pinched hard and he remained in the same sick state. It was true, then. He realized, sitting dully there before her, that he loved her. There was something final in his love for her. He'd never get beyond it. It was a prison house . . . of pain now. But a prison house he couldn't, wouldn't leave for the license of the world wide. Yes, he loved her, and she was using his love for her as a scourge.

When he asked her what he had done; when he reminded her that she had loved him once, she ignored the second observation to shirk hysterically: "what have you done? What have you done? Nothing! Ab-so-lutely nothing!"

Later on, the Jack Wheeler came down. Jack began explaining upon his entrance that he had forgot when he made the date that he was due at the Mystic Shrine. When he said it he winked at Billy. Billy saw that he winked but he was impervious to the meaning. Blanny went in to watch Laura dress and Billy, who had known Jack a long time, blurted out the ache in his heart.

Jack laughed. "That's a woman for you," he said; "all you need to do, old man, is to give her a dose of her own quinine. Play a game yourself. Flirt a bit. Keep her waitin' nights. Let her discover a scented note or so. Be a devil of a fellow." Billy shook his solemn head. "I don't want any woman on terms like that, Jack," he said; "I want the real article—or nothing."

Jack gave a disgusted grunt and rose to go. "You'll get nothing, old man," he said, "this Mystic Shrine stunt of mine covers a multitude of sins. Nothin' like it. Nightie. You and Blanny play cards like good kids and I'll stop iff for her on my return—"
if I return." With which cryptic utterance he departed.

Half an hour later Laura departed, too. Billy felt that she had departed, finally. At least, she would never come back any more to him. An end had come.

He couldn't help talking to Blanny. He felt sorry for her and he felt bitterly sorry for himself. He felt that he had not deserved this. He had been willing to give to his uttermost. Some small return should have been his.

Blanny was there and he talked to her. He didn't think of her as a woman, even as a person. He had got out of the habit of thinking of the opposite sex as women anyway—since Laura had cut like a flame into his grey days and burned all other interests into nothingness.

He told Blanny about that, about how much he loved her, and how he had never loved before and never would again. He told her, whimsically, that he was that kind of a man, a one-woman man, he said, and repeated it. It had a high sound to it. He said that Laura was different. She was like a kaleidoscope. She shifted, he said. It should make him love her less, he knew, but it didn't. It had, alas, the opposite effect. He loved her now, at this moment, to desperation. He got onto the subject of death as an alleviation...

After awhile Blanny broke in on him, softly. She had like woes. Jack stayed out so much. Seemed to like to stay out. There was one poignantly unforgettable occasion... the night he had stayed out first. She had cried herself to sleep. She had grown old, that very, particular night. Things were all wrong. The world was unfair. Love was a snare and a delusion. Men were not to be trusted... she added, timidly, "some men"... but Billy did not register the soft apology. He was only catching one word in ten, anyway. His mind was with Laura, at the opera, and Philip at her side. Philip, who should not dare to touch the hem of her garment... Philip who had cared so much.

He did get the fact, tho, that Blanny was sympathetic. She was pouring the fragrant oil of her sympathies upon his more than troubled waters. He began to feel a bit warmer. The raw edges of the just-inflicted wound did not smart quite so violently. He looked at Blanny.

She was little and soft, and, he decided with a gleam of treachery, appealing. Not radiant, like Laura, of course. Not vital and compelling... a sweet little thing... a balm...

Blanny's own hurt goaded him. It was not fair for this little soft thing to be deceived by Mystic Shrines and such like claptrap. Was there no chivalry? Still, what did chivalry get one? Mortal wounds and pain that rusted away one's sensibilities.

He blurted out to Blanny that there was no Mystic Shrine. He took a vicarious pleasure in the pain that stabbed into her eyes. He was not able to supply what there was in place of the toppled Shrine. Blanny's imagination did that. Outrage entered her appalled mind. She declaimed against Laura and Jack, singly and in doubles. She declaimed amazingly for a soft small person. It came to Billy that once Kipling had versified about the "Female of the Species." Kipling, he concluded, had the right idea.

It resulted, after several twin diatribes, upon what to do. Billy thought that going to the devil might be good. Blanny thought so, too. She inquired the most direct route to the devil. Billy thought drink. It had a motivating power, he had heard.

Blanny said that she didn't keep any drinks in her apartment. Her mother had brought her up differently. Billy said that his
mother had had the same idea... made it sort of clubby, didn’t it... but that Laura insisted upon the requisite stuff for cocktails and a Moët or two. There was enough on hand, he felt sure, for a short cut to the nether regions. The rest of the material was surprisingly handy. He was the other man, she was the other woman.

Blanny said it was all awful but her heart was broken and she would show Jack Wheeler.

Billy said his heart was broken and he would show Laura Bartlett.

Forthwith he produced a laden tea cart containing ingredients enough for various satanic round trips.

Blanny regarded it with pigeon toes and awe. It had a fearful aspect.

Billy regarded it and bade farewell to the vanished Might Have Been. He had had ideals. Tonight he would drown them. He would drink and there was “another woman” right to his hand. He would do his worst... his damnest.

He mixed the drinks. He knew one did something vague called mixing the drinks... and he mixed.

Oh, he mixed!

Laura thought he had mixed when she had sipped the first half of the first round.

Going to the devil was rather a noxious proceeding, she thought with the first sip. But after the first sip one didn’t seem to mind so much. After several one didn’t mind at all. One didn’t know at all what one was doing... Blanny thought that Billy was being awfully silly. He played the pianola and they danced. Blanny knew that she had never danced in such a wise before.

Then, Billy had an affectionate gust. She felt affectionate. Broken hearts... they talked quite a great deal about broken hearts... Billy said he was bleeding to death... she kisst him and then he said that he wasn’t.

Billy talked about love. He said he was getting a new perspective. Blanny didn’t know that he said that because his enunciation was suffering en route to the devil.

Still later, hours, cons, eternities she felt, were slithering by. Still later, sleep attacked them both. Something told them that sleep under the circumstances would never do. They would have to be doing something livelier than sleep. The devil was never like that.

They mixed more rounds.

Things were very round, indeed.

When things were roundest the door opened and Laura stepped into the room. Back of her was Jack Wheeler. Philip Evans was back of him.

There was, from the three spectators, an abysmal silence.

From Billy there was a series of hiccoughs, painful in the extreme. Also, his eyes rolled about like marbles on a slippery floor. He had the attitude of a flounder cast ashore after a very wet session.

From Blanny there was inarticulateness and a flow of wet and very sloppy tears. Her husband gathered, too, the brimstone fact that she an’ Billy, she an’ Billy-Boy, had arrived with expedition at the devil. That it was nice at the devil that she thought she would stay at the devil for ever n’ ever, amen... Only Jack could gather the information from the strange sounds, but then Jack knew his Blanny... or had so thought.

Laura tore her hair. She told Philip to go away from the scene of her final disgrace. Se said that she would spend the rest of the night packing and that, if need be, she would hail a policeman to save her from that—that creature! She said, acidly, but it was all lost on Billy, happy Billy, floating in his alcoholic mist, that the divorce proceedings would be begun bright and early this a.m.

Jack tore what of Blanny’s hair he could get his furious fingers into. Blanny told him a mystic shrine had toppled. Jack told her that she had toppled along with the shrine, and there was nothing mystical about it, either.

He informed Billy, relapsing into Morpheus, that he had better gibber to God instead of the Devil because he was destined to meet him in the morning. He, Jack, would return when he had dealt with (Continued on page 68)
Patience is a virtue—Try and read this Department thru. It is dull here and there, I admit; but still it sparkles now and then. Don't skip anything. Many a gem is passed by, in the mines, because it does not glitter. All is not good that is written—sometimes it is written. I cant shine all the time—even the moon cant do that, but I shall trim my little lamp and set it in the window.

* * *

Were the ancients wiser than the moderns? That is a question that has never quite been settled, so let us settle it. The ancients were certainly greater in some things, and we are certainly greater in many things. Nobody will dispute this, I ween, hence the question is settled. But this is a matter for a catalog, not for a paragraph. Certain it is that more is required, in our time, to make a wise man, than was formerly required to make several sages. The ancients had their orators but they had not our phonographs. They had their pictures but they had not our Motion Pictures. They had their vessels but they had not our steamships. They had their lyres, but they had not our organs, orchestras and pianos. They had their messages, but they had not our telegraph, telephone and wireless to deliver them with. They had their books and libraries, but they had not our libraries, encyclopedias and magazines in every home. They had their Socrates, but have we not a thousand educators where Greece had ten? An education to-day is quite different than it was when most of our present sciences were unknown.

* * *

In ancient times t'was all the rage
For each rich man to keep a sage;
In middle ages t'was the rule
For men of wealth to keep a fool;
But with myself and Fatty's fame,
You've sage and fool to entertain.

* * *

Yes, I suppose Mary Pickford will be retiring in a few years and that by that time there will be a worthy successor. While there is nobody yet in sight, there is a possibility that Blanche McCarrol, winner of the Fame and Fortune Con-
test, will be wearing little Mary's shoes. Soon the advance agents will be heralding Blanche's first appearance. But you can't make a star in a month nor within a year. Rome was not built in a day.

* * *

Miss Lucille Walten is informed that—
Ruth St. Denis has not appeared on the screen, but her dancers have.

Elise Ferguson can be reached at Famous Players Co., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Nazimova's address is Metro Studio, 3 West 61st Street, New York City.

Bert Lytell has brown hair, hazel eyes, height 5 ft. 10½ and weighs 155 lbs. As to whether he is married or not, ask him.

My apologies are due Donald Coney for calling a nonsense quatrain a limerick. But does not a rose by another name swell just as sweet?

Big brains do not always grow in big bodies. Some of our greatest men were little men. Among the little warriors were Napoleon, Charlemagne, Hannibal, Caesar, Wellington, William of Orange, Earl Roberts, Dewey, Nelson, Sheridan, Joe Wheeler. Alexander the Great and Frederick the Great. Among the little statesmen were Hamilton, Tilden, McKinley, Burr, Harrison, Douglas and Seward. Among the little authors were Shakespeare, Pope, Balzac, Holmes, Kipling, Keats and Voltaire. Among the little musicians were Wagner, Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven, Rubenstein, Schubert, Liszt, Paderewski, Haydn and Weber. Furthermore, it is not always the big man who marches in the procession. The big men, who mould and change the thought of the world, are often those who are never seen or heard.

* * *

Everything everywhere is beautiful. If it does not appear so, there is dust on the mental optics.

* * *

Yes, friend Socrates, the world is full of unrest and discontent. Strikes and walk-outs are the order of the day. Everybody wants shorter hours and more pay. What a blessing to humanity that horses, cows and chickens cant think and talk! If they could they would be holding seditious mass meetings, forming labor unions, proclaiming liberty—equality and threatening to revolt against the slavery which is even worse than that which existed before the Civil War. But, thank the Lord, the chickens go on laying, bless their hearts, and the horses continue to lessen our toil, and the cows continue to supply our breakfast tables without a murmur.

* * *

A young gentleman from Milwaukee says he doesn't like my Department and can see nothing in it. Perhaps he experiences a similar emotion when he looks in the mirror. When a person says he sees nothing in a book, he very often means that he doesn't see himself in it; which, if it be not a comedy or a satire, is quite likely. I am sorry I cant please all my readers. Anyway, I shall do my darndest.

* * *

The trouble with you is, Jonathan, that you are a specialist and live in a shell. Specialists should remember that man is a combination of brain, heart, imagination, taste, nerves, bones and muscle. It is right to bend every energy to become proficient in one thing, but every man requires variety of occupation and variety of discipline. It might not be a bad idea for the preacher and the carpenter, the musician and the wood-chopper, to change places once in a while. The carpenter may preach a very bad sermon, but it would make him a better carpenter.

* * *

Strive not to realize the ideal, but to idealize the real.
All men do not see alike. All men do not hear alike. All men do not think alike. All eyes, ears and brains are different, and nature made them so. Nature, like Shakespeare, never repeats. Therefore, my perverse brother, when your opinions differ with mine, I am as confident that you are wrong as you are that I am: but, nevertheless, I want forget that your eyes, ears and brains are different from mine, and that the good Lord may have given you a better set.

With hats that prevent them sitting up straight, and high heels that prevent them walking straight, and weighted skirts that prevent their lines being straight, and corsets that prevent their internal organs keeping straight, and curling irons to prevent their hair being straight, prohibition to keep their morals straight, and the ballot to keep men straight,—woman, bless her heart, should now be quite happy.

"Rebel" Mitchell, of Isle of Palms, S. C., is informed that I am not from Chicago nor from Boston. I live in Brooklyn, when I'm home.

No, Miss J. M. K., of 1438 Third Street, Milwaukee. Jack Kerrigan is not married, to my best knowledge and belief, as the lawyers say, nor is Eugene O'Brien, the Imperfect Lover. I know nothing of 795 T. M. E. R. & Z. Bonds. If you will send me some I will try and let you know if they are safe. As for "How long is a plate of spaghetti?" and "What becomes of the wool in the hole in a sock?"—I leave for the jokesmiths. We have more serious matters before the house.

I don't see how I can advise you, Dr. W. T. L., about what kind of clothes to wear. Everyone man should be well-dressed and should keep one eye on the fashions, but only fops and dandies become slaves of fashion. Above all, wear good clothes: have them fit well, and don't have them cut or colored so that they attract attention. Clothes don't make the man but they make the impression.

Children judge a man by what he is; women judge him from what he says; philosophers from what he thinks; society from what he wears; the world from what he makes.

It is pretty generally conceded that the same weight of undergarment should be worn winter and summer, the difference to be made up with outer garments which are taken off when entering a warm room. The old notion that there is warmth in red flannel, wool, or in any other material, is a fallacy, for there is no more warmth in these than in tin. We must consider ourselves as moist, warm bodies surrounded by a cooler atmosphere, and the question is, how can we keep in, hold or retain this warmth? Our bodies are furnaces. We take in fuel (food), and the fire it creates gives off heat which we must imprison. Therefore we must consider whether wool, cotton, silk, or linen, etc., will best act as a fender and prevent our own heat from getting away too freely.

We lose heat in four ways: radiation, evaporation, conduction and convection. It is by radiation that a hot body heats a cold one at a distance. It is by evaporation that a liquid is changed to a gas and in so doing extracts heat from the surface on which it lies. It is by conduction that heat travels quickly along a poker when one end is put in the fire. It is by convection that liquids and gases are heated; and air heated by our bodies, being lighter than cold air ascends. (Hence, a person lying down will freeze quicker than if he were standing.) If we should wrap our bodies in tin, or iron, or the like, we should freeze from loss of heat by conduction. If we should cover our bodies with wet garments we should freeze from loss of heat by evaporation plus conduction. Iron, tin and water are good conductors of heat. Furred animals cannot live long after the fur has been removed, and their skins varnished; they would freeze to death in a warm room, for varnish is a good conductor of heat. And likewise with a horn animal, plated with tin, if we can imagine such. The poorest conductor of heat is dry air, and that is the condition we must seek in selecting underwear. The garment that will keep the skin dry, and that will not conduct heat away too freely, is the one we should select, particularly if it also has the faculty of preserving a layer of dry air next the skin. Wool is a poor conductor, and therefore makes a good undergarment, except that it does not absorb moisture quickly, and dries very slowly and is difficult to wash thoroly—try to dry your face with woolen and see! The body is constantly giving off poisonous moisture. Wool collects and preserves it, and when wool is damp it becomes a good conductor of heat, and therefore makes a poor undergarment. Linen is a good absorbent, and dries very quickly. Linen handkerchiefs and towels are in common use because they absorb and dry quickly, and are easily washed. The best undergarments are probably those made of porous linen. They keep the skin comparatively dry, and the numerous cells in the material form a layer of dry air which next to a vacuum, makes the best non-conductor of heat known to science. There are numerous brands of garments on the market known as linens, all of which are excellent. Some of these contain pores or holes as large or larger than pin heads, and resemble thick mosquito netting; yet this sort of underclothing has more warmth—or, rather, retains more warmth—than the thickest woolens. Many will not believe this until they try it, and even then, an imaginary chill or a first feeling of coolness often convinces them to the contrary. Two suits of underwear, the inner of linen and the outer of wool or silk, appears to be scientifically sound, for this system has the double advantage of avoiding moisture, thereby retaining the body-heat, and of creating a layer of dry air between the garments. Most persons will find however that linen undergarment and woolen outerwear answers every purpose.

There never was a longer happiness. There must be calms between the storms, there must be tears between smiles. Fortune generally pays us for the intensity of her favors by the shortness of their duration. We would never learn fully to appreciate the sunshine if we did not often have the clouds.

They say that poor old blind Homer died of chagrin because he couldn't expound a riddle propounded by a simeth fisherman, "leaving what is taken what we took not we bring." Poor Homer—no wonder he died. Aristotle and Philetas were also painfully perplexed about the famous sophism called by the ancients, "the liar." If you say of yourself: "I lie, I lie," and in so saying tell the truth, you lie. If you say, "I lie," and in so saying tell a lie, you tell the truth. Think it over!

I guess the poet was right when he said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," but I am inclined to think that the uses of prosperity are sweeter.

I cannot be sure, but I am led to believe that a large majority of the criticisms of picture plays that appear in the magazines, newspapers and periodicals are written for pay or thru "airs". All producers, players and directors have "friends at court," and if they haven't they know that money will generally buy what friendship does not supply. I believe, however, that the Motion Picture Magazine and Classic have never yet been accused of favoritism and I know that money cannot buy favor in any of the publications of the M. P. Publishing Co.
It is rather a strange fact that actors are seldom orators or even good speakers, and it is equally curious, as Hazlitt himself has observed, that authors are seldom good conversationists. Actors should be seen and heard at a distance, speaking lines that have been made for them; authors should be read and not heard. Descartes, La Fontaine, Buffon, Marmontel and Corneille, of France, and Milton, Dryden, Butler, Addison and Goldsmith of England, are among the most noted examples of fine pens and poor tongues. Charles II., the wit-test of English monarchs, was so tickled with "Hudibras" that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, the supposedly witty author; but, after the first interview, the king was quite sure that "such a stupid fellow" could never have written such a clever book. On the other hand, Steele, Swift, Pope, Congreve, Coleridge, Burns, Galt and Scott possessed literary and conversational powers of the highest order.

* * *

The producers of some of our lurid, yellow melodramas, defend themselves by saying that they are holding a mirror up to nature. Perhaps, but it seems to be a dirty mirror.

* * *

An actress is very much like a clock, which may have a pretty face, but whose value depends upon its works.

* * *

Several readers tell me that they like my little paragraphs in large type, while others have told me that it spoils the looks of the page. A proverb is said to be the experience of many and the wit of one; and it might be added that an epicurist is one who sees much and writes little—or writes it in few words. When I succeed in saying a whole lot in a few words, I swell out my chest and smile approvingly at my terminal facilities. Life is short, and so is this department; hence I shall avoid long articles as much as possible, and try to put up potted wisdom in small packages, but in large type, that he who runs may read.

* * *

One of the wisest of my readers says that she would like to see "Broken Blossoms" in a plain theater, with ordinary music and without any special lighting effects and colored scenes. She says that a great deal of this beautiful play is due to camouflage and stage effects. She adds that she would like to see the villain knocked out in the prize fight, for the reason that otherwise, he is made a brave man and that a brave man could not brutally beat a harmless, helpless child. Again, she insists that the hero and the heroine should not have been killed in the last act—that there was no necessity of killing everybody off and leaving a bad flavor in the mouth for a week afterwards, all of which gives food for thought.

* * *

It is easier to talk like a philosopher than to live like one, just as it is easier to preach what you don't practice, and to practice what you don't preach.

* * *

Courtesy is a passport that admits and passes you everywhere. It is a step-brother to tact and diplomacy. Courtesy is the art of being agreeable. Tact is the science of knowing how to get what you want and don't deserve, from a bigger man, without getting hurt. Diplomacy is shrewd deception that enables one nation to fool another without treading on its corns; or, in other words,—lying in State.

* * *

Who seeks a new path, may get lost; but someone will find the path, and it may become a road.

* * *

When the Christian Scientists and New Thoughtists say that pain is unnecessary because it is the product of Mind, they fall into conspicuous error. What is happiness but the intermission of pain? What is pleasure but the enjoyment of that, the deprivation of which would give sorrow? Man, in his normal state, is happy; and when he is deprived of good health, or of that which he wants, he suffers pain. When he is not in pain, he is completely happy. When he is completely happy, he is not in pain. A child suffers just as much as a man, proportionately, when it is deprived of a toy that it wants, and that deprivation causes as much pain to it, as would the deprivation of a kingdom to a man. But give the child its toy, and the man his kingdom, and they are at once happy again. The only way to reconcile New Thought with this, is to assume that the brain is to become so distorted as not to recognize the absence of wished-for things. If we can so blind the mind that it will refuse to see all that is disagreeable, and so that it can forget pleasures past and not seek pleasures future, then, perhaps, can Mind prevent pain.

* * *

Give to your friends, consideration; to your enemies, toleration; to yourself, moderation; to your creditors, remuneration; to your aggrieved, restoration; to your benefactors, commendation; to your father, emulation; to your mother, adoration; to all men, commiseration.

* * *

Make use of your friends not by using them but by being of use to them.

* * *

I am asked if I believe in higher wages. Certainly, cause wages should rise in proportion to the rise in the cost of living, altho they do not do so as rapidly. Many employers do not raise wages because they can't raise the money. Should women get men's wages? Bless your heart, yes, but don't they get them already?

* * *

"J. A. B." asks, "Can you give any information about 'Mrs. Grundy,' who is so often referred to as a most censorious person?"

"Mrs. Grundy" is a mythical sort of person whose opinions on social topics are deemed of such importance that when anything unusual happens in society the question is at once asked, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" There is a reference to Mrs. Grundy in one of the popular comedies originally produced as far back as the year 1798. In the play, a farmer's wife who is jealous of the good fortune of her near neighbors, the Grundys, says to her husband, "If our Nellie were to marry a Baronet, I wonder what Mrs. Grundy would say?"

It has also been said that the use of the phrase became popular when Felix Grundy, a member of the House of Representatives and a United States Senator, appeared in Washington with his wife who became a leader of the social set, and whose opinions naturally carried great weight. Hence arose the comment on any particular occurrence of "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"
Blushing furiously, Edgar Barrett stammered something and fled, conscious that in some strange way the outlook for a pleasant year had considerably brightened. During the months that followed he saw a transformation take place in the little Mennonite. Barnabetta was no fool. She saw very soon that her clothes, her frizzes, her anxiously acquired mannerisms were somehow absurd, and changed them adroitly to the pattern of the other girls. Naturally quick she made amazing progress in her books, and at the end of her first year stood head and shoulders above her class.

Yet in one respect Barnabetta had not changed. She still cherished for her stepmother Juliet—Erstwhile Susan—an awe and veneration unchanged by her newfound standards. Underneath the acquired sophistication she was still a Mennonite and Mrs. Dreary was the only female that had ever had the dare to stand up against Pop already. On her part Eirstwhile Susan took great delight in introducing Barnabetta as my precious daughter, returned from a session at the fountainhead of learning.

Pop and the boys were grumly silent, but Abel Butcher, longer of face than ever, kept on babbling, as the Dreary steps and stare at Barnabetta with grudging approbation that noted the tasteful arrangement of her shining brown hair and her simple, indiscoverably "worldly" clothes and compared them favorably with the dumpy, waistless Mennonite damsel. "That's what she needs, a wonderful expense item!" he sighed, and then jealously, "Mebbe you could to get a Mister at that college, yet?"

Barnabetta blushed, but shook her head demurely, the two faces flashed to her mind, that of David Jordan, lean, quizzical, with the grave, gentle eyes, and that of Edgar Barrett, always the President of a college for young ladies, but apt to forget the trend of his erudite remarks anent English Essayists when he glanced,—as he did with increasing frequency at her corner of the classroom.

During the next two long vacations Barnabetta remained at the college, tutoring, working in the library, and occasionally going out driving in the dark green Presidential car, to the furious dismay of Miss Theodora Jordan, whose hopes were still unrealized, and seemed to be actually threatened by a little Dutch chit from No-where! Edgar Barrett, always the President of a college for young ladies, but apt to forget the trend of his erudite remarks anent English Essayists when he glanced,—as he did with increasing frequency at her corner of the classroom.

During the next two long vacations Barnabetta remained at the college, tutoring, working in the library, and occasionally going out driving in the dark green Presidential car, to the furious dismay of Miss Theodora Jordan, whose hopes were still unrealized, and seemed to be actually threatened by a little Dutch chit from No-where! Edgar Barrett, always the President of a college for young ladies, but apt to forget the trend of his erudite remarks anent English Essayists when he glanced,—as he did with increasing frequency at her corner of the classroom.

"Really David! Do you think it's quite discreet—quite wise? Of course she's socially an impossible little creature, but she isn't bad looking in a quaint way, and—" it's very important not to impair your reputation just now—with so much at stake.

A strange look on the lean, lined face warned her to stop where she was, and inwardly fuming, Theodora swallowed her anger as well as she could, and managed to be quite polite and quite amazingly disagreeable to Barnabetta when she arrived. From the girl's letters to Juliet—Eirstwhile Susan—that estimable lady got no hint of the trouble in the girl's heart. She wrote cheerfully that she was glad to have a little part in electing the wonderful Mr. Jordan to the senate, and was working hard but was well, and how was poor Pop and the boys? Mrs. Dreary, frizzier than ever and ruffled to her pointed chin, read the letters aloud with pride as she fed the paralytic his milk toast.

"Where's the grape jelly I said I felt for?" growled Pop, unheeding, "why didn't you aint? You, a female have a dare to disobey your Mister, I'll learn you, Joolyet, I'll I'll—"

"I deem it highly probable," his spouse reflected, "that our estimable child will one of these days fill a worthy position in the world, and then, my beloved Barnaby, with what pride will we reflect upon our humble part in elevating her thus.

One day in early November Mrs. Dreary placidly turning the handle of the churn with one toe while she perused a romantic novel, looked up as a shadow fell across the book to find Barnabetta standing in the doorway of the kitchen. Under the modish little hat the girl's face was very pale and there were lavender shadows beneath her eyes, which brimmed with tears. Forgetting to be genteel Juliet, Eirstwhile Susan, hurried to her and gathered her against the hard jet bangles of her gown.

"I've been—silly, Mom!" Barnabetta smiled Shakily after a moment. "I believed that the Constitution could make all women free and equal, but it can't. I'm just Barnabetta Dreary, Mennonite, and—" as Miss Theodora Jordan told me, I ought to be thankful that I have had more advantages than most of my class and not ungratefully try to aspire to the class above!" She dried her eyes, took off her hat and tied a gingham apron about her slie, which brimmed with tears. Forgetting the churning, and afterwards— mischief twisted her lips in spite of their quivering, "afterwards I'll press Jacob and Emanuel's trousers yet, to show that I realize my rightful position as a female!"

"But as they all say, little later about the supper table a step sounded on the walk and David Jordan was among them, with eyes for Barnabetta alone. "Theodora

(Continued on page 72)
Blanny and assist him on his way. He departed, with Blanny still gurgling, under his arms.

Laura spent the remainder of the night dragging suit-cases about and giving Billy "pieces of her mind", which he never recollected, being noisily somnambulant.

It was odd for Laura to talk to an adamentine Billy. It aroused in her a faint curiosity. It invested Billy with a sort of dignity, a withdrawal, a reserve... Laura felt piqued... even she thought, in his cups—the wretch, he had not ought to be impervious to her presence... what was that he had told her about being earth in an earthly bed... that he still would see her and hear her and his heart... what was it... would blossom in-flowers of purple and red. Had he been deceiving her all along? The baby-doll, Blanny? Two of a kind, certainly. Had they been playing a single game? Cleverly? Going, just last night, a bit beyond the limits. Was that it? Had Billy never been hers? Oh, men...

Early in the morning Laura went out. She telephoned to Philip Evans that she would not meet him for luncheon. She didn't know why she wouldn't, but she felt that she didn't want to leave until... until she left for good... while that Blanny person was about...

When she returned the furniture movers were in the hall. She had notified them the day before when, under Phillip's whirlwind ardor, she had decided about the divorce and the immediate break-up.

Perhaps they would frighten Billy, the imminence of the furniture movers.

It did. He reared up in bed and implored Laura for more time. He said it was unfair to him. It was literally imposing the "Take Up Thy Bed and Walk." It was an outrage from the dark ages. It was extreme humiliation.

The furniture movers shifted noisily.

Laura reminded him that humiliation was his middle name.

Something stirred beneath the bed—and the furniture mover yowled.

Billy groaned and dropped back. Laura glared at him and then transferred her glare to the spot at which the furniture mover was staring. Blanny's head protruded like the head of a turtle from its shell just below the head of the bed.

"I came down for..." began Blanny, crawling out. "I didn't know you were out, Laura, I came for..."

"I hope you got what you came for," screamed Laura; "oh, ooh, this is outrageous! This is perfidy! This is... oh, what is it, will someone tell me?"

"Tisn't decent, mum," vouchsafed one of the movers, readily; "that's what it isn't."

"I know what it is, mum," vouchsafed a second, "my missus 'as the same 'abits, mum. Orful, that's what I calls it."

Laura moaned again. "To think I trusted you," she kept saying, "you... of the race of man... while all the time... all the time... oh, take me home..."

Blanny vanished into the bathroom beyond. It was all too much for her. There was no Mystic Shrine, she remembered that. She felt that she hated Billy for telling her so. It had caused all the trouble. It was just like the time a big boy had told her that there was no Santa Claus. It had hurt in the same way. She had never enjoyed her Xmas any more after that. Now she could never enjoy her husband any more.

Hysteria was rising rapidly when the maid came to the foreground and said: she had not been axed, but what with all the goin's on she felt she oughter tell that Mister Bartlett, bless him, was innercated as a lamb and the young lady from Apartment 66 had just come inquirin' for her man. All the fuss was fer nothin' if she was axed, which she wasn't and so could she be excused?

Jack, hard upon her heels, overheard and was greatly mortifying. He felt that he had to atone for the Shrine. He even told Blanny, between kisses, that the Shrine was merely a name for jack-pots and he had used it to save her feelings, which were delicate and her principles which were Methodistic and hence anti-poker. He added that she was his baby-waby, little-bittle, tootsie-toosie, and he'd get her spiffed himself some night, yes he would, and to come home to Poppa and not be naughty, any, any more.

Jack also hissed in Billy's ear to take a bracer... not the kind he had had in the night... but a mental bracer. To get a little back-bone where his wish-bone hadn't been and to tell Laura to go on as far as she liked, and then some, and that if she wanted a divorce he'd not only let her have it, but go and get it for her, that there were as good fish, etc., ad nauseam.

Billy thought it was good dope. Going to the devil had not been without its due effect. There was a stimulus, removing this morning-after tragedy. Also, there was the kiss Blanny had given him just before his complete immersion. Rather sweet... and ummy ummy and all that... other fish... well...

Of course, he loved Laura. He knew that right enough. There could never be another Laura... but he had cut his eyeteeth and he wasn't goning to drool about any longer... he was going to bite. At high noon Laura came into him and he didn't give her her customary first word. He sat erect and rampaged his hair and looked fierce and devil-may-care and told her that she needn't trouble about the divorce, that he would get it himself and be dam'd glad to... and that he guessed that would be about all... a fare thee well... he said; he wished her luck.

Laura began to weep. A little shaft of light lit up her understanding. Life suddenly presented itself to her—without any Billy anywhere at all, and lo, Life grinned at her with fleshless force.

She remembered their honeymoon... and something gripped her throat.

She remembered the plans they had made and the dreams they had dreamed.

She remembered last night... and Philip Evans... slipping a note to a chorus girl at the table next theirs.

She remembered the song she had heard "Love Comes But Once..."

She stumbled over to him and got down on her knees. She was desperately homesick.

"Oh, Bill," she sobbed; "oh, Bill, can you love a fool... can you love a fool...?"

Bill gathered her in his arms. "Does the fool love me?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, does she?" came from his shoulder, "oh does she! Oooh Bill!"

TO A MOVIE MAID

Oh, glitter of diamond and moonshine of pearl,
Oh, hangings of velvet and incense of wealth,
Wherefore are the days of the larkspur and song,
Of the larks singing blithely of springtide and health?

Oh, proud, haughty blooms, floral, patrician,
Oh, motor-lined mart and velvet-laid pave,
Wherefore are the meadows sweet-yielding their wild bloom
And the road open clean to the skies that I crave?

Oh, fair hotbouse women and jewel-bright wines,
Oh, faintness of perfume and wraiths of regret,
Wherefor is the nectar of milk and of honey
And the sweet, free-limbed maid that I cannot forget?

GLADYS HALL.
DEATH IN FEVER FLAT

(Continued from page 48)

soundlessly, revealing the vast expanse of moonlit plains and desolate buttes. Lon shivers and turns up his coat collar, finally facing about to discover the cause of the chill. Observing the open door, he goes to it, closes it and locks it, the click of the key being distinctly audible. He then returns and sits as before, and again the song comes.

HANK

(In the bar)

"There's many a star shall jangle in the west
There's many a leaf below.
There's many a damn that will light upon the man
For treating a poor girl so."

(New both of them double doors swing open, without sound. Lon shivers, then, looking over his shoulder, suddenly gets up, glares about him and makes hastily for the door to the bar where he almost collides with Hank entering with bottle and glass.)

HANK

Here, mister, I was just comin'.

LON

What the devil's the matter with your doors?

HANK

Them? Oh, the lock's no good. When the wind's southwest they fly right open. Got to be wedged with a shingle. (He goes over to the doors, slams them shut, picks up a shingle from the floor and inserts firmly between them.)

LON

(Replied) H'm. Well, that's all right.

HANK

Now it's blame cur'us the way the old place gets. You'll here those floor boards creak at times like as if some 'un was sneaking over your foot. Feller told me once it was made by contrapassion and temperature. Mebbe so, but I reckon (knowingly) there's more goes on around here than we give credit fer. (Hank dusts off table and puts bottle and glass down. Lon seizes them eagerly and begins drinking.)

LON

(To a couple of glasses) You mean—spirits?

HANK

Well, I dunno as you'd call 'em that. But it's a fact, there's more liquor goes over the bar than gets paid fer. 'Taint stole, either. It just goes, . . . . As old Pete Gunderson used to say, "I'm a hell of a th'ust'y p'usson, and when I croak I'll be a hell of a th'ust'y spirittum." I sometimes wonder—

(Padie appears above, in a loose dressing sack, her hair hanging in a great wavy mass, and holding a pitcher.)

PADIE

Lon, please fetch some water.

LON

(Not moving) I dont daast dare go out in the night. I've caught a chill from today's drive.

HANK

(Coming up the stairs) I'll fetch it you, ma'am.

(Padie comes down to meet him and the two are momentarily hidden from the audience. Lon continues to drink steadily, pouring down one glass after another. Hank reappears, treading with a certain gayety, and goes out rear, whistling the Tennessee "warble".)

PADIE

(Leaning out of the shadow of the stairs) Hastily toward her husband) Ain't you comin' up soon, Lon?

LON

(Ignoring the query) Scarcely no resemblance whatever.

PADIE

(With sudden fierceness) You lie! (She ascends to the top of the landing. Outside a pump creaks briskly.)

PADIE

(Relenting a little) You'll be seein' things, Lon, if you keep it up.

LON

(Rising perfectly steadily) Mind your business. Wish to hell I had a newspaper. (He goes out thru the door to the bar, while Padie runs a comb reflectively thru the exuberant tumult of her dark hair. Hank enters and stops a moment, half blinded by the light, then looks up, and shading his eyes, smiles.)

PADIE

(Coyly) Is it the light in your eyes, mister?

HANK

(Duringly) It's you, ma'am, are blinding them. (He runs up the stairs with the pitcher.)

PADIE

(Bending toward him as he comes near the top steps) You'd better reach it to me. Maybe the landing'll not hold the two of us.

HANK

It'll hold two that have such light hearts as we.

PADIE

Ah, you dont know mine, mister.

HANK

(Reaching her the pitcher) There, the clumsy put I am! Spill the cold water on your pretty bare toes! (As she leans over to take the pitcher her hair falls suddenly about his head, almost covering his face.)

PADIE

(Drawing it back, with a deft twirl) I've most smothered you!

HANK

I wouldn't want a sweeter death.

PADIE

(Looking down into his eyes) Indeed, you're the picture of—an old lover of mine.

HANK

I'd rather be the picture of the new. (He makes as to clasp her about the ankles, but she puts a hand on his shoulder and pushes him gently back.)

PADIE

You've been very kind to a wanderer—from Arizona. Don't spoil it. Good night!

HANK

(Turning about, mutters) Good-night! (He clatters loudly down the stairs as Lon re-enters, studying a newspaper. Lon seats himself, still absorbed. Hank favors him with a glare of positive hatred.)

HANK

(With a sneer) All fixed fer the night, eh?

LON

(Grunting) G'night.

HANK

Well, I hope you like this country better'n Arizona.

LON

(Starting out of the news) The hell you say!

HANK

Your wife was wishing herself back there.

LON

(Settling back to his paper and bottle) Well, that's where she come from. I dont Women allus want what they aint got.

HANK

(Retiring) "When your heart was mine, true love,
And your head lay on my breast,
(He goes out, closing the door)
You could make me believe by the falling of your arm
That the sun rose in the west."

(During the singing of this last stanza, the double doors swing wide as before, revealing a Figure standing motionless outside, bathed in moonlight. At the same time the flame in the glass lamp begins to flicker and wane. Lon holds up the paper closer to his face, finally almost buries his nose in it, as if conscious of the Presence but stubbornly resolved to ignore it. The Figure moves, and as it crosses the threshold the feeble light expires, Lon, however, still sits, as if absorbed in the newspaper, pretending to sip from his glass. The Figure in a thin mocking voice, echoes the song of the other, standing just behind Lon's chair.)
(Continued from page 69)

DEATH IN FEVER FLAT

THE FIGURE
(A thin echo) You could make be believe by the falling of your arm
That the sun rose up in the west.—
(Lon picks up the soiled pack of cards from the table and begins to shuffle them mechanically, nor does he once turn toward the apparition.)

LON
(In a hars' whisper) And what's you doin' here?
(The Figure sits down nonchalantly in a chair a little to one side of Lon's, He is dressed in the western style, that is, without style, carduroys, heavy boots, flannel shirt. In fact, he looks almost natural. But there is a curious dark mark in the center of his forehead—or is it a round, dark hole?)

LON
(Petulantly) Caim you stay where you was put—with a heap o' rooks on top o' ye?

THE FIGURE
(Thinly ironical) Cant seem to give up the old habits, y'know.

LON
(Thickly, tossing the pack down) What the hell's a corpse got to do with habits?

GHOST
(Unmoved) You pore fool, you'll learn when you come over.

LON
(Huskyly) Come over—whar?

GHOST
Where I be.
(Sings in a quaver ing voice.)
"There's many a girl can go all round about
And hear small birds sing—"

LON
(Snarl ing) Dry up on them corpse tunes o' yourn, Harvey Mace.

GHOST
(Sneering) Oh, you reckernize me, eh? You reckernize your old friend and pardner, do you, Lon Purdy?

LON
(Sullenly) I knowed you'd come.

GHOST
(Triumphantly) And you believe in me, eh? Well, that's good too.

LON
(Stubbornly) Believe? Well! I knowed I'd be seen things soon, what with the booze. I knowed it'd be the snakes or you. Padie told me I'd be seen things.

GHOST
(Maliciously) So you believe in her, any way. Well, how's Padie—and the children?

LON
You know damn well we aint had none.

GHOST
What, no children! How unfortunate! The house of love not to be graced with fruit . . . sterile, sterile.

LON
(Belligerently) Er you referrin to me?

GHOST
To your spiritual union only, my friend. Physically, I know, nothing was wanting for a perfect match,—female form divine to mate with bit blond beast. A race of superpeople!

LON
What the hell'y you gabbin? You allus had a lot of talky-talk. That's what made a hit with Padie, before, before—

GHOST
Before the Other Man came along and cut us both out.
(Sings.)
"And many a girl that stays at home alone
And rocks the cradly and spins."

GHOST
(Reflectively) Yes, I'm afraid we both stood up pretty poorly alongside him. I had the words, the brain, the ideas. I could charm her, talantly her, quicken her mind, arouse her imagination. That's why I cut you out with her.

LON
(Sneering) Gab!

GHOST
Yes, gab. It was one better to her than mere brute—guts! You personified strength. You didn't have nerves enough to be afraid of anything. You had endurance, cherk, deviltry, and a kind of raw good nature. Those took with the gay, immature girl she was until I came. You had—Guts; I had—Gab.

LON
And the Other Feller?

GHOST
He had the Gift.

LON
What you mean?

GHOST
He was a full man. His personality exuded from him like incense. It wrapped and entwined you and warmed you, and yet it was not a grain feminine, but deeply, proudly masculine. You tolerated him, I—loved him. I had the fine passion for Padie but when I first saw the two of them together I knew she was his, or (with a keen, stern look at Lon) ought to be . . . and she has been, always.

LON
(Jumping to his feet, and knocking over his chair) You lie like hell! She's mine! She's been mine all these three years! I won her and I own her! What little of love she ever had for you or him is buried down in Laguna Madre with the bones of both of ye! And all hell can't take her from me!

GHOST
(Rising tall and pale) He kin, and he's done it! You thought you'd got her. But he's had her, or rather, she's had him in her heart ever since they took the rope from his neck and pronounced him legally dead, and justice vindicated, and laid him away in the desert. All that time since, he's belonged to her. When you laid by her side nights, it was his arm she felt about her waist, not yours; his breath was on her cheek, and his heart was beating against hers. Oh you poor, poor fool!

LON
(Throwing his glass straight at the ghost) You lynn pup!

GHOST
(Bursting into a gale of eerie laughter) Ha! ha! ha! you poor fool! Now you believe in me!
(Lon whips out his revolver and aims at the ghost, then slowly returns it to the holster, as he realizes the futility of the move.)

GHOST
Go on, my boy! Let's have another one here (he points to the dark hole in his forehead).

LON
(wiping his own face with the back of his hand, and shuddering, slumps down into his seat and stares vacantly at the table.)

(He stresses the words with intense irony.)

Do you remember the last time you pulled that trick? What a foxy one it was! How astutely placed. Planned, my friend. I remember when we two went up the canyon together, just such a shining night as this, I asked you why you had borrowed—the Other Man's horse, and you said, yours was a little lame. Oh! excellent dissimler! Most crafty of lies! You stole that horse! You stole that horse to put a rope around the Other Man's neck! You knew the pinto was shod different from any pony in those parts. You knew where they'd track him to, when they found the job you'd done. Then we sat down to smokes and cards. And I remember the curious glitter in your eyes. I was dealing.

(Then the Ghost shuffles the cards on the table, then lays down the pack in front of Lon.)

GHOST
Cut!
(Lon mechanically obeys.)
GHOST

(Dealing) And after several hands, you brought up the subject of Padie. And I told you I was out of the race—and that you'd better get out too, because the best man already had her. And then—and then I sensed you were going to draw, and when I had my gun out, it was empty. Clever boy! You had it fixed right. And so you pulled me square. And the moon and stars went out for me and I dropped into the black gulf.

(Loos throwing his hand down, buries his face in his hands, growing.)

GHOST

(Pitiably) You left me with my face to the stars for the coyotes to find. Then, very coolly, you turned the Other Man's horse toward home and shot him off cracking. And you jumped to a pinon log that led off to a ledge of lava where your footprints wouldn't show. And you turned up in half an hour with the boys in town. Then you inquired casually where the Other Man was. You knew you devil! You knew they'd never get an alibi from him for that night, cause—Padie was with him. Padie had her dear arms about his neck while you, clever dog, were out fixing to put a rope there. And you done it, too! Fine her! Yes, you did—like hell! After the trial was over, and the dead buried, me and him, you passed a dirty whisper around town about her, and then married her, to save her good name. That's how you won her.

(There is an immense silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of Lon, which comes in rattling gags.)

GHOST

(Sings)

"There's many a star shall jangle in the west, There's many a leaf below, There's many a damn that will light upon the man For treating a poor girl so."

GHOST

But I ain't forgot all you done for me. Neither has the Other Man, (with deep solemnity) and he's come—to settle too—

LON

(Staggering up) No! I don't believe in you! You're nothin' at all! There ain't no—

(Loos stationary at the table; as he swings around, the figure of Another stands outside the door, a tall figure with something white rustling about its neck. Lon with a cry of horror puts out his arms as if to ward off the apparition and backs slowly toward the left wall.)

FIRST GHOST

(Coming toward him) Murderer! betrayer! We've come to settle!

LON

(Screaming) No! no! no! I don't believe—

(He falls, and the pile of rubbishy furniture topples over on to him with a crash. The two apparitions vanish. The door to the bar is flung open and Hank leaps in, at the same moment that Padie appears above, whitey clad.)

PADIE

Lon! Lon! What's the matter?

HANK

(Going toward the pile of stuff) Go back! It's something terrible.

(He heaves the heavy pieces from the body and drags it out, as Padie, with a long cry, flies down the stairs. He feels the breast quickly and rises before Padie reaches the table.)

HANK

I'm afraid he's done for.

PADIE

(Drawing a deep quivering breath) Oh.

HANK

He must have a fall.

PADIE

I knew drink'd do him for.

HANK

Did you—love him—so much?

PADIE

(Very low) Once—a little. (With sudden fierce joy) I don't care! Now—I kin—live!

HANK

(Looking out over the desert where the dawn begins to show) Both of us.

—CURTAIN—

THE NEW STAGE SEASON

DAWNS RELUCTANTLY

(Continued from page 58)

buckling Neri—and vice versa. Maude Hannaford may be dramatically inadequate as the fishmonger's golden-haired offspring, but she presents a seductive picture of Florentine beauty.

Scandal, "Cosmo Hamilton's racy comedy, seems likely to interest New York for awhile, despite the fact that it pleased Chicago. "Scandal" is another of those deliberate dramatic blush constructors. Beatrix Vanderdyke, a typically Snappy Stories flapper, becomes involved in a difficult situation and lies her way out of it by declaring that she is married to a wealthy yachtman. He aids her scheme, but when the flapper's happy family arrange a hasty honeymoon, demands the rights of a husband as a lesson to the ingenue. This takes place in the flapper's pink boudoir and is calculated to set the callow folks out front blushing. But the real flash of "Scandal" comes in the last act, when Hamilton stops trying to achieve a daring situation. "Scandal" will please those who take Robert W. Chambers seriously. It is rather well done by Charles Cherry, well mannered the elderly, as the pseudo-husband and pretty Francine Larrimore as the devilish Vanderdyke person. Miss Larrimore has a fearful voice but her piquant personality surmounts that handicap. And she is growing in ability to hold up a scene. There are lots and lots of other things on Broadway. Consider the Shubert late summer show, "The Gaieties of 1919." We rather liked this in its first edition with the noisy, but amusing Ed. Wynn. After the strike it was re-presented with a new cast headed by Nora Baynes. The second company did not equal the first, although Gilda Grey, exponent of the Shimime and feminine quaker de luxe, is still present. Gilda is unforgettable. We will never be able to shake off our memories of her. "The Gaieties" had one haunting little melody, "The Vamp."

"Mytery, marriage, murder" reads the advertisement of "At 9:45," which is an Ower Davis melodrama—one of those things that keep you guessing who is the real culprit until the last curtain. That is, it is supposed to. We guessed in the middle of the first act and guessed right. For fear that you will consider us conceited, we'll explain our process. We simply eliminate all the characters upon whom Mr. Davis carefully showered suspicion. Some day a playwright is going to try this in reverse—and make a fortune. "At 9:45" has interest, however, if you like this sort of thing. The leading woman, Marie Goff, is a distinctly pleasant new personality. But now we can't recall much about Low Fields' "A Lonely Romeo," except a scene in a man's hat shop. We suspect that the libretto of George White's "Scandals of 1919" was written by a dancer. The thing is just a series of terpsichorean interludes, most of them serving to keep up your courage while you wait for little Ann Pennington to reappear. Ann is still our favorite example of condensed seductiveness. She is quite as appealing as ever.

The new Hippodrome entertainment is up to standard. They are taking a leaf from the Mack Sennett ledger and playing up the bathing cuties and diving nymphs. One young woman. Mae Eccleston, does a sensuous dive from the top of the huge Hippodrome into the big tank.

Returning for a moment to the late lamented strike, let us comment upon the interesting performances given by the striking actors at the Lexington Opera House. A scene from "Camille," done by Ethel and Lionel Barrymore and Conway Tearle, will stick in our memories for a long time to come. Lionel's portrayal of the father is a remarkable bit of work and a masterly example of make-up, while Ethel, seemingly ten years younger in her new skintness, now and then struck a moving and poignant moment as the ill-fated heroine.

More anon.

SHADOWLAND CLASSICS

"I might not, if I could—"

"I should not, if I might—"

Yet if I should I would—And, shouldling, I should quite—

I must not, yet I may—

I can, and still I must—

But, ah! I cannot—nay—

To must I may not, just—

I shall, although I will—

But be it understood,

If I may, can, shall—still—

I might, could, would or should—"

—The Christian Science
THE EVOLUTION OF JAZZ

(Continued from page 44)

ing the musicians there was a caption which read "The Band That Makes You Jazz."
Kelly's band eventually made the pilgrimage to Bagdad-on-the-Subway where it was engaged by Frisco to furnish the accompaniment for this boastful clarinet representation of tough-hound. Incidentally, Frisco should be given credit for his efforts in popularizing jazz. A unique personality, he seemed the living symbol of the fascinating savagery of the underworld. Tipping his derby—and a derby was most essential to the proper expression of the rough-and-spicy jazz—and violently smoking cigars tilted at a dangerous angle he worked his legs into a veritable frenzy of locomotor ataxia. His audiences howled with delight. Here was the real thing at last, they declared. A fig for your parlor prancing and your lounge lizards who executed soft steps with almost feminine grace and dearness. Here was rich red blood, strong and supple limbs, self-satisfied savagery, dancing to wild, weird music with ever-increasing abandon. Because he seemed to embody the physical character of the Barbary Coast he gained the sobriquet of Frisco. It stuck to him like a toad for a frog, but back in Dubuque, Ia., he is known as George Lewis. Forming a partnership with Loretta McDermott, a shapely little dancer, whom he had met in a Chicago resort, he went to New Orleans where the couple jazzed to the accompaniment of the darkies. They traveled on to Mobile, back up to Chicago and thence to New York where they emerged into undisputed fame and fortune. It is said that the late Vernon Castle gave considerable encouragement to Frisco, advising him of the potent spell which the jazz would have for New York if the dance were capitalized at the psychological moment when the modern cabaret and music hall steps had completely worn out their welcome.

One night Frisco and Loretta McDermott appeared in a revue at the Fulton Theater. The show was a failure, but the audience went wild over the dancers who could be so appealingly primewal. Florene Ziegfeld, Jr., ever on the alert for the new and novel, engaged them at once for his after-theater show on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theater, and there, great and instantaneous success greeted them.

Jazz became the order of the night. Vaudeville scouts and cabaret impresarios beat a hasty retreat which boosted a clarinet player who had the uncanny ability to take his instrument to pieces down to the mouthpiece and keep up with the band. This dis-

section belonged to one "Yellow" Nunez. This organization played all kinds of "blue" numbers and eventually got into the courts over a song. And it was during the litigation of this ownership of the number that Nunez, in reply to a question from the court, as to the definition of blues, said: "Judge, blues is blues—a little off key but harmony against the rules."
The court decided that "blues" could not be copyrighted inasmuch as they could not be described and copyrighted.

Jazz players seem to get most of their effects from cornets and clarinets, perhaps, because those instruments lend themselves most easily to imitations. In a number called "The Livery Stable Blues" the cornetist of the Dixieland Band even went so far as to introduce the neighing of a horse. As a general rule the early adherents of jazz were the New Orleans of a Spanish-Indian mother and a French father, is said to be the first white jazz clarinet player. He drifted to New York in the fall of 1918 and joined the "Original New Orleans Jazz Band," playing at various cabarets and restaurants. Edwin Edward, J. Durante, Frank F. Shotek, Raymond Lopez, who appeared with Blossom Seeley; Tom Brown, Gus Mueller and Lawrence Shields are other prominent jazzmen who paved the way to the present dance delirium. Nor must Ted Lewis be forgotten. Lewis, who incidentally is a great showman, was the first, it is said, to bring subdued tones to the playing of jazz. Just as Frisco has demonstrated what can be done with jazz physically, Lewis has shown what can be done with it instrumentally. He softened its notes to taking care to maintain its weirdness.

Sophie Tucker advances a claim as the original jazz woman on the stage. She declares that she was the first to introduce shoulder shrugs and undulations during the singing of rag songs. When Miss Tucker became a hostess at Reisenweber's she brought jazz into a conspicuous place on the entertainment program, not only thru her own efforts but thru those of several young girls, one of whom, Gilda Gray, has been called her protege.

The Shuberts engaged Miss Gray for the "Galettes of 1919" and the opening night of that revue was featured by the remarkable jazz and shimmy performance which she gave. It was a new departure in this style of dancing that she offered. Standing in position and singing with an utterly-blank expression she brought the audience to its feet. For she knew how to be pressed and yet suggestive. The wildness, the indolence, the frankness of the underworld were superlatively symbolized in her performance.

Jazz has invaded the army and navy, and there are now a number of vaudeville acts composed of soldiers and sailors who saw service in the war, which are devoted to its expression. The mortality list is increasing daily. Musical revues and comic operas are not complete unless there is some member of their casts who has fallen victim to the jazz. London is in the throes of the epidemic. Paris has accepted it as its own and all over the United States, jazz has a conspicuous place in amusement circles. Photographic record cases contain one or more jazz numbers. The orchestras at the dance casinos at various summer resorts include jazz numbers in their nightly repertoire. And the little gathering on the cracker boxes at the four corners feel that they are not keeping up with the times unless they jazz a little on the old mouth organ. Indeed, wherever one may gaze or wander it is a case of all for jazz and jazz for all.

ESRTWHILE SUSAN

(Continued from page 67)

told me what she had done" his mouth was grim. He held her hands close, looking down into her eyes eagerly, "Barnabetta—that how could you run away like that? Didn't you know I was here?"

Then for the first time he saw the others, Pop glovering from his pillows, Jacob, with hanging mouth waiting to receive the piece of pie balanced on his knife as he stared, Juliet, simpering gently, with crooked little finger as she drank her tea. Miss Nunez, the small bright head very gay as she introduced them to him, the boys merely grunting in acknowledgement while Mrs. Dreary burst into a flowery panegyric of welcoming.

It was David Jordan and Juliet, Esr'twhile Susan who did the talking during the rest of the meal, broken occasionally by Pop's whine that he felt for meat vittles somepin wonderful, and the boy's sibilant draughts of tea. Afterwards Barnabeta and the visitor walked up and down the path between the ragged robes and the phlox, and he told her, quite casually that he had been elected senator.

"Oh," cried Barnabetta, joyously, "Oh, I'm so glad!" and then she broke off and tried to release her hands, with a little frightened smile, "No! You mustn't! Please, Mr. Jordan—please—"

"I love you, Barnabetta," David Jordan told her quietly.

He had had to bear her painful whispers, "But—you saw us! They're my people—I'm just an ordinary girl!"

"Never ordinary!" His big voice boomed with an undertone of vibrant joy; "Sweetheart, tell me you'll marry me and help me be a good senator. I cant do without you. Barnabetta—possibly—"

Soft color flooded her lifted face. Her eyes were full of tender mirth. "Who am I, a female," said Barnabetta, "to have the dare to say 'No'?"
~and they both
show the same pictures!

WHETHER you attend a million-dollar palace of the screen in the big city, or a tiny hall in a backwoods hamlet, you will find that it is always the best and most prosperous theatre in the community that is exhibiting Paramount-Artcraft Pictures.

It does not matter whether you arrive in a limousine, a jitney, on trolley or afoot, you are immediately taken out of yourself by these great pictures which delight so many thousands of audiences every day in the week.

Human nature has deep-down similarities wherever you find it, and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has made the bigger and better theatres possible by supplying a great variety of photo-plays which touch the roots of human nature with absolute certainty.

A theatre cannot be better than the pictures it shows. Good music, wide aisles, luxurious seating and fine presentation have all naturally followed as the appropriate setting for Paramount-Artcraft Pictures.

Find the theatre or theatres in any town that show Paramount-Artcraft Pictures, and you have found the spots where time flies.

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount-Artcraft Pictures—and the theatres that show them.
what she wanted. Someone to cry that part. She was very kind to me and gave me the play to take home and told me to return in a few days after I had read the entire part.

"Miss Crothers had not yet begun planning or rehearsing and every bit of the play was written in long hand. I took it to Mr. Ames. I wanted to go to him, anyway, with the happy news. He had my part typed for me, in his office, right then and there, and he told me to go away and study it. That's all I did for two days... study! I returned to her then, with the long, last speech of the third act memorized... and here I am!"

"Here"—happened to be no other place but Maxine Elliot's very own dressing room in the Maxine Elliot Theater, where she—Mr. and Mrs. Hull—were playing to standing room every night. Flowers were everywhere. All sorts. Roses, pink and white and red... and daisies... and sweet-peas! From everywhere, too. From her mother's place in Lyme, Connecticut; from her managers of the Realart Pictures, who had just sent greetings to their new star; from her admirers and friends both acquainted and unacquainted. One of the things that makes her happy is to receive these loving tributes from people whom she has never seen, and perhaps, will never see, but who are grateful to her for the pleasure she gives them.

And with all her wanting hard enough to be of the theater, you would hardly connect her with the stage. She's so simple and natural and vivacious.

"Faire?" she'll answer to your question about her sister. Faire and I cannot get along without each other. And yet, we're so different. No. I'm not racing, Faire. We're not sisters to see who'll get there first and who'll capture most. She helps me a lot. She has a great deal that I haven't. And I suppose I help her, too. In fact, we've just grabbed each other's hands and we're running along, side by side."

---

**A Dream of Dreams**

(Continued from page 13)

dream of an Institution. Around the University, villages will grow. The inhabitants can come from anywhere. The citizens will come from everywhere.

"It is going to be The Center. Welcome to those who want to learn more and more about philosophy, literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry and dancing! Debussy, Rodin and I talked this 'castle-in-the-air' over, years ago, when I was a child and they helped me to spin my web. We knew it to be a Universal dream but never then did I think I should be so fortunate as to take the step. It is the place, Shaw and Mackaye agree with me; that is needed to make the East West and the West East; the place where the twin DO meet."

This is Mchihito Itou's dream of dreams.
Gloria Swanson’s BEAUTIFUL EYES are framed in long, silky, luxurious EYELASHES and well formed EYEBROWS, and these are largely responsible for the deep, soulful, wistful expression of her eyes and the great charm of her face. No face can be really beautiful without the aid of beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows. You too, can have beautiful Eyelashes and well formed Eyebrows, if you will just apply a little Lash-Brow-Ine to them for a short time. It is a pure, harmless, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes the growth of Eyelashes and Eyebrows in an amazing manner when used as directed. Long, thick, luxurious Eyelashes and well formed Eyebrows lend charm, beauty and expression to an otherwise plain face. Stars of the stage and screen, as well as hundreds of thousands of women everywhere, have been delighted with the results obtained by its use. Why not you?

SATISFACTION ASSURED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Two sizes, 50 cents and $1.00. At your dealers, or sent direct, in plain cover, upon receipt of price.

The wonderful success attained by “Lash-Brow-Ine” has caused the name to be slowly imitated. Look for the picture of “The Lash-Brow-Ine Girl,” which appears on every package of the genuine “Lash-Brow-Ine,” and refuse imitations.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4303-05 Grand Blvd.
CHICAGO

© Photograph by Evans

Gloria Swanson
Star in
Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Maybell Laboratories,
Chicago

Gentlemen:—I can heartily recommend your preparation “Lash-Brow-Ine,” for promoting the growth of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows. I have been using it for some time and find it excellent. I am, Sincerely,

Gloria Swanson
American Art

We have on exhibition at all times a large collection of paintings by the most famous of American artists, including fine examples of George Inness, R. A. Blakely, Elliott Deringer, H. W. Ranger, J. G. Brown, G. H. Smilie, Arthur Parton, Carleton and May Wiggins, Edward Moran, Eugene V. Brewer, etc., etc.

Illustrated Catalogue in Colors mailed to any address for five cents in stamps.

LA BOHEME
175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PAINTING AND SKETCHING

The Long Island School of Art offers excellent training to amateurs and art students. Our system of individual instruction eliminates the time-worn academic training so unnecessary in landscape painting. Pupils are instructed in a technique most suited to their temperament and ability, a system which will assure success, an all year season allows the students to begin their course at any time. Our city studies are always open to our pupils for criticism, and students wishing to stay at our L. I. studios for the summer, will find excellent boarding near-by. Frequent social affairs will bring them in personal contact with many of our most famous artists. Address

LONG ISLAND SCHOOL OF ART
173-175-177 Duffield St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

plays of manners and historical periods, the stage cannot, of course, supply the school.

From the long-continued neglect of striving to "get under the skin of a character", our foremost actors are called on to do little but act themselves. That is, they merely duplicate the method of their predecessors. Instead of adjusting their art to the rôle, they adjust the rôle to their personality, bringing such art to bear upon it as they can command or deem necessary. No matter what the part may be, they are always themselves. Primarily, the test is against the majority of our stellar actors.

Subordinates are selected according to "type". The late John Mason was an actor of great experience. I have seen how excellent he could lie in some of the English drawing room comedies of twenty years ago. I have seen him play an English lad and act in standard plays as a member of a stock company. He was then, truly, an actor of many parts. As soon as he became an established favorite in New York with Mrs. Fiske, as the gentleman gambler in "The Witching Hour", etc., he figuratively cast off the liveliness of his art and acted himself out. His personality was interestingly adjusted. His method had dignity, his manner were finished; but his characters were all John Mason's to the bone.

All the time I wanted to have him cease to be himself, to see him mark his identity in grease paint and costume; I wanted him to play a role, or anything but himself, and by defying me to form a mental photograph of just how he would look when he crossed the threshold of the scene—but he never did. He had established himself as a "type", and the type was John Mason.

We have a glowing example in the flesh in the person of Mr. John Drew. With Augustus Daly he played many parts, but in an unguarded moment he displayed his personality in the smashing allure of a dress suit, and immediately became known as a dress-suit-actor, with an irresistible appeal to the votaries of Dame Fashion. Just once I started him out of this small bubble of his own society by neutrality with which we have long regarded him. In "Jack Straw", I think it was, he appeared for a fleeting moment in whiskers. It seemed incredibly audacious and it did not last long. He may play a dozen different characters but he remains true to "type" and the type is John Drew.

It is this need of diversification, forming the very essence of the actors art, which has been the doom of many of our once highly popular comedians. At a time when they should be in the heyday of their success, they lag forgotten on the scene. Why mention names? The history of musical comedy is a gallery of types. They had comical mannerisms; they squeaked in a way to make you laugh; they tripped over their feet in a manner that was irresistible—it was all very amusing; but they neglected the essential part of their broad and diversified art; they were always themselves and never the character. People at last tired of figures always drawn according to the same pattern. They were stereotypes. If they had played Falstaff they would have stripped him of all his individuality and replaced it with their own—and for one, I prefer the eccentricity of Falstaff to that of any comedian I know.

There is increasing complaint that the theater of our day is becoming stale and spiritually unprofitable. We see a good deal of acting that is interesting, but a vast deal that is flat, stereotyped and conventional. A performance like Mr. Barrymore's Col. Uihlein at once strikes us by its novelty of graphic vigor and clean-cut outlines. It is a portrait limned by an artist whose affords his personality to the character, an artist who stands in the presence of Art in a devotional attitude. The public unconsciously senses the truth. He is still a young man to play so aged a personage. Only a fortuitous combination of family circumstances is accountable for his essence, for the part. He is not the "type".

Nine-tents of our established actors play their parts without the least facial disguise. They are plainly and inevitably themselves—all true to type. So far as it applies to the younger men, acting the roles of heroes, gallants and lovers, no fault-finding is justified, and at times it is delightful to see them in their ranks, filled with players specially selected for their weight, age, color and complexion, all of whom in a minor degree are acting themselves, projecting their own personality into the picture and thus rounding out a possibly compact, cohesive performance, but devoid of the true human spirit, the out of technologically excellent mediocrity.

It is said that we are developing no great actors, and one of the reasons is here indicated. Most of our ambitious young players never arrive at their artistic maturity. They are not given range or opportunity. It is as if a young singer with an unformed voice were assigned perpetually to sing contralto roles in opera, while her true, developed tone-quality would be that of a soprano; or as if an artist were condemned forever to sketch dainty young society buds, when genius summons him to paint in living historical and epic.

Managers look for types because they cannot afford to take chances. But they are to blame: for in exploiting the stage from its commercial side they have neglected to foster a school in which versatility may be cultivated and developed. With productions in New York closing up close to two hundred a season, there can be no time to form a fair appraisal of individual capacity. The man or woman who most nearly approximates in looks and complexion the role to be cast is selected. Yet that which thrills us in acting is not essentially personality, so much as spiritual power. Irving had disagreeable mannerisms of speech; Mrs. Fiske had well-known defect; Janaschek in her later years lacked certain physical charms—yet I should like to see Irving's equal in the role of the old veteran of Waterloo; Mrs. Fiske's equal as Becky Sharp and as Madame Helene than Janaschek. Bernhardt spoke a tongue that few of us understood but with what rich art she made us forget the fact and understand her every syllable.

(Continued from page 39)

VER VER
Fibre lustre silk
The Washable Silk Yarn
that made Fine Sweaters popular
Garments made of VER VER are
worn by women who appreciate
quality, beauty and originality.
Circular free on request.
For sale at the best shops.
CARVER BEAVER YARN CO.
366 Broadway Dept 1 New York City
Become an Artist

Get into this fascinating business NOW! Enjoy the freedom of an artist's life. Let the whole world be your workshop. The woods, fields, lakes, mountains, seashore, the whirl of current events—all furnish material for your pictures. With your kit of artist's materials under your arm you can go where you please and make plenty of money. Your drawings will be just like certified checks.

Never before has there been such an urgent need of artists as there is right now! Magazines—newspapers—advertising agencies—business concerns—department stores—all are on the lookout for properly trained artists. Take any magazine—look at the hundreds of pictures in it! And there are 48,868 periodicals in the United States alone! Think of the millions of pictures they require. Do you wonder that there is such a great demand for artists? Right this minute there are over 50,000 high-salaried positions going begging just because of the lack of competent commercial artists.

No Talent Needed, Anyone Can Learn in Spare Time

Our wonderful NEW METHOD of teaching art by mail has exploded the theory that "talent" was necessary for success in art. Just as you have been taught to read and write, you can be taught to draw. We start you with straight lines—then curves—then you learn to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making drawings that sell for $100 to $500. No drudgery—you enjoy this method. It's just like playing a fascinating game.

Beginners Earn $50 a Week

Every drawing you make while taking the course receives the personal criticism of our director, Will H. Chandlee. Mr. Chandlee has had over 35 years' experience in commercial art, and is considered one of the country's foremost authorities on this subject. He knows the game inside and out. He teaches you to make the kind of pictures that sell. Many of our students have received as high as $100 for their first drawing! $50 a week is often paid to a good beginner!

Our course covers every possible angle of Commercial Art. It does away with all the superfluous technique and entangling hindrances of the ordinary art school. It brings the principles of successful drawing right down to fundamentals. In a word, you get all the benefits of a three year course in art at a residence school right in your own home—and for just a few cents a day. Your spare time is all that is required. A few minutes a day will accomplish wonders for you!

Free Book and Artist's Outfit

Mail coupon now for this valuable book "How to Become an Artist." It's just full of interesting pointers on drawing. Reveals the secrets of success in art! Shows drawings by our students. See for yourself what amazing progress they have made through our course. Book explains course in detail, and gives full particulars of our FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT. Fill out coupon NOW! Mail it TODAY!

The Washington School of Art, Inc.
1458 H Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.
Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

The first Fame and Fortune Contest having come to a happy and successful end, and several prospective stars of the first magnitude having been selected and started on their careers, it is with pleasure that we announce a similar contest for the year 1920, beginning with the January number of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland.

Once more we shall go through America with a fine tooth comb, as it were, in search for budding beauties with Motion Picture ambitions. No longer can any young lady or girl say that she has not had a chance. We shall give them all a chance—that is, every one that appears to have sufficient personality, charm, beauty and winsomeness. The first test is the photograph. If that gives promise, we publish it and ask for more. If the others are equally promising, we secure a personal interview, and finally we make a "test" Moving Picture and send it broadcast thru the theatres. Many of the girls whose pictures appeared in the Honor Rolls of our magazines, received many flattering offers from producing companies, and this proves that we are doing a good thing for ambitious American beauties, even tho we might err in our final judgment in selecting the winners. The Honor Rolls will continue each month in all of our publications, thus giving something like two hundred girls honorable mention, including a published photo. One or more of these we promise, will be made Stars of International Fame.

Just think of what a prize this is! The contest just closed attracted nation-wide attention. The newspapers everywhere published illustrated accounts of our final test, and several of the News Weeklies of Current Events showed scenes of the happy party at Roslyn, which were flashed on nearly every screen thruout the United States.

What an opportunity! If it does not interest you, tell your neighbor about it or your distant friend—they may have a daughter just looking for a chance of this kind.

One thing we want to impress upon all aspirants—he careful in the choice of the photograph you submit. Post card photos will not do. Poorly printed photos, and small ones, cannot be considered. We feel that many beautiful girls lost out in the last contest just because they did not go to the trouble of consulting a good photographer. Furthermore, don't submit photos that lie! They may get you on the Honor Roll, but they will never see you thru. We recall in the last contest several young ladies who submitted wonderful pictures, and succeeded in getting on the Honor Roll, but when they appeared on the scene, alas, we found that the camera had lied. We want pictures that do you full justice, even flattering ones, but not dishonest ones. If you are a giant or a midget, if you have an impossible profile, or an ugly nose, or some other defect, don't let the photographer conceal these things—it will be to your loss and disadvantage in the end. Your features may not be perfect, but you may win in spite of that—only, we want to know all. Hence, please do not try to deceive us. Make yourself appear to the best advantage, but do not overdo it.

Rules and date of Contest opening to be announced in next issue.

Select Your Photographs Now!
THE MARTYDOM OF THE PEN

it is pleasant to be looked upon as a great writer, but it is usually more profitable to be smart anything else. The way of the transcriber is hard. That wicked old Dame Fortune seems to frown on the writers until after they are dead, and then she usually smiles sweetly and strews their graves with flowers. Just recall, and see if this is not true. Beginning with Chaucer, did he not exchange a palace for a prison? And was not Spenser banished to Ireland to die in poverty? Then there was Bacon, who sold his ermine to find favor with the eminents and then was called to the bar of the House of Lords to be degraded and disgraced. Then there was thatslowly, inemperate, ungracious but delightful parasite, good old Ben Jonson, who failed as an actor, and who called one day at a nobleman's door and was asked for his card. Stating that he had no card, he bunched in, and upon being asked who he was, blurted, "I am Ben Jonson." "Ben Jonson?—You don't look as if you could say Boo to a goose." "Boo!" said Jonson. "Sit down," was the response, "you are Ben Jonson." The poet had lived in poverty. Hooker's fate was even worse, for he married a clavish Xantippe. Bishop Taylor was imprisoned. The author of Hudibras, Butler, who has delighted million besides me, died in squalid lodgings without money enough to bury him. Dryden ended his industrious life in almost equal poverty, as he had predicted, like a tree struck by lightning at the top, or like a poisoned rat in a hole. Poor gentle Addison had a double misfortune, he married unhappily and died in Champagne. Surely Dr. Johnson, awkward and ungrainly, suffered with scrofula, was "mad half his life," and died one of his lusting grubs in Grub Street. Sterne, a bad husband and a bad priest, neglected his mother and died in dissipation. Goldsmith, chased by billiffs and fears, died in poverty, deserted by all but the poor charwoman to whom he had been kind. Defoe was a cripple, wrote 210 works, and was imprisoned for writing in favor of freedom. Fielding, though of noble ancestry, led a dissipated, irregular life, and wrote starving in a garret. Smollett, poor and friendless, raw, bitter, uncount and ill-tempered, was several times fined and imprisoned, and died at 33. Chatterton, son of a gravedigger, but of marvellous talent, was poverty-stricken, and poisoned himself at 18. Timid Cowper, very poor and tinged with madness, was the immortal "Tasks" to his publisher's free.

From literary England we could go to other countries and see similar examples of literary misfortune, as for example, to Italy, where Dante was exiled, or to Spain, where Cervantes was jailed; but let this suffice. Shakespeare was right, the world is but a stage.

WHAT EVERY, WOMAN KNOWS

(Continued from page 53)

suit, duvetyn is combined with chiffon or Georgette crepe with pleasing effect. Matching suit shades come as heroine in Georgette, but made up with color contrasts in underlays of flame, coral pink, pearl grey and French blue. Both low and high neck styles are designed, but the low cuts receive greatest favor.

Surprising versatility is shown, too, in mid-suit shades. It was only recently that the leading modistes saw the wonderful results obtained by selecting well-fitting footwear in shades to blend with the costume. There is nothing revolutionary in the idea: it is a lesson we should have learned from nature long ago. Master minds in the great World War grasped and profited by this lesson of nature and called it "camouflage," which is simply the art of blending objects into a background to make them inconspicuous. Hats, wraps and gowns are important, of course, but shoes determine every woman's confidence in her costume. Hence the awakening to the importance of color harmony, smart lines and efficient color footwear.

Kidskin is the chosen leather because it molds smoothly to the foot and ankle and lends itself perfectly to the fashionable colorings that women seek. A good looking walking boot that pleases all classes of women because it combines a sense of the smartness so much desired with comfort, is a very efficient color footwear.

"In Shadowland"

W E promised to present the "Shadowland" Waltz by Stanley Boston, the writer. Our readers in this issue but owing to a delay, owing to a number of unexpected typographical difficulties, we have been unable to carry out our intention. The December number will contain the words and music of the waltz, and we offer a sincere apology to each and every Shadowland reader who is disappointed by the delay.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS

One-quarter of the world's tonnage is carried under the STARS AND STRIPES

TRADE follows the FLAG, and FILMS are a part of TRADE

The Motion Picture CLASSIC is the inseparable companion of AMERICAN FILMS and is read wherever those FILMS are shown.

Foreigners have no difficulty in reading the CLASSIC. Its portraits of players speak for themselves. The text is easily understood being written in simple, everyday English. Moreover, it is clearly printed and abundantly ILLUSTRATED

No magazine, we venture to say, has a more cosmopolitan SUBSCRIPTION LIST than ours

Hundreds of thousands of readers in different parts of the world subscribe to the CLASSIC as a MATTER OF COURSE

The Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

COME, CHEER UP, OLD FOLKS!
There's Plenty of Time for You to Do Things Unless You are Over a Hundred.

SOME people seem to think that the big things of this world are always accomplished by the young people. This is not so. However, some people grow old at 40 while others are still young at 60.

Men are different. Some blossom and bloom in youth and wither and decay in middle age. Some are imbeciles in boyhood and youth, and intellectual giants in old age. Some are bright in the spring, summer, autumn and winter of their lives, and some are not bright ever. On the whole it is safe to say that the world's best thoughts, works and deeds have come from men who were middle-aged or over.

Mozart, Beethoven, John Fiske, Coleridge, Bryant, Elizabeth Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Raphael, Chatterton, John Stuart Mill, Macaulay, Pascal, Tasso, Bulwer-Lytton, Shelley, Eupolis, Cicero, Octavius, Pliny the younger, Alexander, Wm. Wotton and Newton were all extremely precocious. Some of the best works of Byron, Pope, Collins, Congreve and Sheridan were produced before the authors were 26 or 27. Joan of Arc accomplished all of her wonderful feats at 18, and Alexander died at 32. Bryant wrote Thanatopsis at 18, but his greatest work was done at 77, and even at 84 he was still writing. Newton had accomplished most of his best work at 45, and conceived much of it at 24, though he lived to be 85. Swift wrote the Tale of a Tub at 30, but lived to the age of 72. Cowper was 50 when his first work was published. Lord Bacon's Essays were written at 35, but his greatest work came at 60. Dryden's best Odes came at 70 and Chaucer was about the same age when the Canterbury Tales came out. Shakespeare's younger works were of course fine, but his best came with his riper years. Milton turned out some great works before he was 30, but the immortal Paradise Lost came at 57. Burke's best, his Reflections, were produced at 60.

"At 10 a child, at 20 wild; At 30, tame if ever; At 40 wise, at 50 rich, At 60 great or never."

Colon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon and Xenophon were octogenarians. Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontenelle and Newton were over 80 when they died. Michael Angelo died at 89, Titian 99, Harvey 80 and still busy. Landor wrote "Imaginary Conversations" at 85. Izaak Walton was writing at 90, and so was Hahnemann at 91, and married at 80. Corinna was in better health at 95 than at 30, and De Boly was still practicing medicine at 103. Demosthenes was at his best at 54, Aristotle at 50, and Plato after he was 55, and did not die until 82. Spinoza, Sterne, Mommsen, Pasteur, Mahomed, Wren, Leonardo da Vinci, Cromwell and Cervantes did their best work after 40. And Scott never wrote a word until he was over 40.

Adam lived 930 years, Seth 913, Enos 905, Noah 950, Canaan 910, Mahalalel 895, Jared 962 and Methuselah 969. Haller has noted 1,000 cases of centenarians, 62 from 100 to 120 years, 29 from 120 to 130, and 15 from 130 to 140 years. St. Patrick died at 122, Attila at 124. In Russia alone, in 1828, there were 828 centenarians in the empire, of whom forty had exceeded 120.

In 1830, according to the census reports, there were 2,556 persons in our own country 100 or over, and in 1850, nearly the same number.

"Old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, and old friends to converse with," said Alphonso of Castile.

Young blood for energy, enthusiasm and vigor; old blood for good sense, judgment, wisdom, prudence, balance and sagacity; and somewhere between the two a happy union of all.

THE OCTOGENARIAN.

SHADOWLAND CLASSICS

The man who fears to take his stand alone, Who follows where the greatest number Should hasten to his rest beneath the stone— The great majority of men are dead!

We lately unearthed a poem which, for reasons unknown, has until now escaped classic honors. It was written by Lord Nozoo, in 156—. It first appeared in the —— about the time of the reign of— ——, in Ireland. Stand a little back, Reader, here it comes:

For years, upon a mountain's brow, A hermit lived—the Lord knows how. Plain was his dress, and coarse his fare; He got his food—the Lord knows where. His prayers were short, his wants few; He had a friend—the Lord Nozoo. No care nor trouble vexed his lot; He had a wish—the Lord knows what. At length this holy man did die; He left the world—the Lord knows why. He's buried in a gloomy den, And he shall rise—the Lord knows when!

The Bookworm.

Patience is a virtue!—try and read this Magazine thru. Rather droll here and there, we admit; but it sparkles now and then. Don't skip anything. Many a gem is past by in the mines, because it doesn't glitter. We cannot shine all the time. Even the Moon cant do that. But we shall trim our lamp and set it in the window.

"Read one page, dont skip a word; Now read another—then a third; Digest it—will you do good; They laugh, where laughing's understood. Should you by laughing thus "grow fat," I will make no extra charge for that.

"He cannot be complete in aught who is not humorously prone; A man without a merry thought, can hardly have a funny bone."
In her mountain home she warns her childhood sweetheart that revenue officers are seeking him for moonshining.

She loves the old race horse that has the fire of the stars in his eyes and a heart of gold.

She jokes the "Old Kentucky gentleman" on his favorite racer, pretending it will lose in the great race.

The man who tried to "fix" the great race is caught by the mountain girl.

Angered by detection, he tries to throttle the girl he has already wronged.

The young society man prevents the girl of the mountain from being cheated out of her estate.

At the evening of the great ball in celebration of the race she again meets her ideal.

After the ball, love comes at last to the girl of the mountain who saved the day at the Derby.

In Seven Thrilling Acts

Directed by

Marshall Neilan

A FIRST NATIONAL SUPER ATTRACTION
ALICE JOYCE

in

"The Vengeance of Durand"

By REX BEACH

Directed by TOM TERRISS

Here is one of a great author's greatest stories made into a photoplay. It is vibrant with emotion and drama.

The insane jealousy of Henri Durand tortures his beautiful and faithful wife. At a costume fete she meets an old friend, Tom Franklin. Blind with jealous rage, Durand wrongly accuses her. In despair she kills herself. Durand uses his young daughter to wreak his vowed revenge on Franklin.

She makes Franklin love her and then repudiates him on their wedding day. When he seeks death the real love for him asserts itself and she becomes his wife.

VITAGRAPH
ALBERT E. SMITH, President
Mellin’s Food

Mellin’s Food adds to cow’s milk important food materials that are necessary to make a complete and satisfying diet for the baby.

Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food and start your baby right.

MELLIN’S FOOD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
Irresistible!
THE authentic Milgrim interpretation of the autumn silhouette may be seen at one exclusive shop in almost every community. We shall be pleased to refer you to the Milgrim Agency in your city.—All genuine models bear the authentic Milgrim label.

Portrait courtesy of Marion Davies.

H. MILGRIM & BROS., INC.
Broadway at 74th Street, New York
PARIS LONDON FLORENCE
Greatest of All Popularity Contests
Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?
Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor; the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOV or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, worldwide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST
1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:
   - December 1919 ballot
   - January 1920 ballot
   - February 1920 ballot
   - March 1920 ballot
   - April 1920 ballot
   - May 1920 ballot
   - June 1920 ballot
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider .........................................................
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name..............................................................
Street............................................................
City............................................................... State.............................................................. Country....................................................... (Dated)......................................................

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
Who Will Be Awarded the Laurel Wreath of Success in This

BIGGER and BETTER 1920
FAME and FORTUNE CONTEST

For the second time we are opening the door to the American Beauties thru which they may start a screen career. And which one of us has not long looked for just such an opportunity? An opportunity minus any expense, except a photograph. This contest is open to every young woman in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND

will give two years' publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that money cannot buy. A position on the screen will be secured for the winner, and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years these magazines guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the universe.

RULES FOR THE CONTEST

Contest is open—NOW. Portraits to be mailed to the CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920.

Portraits will not be returned to the contestant.

No charges or fees of any kind.

Postal-card pictures and snap-shots not accepted.

Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic or Shadowland, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Every ten days our judges will go thru the photos and sort out the leading ones. These honor pictures will be published every month in numbers of The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland. In our 1919 contest many flattering offers were given to the honor roll girls.

CONTESTANT ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No. .................. Date received .................. (Not to be filled in by the Contestant)

Name ..........................................................................................................

Address ...................................................................................................... (street)

............................................................................................................ (city) ......................................................................................... (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any......................................

When born .................................. Birthplace .................................. Eyes (color) ..................................

Hair (color) .............................. Height ............................................. Weight ..................................

Complexion ..............................................................
Expressing the Arts

Shadowland

The Magazine of Magazines

December, 1919

Important Features in This Issue:

Mme. Olga Petrova Interviews Arthur Hopkins
A picturesque interview by a picturesque star with one of stageland's foremost producers.

Fifty-Fifty............... Hadi Barron and Saxon Cane
A piquant one-act play replete with humor.

The Language of the Dance...... Rosina Galli
The premiere danseuse of the Metropolitan talks of the terpsichorean art—and herself.

A Review of the Revue...... Louis Raymond Reid
The development of this form of entertainment told interestingly.

The newest stage reviews.............. The Critic
The latest footlight attractions in review

"In Shadowland"
A striking miniature waltz with words.

The M. P. Publishing Company

Published monthly by the M. P. Publishing Company, a New York Corporation, with its principal offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-class matter.

Copyright, 1919, by the M. P. Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain.
OUR COLOR PLATES:

Alla Nazimova
The vivid star of the stage and the cinema

Marjorie Daw
An appealing leading woman of the silversheet

George Beban
The able character actor who is now devoting all his time to the films

Geraldine Farrar
The Metropolitan star who devotes her spare time to the photoplay

Mary Pickford
Everybody’s favorite

Rosa Rolanda
A classic danseuse now devoting her time to musical comedy

and

Reproductions of two original paintings by Gustave Wiegand and Carleton Wiggins, N. A.
Painted from Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Marjorie dau.
Painted from Photograph by Hixon-Connely Studios

George Bibrion
The Holy Land at Christmas Time

Entrance to Church of Nativity at Bethlehem. Note the walled-up entrance with low portal, designed to keep the Moslem Turks from using the church as a stable. The entrance is now guarded by English soldiers.

Beneath the Altar in the Church of Nativity at Bethlehem. This picture shows the "Grotto of Nativity," the place where Christ was born, and was photographed by time exposure, the only light coming from the candles, which are kept constantly burning.

Photographs by International Film Service, Inc.
Excavations down to the pool of Bethesda, showing how, thru the centuries, one city has been built upon the ruins and debris of other cities long buried and forgotten.
Bethany. The traditional home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus lies within the walled enclosure, entrance being thru the tower.

Left. Town of Tiberius on the shores of Lake of Galilee.

Rachel's tomb between Jerusalem and Bethlehem.
MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

Appearing in Zoe Akins' "Declassee" at the Empire
A Review of the Revue

T HE year of 1907, to most people, signifies, after a moment's hesitation and reflection, the period of a great financial panic. But to that portion of the public that is exclusively of, by and for Broadway, it ushered in the era of the musical revue. It marked the beginning of the Ziegfeldian age—the age when feminine curve and current topic were theatrically interwoven. It represented the complete restoration of the bridge of thighs after a Puritanical reaction that had set in closely following the great-grandfather days of "The Black Crook." America, without, so to speak, a leg to stand on theatrically, suddenly took on an appeal and a conspicuousness that brought it to the very front row of stageland. In fact, America became Stageland with a capital "S."

So it is that the year 1907 should be held in deep reverence by all sincere lovers of the theater. If Dr. Ziegfeld is the pioneer, the revolutionist,

Photograph (left) by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Extreme left, Marguerite Irving and, left, Frances White, both prominent revue players
the Columbus of this form of entertainment, so far as this country is concerned, all the more glory to him. With his ears to the ground, or rather to the groundlings of the pit, did he not sense the desire for novelty in the theatergoing public? Very well, he would undertake to satisfy that desire. He would present to the public, surfeited with Ibsen and Lebar and Shaw and English drawing-room comedies, something utterly different. Possessing, like all good showmen, a deep knowledge of psychology, he believed that his product would attract the buyers of theatrical wares because it would emphasize sex appeal in an environment of tasteful and harmonious color and tone against a background of tunes easy to whistle and jokes easy to laugh at and recall. He had appreciated the popularity of the musical revue in Paris, where it chiefly consisted of a string of music-hall acts interspersed with chorus ensembles. He would improve upon the Paris idea by making as great an appeal to the eye as to the ear.

By all familiar with the Ziegfeld tradition down thru
(Continued on page 75)
MABEL BUNYEA
Last seen on Broadway in "See Saw"
"WINTER"
From a painting
By Gustave Wiegand
Painted from Photograph by Charles Rosher
Deserter Doris

Doris Kenyon has deserted motion pictures, at least temporarily. Miss Kenyon is now the featured farceur in the piquant footlight hit, "The Girl in the Limousine," now current at the Eltinge Theatre.
Dorothy of Petrograd

Dorothy Green, one of screenland's best known "vamp" depictions, comes from the land of the late Czar—Russia. Miss Green was born in Petrograd, nee St. Petersburg. Her parents migrated to America and Dorothy received her education in the New York schools. Her screen career has been a varied one.
Two Footlight Favorites

Right, Ethel Stannard, well known to musical comedy, and below, Dorothy Klewer, one of the beauties of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.
Kay

“Sixty-four cents.” Kay gulped and dove into her tiny gold bag. We took our places at our table in silence. Then Kay laughed, as deliciously as this chocolate deserved to taste. “I know a woman who's terribly extravagant. She bought three sodas so far this season.” I caressed my straw hat, and Kay continued, “Cheer up, honey. You ought to be glad you aren’t a father of a lot of kids!”

The regal drinks were served. “Excuse me, miss,” said the waitress, “there’s ten cents too much here.” Kay and I looked at each other. The waitress came back from the desk with an honest-to-Gawd credit check. Kay and I stared...

SHE will always be seventeen.
It isn't so much what she eats, or how she eats, or that she eats at Delmonico's that prompts me to say it, as the way she hails her three-day-old Cadillac brougham and bounces into it, and then plays gleefully with its threeday-old accoutrements. She had sent a friend of hers shopping in it the while the afternoon passed. She is that way. And now it had sailed Laurelward, and, altho the dictaphone it boasted was but three days old also, Kay was not the sort to lift it to her Rubaiyat lips and languidly direct, but to cry thru the open glass, “James, off to the manicurist!”

Miss Laurel was two hours late for her appointment. There were about a dozen women, who, as she puts it, “don't know what business is,” who were waiting for their turns, so up to the telephone ran Kay. “I’ll see if my special girl can attend to me right away,” she said. But—

“Bizz-ie!” buzzed Central before she gave her number. The returned nickel offered Kay an idea. “Let’s go downstairs for a soda,” she whispered, snuggling around my arm. We went into the elevator. “There’s a 'phone in Huyler's, I suppose.”

“Two checks, please.”

“What kind?”

“Chocolate sodas with chocolate ice-cream.”

Page Twenty-Six
“Lucky? That’s me all over. And not only with little things—with big things, too. I’ve had wonderfully good fortune in my investments. But that, I believe, was because I didn’t fret how I thought they wouldn’t turn out, but how I wanted them to.”

“Did you always get what you wanted?”

“Yes, mostly always. I spent five years of my life in the Ziegfeld Follies and roof shows.”

Kay loves to read funny books, she confided. Because, (Kay’s logic!), she reads when she’s alone, and she likes to laugh out loud—to keep herself company. Ade, and “Dere Ma-bel,” and “The Tattler,” and Lencock—I could visualize them stacked up in her Manhattan Hotel room.

Which reminds me. Kay said she hadn’t a moment to spare, these days, no less to read, she was so busy at the studio every day from nine until seven, and that this was her first twenty-four hour furlough in town for eight years past. “I want you to see my apartment. It’s perfectly adorable. I can hardly wait to have mother come to stay with me. And yet, altho my lease has been signed a month, I am forced to keep my furniture in storage and stay at the hotel until this picture is complete and I shall have time to move.”

We were in the brougham now, creeping thru the files of traffic along Fifth Avenue. Kay had made our own a tin of those famous hard candies, and while she was munching with a thrill the picnic, she told me of her mother, and the house and garden in Pennsylvania she had presented her with last summer, and the two-year-old niece she worshiped, whom she was bringing up to say, “Vee-nee,” “O-rev-wah,” “Bonh-jur,” “Bun-mweet.”

She had a home in Mamaroneck that she’d worked towards all her life, and a few dear friends in Mrs. Rex Beach, Ollie Thomas, Delight Evans, Ann Pennington and Florence Walton, whom she revered with all her staunch, little big heart.

Kay Laurel loves to read comic books. Because, she reasons, she reads when she is alone and she likes to laugh out loud—to keep herself company.
Lucy Cotton, only recently a stage discovery in "Up in Mabel's Room," has attained film stardom almost with a single leap. Miss Cotton is now being starred in International productions. Herewith are two honeymoon glimpses of Miss Cotton in a forthcoming production.
Broadway has given a lively welcome to Marjorie Hast, the pretty, little ingenue of the stage hit, "Scandal." Miss Hast is a daughter of Walter Hast, the producer of "Scandal," but she has proven her right to footlight prominence.
Another Beauty of the Cinema

Betty Blythe, just now attached to the Goldwyn screen forces, is one of the distinct beauties of the silversheet. Her unique charm will next be viewed in a Rex Beach drama, "The Silver Horde".

Photographs by Bangs, N. Y.
The widow of the late Richard Harding Davis is the chief entertainer of the colorful Greenwich Village Follies.
Plays and Personalities of the

Detectable little Ann Pennington has been the chief feature this year of George White’s “Scandals of 1919.”

“The Challenge” is one of the footlight’s contributions against social unrest. At the right is a scene from “The Challenge” with Holbrook Blinn, the star, Allan Dinehart and Louise Dyer.
Stage Season

The piquant titled comedy, "Adam and Eva," has been enjoying a remarkably successful run at the Longacre Theater. At the right are Otto Kruger and Ruth Shepley in a more or less tense moment.

"The Four Million" has been having a record run at the Comely Theater. Among the chief entertainers in this pleasant entertainment are Harry Harwood and Beatrice Noyes, to be viewed at the left.
DOROTHY KLEWER

Page Thirty-Four
The Gay Lord Quex

By Jane Ward

To be a successful manicurist one's got to be deaf, dumb and blind," said the handsome young woman drawing the buffer over the gleaming pink nails of the Duchess of Strood, then, rising she added meaningly as she collected her instruments, "I am said to be a particularly successful manicurist, Your Grace."

The Duchess tapped the edge of the polished table with nervous fingers. She was a pretty, fussy creature with a hundred restless movements, flutterings, tremors. She had large china blue eyes, a small, foolish mouth and a feeble chin that could quiver appealingly on occasion. "Do you know Lord Quex?" She looked just beyond the crisp white cap atop the crisp bronze waves.

Sophy Fullgarney, The Fullgarney as she was intimately known on the tongues of her clientelle, lifted her fine shoulders the fraction of an inch. "Only—by reputation," dryly. A "fine figger of a woman" (to quote the connoisseurs), was Sophy, a trifle full blown, perhaps, but why be carping when there are firm, red cheeks, black, snapping eyes and a wealth of strong, burnished hair whose waves owed nothing to the art of the iron?

"But—by sight? Yes?" persisted the Duchess, worrying her lip with her small pointed rabbit teeth. She seemed to hesitate, then cast discretion aside, leaning across the table feversly, "there is a report that he is very attentive to some schoolgirl, a Miss Muriel Eden. Do you know anything about it? It's too absurd—a man of his age—and experience with women—still they're the very ones who make fools of themselves over a baby lisp!"

"Muriel Eden!" Sophy stared blankly, "my little Muriel? Good 'eavens!" She caught herself up, "I beg your pardon, my lady, but you see I was raised in the Eden family, and I and Miss Muriel were almost like sisters you might say, tho I've never presumed on it—it would break my heart to see her marry a rounder like 'im—"

Only in moments of great stress did Sophy's h's desert her. The Duchess of Strood gave what in one less aristocratic would have been termed a sniff. Her round blue eyes grew chillly, like marbles. "You may go," she said coldly, "and if anyone should ask for me send them in here."

Dismissed, The Fullgarney proceeded into the main room of her establishment where some half a dozen extremely fresh and pretty girls were ministering to the hands of patrons, mostly well-dressed men of the about-town class, each couple semi-secluded by discreet screens of bamboo fastened to the arms of the chairs. The sight of the bright, sunny room, its windows looking on Fleet Street, with the tasteful rugs, the pleasantly prosperous rows of bottles and lotions in the cabinets usually roused in Sophy's heart a throb of pride but now she scarcely saw them. The words of the Duchess vexed her memory—Muriel Eden and Lord Quex, the Gay Lord Quex

Page Thirty-Five
whose adventures in love were common gossip—'eaven forbid!

"So far—and no farther I suppose, eh, Harry?" sniggered Sir Chickester Frame with a waggish tug of his moustache, "Deuced awkward thing for you—the Duke's bobbin' off like that! Puts you in a hole—raw-ther."

Lord Quex yawned. There was no sign of perturbation in his saturnine, close-shaven face as she glanced about the manicure parlour. "I fancy it's a matter of sentiment with her, she always was romantic. You'll excuse me, Frame? We dine at the Edens remember?"

He moved across the room, the glances of the women following him, irreproachably dressed figure. Midway, Sophie met him. "Shall I serve you, my lord? Manicure or massage?"

Some men cannot look at a handsome woman without betraying the fact that they think her handsome. Lord Quex let his glance slip down over the Fullgarney's pleasant curves to the trim ankle visible below the hem of her stylish satin gown before replying. The movement was purely reflex but Sophie caught it and her eyes grew cold. Marry her Miss Muriel, would he, the old rake! Not if she knew it he shouldn't. A few words, and Quex passed on into the private room, leaving, without knowing it, a dangerous foe in the comely person of the most successful manicurist in London.

"Well, Harry—at last!" cooed the Duchess of Stroud, "and Barchester dead a month! Is that your devotion, faithless man?"

Harry, Lord Quex, thirty-five and accomplished lover, stood, looking down at the bedizened little figure before him, with his tired eyes under their heavy lids filled with mockery, his lips twisted in a small, evil sneer. What a pose she was in her ridiculous weeds, her silly crepe ruffles and ribbons of coquetish grief, her sillier reproaches for a faith that had never been! "Dont be histrionic, Cora," he said curiously, "it isn't becoming to your type. You knew our little—episode would end sooner or later; why raise a clamor over the dead?"

The Duchess forgot to be appealing and pathetic. She made a gesture with her crooked fingers suggestive of claws. Her lips drew back from her small white teeth. "So!" she jangled, "so we have reformed our ways! So we have grown respectable, well, that ought to be an entirely new sensation, my dear Quex!"

He met her rage with a hard unconcern. "Come, Cora, be a good sport. I've protected your name, give me credit for that. What have you got to reproach me for? Those stolen, glamorous hours at Nice? That foggy night in the apartment at Leicester Square? That day in Paris when the world was in spring? Don't let's spoil our memories, my dear."

Of a sudden she was close beside him, clinging, palpitant. "Quex. You do remember? Our love was my child, Quex, the only child I have ever had—would you kill our child, Harry? Look at me! Love me!"

He did not move. He even laughed a little cool, cruel laugh. "It's no go, Cora! You're right, I have reformed. I intend to—to marry. There! Now you know the worst! So you must see anything more is impossible between you and me. All that's left is to exchange our letters and then—good-bye."

"To marry! Quex who used to jeer at marriage as the refuge of the unimaginative, the dull, the bourgeoise," the Duchess said in a strangled tone, "I heard the rumor, but I thought it was an insult. And so you are to marry?" she held out her hand with a swift change of manner as tho she drew a silken curtain across Lord Quex glanced at her curiously, "Ah, my Lord," whispered Sophy, "handsome men cant help being—dangerous!"
ner rage and humiliation, "well, I hope you will be happy—and the future Mrs. Quex also. You have studied the curricula of love so long you should matriculate into an excellent husband."

"And the letters?" reminded Quex. Her smile grew cherubic with the impossible innocence of a woman plotting mischief.

"You are to be at the Countess of Owbridge's house party? So am I. I will bring the letters there, and perhaps—I" she smiled softly, sweetly, "perhaps I shall have the pleasure of meeting your fiancée. I am sure we should have much in common to talk of—"

Sophy Fullgarney deftly interposed her handsome person between Lord Quex and the door, as at a discreet distance he was following the saluting draperies of the widow of the late Duke of Strood. "This way, my lord," she murmured, and her voice was humble but her chin was inflexible. It was Sophy's chin that had led her up from the servant strata, and finally landed her at the head of her own business, "this way, if you please." And she indicated a dainty little private room hung in old eighteen-century wall paper showing quaint garden scenery.

Without clearly understanding how he got there, Quex found himself seated across one of the tiny tables with a most determined looking—yes, and attractive young woman in full possession of one of his hands. He started to protest, and thought better of it. It was just as well not to run the risk of having to share a handsom with the Duchess. She had taken her dismissal with almost uncomplimentary meekness—perhaps, he felt a pang at the thought—he was no longer so attractive to women, or was it that he was no longer attracted to them? He thought of Muriel's face with its purity of expression, its soft child curves and coloring the flower of her lips that he had not yet dared to pluck, and smiled, and sighed.

It is the nature of women to take to themselves any sign of emotion on the part of an adjacent male. Sophy laid down her scissors, took up a buffer and gave the fingers she was holding the faintest pressure. Lord Quex glanced at her curiously. She returned the look as languishingly as she knew how. "Ah, my lord," whispered Sophy, "handsome men cant help being—dangerous!"

From behind lowered lashes she peeped across at him with anything but admiration in her black eyes. "Wait till I tell Muriel that her fine Lordship tried to kiss me and got slapped for his impudence!" gloated Sophy. "She'll know I'm not lying, and if he's tried to bribe her by promising to reform it'll show her what to expect."

Lord Quex continued to stare at her, and one corner of his mouth drew up in an odd grimace but he did not reply. Sophy changed her tactics. She dropped his fingers and put her hands to her eyes with a cry of pain. "Oh! I've got a splinter of nail in my eye. Take it out please—"

She leaned across the table, face close to his. There was no mistaking the frank invitation of her lips, and they were pretty lips, too, firm and crimson. But Lord Quex
the Dacre-Worthing's dance two weeks ago. Jack and Jessica are in the seventh heaven at the prospect of having a title in the family. Cant you just hear Jess rolling it out 'my sister-in-law, Lady Quex'?

"But, my dearest!" Sophy begged her, "are you happy? You know what they say about Lord Quex—how do you dare marry him? And—then there's that handsome captain you used to meet here—"

"Don't, Sophy!" Muriel turned away abruptly, "Quex has promised to change—oh, he was so earnest about it! I thought he was going to cry.

(Cont'd on page 72.)

"And so," the Duchess was saying, "our chapter is over? That is... almost over!"

Alfred did not kiss them. Instead he rose to his feet, drew out his wallet and threw a bill down on the table contemptuously. His smile was derisive.

"Keep your kisses for your sweetheart, my good woman," he advised, "if you have one."

Tall, irreproachably dressed, a trifle jaded Quex moved from the room and the door closed behind him. Sophy Fullgarney, scarlet with chagrin, stared after him unbelievingly. Then her foot came down violently upon the charming Bokhara-rug. "I hate you," flamed Sophy, "I hate you—" then, reluctantly she smiled. On the whole the joke seemed to be rather on her. "But he hasn't reformed—you can't tell me!"

she cried with a vicious snap of strong white teeth, "and I'll find some way to prove it and save my Muriel."

Two days later, Muriel, lovely in her new fall suit and a little blue hat that matched the velvety blue of her eyes drew her foster sister into the private room. "I suppose you've heard," she said without emotion, "it's true. I'm engaged to Lord Quex. It—it happened at
Mme. Petrova Interviews
Arthur Hopkins

My car drew up to the curb just as Arthur Hopkins, who had been out "for a few minutes' airing" arrived at the entrance of the Plymouth Theater.

With one of his most cheerful smiles, he opened the car door, shook hands and ushered me into the dim dark foyer.

A line of maids and matrons, nary a man did I see, were passing one by one, the cashier's window. They were buying seats for the reopening of "The Jest" that dramatic tidbit of the past season.

Inside the theater all was hurry and bustle. Cleaners, decorators, electricians, all were intent upon accomplishing a maximum of work in a minimum of time. They all looked cheerful and returned Mr. Hopkins' salutations with fervor.

Upstairs we passed a bevy of beautiful lasses and a goodly sprinkling of likeable swains.

Mr. Hopkins nodded cheerfully and said he'd "be with them in a minute." I thought he rather underestimated my prowess as an interviewer but I held my counsel.

"Here we are," he said and out of the gloom of the dim theater we came into the glaring sunlight of Mr. Hopkins' office. There was no obsequious and humble retinue of secretaries to pass. There was not even a sullen-nosed, freckle-faced atrociouly mannered office boy to look one up and down and over.

There was no room in which I might have been asked to wait, had I not literally fallen upon this little big man of the theater outside. No, there was just the one room with not even a retiring room with its inevitable private exit.

"Do you mind waiting just a minute or two?" Mr. Hopkins asked.

"There are some people there whom it is no use to keep waiting, so I'll just tell them so and not take up their time." I said I didn't mind in the least and sat down on one of the two very hard mahogany chairs which go to form the furniture, or rather lack of it, of the managerial sanctum sanctorum.

I looked about me, not very far, let it be said, for the room was certainly not large enough to swing, well, say two cats in. Except for the two chairs just mentioned a desk was the only other impedimenta in the way of furniture and that a plain, ordinary office desk.

The sun glared through the wide flung window on to this desk and I noticed immediately that it had really been dusted.

A stack of plays, some two feet high, lay to the right hand.

A telephone, a calendar, a couple of pens, two letters, held from the woollings of the wind by a piece of India rubber, and two stubby pencils, one nicely Fletcherized, were the only other articles to mar its sleek surface.

A radiator and a box from a cleaning and dyeing house supported one another mutely in the right hand corner of the room.

On the wall facing my chair was a small black and white drawing. (Mr. Hopkins told me with a perplexed look when I enquired about it later, that he didn't know what it was or how it got there.)
Behind the door there was an electric fixture to which was dangling one of the maestro's coats, stretched supinely on a coat hanger. Underneath his chair there was a small brass sign which bore the inscription in modest lettering:

ARTHUR HOPKINS
PRIVATE

The carpet was grey and quite clean, which is somewhat of a miracle in these days of contempt for such déclassé duties as sweeping and dusting.

I have been in many managerial offices in my time, some magnificent, others plainly luxurious; some decorated and planned with the idea of expressing the owner's artistic temperament, but one and all bearing the unmistakable stamp of belonging to those human Juggernauts of the theater, the managers.

Mr. Hopkins' office is entirely without pretense. It is plain to bareness. It is almost the cell of an anchorite. No photographs bearing endearing and personal inscriptions plaster the walls; they are innocent of anything but sanitas and the black and white drawing.

Arthur Hopkins' office is a workshop.

This man who has made the only two dramatic productions, in the past season that can be taken without an acrobatic elevation of the left eyebrow, is entirely free from any of the highfalutin usually associated with foreheads of more than two and a half inches in circumference.

Perhaps sixty seconds had passed in these observations when Mr. Hopkins returned to the room.

He sat back in the other hard mahogany, but swivel chair and genially enquired what was on my mind. I said that Mr. Brewster, of Shadowland, had particularly requested me to find out, if I could, what Mr. Hopkins thought of moving pictures, star systems, actors' strikes, artistic temperaments, breakfast foods, the high cost of living, the still higher cost of dying, prohibition, I. W. W.'s, Great Neck, L. I., the servant problem, interior decorating, education of the classes, not to speak of the masses—I stopped for breath.

Mr. Hopkins cast an anxious eye toward the door, but stuck manfully to the hard mahogany chair.

"Suppose we start with moving pictures," I suggested.

"Righto," he agreed.

"What is your general impression of the cinema, Mr. Hopkins?" I queried.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said musingly, "I am surprised to see what a number of conventions have become definitely established in a business so young as the moving picture business."

"I notice you refer to the cinema as a business," I remarked.

"Isn't it?" said Arthur Hopkins. "Of course, the potential possibilities of the cinema as an art are there undoubtedly, but apart even from certain commercial restrictions there must be a less blind obedience to established customs if the art of the moving picture is to progress with its commerce."

"And do you think that possible?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Hopkins, cheerfully.

"And where do you think that Utopia lies?" I queried again.

"In the hands of the financial powers and the producers of moving pictures," he said.

"Which do you consider the most hampering of these conventions?"

"At the present time," returned Mr. Hopkins, "there are two which stand out above others of lesser importance. One is, that because a thing hasn't been done it must not be done, and the other, that every story logically or illogically must have a happy ending."

"Leaving the first statement as irrefutable, do you really think that the American public will ever be satisfied with the 'unhappy' ending, paradoxical as that ending may be?" I asked.

"Certainly I do," he answered. "We are at present in the rut of 'happy endings'; they are for the time being the fashion, but that fashion like other fashions will change. In thinking over the big artists of the past and the plays which they interpreted one finds that they were nearly all tragedians and nearly all tragedies. And yet the galleries were filled and it was the galleryite who was the real critic of the piece."

"Which do you think will be responsible for the tragedy of the future?" I enquired, "the taste of the mob or the taste of the producer?"

"If the producer will not produce tragedy, it is certain that the public will have no opportunity to express its approval or disapproval," he replied. "In the case of the two plays which have filled the Plymouth Theater for the past season, both are what are usually denounced by producers as morbid and unhappy."

"In Redemption" the principal character, played by John Barrymore, shoots himself in the stomach and in the 'Jest' the two principal characters go tearing mad."

"And yet the theater was filled?" I put.

"Mr. Hopkins nodded his head, "And," I went on as the maestro regarded space, "the 'Jest's' a costume play, another offence against the conventions of the modern theater."

Mr. Hopkins raised his shoulders and his palms spread gently, "Even so," he said.

"And again," I continued, "both plays are what are called highbrow and yet even the gallery was filled."

"Yes, even the gallery," he repeated.

"By the way, what is 'highbrow' really?" I asked.

He regarded me with a puzzled and contemplative air. "I don't know," he said simply. "I don't think there is such a thing."

"How do you account for the success of some of the thoroughly stupid theatrical and screen productions one sees?" I asked.

"The people have to go somewhere for amusement," he said, "and if producers will not give the public credit for being able to enjoy caviare with steak and onions they must be satisfied with steak and onions or go hungry. However, I am quite sure that it never occurs to the people who leave the Plymouth Theater, that they have been witnessing what may be referred to as a highbrow play. They have either been interested and entertained or they haven't. One cannot please everybody."

The preponderance of public opinion, however, would prove that they will accept the tragedy or the so-called highbrow play, even the costume play, if they are so interested and so entertained. In the case for instance of 'The Jest' certain patrons have witnessed the performance nine and ten times."

I confessed to three visits to 'The Jest' myself.

"Of course," said Mr. Hopkins, "there will always be patrons for other types of theatrical entertainment just as there will always be patrons for the Atlantic Monthly, and patrons for the penny dreadful. The world is large and there is room for all."

"Evidently, then," I said, "you are of the opinion that it is really difficult for the producer or the actor to 'go over the heads' of the public."

Mr. Hopkins smiled. "That reminds me of a good story," he said.

"It was back in the days when I used to book acts for Martin Beck. A legitimate actor was making his first vaudeville appearance in a one-act play. On the Monday afternoon, at the matinee, to use the vernacular, he 'died.' A typical 'hick' vaudevillian had been watching him from the side and when the actor came off the stage, he slapped"
SCENE: Sonia Karovia's boudoir, the kind of a room a respectable person from East Machias, Maine, would probably describe as outlandish. Black velvet curtains outline the French windows (dramatic windows are always French) in the back; the walls are hung with strange crayon sketches, Russian, fatalistic; an ivory chaise longue piled with the pelts of furred animals and burdened with exotic cushions is drawn up before the fire at the right; beside it is a table set out with a samovar, decanters, and slender, fiery glasses. There is a tall lacquered lamp with a purple silk shade. Black velvet cushions with gold tassels lie about the bare, polished floors; an ivory dressing-table with triplicate mirrors stands before the windows with a cane-panelled bench before it. It bears, besides the conventional ailes de beauté, a large ivory skull and a pleasant little incense burner in the shape of a modern mausoleum. Several brocaded lounging chairs stand about the room. A door beyond the fireplace at the right leads into the bedroom, intriguingly glimpsed; one in the opposite wall leads to the corridor. The room is lighted by candles smothered in mauve silk. A bowl of Peruvian orchids gives a sullen note over the mantle, and clouds and then more clouds of incense make the atmosphere.

Sonia sits before her mirror, doing the final retouching. Ultra is the word that belongs to Sonia. She is more modern than the latest "Follies," more sophisticated than "Peppy Fiction," more to be pitied than censored, as "twere.

She is mysterious, challenging. She has wicked, Theda Barish hair, drawn low, and coiled. She has rouged earlobes and shaven brows. She wears a gown which, besides many other adjectives, is inconsiderable. She is, in the words of the Super-Cosmic Films Press agent—
(she shudders). You use such ridiculously plebian words, Ellen.

Ellen (dejectedly):

It's Mills Groves coming out in me, ma'am. Once, I tried being a French maid, but lor! it wasn't any use. I could manage the Monseers and Maddermerzelles and I could even say Moung Doo without blushing—but they found me out—(shakes her head, sadly).

Sonia:

How?

Ellen:

I just couldn't play up to the husbands, ma'am. You see, I was brought up a Freshwater Baptist and (apologetically) the husbands in Mills Grove only kist their own wives. I couldn't seem to catch on however I tried. (Sonia (with a Russian shrug):

La, la! Kist their own wives! What a quaint custom! A touch more powder under the eyes ... no, no ... stupid! Not the pink! Am I a simpering school-girl? The greenish powder. (She regards herself complacently in the mirror, tries the effect of lowering her lashes until her eyes are mere slits, leans her chin on the back of her hands, showing the henna-dyed nails.) Do I look—devilish—do you think, my Ellen?

Ellen (agreeably):

You look like the devil, ma'am, Lord forgive me for usin' such words!

Sonia (musingly):

Ah, Ellen, what do you know of the grande monde ... you, with your artless, amusing ideas. You, who have never looked upon my Gerald. He is a cosmopolite, a man of the world, Ellen, with finesse in the very caress of his most distant finger tips. To him, a woman is an episode, beautiful ... but transient. He is ze grand artiste of love. To him, each affair is a poem, exquisitely cadenced, rising to its predestined climax, rounded out, mellow, completed. I am a poem to him.

Ellen (sniffing):

I know ... blank verse. It dont sound respectable to me, ma'am.

Are you aimin' to get married, ma'am ... er ... madam?
Sonia (laughing, nervously):

Marriage ... odd, peasant custom. And yet ... (she leans forward, hissing out the words). Since you ask ... yes! Yes, I love him so much that I am willing to sacrifice my last, most delicate scruple. I am willing to marry him. It is absurd for a woman who has felt the hot breath of the love of the Sahara beating upon her to sink to such depths of humanity, to such comedies of the commonplace but I ... I, in my love, am ... shameless ... (Suddenly pealing of the bell outside. Sonia hastily lights a gold-tipped Russian cigarette and flings herself in a simious careless pose on the chaise-longue, turning off all but the single tall lamp which gives her face the pleasantly ghoulish aspect of one of Aubrey Beardsley's chalk ladies. Ellen goes out and returns with a letter which she hands to Sonia.)

Sonia (with a cry):

O, God ... from them! (She opens it with distraught fingers and reads, then flings it from her, despairingly.) A woman can no more escape from her past than she can from her love, from her shadow. I shall have to tell him and he will despise me. She wrings her hands and paces up and down the room, then with a tragic gesture she bows her small, sleek head.) Kismet! So be it! I will tell him—all. (She turns to Ellen.) You may go, Ellen. I shall admit him myself. Do not come unless I ring for you. (Ellen goes out at the right. The door bell peals again. Sonia gestures again, with despair, then sinks across the room and slinks back again, ushering in Gerald Haslett.

Gerald is a Sonia Karovia all over again, save in the mere matters of sex and the henna-tinted nails. He is aw'fly tailored, aw'fly manicured, aw'fly barbered, aw'fly svelte and sleek and slim. O, he is aw'fly, aw'fly altogether ... He speaks with a slight accent, also, but is somewhat elusive as to its origin. He has a "way" with women.

Sonia sinks again among the cushions of the chaise-longue and languidly invites Gerald to grace a low ottoman beside her. She gives him absinthe in a little fiery glass and regards him thru long lids and spirals of grey smoke. The fire licks the hearth with lean, lascivious lips and the mansiolem manufactures the incense with a certain substantiality.

Sonia (beguilingly):

This room is thick with dreams of you, my love, thick with my fragrant, foreign dreams of you . . .

Gerald (what with the absinthe, the incense and the woman):

The dreams are my own, too, my Soul. I love you, Sonia. O, forgive me, dear, forgive me if I hurt you, if I wound you or offend you, but I want you to ... to marry me, don't wince, love, I want you to marry me so that you may be mine, forever, forever and as many days thereafter. (Warming up rapidly.) I want to put a chain and ball of gold and chrysoprase about your ankle, sweet. I want to bind you, to enslave you, to imprison you, I want to fortress you in love, you Wicked One, you Wild One, you Poppy from the Far, Far East, you . . .

Sonia (tragically):

Wait! Wait while I still have the courage—there is something I must tell you . . .

Gerald (surprisedly):

Something you must tell . . .

Sonia (covering her face with her hands):

"Well, since it seems to distress you so unnecessarily, suppose you permit me to guess your secret?" said Gerald, amusedly. "A little a-faire de coeur with a Grand Duke, perhaps? No one could blame you"
Yes ... you would find out, sooner or later ... and I could not bear the suspense. Better to tell you now ... better to lose you now than ... 

Gerald (pleasantly reassuring):

If you mean that you already have a husband ... dont distress yourself so, my Love ...

Sonia (scornfully):

A husband! Do I look like the sort of a woman who would distress herself over—a husband? No, no! It is something else. Something terrible. I am not what you think ... I have been ... I have lived ... O, God, how can I say it? I have had a ... a Past.

Gerald (unmoved, save with an increase of admiration):

You could not have such a glorious Present without a Past. It is this Past, my Own, that has given you your mysterious, flavored eyes, flavored with the Orient, with the jade-green lapping waters of the Nile: your ripe lips: your strange, pale hands. I could not have loved you had not Life loved you first.

Sonia (staring bleakly before her):

You do not understand. Every word you utter is a stab in my heart. O, how can I tell you, how can I, how CAN I?

Gerald (lighting a cigarette):

Let us not speak of it again. I am a man of the world. It is not what you have been in your devious past. It is what you are. You are a miracle, cherie, and I adore you.

I see the soul of the steppes in your eyes, the mystery and the melancholy of all the inscrutable Slavs. You are the Thing Beyond for which we commoner dust must seek ...

Sonia (faintly):

Don't I must tell you ...

Gerald (amusedly):

Well, since it seems to distress you so unnecessarily, suppose you permit me to guess your scarlet secret. A little affaire de cœur with a Grand Duke, perhaps? They have their facilitations, those Grand Dukes. No one could blame you.

Gerald (continuing between fastidious smoke rings):

Oh, if it only were that, if it were only that ...

Gerald (continuing between fastidious smoke rings):

Or possibly some younger son of the blue nobility killed himself on your threshold and a nine days wonder ensued —— bah, my dear, a mere bagatelle ...

Sonia (choking):

No, it was not that either, much worse, much ...

Gerald (enjoying his own magnanimity):

Well, then, a stolen lune de miel on the Riviera with a king incog. Ah, now, surely I have guessed it. (He shakes a merry finger at her.) Tut! tut! You naughty enchantress ... there is a subtle charm, tho, in playing understudy to a king.

Sonia (desperately catching up the letter and holding it out to him):

You could never guess it! There are depths you could not know! Read this ... it will tell you what I ... what I dare not say!

(A long silence while he reads the letter and she waits, taut and desperate. At last ...)

Gerald (in a grating tone, crushing the letter in his hand):

And so ... so you have deceived me!

Sonia (throwing out her arms to him):

If you but knew how many hours I have passed ... how many hours of misery—a lone with memory. If you knew how I have tried to live those old days down. How I have striven to make myself a woman a man like

You could respect and admire ... and I had hoped ... love ... I was so young ... I did not realize ... I did not know.

Gerald (gloomily, coldly):

Then—these stories about your birth in darkest Russia are—lies?

Sonia (pleadingly):

They were meant to allure the picture fans. If they had guessed the truth about the screen's most famous vampire I would have been ruined. Oh, surely, you must see ... 

Gerald (bitterly):

I see that I have been loving a woman who has never existed. To think that for sixteen years you lived ... (he breaks off with a groan. Rises, takes a short, sharp stride about the room, returns and drops stupidly back onto the ottoman).

Sonia (flinging herself on the floor and crawling to)

(Continued on page 86.)
Where Doug Dwells

One of the most beautiful of the estates in the Beverly Hills, between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, California, is the home of Douglas Fairbanks. It is situated on the top of the highest foothills. The view from every window is incomparable—the mountains on one side and the wide open country stretching away to the beach on the other. Decidedly English is the broad sweep of the lawn...
At the left is Mr. Fairbanks' dining room. The predominating colors are buff and blue.

Below, the entrance hall with tile floor of light blue and white and staircase of white and mahogany. At the left is the entrance to the living room. A motion picture projection machine “shoots” thru an opening between the tall candlesticks into the living room.
At the right, Doug's bedroom of mauve and black. The rug is Tasmanian opossum.

Below, another view of the Fairbanks estate from the swimming pool. The path leads to dressing rooms and shower. In front of the pool is Doug's private beach.
The Nash Twins are popular features of the Hippodrome show.

No Hippodrome entertainment would seem to be complete without Belle Storey, who has been there a number of seasons as prima donna.

By The Critic

Illustrated by Wynn Holcomb

Critics of the American stage may well give pause before they contribute their facetiousness anent its lack of progress and imagination. In reality, American producers were never more adventurous or striving harder than at the present time. What of a theater which offers such varied things at a single moment as the Barrymores in "The Jest," Ethel Barrymore in "Declassé," the native force adroitness of "Wedding Bells," the high color of "Aphrodite" or the uncanny force of "Abraham Lincoln"?

We saw "Abraham Lincoln" at its out-of-New York première. This play by the British poet, John Drinkwater, has for several seasons been the sensation of the London theater. That an Englishman could write a vivid play of an American so redolent of our pioneer soil aroused endless discussion. Now the British-made drama of the greatest of Americans has come to our theater.

It is an oddly gripping play—of course, without love interest and following history closely—but in breadth of vision, dramatic poetry and absorbing force, it is a big piece of work. Seldom have we been so absorbed by the footlights.

A veritable unknown, Frank McGlynn, plays Lincoln and plays him admirably. And we can conceive of no more difficult task than recreating a national character of Lincoln's gigantic proportions. "Abraham Lincoln" will singularly stir New York—or we miss our guess.

Probably no dramatic offering in years has aroused the talk of "Aphrodite," the drama built upon Pierre Louys' peppy novel and imported from the French stage. Briefly, "Aphrodite" presents the story of the awakening of love in the heart of Demetrius, a Greek sculptor, for the Galilean countess, Chrysis.

In the degenerate days of old Alexandria, when every one carried a name like a Pullman car, preceded by whispered tales of its daring, its pagan appeal, and so on, "Aphrodite" opened to a jammed Century Theater at which the admission price was ten dollars per seat. And the critics came away, murmuring of its "sensuous attraction" and its "exotic carnality" in varying degrees. We found it rather uninspired and wholly unshocking. We admit its high coloring, its moments of effectiveness and its rare and brief flashes of pagan gaiety, as in Michel Fokine's Bacchanalian ballet, but "Aphrodite" never once achieves the sensuous appeal and lure of "Sumurun." Principally, "Aphrodite" is defective in its musical score. And music can be infinitely more seductive and stirring to the imagination than all the briefly clad extras in the world.

"Aphrodite" marks the stage return of Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, as the unconventional charmer, Chrysis. Miss Dalton really surprised us with her ability to read lines, her grace and her general charm. We hear that Miss Petrova was...
offered this ride, and it will always be our regret that we failed to see her as Chrysis. McKay Morris, who has been doing brilliant work with the Stuart Walker company for several years, plays the sculptor superbly. Morris is without question one of our best young actors.

One of our most enjoyable evenings of the season was spent at "Wedding Bells," Salisbury Fields' cleverly written farce which, minus beds and boudoirs, somehow manages to be highly amusing. That adroit little comedienne, Margaret Lawrence, is exceedingly diverting, and Wallace Edinger is at his best as the hero who lingers close to the lips of his first wife.

"My Lady Friends" is of a slightly deeper Continental flavor but of more time work materials. In fact, if it were not for Clifton Crawford's work, we suspect it might well become tedious. "My Lady Friends" revolves around the efforts of the blundering but wealthy Jimmy Smith to spend money innocently upon some young ladies because his wife will never indulge in a single extravagance. "My Lady Friends" brings to town another discovery, the little dimple-kneed June Walker, who is as fresh and unsophisticated an ingenue as we ever hope to see.

"Nightie Night" is another amusing farce, and, like "My Lady Friends" and "Wedding Bells," it gets along very well without the customary bedroom comforts. "Nightie Night" is more of the slam-doors-and-dash-thru-the-room type of farce than the other two, but it is hilariously funny at times.

Of all the foot-light things in New York, do not miss W. Somerset Maugham's frothy built comedy, "Too Many Husbands." The Maugham of "The Moon and Sixpence" and other novels is one person, while the Maugham who delicately points such delicious comedies as "Too Many Husbands" is quite another. But the remarkable character drawing is in both. This comedy is admirably written and finely played by Lawrence Grossmith, Kenneth Douglas, and Estelle Winwood.

"The Unknown Woman," in which Majorie Rambeau emotes and emotes, is still with New Yorkers at this with a new wedding arranged for the morrow.

"My Lady Friends" is of a slightly deeper Continental flavor but of more time work materials. In fact, if it were not for Clifton Crawford's work, we suspect it might well become tedious. "My Lady Friends" revolves around the efforts of the blundering but wealthy Jimmy Smith to spend money innocently upon some young ladies because his wife will never indulge in a single extravagance. "My Lady Friends" brings to town another discovery, the little dimple-kneed June Walker, who is as fresh and unsophisticated an ingenue as we ever hope to see.

"Nightie Night" is another amusing farce, and, like "My Lady Friends" and "Wedding Bells," it gets along very well without the customary bedroom comforts. "Nightie Night" is more of the slam-doors-and-dash-thru-the-room type of farce than the other two, but it is hilariously funny at times.

Of all the foot-light things in New York, do not miss W. Somerset Maugham's frothy built comedy, "Too Many Husbands." The Maugham of "The Moon and Sixpence" and other novels is one person, while the Maugham who delicately points such delicious comedies as "Too Many Husbands" is quite another. But the remarkable character drawing is in both. This comedy is admirably written and finely played by Lawrence Grossmith, Kenneth Douglas, and Estelle Winwood.

"The Unknown Woman," in which Majorie Rambeau emotes and emotes, is still with New Yorkers at this with a new wedding arranged for the morrow.

"My Lady Friends" is of a slightly deeper Continental flavor but of more time work materials. In fact, if it were not for Clifton Crawford's work, we suspect it might well become tedious. "My Lady Friends" revolves around the efforts of the blundering but wealthy Jimmy Smith to spend money innocently upon some young ladies because his wife will never indulge in a single extravagance. "My Lady Friends" brings to town another discovery, the little dimple-kneed June Walker, who is as fresh and unsophisticated an ingenue as we ever hope to see.

"Nightie Night" is another amusing farce, and, like "My Lady Friends" and "Wedding Bells," it gets along very well without the customary bedroom comforts. "Nightie Night" is more of the slam-doors-and-dash-thru-the-room type of farce than the other two, but it is hilariously funny at times.

Of all the foot-light things in New York, do not miss W. Somerset Maugham's frothy built comedy, "Too Many Husbands." The Maugham of "The Moon and Sixpence" and other novels is one person, while the Maugham who delicately points such delicious comedies as "Too Many Husbands" is quite another. But the remarkable character drawing is in both. This comedy is admirably written and finely played by Lawrence Grossmith, Kenneth Douglas, and Estelle Winwood.

"The Unknown Woman," in which Majorie Rambeau emotes and emotes, is still with New Yorkers at this

writing. Which baffles us. This hectic drama, wherein the hero is again saved from the electric chair at the eleventh hour, has all the old clap-trap, hectic stuff of a generation of melodramas.

Rather belated is George V. Hobart's "Buddies," a sort of Americanization of "The Better 'Ole," with scenes behind the Yankee lines in France after the armistice. Beneath the war atmosphere lies the most hackneyed of plots, revolving around the deep-dyed villain who holds a dark secret over an old woman's head in order to force a marriage with her daughter. Peggy Wood is an attractive French maid, alto her singing does not particularly please us, Donald Brian plays a mere private, (shades of "Merry Widow" days!), and Roland Young walks away with the honors as a diffident, bashful young lover.

Now to turn to the musical efforts.

Like every one else, we feel that we ought to like "Apple Blossoms," Fritz Kreisler's operetta plus Joseph Urban settings, but (Continued on page 73)
We are hearing a great deal about various kinds of unrest. There is labor unrest resulting in a new strike almost every minute. There is social unrest manifested by a class who, during the war for the first time justified their existence by actually doing some real work, becoming useful members of society and now are uncertain as to whether they have the moral courage to carry the democratic spirit of war time into times of peace. There is religious unrest, manifested in strange and devious ways and, certainly there is fashionable unrest. It would almost seem that the modistes of today, reflecting the spiritualistic tendencies of the times, had been holding supernatural consultations with the modistes of mid Victorian days, of Louis XVI days, with that famous dictator of fashion, Empress Eugenie, with the designers of the gayest, most frivolous and most extravagant in dress of all periods.

The present unrest and extravagance are mirrored in a kaleidoscope of fashions of all periods: gowns full of skirt, broadly draped at the hips, gowns long in line, scantily draped or without drapery of any kind, and especially it seems that the coteries of dressmakers have tried to outdo one another in using quantities of costly fabrics.

**Fabrics**

Many women for reasons of personal taste or becomingness will wear the statelier fabrics. Wonderful loom
products in velvets, brocades, heavy satins, duchetys and velours do their part in affording gorgeous gowns and wraps. This is a far cry from the simple dress of the days when we did war work and devoted little thought to clothes and seems like a wanton waste unless we stop to consider how the vogue for certain things which creates great demand for them develops industries and keeps the wheels of business whirring.

The woman who prefers sheer stuffs may revel in crêpe, dainty printed silks, gauzy, filmy silk in which lines of metal threads have woven themselves thru its texture in designs of every kind and in a seemingly limitless array of colors. There are voiles that cheerfully lend themselves to every kind of design, knit fabrics woven of soft fiber silk in plain and fancy weaves, a soft twilled silk which looks like silk jersey but is of more solid construction and is much liked for daytime frocks.

**Novel Trimmings**

There is a blaze of color on the winter horizon, with vivid blues, emerald green, henna, reds, and yellows mingled or used separately in knitted bands, wool and silk embroideries, and chintz traceries in gay bright colors.

Suede is much used as a trimming. Tailored suits in dark tones show either a subdued-in-color suede vest embroidered in the brightest of silks, or the vest itself is of some conspicuous color.

With dark tailored suits and also in chemise dresses, narrow patent leather and kid belts of brick red, bright green, deep orange, yellow, and brilliant blue are worn. Brocades of brilliant tones are used for deep girdles on black satin dresses. Metal ribbons, glazed in color, are used for girdles and vests, and grosgrain ribbons as a hip trimming arranged in long and short loops.

Crystal and jet are wrought in intricate traceries and solid patterns on sheer grounds for elaborate afternoon and evening gowns. Beading in different ways and designs carry out the scheme of oriental designs in some distinctive evening dresses.

Paradise agrettes uncurled and glycerined ostrich trim chic medium size hats of velvet or silk. Hats that roll from the face are new except in the instance of very small turbans.

The vogue for styles that turn off the face has brought a tendency for elaborate facings and means that all trims are decidedly near the face. The new fad for dropping the trimming on the hair at the side or back is another feature of the season and this, too, means the under brim trim.

**A Defined Bust and Waist Line**

It is said that the straight or chemise robes were an outcome of war days when there were few women to sew and women had little time to devote to the putting on of complicated frocks. These frocks did away with the necessity of corsets and ve, it is accused, became careless in our dress and dressmakers became equally careless, so the new and elaborate frocks have a two-fold mission—
that of improving the art of making clothes as well as that of wearing them.

Certain authorities announce with decision that many gowns are to be made over boned foundations which will define both bust and waist line. The influence of the old-fashioned basque is strongly marked in some of the blouses which fit the body snugly and flare in a full peplum before the long waist line. It is quite probable, however, that an athletic generation will demand that the waist line, tho defined, will not be constrained, and the easily donned frock is too comfortable and too altogether practical to be entirely discarded. In short, when fashion says at Paris, wider hips, smaller waists, fuller skirts, the American woman says, "Yes, to an extent," but she has no intention of making herself ridiculous or uncomfortable.

LENGTH AND WIDTH OF SKIRTS

There is versatility in the length and width of skirts. The length is no longer determined by the Parisienne who has been wearing them about knee length. American women do not take kindly to the extremely short skirt and will not accept the style. Skirts are growing fuller and vary in

Both Photographs by Underwood & Underwood

Left, one-piece gown of black velvet with squirrel collar and pockets. Black silk tassels from shoulder to hem, giving a long line to costume. Brilliant orange velvet hat with uncurled ostrich of the same color contrasts with the gown.

Above, this Lady Duff Gordon evening gown is of black satin and tulle. The waist is made entirely of sequins. The heavily beaded girdle is looped at one side

Page Fifty-Three
width according to the material and character of the model. Many models show a fullness from the hips to the knees with a slight narrowing tendency toward the hem. In length they are about seven inches from the ground and average in width from one yard and a half to two yards.

Separate skirts of dark plaid materials, jersey fabrics, silk and wool novelties accordion and box plaited measure two yards and a fourth in width, while finely plaited crepe de chine skirts are fuller, some measuring as much as three yards.

Parisian traveling coat of Scotch mixture which has become very popular because of simple lines and serviceability.

Placed way at the back of this black panne velvet chapeau, this gorgeous burnt orange paradise is a most striking trimming.

Both Photographs by Underwood & Underwood

GOWNS FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING

With the fitted line, the fuller skirt, hips are returning. On an afternoon dress of satin worn by one model the hips were gracefully broadened by a straight length of material looped three times at the sides and reaching from the long waist line to the hem. In a plainer chemise frock of triacetate the wider hip look is accomplished by ruffles simulating pocket flaps, or by big pockets trimmed with fur bands or fur fringe. Another frock of black satin was draped slightly across the front at the hips, the folds very flatly drawn. This bit of drapery is interesting and extremely popular. In other smart afternoon dresses of silk or satin a pert-looking plait at one side gives hip prominence.

The pannier is an established fact, especially in evening gowns, and is achieved by pretty, odd devices. Evening frocks of great beauty of line and color have close-fitting bodices and skirts widely distended at the hips. Sometimes these panniers are wired, particularly if the skirt is made of tulle. Often too, the

(Continued on page 73)
ORD DUNSANY may create word pictures, painting dream cities of burnished gold, green jade and precious stones, but my vividest recollection of him will always center about a huge pair of yellow leather boots. For, when I first met Lord Dunsany, just after he had landed in New York, those aforementioned shoes seemed the absorbing part of his attire. They riveted attention.

Then, of course, there was his English tweed clothes, draped as only a London tailor can drape, (thank heaven!), his soft shirt with necktie a little askew, and his monocle, with which he transfixed me upon occasion. I admitted to Lord Dunsany that he did not impress me as a poet or a dreamer. At which he laughed. “Back home, even my neighbors little suspect me as a writer. Only just before I sailed I was at a dinner and, after I had spoken, I overheard some one say, ‘Does that chap write?’ And one of my neighbors came to my defense with a hasty and hearty denial!

“In reality, writing absorbs but a fraction of my time,” he continued. “I write perhaps a whole day once a month. Then I write rapidly, transferring my thoughts swiftly to paper. Luckily, I am able financially to do this. Not that I believe this to be the right way to write. Need is the big spur to endeavor, I verily believe.”

Lord Dunsany came to America fresh from his service in the world war. Thru these trying years he has written little or nothing. Lord Dunsany, Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, lives on his inherited estate at Meath, Ireland. There he enjoys a strenuous outdoor life, spending a great deal of time in the saddle. This necromancer of words but recently left his post in the Coldstream Guards, in which he served not only thru the recent war, but in Britain’s South African campaign.

“Let us not think about it,” he said, in response to my question about the war. “We are too near to see it with understanding eyes.

“I shall never forget walking thru those deserted cities (Continued on page 73)
The screen "vampa" might successfully picket the studios and—

The ingenues would organize en masse while—
The leading men would demand fifty per cent more close-ups and a two-hour working day, but—

If the Strike Fever Hits the Movies

The real crisis would come when the bathing girls walked out
Peggy Wood has just scored a decided hit in that comedy of armistice days in France, "Buddies." In it Miss Wood steps from the drama to musical comedy—and makes the step very successfully.

“Nightie Night,” now running at the Princess Theater, is one of the liveliest farces in years. In it Dorothy Mortimer has made a decided success all her own.
“YOU have,” said Martin Senior, consulting a carefully compiled memorandum book bound in embossed morocco leather, “cost me, since birth, precisely two hundred and ninety-three thousand dollars down to the cent. I never have permitted my investments to go bad on me. I am ready to collect.”

Martin Junior flung up his hands. “You can have all I’ve got, guv’nor,” he asserted, cheerfully, “but I’m afraid what I’ve got will be a bum return on your astonishing but probably merited investment. Let’s see ... two bull pups ... blooded, of course ... six cars ... a plane ... a sweetheart, here and there ... pippins, you can rely on it ... accounts, ‘joolry,’ much good will ...”

The elder Martin raised a heavy, admonishing hand. The same hand, stirring the soap vats back in the ’90’s had made this young upstart’s impudence possible. “There’s no better return on my investment,” he told his son and heir, “than the one I’ve in mind for you. You’ve got the one thing I haven’t got and can’t buy ... as I want to. That’s youth.”

“‘Youth’?” Martin considered the point. “Which spells,” grimly said the elder Martin, “in this instance ... work.”

“I said ... work. W-o-r-k, you probably have heard of it in some of your more obsolete text-books. It’s an old-fashioned custom practiced quite generally, at one time, among the younger generation of the male species. It may be out of date, but so am I, and I guess, if you like the glittering bulk-work that has thus far sustained you, you’ll have to like it, too.”

“There’s work and work,” sparred Martin Junior. “This is factory work,” said the old man, adding succinctly “soap.”

Martin, Junior, in some historic part of his childhood had been piloted by some valuable foreman thru the yards and sheds in which myriad persons concocted his father’s fabulous soaps. He remembered the pilotage as distinctly nauseous. His nurse had timidly reminded his father that the boy had a delicate stomach ... it wasn’t just the thing to have...
done, if she might be so bold... Martin Senior had told her, with disgust that she might not and why the hell didn't she put ruffles on the whippersnapper and have done with it all. Ruefully he revolved the fact in his mind. His stomach, he felt, was still, still delicate and there was no kindly intervening person with a huge lap to remind his tyrannical parent of the fact.

Martin Senior was still raving on, biting now and then, rather viciously for a gentleman, at the end of his Havana.

"You've been namby-pamby and toasted and coddled from the very first day you were deposited in that folde rol of a cradle," he fumed, "might have thought you were the scion of some played out aristocracy instead of the brat of a working man who, because he worked, worked mightily, mind you, had the wherewithal and the little sense to allow a couple of senseless women to pamper you. Then, College... nothing must do but you must go to college. It was the thing. You went... or rather, you spent. Don't talk to me about Halls of Learning... there ought to be Halls of Earning alongside to balance up the ledger. Great Cats, you spent... makes me sicker than my soaps make you to think about it. When you studied, I don't know. Leg shows and narrow escapes from open eviction were among the major courses with you, I take it. I, on my few visits, never saw you but what you were far from where you should have been, generally with a husky, dressed or partially undressed, on either side of you... outrageous, I call it, outlandish... ."

Martin Junior endeavor to interpolate but the elder Martin would have none of him. He had been saving up for this very outburst for a score of outraged years and he was not to be gainsaid. Growing more and more choleric as his wrongs mounted with his speech he continued...

"And the day after you left college... the day after you announced to a group of solid citizens that you are 'educated, by Godfrey,' thereby almost causing me an apoplexy of embarrassment, how are you found... how...? What do you do? Where do you go? In what manner, in what unsavory manner, do you spend your one remaining night? Why, you give a dinner, a shameless dinner, a veritable bacchanalia with wine, women and song. You spend $10,000 of my money, my soap money, to do it. How anyone could spend $10,000 on one dinner, I don't know. But, of course, from all I hear, the most expensive luxuries there were not, well not precisely edible. And then what do you do? Is that enough for you? Do you stop there? No, no, indeed. You go to a leg show... I am informed correctly, so don't stop me, you go to a leg show and are yourself, the show. You teeter at the actors at least earning their livings. You make a loud scene over one young man, worthier than you. I don't doubt, who happens to wear a wrist watch. And you escape arrest not because you deserve escape but because you are Rodney Martin and the advance agent for the show, one Peale, with, I admit, a sense of commercial values, gets you off. Thus closes your glorious, your great and glorious career. And here you are."

Martin Senior leaned back, pulled from his capacious pocket a huge and monogrammed handkerchief and wiped his overheated brow. Not at any directors' meeting had he so eloquently and at such great cost expounded himself.

Martin Junior said, simply, but with feeling, "Amen."

"And now," said the elder Martin, when he had somewhat regained his shattered equipoise, "and now... soap. Soap, which has made all this possible. I'm ready to collect."
Rod Martin had one or two well-established facts in his conception of the cosmos. One of these being that when his father set out to collect payments he generally collected... or... the "or" was the other fact unpleasantly firm in the mental pabulum of Rod.

His father made him Manager of the Hides and Tallow and he accepted.

There is nothing reminiscent of college rooms, dim in the twilight or brilliant in the midnight, with the fragrance of old tobacco lovingly enwreathed about comradely heads, in the vats of a tallow shed. Tallow and hides make most distinguished assailants to the sensory organs and the stomach, delicate, be it remembered, via said sensory organs.

Rod had been there a week and had demolished the grave morale of the place by managing with a heavily scented handkerchief pressed to his quivering nostrils. It was too good. The handkerchief lasted for a fortnight. Upon the morning completing the fortnight the Manager of the Hides and Tallow neglected to appear. Word of the detection reached old Cyrus Martin. He linked two and two together. The Manager had also neglected to appear at dinner the night before and there had been ominous sounds from his wing of the house in the early morning. Cyrus had thought it only the operative effects of the hides and tallow but now he saw a light...

At home, whither he motored with what haste he could command, he found the one-time manager in bed with a familiar swathing about his brow and the butler bearing a tumbler of water in evidently habitual attendance.

Rod surveyed his parent, dismally. "I couldn't forget it any other way," he confided, with an effort to be jolly and companionable.

"What is 'it'?' spat the elder Martin.

"The hides and tallow," said young Martin, "most especially the tallow..."

There was an appalling silence. To Rod's distorted brain... what a night!... there appeared to be a never ending army of soapcarriage round and about him... soap in its ineffectual hides... and tallow... He told his friend could better go... he knew he was going to be had to be sides, he added, with a touch of desperation expired the use of it all? They had more money than they could ever spend, either one of them, for the unnatural rest of their natural days. Why should they work for more? This was a reasonable premise, surely. Why should they? Why should he ruin his stomach in the domain of soap for money he could only leave to a Home for Destitute Cats... He begged an answer...

Cyrus Martin didn't give it to him, right then. He had a gleam of perception. It came to him that he couldn't tell this undeveloped youngster anything that would reach him. The need for work in the world... irrespective of money... a man's work in the world must come, not from a cholic, out-of-sympathy of man, but from a woman, some woman, any woman that she had the dimning touch. She could make this addle-pated youngster recognize his place in the scheme of things.

He knew, off hand, of one such woman. His secretary. She would be, he felt, just the one. She had a fine, sensitive independence and self-reliance of her own, which would be just the necessary, delicate spur. She had, too, the requisite amount of soft, very feminine, very potent
She had a level voice, with a charm to it, and a
and like velvet with little silken muscles underneath the
on skin. Old he was, with all dark flowers of
ance withered, old Cyrus took a pleasure in the warm
sure of that capable small hand. She had soft hair,
and straight eyes and a good mouth. She had sense.
We could awaken Rod to the fact that he was not a
not a soap-bubble.
The secretary, Mary Grayson, didn’t have with any
enthusiasm to the job. She had heard tales of Rod
on, not calculated to make a business enterprise with
an either safe or sane. She had seen him, too, and
omehow, with a faint blured impression of some sort
of a hurt, the memory of him had lottered about in the
cesses of her mind. But then, old Cyrus offered her a
sum of $2,500 if she could wake the boy up. That was
a to be lightly escheved. There were a great, great
many things in the Grayson scheme of things that $2,500
ould facilitate and relieve. Her job, too, she would
ver sit quite so smugly in the good graces of the elder
artin if she turned his eager proposition down flat. If
he could achieve the result ... that was another mat-
... She hadn’t had much experience with men,
with young men. Hers had been a busy, necessitous sort
in life. There hadn’t been time, not much inclination,
ether. She preferred good books, quiet walks where
her thoughts could take their own soft steady trend, a
and theater now and then ... things like that....
She went to the task quite untouched by experience in
overing the other stern sex.
It was, just at first, she found, something in the nature
of a nursery maid’s job with a fractions and a loveable
child. She did not, even from the beginning, gainsay the
lovable. Mary Grayson had trained herself always to
face issues, those immediately concerning herself not
excepted. Rod was perilously loveable, and quite as un-
touched by “this sort of thing” as Mary herself.
He had never known a woman like Mary. Read of ‘em
in an occasional book and had, when he had the time, a
leeting wistful dream of them ... but actual contact
there had been none. Just those girls up in the
college town, jolly, awfully light, not caring really, ever,
save for the wholly important and sufficing moment.
They got into the habit of talking together after dinn-
er, at first, to which formal repast old Cyrus would
regularly bring her, pleading the necessity of talking over
office routine with her at that time. Then they took to
going to theaters. Mary selected the theaters and they
were plays the like of which Rod had never seen before,
plays with a purpose, with a thought, or, at least, with a
dream animating them ... no leg shows ... after these
plays, he thought. ... It grew increasingly potent and
sweet to see these things with the faint pressure of Mary
next to him, with the pine-like scent of her hair fresh-
cum the immediate air about him, to walk out in the
crowd afterward, guiding her, to walk home, she scorned to
ride, except in very bad weather ... and talk it all
over. ... Rod grew to know that he had never had
anyone to talk to before, never, really. ... No one,
that is, to whom he could confide the things he had made
himself believe didn’t count, save as so much piffle, but
never had quite succeeded. ... Now, this was blessedly
different now, he could say all these things ... and she
wanted him to, and answered him in his youth.
One day he knew that he loved her. For quite a while
he didn’t dare to tell her. He still stood in awe of
some aloof wonder in her. There was still a pedestal to
whose dizzy height he dared not quite aspire. Love, here-
before, had been a matter of hot kisses and light words,
late hours and a great deal of winning and dining. No one
had ever led him to suspect that love was like this, this
dark sweet feeling springing up from the roots of his
being, this urge, this hunger, this pernicious need.
And one other day, suddenly, he didn’t have to tell her.
He surprised it in her eyes, her dark sweet eyes, and in
the tremor of her mouth, and he had her, all at once,
within his arms, and both of their eyes grew wet with
ears that came from the deep source of this deep desire.

"This ... this just came to me ..." she said, after
awhile; "your father ...
what will he say?"
"I know," whispered Rod
against her
hair, "I know ...
father ...
what does
he matter ...
what does any-
th ing matter ...
now?"
It mattered quite a great
deal to Martin
Senior, when
hard upon this
talk, he came
abruptly upon
them, still
without
Mary and I toot
the cases about
ourselves and did
the wrapping"
He inferred, not too delicately, that the thing was going rather... rather far for a... well, he might as well out with it, for a business proposition.

Rod answered, with a new and different dignity, that he didn't know about the business proposition end of it, and didn't very much care, but that it was a marriage proposition and that was all he did care about. Martin Senior retaliated by remarking that if it was a marriage proposition to go to it, but to go to it far, substantially far, from him and from his bank account. He foresaw, was DONE.

Rod went.

He didn't at all know what he was going to do. He did know one thing he was not going to do, and that was, to give up Mary.

He told her that he had a plane, a couple of bull pups and $800 in cash, and she told him that he need not have even so much as long as he was there himself.

Upon the shimmering granite of illusion Rod furnished himself plutocratic offices, engaged Mary at a queenly salary and sat down to decide upon his mode of livelihood. In the distance, it had seemed quite simple. There were so many ways of making money. It had all seemed quiet in the day's work. All at once, he sensed rigid limitations. Sensing, too, with a distinct sniff, that all he knew anything about, anything at all was SOAP. He did know about soap. He had had soap dinned into him from the days of his infancy, here and there. He had thought it had all passed over his head. He discovered now that quite a few bits had found lodgment, here and there, variously...

He told Mary that he believed, after all, it would be soap.

"Dad will pass out," he said, rather ruefully, "I've always twitted the old boy about his tallow. Last day I was home I thrust my head in on him while he was taking his plunge and offered him a soapian 'best seller.' His indignation was all I could see of him."  

Mary and Rod were deep in mental processes of thought as to what Peale, who once had saved the young graduate from a jail experience was announced. "Off and on, Rod had been in touch with Peale. A certain camaraderie had been felt. Now, again in a plight, Rod told Peale of his prospective venture.

"Rot," said Peale, succinctly, "not necessary. Advertise, my boy, ADVERTISE. That's the game. There's the money ADVERTISE... it PAYS."  

Rod looked dubious. "Advertise," he repeated, "advertise... what?"

In his turn, Peale waved a declamatory hand. "Oh..." he said "soap... advertise soap. Then, don't you see, Martin Senior will grab for the product. You can hold him up good. The coin is yours. He controls the business by buying up the small competitors, doesn't he? That's his game, isn't it? Good! Then, by the same token, advertising is yours."

When the elder Martin made his semi-annual western tour he saw little or no scenery, not that he ever did owing to the fact that the sidesways and hilisides we plastered and all but hidden by huge posters bearing legend, "13 SOAP. UNLUCKY FOR DIRT."

The elder Martin fumed until he returned and could dicker for the presumptions "13." First it had to be traced to its origin, and the elder Martin nearly expired of the apoplexy he was forever alluding to, darkly, when he found that origin to be the displaced Rodney.

He was more than ever apoplectic when he discover Rod's installation in the velvet-floured, mahogany office suite, and Mary, happy and clear-eyed at one of the desks. A pleasant girl enough... and not like the average run... "H'm!" said Martin Senior, portentously.

The last and most overwhelming surprise was when the elder Martin found the younger not so simple to deal with. It took him a great while to dicker with him even to the point of accepting $50,000 for the trademark when the Marshall Field people from Chicago sent in and asked for 50,000 cakes of the famous "13."

Rod promptly told his parent that the fifty thou was not enough for so glittering and lucrative a proposition. Martin retaliated that he, himself, had prompted Marshall Field to this very offer because he knew that Rod was getting into deep, and coinless waters.

Rod waved his hand, pleasantly, and finally. He had acquired quite a knack. "Mary and I," he observed, "will see it thru."

(Continued on page 8a.)
Rosina Galli was born in Milan, of a family of considerable means. Over her father's and mother's protestations she became a dancer. Her first appearance was at a children's dance festival in Milan.

The language of the dance has been my life, so this is really a true story of how I became a premier danseuse at the Metropolitan Opera House. I shall tell this story from the viewpoint of my own experience. It will be a confession of what goes on in the heart and mind of a girl whose legs, and body, and face must interpret beauty, and whose mind and spirit must retain that virginal simplicity of thought in which the exquisite impressions of dancing are born. Imaginative dancing should inspire higher thoughts than it often does. It tempts the eye with unblemished grace of movement that is not merely energy, but poetry. I insist that sanctity of oneself, purity of impulse, a supreme devotion to innocence of

The Language of the Dance

spirited, are the necessary elements of an ambitious ballet dancer.

The average reader uninitiated in the sensitive character of the great art of dancing, may be skeptical of what I have just said. That is because the ballet girl has neglected to defend herself from certain misconceptions of her work, from the vulgarities that have been imposed upon her by those who do not know what the art is. It is a great art, it is so rare that it cannot be taught. Dancers are born, they describe the most delicate poetic impressions of life. The demands made upon the dancer in this relation are difficult to convey in words. She has to describe the innocence of gaiety, the soul of sorrow, the passion of love untarnished, of jealousy in tragic pantomime. She grows into womanhood on her toes, and drops back into childhood on her heels, and yet, never in all the pantomime

I was a child in Milan, my father and mother were well off. I was destined to become a young lady who should be well educated, achieve some accomplishments, and finally marry into some family as nice as my own. This was a life program prepared for me. There was no reason why my parents should have expected anything else, because there were no prenatal difficulties which threatened such a pleasant outlook. Ours was a highly respectable family. No one in my family had ever been famous, no ancestor had revealed any disgraceful tendencies toward the theater. I was a potential disgrace to my family from the first, because at heart I was a ballet dancer! Twenty years ago it was considered very improper for a young girl of a certain
By Rosina Galli
Premiere Dansese of the Metropolitan Opera House

class to join the ballet. Stupid, perhaps, but true. As to my own thoughts about the matter, they were obstinate. I wanted to dance, dance, dance. No one in my family dreamed that I should grow up to appear in the family album, in ballet skirts.

In our home, among beautiful pictures on the walls, there were two that were my perpetual inspiration, the first impulses of my career. One was a dashing picture of "Carmen," and the other was a picture of "Manon." I could scarcely have been four years old when I used to try to imitate the artistic poses of these women in pictures. I imagined myself grown up like them, looking as dangerously beautiful. These pictures gave me my first idea of gesture and pose. The restraints of my schooldays could not crush the dancing delirium in my heart. As soon as I could get away from the classroom, I was dancing in the school garden, surrounded by my playmates, who applauded me. It was obvious that I was going to be an indifferent scholar. The secret came out. When my mother and father discovered that I really wanted to become a ballet dancer, they were, by turns, passionate and stern with me. All the traditional horrors of life in the theater for a sensitive girl were pointed out to me by my mother. It was a gloomy picture. She insisted that my friends would desert me, that I should be socially alienated. Those were the days when parents were melodramatic. Some of the things they said to me frightened me a little, but strengthened my purpose.

I was sincerely and deeply religious, therefore I reasoned that whatever happened to other girls in the theater, nothing should ever happen to me. I was going to be a great success in my art, and then, having consecrated myself that way, retire from the world. Strange as this confession may seem, it is not an unusual mood in the lives of famous dancers, for dancing (Continued on page 74)
Leave all care behind, ye who enter here. Come, we will have a talk together. Check your coat of delusion at the door, also your troubles, and come with me for a pleasant hour; tho' it be grave or gay, serious or frivolous—a pleasant hour.

** *

They say that the reason animals don't talk, is because they have nothing to say. If the same rule applied to men what a quiet world it would be!

** *

Once upon a time a ferocious and gigantically-prize-fighter, trained to the minute, was engaged in a struggle with a dozen or more untrained men. The battle waged for a long time and it looked as if the prize-fighter had a chance to win, when just then another man, fresh and strong, joined the others, and soon turned the tide which resulted in the prize-fighter's defeat. Would you say that this last man won the battle? Reasoning from analogy, would you say that the Americans won the war?

* * *

If we are not as happy as we desire, perhaps we are not as wretched as we deserve.

* * *

We are all inclined, I fear, to look too lightly upon the great men of wit and humor. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table advises us to get a reputation on some more solid foundation before attempting to get one as a wit. We all require to unwind ourselves now and then, and a little wit and humor is the finest kind of unwinder, for it sets the currents a-running thru other channels. Wit is sensible, moral, recreative, refreshing, restful, and at the same time stimulating, in its effects, and we should all take a little once in a while for health's sake. An hour or two each week of our funny friends would save doctor's bills and keep off the undertaker. And what a host of such friends we have: There's Dickens, with his rollicking fun and odd characters; there's Cervantes, with his fantastic hero and his simple but wise and entertaining Sancho; there's our gingersy, satirical friend Swift, our gentle, delicious, Addison, our graceful but hypothetical old goody-good, Sterne, and our spicy but delicately-flavored Elia. If perchance we prefer some of their American cousins, why there's none better to start with, than dear old Diedrich Knickerbocker and Crofay Crayon. Are you not good friends with Irving? Then you deserve a sound shaking, for that, in your case, is a better unwinding process than wit. Just spend another half hour with old Rip, or take another short trip to Sleepy Hollow, or a ride with the Headless Horseman, and then say if you have not been robbing yourself all these years. Then don't forget that most delightful of wit, the Autocrat, the Professor and the Poet (Holmes), and if he doesn't stir your sluggish blood and make it fairly bubble, you should take yourself to some human repair shop. Or, if you prefer something on the grotesque order, take a pinch of Josh Billings, a dash of Artemus Ward, and a few quarts of Mark Twain or even Bill Nye. But these are only a very few of very many. Perhaps there are others you would like more. These are only suggestions. Call on all your friends, Greet them cordially and give them the glad hand. Then, this done, ring up the doctor and tell him he needn't come—that you have been cured.

* * *

The nonsense verse you refer to, Mr. B. Q., is as follows:

Johnny climbed up on the bed,  
And hammered nails in mama's head;  
Mama felt quite irritated.

Mr. J. J. P. is informed that I do not pose as a Physiognomist and therefore cannot state with authority what effect the color of the eyes has upon the disposition. It is, perhaps, true that extremely impulsive persons usually have black eyes. If they haven't they usually get them.

* * *

The first admission fee charged by the Greeks for their theaters was two obol, about five cents of our money which was furnished to all who applied for it from the public treasury funds. (They charge two or three dollars in New York!)

Besides being a place of amusement and worship, the theater was to the Greeks almost as a home, and upon its endowment were lavished the surplus funds of the wealthy just as a modern millionaire now endows a college, a museum or a library.

* * *

The man who is too good to be bad is often the one who would like to be bad, but daresn't.  

* * *

Why do we all crowd to the door of a car long before it has arrived at our destination? When visiting a friend, why do we say "I really must be going," and then go to the door, open it, and remain there for half an hour saying things which should have been said while comfortably seated in the drawing-room? Why are we so anxious to be the first to get in a car when there is plenty of room for everybody? Why do we begin to leave our seats in the theater when we detect the coming close of the play? Why do we prefer to discuss the faults of our friends rather than their virtues? Why are we bored when listening to parents telling of the cleverness of their children, and imagine that they are not bored when we tell of the cleverness of our own? Why do we imagine that it is so important to keep informed of the news of the day when we know that most of it will be worthless and forgotten tomorrow? Why do we think it so important that our children should know all about ancient history and foreign geography, when we know that we have forgotten it ourselves and that they will do likewise before it has done them any good? Why do we think it necessary to exercise with dumb-bells when we can do much better with a broom or an axe and at the same time accomplish something useful? Why do we suffer the inconvenience of the trolley when we can do much better by walking? Why do we waste time playing cards when we can soon learn to have just as much fun and twice as much profit doing something else? Why
do we travel an extra mile and waste an extra hour to save five cents at a bargain sale? Why are we so zealous of our city's or country's welfare during the two weeks immediately preceding an election, and so thoughtless of it during the other fifty weeks? Why do we waste time reading books that do not make us think? Why are we always in a hurry, and, with all our labor-saving inventions, why have we "no time" to do lots of things we should do?

** Be natural! A diamond with a flaw is better than an imitation.

*A reader wants to know if I consider Chaplain a great artist. Yes, "do I. Same say that he is not, merely because he is always the same, but that doesn't make him the less great. We don't know his limitations. He may yet play Hamlet and Romeo. True, there is a sameness to all of his performances, but that is because he is playing the same character all the time. He plays this character for two reasons: first, because he is paid for it, and, second, because the public want it. Edwin Booth and Richard Mansfield were great artists and they played dozens of different characters equally well. Joe Jefferson was equally good in "The Rivals" and in "Rip Van Winkle," and one could hardly imagine him in anything but comedy. Would anybody say that Sidney Drew was not a great artist? Yet, he played practically the same type of character in every one of his one hundred or more plays. Any keen observer can see that Chaplain has a large variety of talents and that he is capable of expressing almost any emotion. Could anybody see him in "Shoulder Arms" and say that he was not a great artist?

* * *

Akh! A Smile Club. Join it, my brother, for it will do you no harm. "Not the Smile Club whose motto is, "What will you have?" (there are very few of these clubs now), but the one who strives to drive dull care away. How stupid of us to make an enemy with a frown when we can just as well make a friend with a smile. Man is the only animal that can smile, so let us all keep in practice and prove our superiority over the brutes in at least one thing. The smile is the whisper of the laugh. Laugh if you can, but if you can't why just smile.* * *

** BRAIN TWISTS**

(A prize of one large red apple for the best solution to these problems)

I. All rules have their exceptions. This is a rule. Therefore, this rule must have its exceptions. Hence, all rules have not their exceptions.

II. A man owes to another $1, and agrees to pay it back by depositing at the rate of one-half the balance due every day. He could never complete the payments, because he would pay fifty cents the first day, twenty-five the second, twelve and a half the third, and assuming that he had fractional cents in all denominations, he would reach the millionth part of a cent and so on, until there would not be enough paper in the world upon which to make the computations.

III. There is no such thing as motion. A thing must move either in the place where it is or in the place where it is not. Now, a thing cannot be in motion in the place where it is stationary, and cannot be in motion in the place where it is not. Therefore it cannot move at all.

IV. There is no such thing as sound when there are no ears to hear. Sound is produced by the setting in motion of certain air waves, which, striking the ear, give us the impression of sound. Once, there were no ears, and even now there are no ears to catch many of these waves.

V. Achilles ran ten times as fast as Zeno's tortoise, who had a hundred yards start. While Achilles was running the first hundred yards, the tortoise ran ten. While A ran ten, the t ran one; while A ran one, the t ran one-tenth of a yard, and so on; and they are still running. V. VII. If an irresistible force strikes an immovable body, what will be the result?

VIII. Can God, who is omnipotent, create a stone so heavy that He cannot lift it?

IX. If there are more people in the world than any one person has hairs upon his head, then there must exist two persons with identical the same number of hairs.

X. The top of a wheel moves faster than the bottom, yet they both arrive at their destination at the same time.

XI. A sailing vessel can sail faster than the wind.

XII. What you have not got rid of, you still have. You have not got rid of horns, hence you have horns.

XIII. Only express trains stop at this station. The last train did not stop at this station. Was it an express train? (It was.)

XIV. If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, then Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son. (Which is grammatically correct.)

* * *

An inquisitive, but perhaps not impertinent inquirer, wants to know if I have a family. My answer is, I have no children and one wife. But if I decide to add to the family, I shall add children, not wives.

* * *

Over a century ago a French chemist, by the name D'Arcet, gave a recipe to paint pictures with cheese. This is truly historical, and just now a school of painters in Paris is trying to revive the process. D'Arcet had the idea of painting with cheese as he read that the Indians of America mixed their colors with milk. D'Arcet's recipe is as follows:

- Soft cheese well dried 144 grams.
- Lime 100 g.
- Coloring matter 80 g.
- Water 20 g.

It is said that cheese paintings are quite durable.

In French, a bad picture is called a "croule" (a crust). A certain well surprised that the advantages of the cheese painting process would be that the poor painter would be enabled to eat his crusts with some nutritive results.

* * *

It is all right to strike while the iron is hot; the thing is to get it hot.

* * *

Astrologers, palmists, fortune-tellers and prophets of all kinds are usually wise enough, when making predictions, to make many. This is a safe plan. To predict an earthquake, a flood, a great fire, death of a prominent millionaire, a wreck, etc., etc., is always discreet, because one or more of these calamities is bound to happen. The one that happens is the one to be remembered and published broadcast, and the others are forgotten because they have no interest.

* * *

I was asked about my creed and religion, so here it is: I believe in God, maker of Heaven and earth. I believe the Bible is the greatest and best of books; I believe in truth because it makes me free. I believe in Heaven and Hell in this world if not in the next. I believe in patience and courtesy, because they are the best ways to secure results. I believe in kindness and consideration for men, women, children, servants and animals. I believe that superstitions have been a greater curse to the world than famine and pestilence, and that it is my duty to explain and destroy them wherever found. I believe in tolerance for every man's religion, politics, and opinions, when they differ from my own.

* * *

Rather not know the good you can do than not to do the good you know.

* * *

JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE, LADIES!

All is not cheap that is low-priced. All is dear that you don't have no interest. A penny saved is a pound earned, but not if you are penny-wise and pound-foolish. All is not gold that glitters, and all is not silk that's mercerized. To save five cents and spend two hours in saving it, is not economy. Buy only what you need, or you will soon need what you can't buy. The merchants make money out of the bargain hunters. Who?

The craze for the latest novelties soon brings the wolf to the door. Things are seldom marked down, that were not first marked up.
Local merchants should always be patronized.
Things that are cheapest are usually the poorest.
The best is none too good to wear.
One pair of 99 shoes will outwear two pairs of 55 shoes.
Department stores are a convenience, but an expensive luxury.
Charge accounts were invented by the devil.
If merchants could have their way, fashions would change daily, instead of seasonally.
Fashion is an extravagant mistress.
Shoes shows the best taste.
The corset is a straight-jacket punishment which fashion inflicts upon vanity.
Heels protect the arch, but very high heels destroy the equilibrium.
Powder and paint are advantageous only when they are invisible.
If diamonds were as plentiful as cobblestones, the streets would be paved with them.

** Prize Contest **

A prize of one large red apple will be paid to the person who correctly solves the following problems, on or before the judgment day:

Life! Death! Space! Eternity!

There is some hope if you don't grow worse but no hope if you don't grow better.

A correspondent sends me a pleasant criticism of a paragraph on Sour and Melancholy Men, in which he held that most good men are sweet-tempered and not sour. I have given my own opinion, and our esteemed critic shall be answered by a few opinions of others. Francis Jeffrey says: "Men of truly great power of mind have generally been cheerful, social and indulgent; while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. Shakespeare was evidently of a free and joyous temperament, and so was Chaucer. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Ben Jonson and Fletcher, and in their great contemporaries. . . . For as Milton, in his private life as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a character is tempered with great sweetness, genial indulgence and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age our poets were but too gay." Charles Lamb, taking the same position, once said that "a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market." Sydney Smith was notoriously good-natured, and Doctor Johnson's laugh is historic—Tom Davies describes it thus: "He laughs like a rhinoceros." "I never knew a villain," says Johnson, "who was not an unhappy dog," Carlyle remarks: "No man who has once heartily and decidedly laughed can be altogether irrationally bad. . . . The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treason, stratagems and spoil, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem." Lavater says: "Shun that man who never laughs, who dislikes music or the glad face of a child," and Blackwood adds: "We are disposed to suspect the man who never laughs. At all events, there is a repulsion about him which we cannot get over." Byron, when in company, appeared cheerful and gay, and was melancholy only when alone and while writing his melancholy poetry. Charlotte Bronte, in her loneliness, illness and grief, was cheerful; and so was Cowper, who for years hovered on the verge of madness, and likewise was Milton, even in his blindness, poverty, obloquy and solitude of old age. William Dunbar, whom Scott admired so much, was almost a marvel of sweetness and harmony, as were his verses, particularly the ones beginning with the familiar "Be merry, man, and be not sour in mind." In conclusion, Sterne says: "I live in a constant endeavor to fence against the infirmities of ill-health, and other evils of life, by mirth: being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life."

The harder you knock a good steady nail the better it goes.

You refer to Honore de Balzac, Mies T. L., who was extremely conceited and who had in his library a reduced statue of Napoleon I.

On the scabbard of the sword of the great Emperor, Balzac had written, "What he could not achieve thru the sword, I shall accomplish with the pen."

How is one to make up one's mind as to what is the correct philosophy, in the face of such contradictions as these?

The minority is always in the right"—Ibsen; "Submission is the base of perfection"—Comte; "Liberty means responsibility; that is why men dread it"—Bernard Shaw; "Nietzsche does not seem to have made men for independence"—Fauvengeus; "What can give a man liberty? Will, his own will, and it gives power, which is better than liberty"—Turgenev; "One must have the will to be responsible for one's self"—Nietzsche; "I am what I am"—Brand; "To thyself be sufficient"—Peer Gynt; "To thine own self be true: God is within you"—Ibsen; "My truth is the truth"—Stirner; "Mortal has made the immortal"—the Rig Veda; "Nothing is greater than I"—Bhagavat Gita; "I am that I am"—the Avesta, also Exodus; "Politics is the madness of the many for the gain of the few"—Pope; "Charity covers a multitude of sins"—Oscar Wilde; "Society has now got the better of the individual"—John Stuart Mill. If, then, it is to be egotism, how can one ascertain the truth and voice the pen of the last mentioned philosopher? "How can great minds be produced in a country where the test of a great mind is agreeing in the opinions of small minds?"

Poor William Tell is dead. He has been partially disposed of several times by various disillusionsists, but John Fiske killed him completely in "Myths and Myth Makers." In spite of the beautiful story and the vast reputation of William Tell, it is very likely that no such person ever existed, and it is certain that the story of his shooting the apple from his son's head has no historical value whatever. How hath the mighty fallen! It is bad enough to destroy the apple and the arrow, but to put an end to William himself, that is really almost a crime, for now we must class him with Jack the Giant Killer and Puss in Boots.

The word miniature was derived from the name of the celebrated portrait painter, Mignard.

My opinion is desired on the "funny sheets" or color supplements of the Sunday newspapers. I am free to confess that they are far from artistic, anything but witty, sadly immoral, and woefully harmful. They create wrong impressions in the minds of children and they are too crude and tame to amuse the grown-ups. If parents want their children to do the pranks and capers that the pictured children do, then the parents should be looked after by the society for prevention of injustice to children. If they like to have their children laugh at the misprints of their elders and to become nuisances then they should certainly let the children read these funny sheets. And this applies also to the funny pages of our morning and evening newspapers. Wit and humor are highly desirable, and ought to be encouraged and multiplied; but these funny sheets are a sorry example of American wit, humor, morals and art.

Plato once reproved a man for playing at dice. "You reproved me for a little thing," said the culprit. "Habit," replied Plato, "is no little thing." How true! Our habits may make or ruin us. Every person ought to sit down once a week and devote an hour to introspection in order to ascertain how strong a hold his habits have on him. If he finds that he is running in a groove, he should steer clear. Variety is the very spice of life, and habits tend to increase the monotony of life; and, if they are bad habits, they will lessen his horse-power of energy, impair his earning capacity, and in time undermine his health.
"MORNING"
By VIRGINIA BLACKTON
In Shadowland
(Screendom's Miniature Waltz With Words)

Lyric and Music by
J. STANLEY BROTHERS, JR.

Tempo di Valse

Dreamily

Shadowland Silently grand Magical place of our

Dreams The whole world loves you it seems Stars shine bright Both

Day and night Telling the glory of love's old sweet story In shadowland

Amoroso

Wild wood, back to childhood, To the fairy land of romance You take us tripping along with you
When the long day is thru
Great - end how e - lat - end Are the hearts that un - der

stand You are the plea - sure of mil - lions who treasure you, shad - ow - land

Dreamily

Shad - ow - land Si - lent - ly grand Mag - i - cal place of our
dreams The whole world loves you it seems Stars shine bright Both
day and night Tell - ing the glor - y of love's old sweet story In shad - ow - land
He told me that a woman—the first woman he ever loved showed him that there is a hell, and that he'd been in it until I— I taught him there was a heaven. It's wonderful to think of a man's reforming for my sake, and I admire him. But when I think of John—" She struggled vainly with the silver clasp of her bag to find a handkerchief, and Sophy proffered her.

"Don't you do it, Lovey!" she exclaimed indignantly, "what's all the titles in the world compared to love? I couldn't care more for my Valma, now if he was a Duke—not that Professor of Palmistry isn't a sort of a title, too! And a perfect gentleman with the most refined ideas. He objects to my doing men's hands but I tell him he's no more cause to be jealous than I have of him reading ladies' palms."

"Oh, that reminds me," Muriel ceased her luxurious weeping, "I came in to speak about Valma, Sophy—" her tones grew dramatic. Muriel was only eighteen. "Sophy, I must keep my word to Lord Quex—if he keeps his word to me. But I can't let John go without seeing him just once more—to tell him good-bye. And I thought that perhaps—Mr. Valma would let us borrow his studio for only five minutes—there's no other place where we could meet alone. I'll let you know when—do you think he would if you asked him to?"

"He'd better!" The Fullgarney said with a snap of her black eyes, "when it comes to telling the future or the past I'm willing to leave it to him, but I'm going to be the one that settles the present, I promise you!"

She kissed Muriel warmly and returned to her bather, her fertile brain already considering schemes for Quex's downfall and Muriel's romantic elopement with the handsome (and penniless) young Captain in His Majesty's Own, John Bastling. It would read so well in the papers, and perhaps she would get her picture printed as "the popular manicurist, Miss Muriel Fullgarney, in whose parlors the wedding took place"—yes, oh yes! Muriel must be disillusioned about Quex, and the rest would be easy. Now, let's see.

Fate played directly into Sophy's hands when, the next afternoon a telephone message from the Countess of O'erbridge summoned her to Green Gables to discuss the Countess' none too plentiful hair for her house party. No one would have guessed that the charmingly attired young woman who stepped from the second class carriage, neat black case in hand, had anything weightier than complexion lotions and hair tonics on her mind, but a soft, bright, and disarming innocence Sophy was a very Machiavelli of cunning. From the butler she ascertained that not only Lord Quex and Miss Eden were guests, but the Duchess of Strood as well. Another bit of news was more disquieting. The wedding of Lord Quex and Muriel, so belowstairs gossip whispered, would occur very soon.

"Not if I know it!" decided Sophy, and girded her loins for battle by tying the crispest and trigger of aprons about her neat waist with a jerk that seriously threatened the strings. She had finished her duties and was wandering about the paths of the rose garden when the sound of voices nearby brought her to a pause. Unfortunately the speakers did not talk loudly enough to be decently and self-respectingly overheard. There was no choice but to deliberately listen, and Sophy listened.

"And so," the Duchess was saying, pensively, "so our chapter is over? That is—almost over!"

"Almost!—the voice was that of Lord Quex, a trifle sharp, "just what do you mean by that, Cora—a threat?"

"Harry! How can you?" reproached the Duchess, "I simply meant that you hadn't come to me for your letters. Don't you think you should get them? It would be so awkward if some of them should happen to fall into poor dear Muriel's hands. You were frightfully careless about dating them, Harry, and she might get the idea that they were written—well, say a week ago instead of a year! Fancy how she would feel!"

A pause, then, very grim, thru tight lips. "I—see. Well, what do you want for the letters, Cora? I suppose you have a price."

"Simply, that you come and get them yourself, Harry," the Duchess' voice was honey and wine, "at midnight to-night—in my room. Our romance began so wonderfully—it must end wonderfully, too."

Pleading and argument were in vain. Before Sophy disengaged some doing rose prongs from her person where they had lodged unNOTEd in her absorption, and crept away Lord Quex had reluctantly consented, and her triumph seemed in plain view. The maidless condition of the Duchess of Strood furnished her the last needed link in the chain she was forging for Lord Quex's discomfiture.

"Indeed, Your Grace, I should be delighted to serve you," she offered, with the proper humbleness, "I have been a ladies' maid, and a good one, if I do say so. If Your Grace will tell me the number of your room I will lay out your things for dinner immediately."

And so it came about that at half-past eleven that night, Sophy Fullgarney was helping the Duchess of Strood into the fifth negligee, the others being discarded on the advice of her mirror and lying in many-colored piles about the floor. The Duchess chose a soft blue Japanese robe from the pile and held it out carelessly.

"Here, take this! You have done very well," she said, patronizingly, "and now you may go. I think I shall—shall read a little before I sleep. Good-night!"

In her room Sophy paused. She was going to do a cheap and common thing. But—for Muriel's happiness! "It doesn't matter whether I'm ashamed of myself or not," reasoned Sophy, stoutly, "so long as Muriel is saved from that horrible man!"

She crept like a shadow along the silent midnight corridor until she came to the door she sought. A faint murmur of voices from within justified her next act in her mind. Kneeling, she applied first her ear, and then her eye to the keyhole, and in doing so a loose board in the floor gave forth a protesting creak. A moment's silence succeeded within, then when Sophy's heart had nearly stopped beating in terror the murmur began again. Lord Quex seemed to be pacing the floor, coming nearer and nearer the door, so that presently his words became audible.

"—and so, my dear Cora, you see that I am in earnest at last. And as I told you just now—" the keyhole seemed to give under her close-pressed ear and Sophy felt herself hurled forward as the door was flung open. "As I was just saying;" Lord Quex continued sardonically, as he looked down at the abashed eavesdropper, "someone else is interested in our affairs!"

Sophy picked herself up. She tried to meet the glance of the man in the doorway defiantly, but was amazed to see that he was very white, and that his sneering smile was more like a grimace of pain than of mirth. As she hurried back to her room she felt an unaccountable chokedness in her throat and swallowed it down angrily. "He deserves it—I've no call to be sorry for him," she told herself, "I'll warn Muriel to-morrow—" the words were interrupted by the ringing of the bell that summoned the maid to the Duchess' room. Going to plead with her, were they—bribe her, perhaps? They should see!

The bedroom seemed empty. Sophy looked about her uncertainly, went across to the equally empty boudoir—and turned at the click of a key in the lock. Suave, faintly smiling, a trifle bored Lord Quex faced her, back against the door. "The Duchess had an attack of nerves and will spend the night in Mrs. Eden's room," he explained casually, "and you, my dear, are going to keep me company—unless (Continued on page 79)
back of the lines. Absolutely devoid of
life, save for hungry cats and birds
circling overhead. Yet there was
a strange note of romance in those
ghostly, empty towns.”

Lord Dunsany believes that the
war will be followed by a singular
period of literary endeavor. “We have
been held up by the war,” he says. “The trema-
dous strife prevented everything but one
big idea. There was no room for any-
thing else. Now minds are turning into
a thousand new channels.”

Lord Dunsany does not term his
plays fanciful. “If I create a city of jade
or alabaster over there”—and his hand
swep a section of seeming NewYork
seen from his hotel window—“it is just
as real as this table here. Both have
been created by man. As well call my
table fanciful.”

Lord Dunsany defined art as “any
work supremely well done that is capable
of being unutterable.”

“That eliminates the making of, let
us say, suspenders, as a fine art,” he added,
with a laugh.

Lord Dunsany sketched his impres-
sions of New York briefly. “My first
sunrise left an indelible memory,” he said.
At first I gave my eyes time to accus-
tory of the lights twinkling in the windows thru
the dusk gave the impression of man-made
regularity. But, with the gathering shadows, your huge build-
gings seemed as mountains, quite as magical and as sup-
undes to a part of the whole fabric as the moon
tself.”

The author is tremendously interest-
ed in the American stage. “The little
thea-
ter movement over here impresses me
deepl,” he told me. “While as yet I
have not studied conditions at firsthand,
I have a great deal of faith in your theater and its possibilities.”

“The British stage?” Lord Dunsany
repeated. “Let us not talk of it.”

The playwright-poet summed up what
he considered his foremost work as, first,
“Alexander,” a full-length drama to be
soon seen in this country, “my twentieth
play,” a new work as yet unnamed, “The
Laughter of the Gods,” and, fourth,
“The Gods of the Mountain.”

Lord Dunsany’s singular and colorful
style has frequently been attributed to
his study of the Bible during his developing
years.

“The Bible had something to do with it,”
he told me, “and so did my early
reading of the Grimm and Anderson
fairy tales. But most of all, I attribute it
to the fact that I have read so little.
Reading less than other people has been
my advantage. The richness of the
literature has worked its way into my mind
—and mine, I think.”

“My father owned many Oriental
knickknacks. I can vividly recall the in-
terest and curiosity they continually
aroused in me as a boy.”

Rapidity is part of Lord Dunsany’s
method. “He frequently does a playlet
at a sitting,” Lady Dunsany told me, “while a full-length play may require a
week.”

I asked Lady Dunsany how it felt
to be the wife of a genius. Whereat she
seemed puzzled. “Primarily I am con-
cerned with keeping Lord Dunsany from
being interrupted when he is writing,”
she responded, rather doubly.

“I want to make it clear just why I
came to America,” went on Lord Duns-
y. “I wanted to study your stage, of
course, to meet the men who have been
fighting my battle over here, particularly
Stuart Walker, and to lecture. But
really it is all part of my effort to start
the world dreaming.

I want to blaze the way for the
dreamer. I want to tell you Americans
how to dream. God knows we all need
to—after our terrible lost years in the
war.”

“Abraham Lincoln,”
“Aphrodite,” et al.

(Continued from page 50)

the thing left us cold, we must confess.

Wilda Bennett we admire, but John
Charles Thomas, with all his excellent
vocalism, is too stolid and leaning-
against-the-grand-piano a hero to ever
stir us.

Now gaze upon “The Rose of China.”
Here is a Chinese adaptation of “Mad-
am Butterfly,” with P. G. Wodehouse’s
well turned lyrics and unusual settings—
one particularly beautiful—by the busy
Mr. Urban. But “The Rose of China”
is slow and actually amateurish, while
Jane Richardson’s labored cuteness as
the Oriental heroine suited us com-
pletely. Stanley Ridges, as a Chinaman
just back from Yale, is the best of the
whole cast.

“The Little Whopper” is typical musi-
cal comedy stuff, with rather tuneful
Rudolph Friml numbers, the piquant
Vivienne Segal and the oddly personable
Wilton sisters. If you ask us, Miss Segal
has two of the best reasons for dancing
on the metropoli

tan musical stage.

“The Magic Melody” is a ponderous
effort to turn out a dramatic operetta,
weighted down by Jylla Dean’s emo-
tionalism.

Let us add a word anent Elsie Janis
“and her gang.” Miss Janis, lately the
idol of the A. E. F., has gathered about
her a soldier show, put it together rather
handily and developed a lively and spon-
taneous entertainment. And let us not overlook little Eva le Gallienne,
who does a lady of the Paris boulevards.

What Every Woman Should Know

(Continued from page 54)

over dress is further stiffened at the
hips by ruffles and ruches, pulled on.
One quaint, light little bodice with dull-
toned roses tucked into the folds about
the waist topped a very wide pannier
skirt of blue striped with silver.
Another pannier frock of blue taffeta
was tucked up on the hips with pink roses
and the skirt was edged with fur. These
pannier frocks possess the charm and
haunting beauty of the long gone days
when the pannier was first in fashion.

In direct contrast to these bewitching
frocks are the evening gowns of black
velvet, slender in silhouette, with arrow
trains, low sleeveless corsages, the vel-
vet of the corsage draped slightly but
closely about the figure in the new
fashion. One of these slender frocks
was broadened at the hips into the
semblance of panniers by a great bow of
black velvet on one side and by rippling
folds of drapery lined with blue which
flare out fanwise on the other.
Another one was a slender black velvet
creation with sweeping lengths of vivid
green velvet falling from each hip.
Another model was of black velvet and
thin black lace, the lace forming a sort of
overdress—a new and delightful
combination.

Laces of the better grades and those
termed “real lace” are coming into their
own this winter of elegant costuming,
and whenever pieces of the hand-made
meshes are used one knows that its pro-
duction has helped the peasants who
work at this craft. Among the machine-

made laces are skirt and flouncing
widths of white, black and other colors
which are draped over silk or crepe de
chine and elaborated with a splash of
subtle contrast. Wide laces are used in
combination with silk brocades. Skirts
are short when made of lace, with the
silk puffed on the sides.

With the wide pannier skirt comes the
coat of similar silhouette. Coats of wool
velour and duvetyne are big, long and
loose with flaring lines, large arm holes
and much fur-trimmed.

Furs present marvels of workman-
ship and the result is fur worked with
almost as much elaboration as is shown
in woven fabrics. That greater ample-
ness will be required by the coming
mode is proved again by the fur models.
Last year one saw coats of supple furs
which were almost as scanty as dresses.
This year, the favored model for the
full length coat is a cape like form very
wide around the shoulders with slits for
the arms into which wide short sleeves
have been set. With this model one
finds the real cape which is of course
the ideal garment to wear over the
boffant skirts.

Page Seventy-Three
is an art of physical and spiritual consecration. It is just that, or it is nothing distinguished. So, to all objections at home, I answered only one thing, "I want to be a dancer."

I made my first appearance at a great dancing carnival for children given in Milan. I was not competing for the prizes. I was merely taken there with my parents to watch the others from an upper box. During the intermission, when the orchestra was playing an intermezzo and the floor was deserted, I slipped away from my family, reached the ball-room floor, and began posturing and dancing by myself. Before my parents could reach me, I was surrounded by people, loudly encouraged, and I continued dancing till the Mayor of Milan came down to me himself, congratulated me formally, and told me I had won the first prize, a gold medal on which my name was subsequently inscribed.

I was apprenticed to the ballet school at La Scala, Milan. Admitted when I was six years old, I worked daily for six years, but this was at that ridiculous age, I had certain definite intentions. I determined to become a première danseuse, and I decided to live in strict seclusion from the associations of the theater. To be frank, the latter was not a decision of moral force.

The art of dancing is perhaps one of the most difficult of all the arts. From the big ballet school of La Scala of Milan, many famous dancers have graduated. After many years of marvellous creative work, it was closed from the beginning of the war. It has been a temple of one of the great National arts of Italy. One of the most serious schools of dancing in the world, it was supported entirely by the Italian Government. Tuition was free, but the pupils were bound over to appear for a certain number of years in the National Theater. Therefore, there was nothing wrong with the artistic atmosphere in which I began my work. Scientifically and artistically, the ballet-school of La Scala was very thr°. I went thru all the preliminary exercises. I began by standing at a horizontal bar, holding on as tightly as I could while learning the proper positions of the feet for the ballet. There are five primary positions upon which all forms of dancing are based. Few people have any idea of the tremendous difficulty involved in these first five exercises. Lest the imagination of the pupil be delayed, there are constant appeals to it, made by the grace of older dances, by the more advanced pupils. The most difficult thing to learn, is how to keep the body entirely separated from the arms and legs. The extraordinary suppleness of muscles in the feet and the limbs, are developed by these preliminary exercises. The movements of limbs and arms must be entirely separate movements, in which the body itself takes no part. The moment the body begins to move, to break up the straight lines, the dancing becomes ordinary. Of course there was a large corps of teachers assigned to the various departments. There was a classic teacher, the acrobatic dancers, the pantomime, the character dancers, all teaching steps based upon the five principal steps which had been learned with infinite patience.

My first debut as a pupil at La Scala happened after only three months' tuition. It was in a children's ballet. Mr. Gatti-Casazza was then the director of the theater. Everyone was afraid of him because he was very severe. Whenever we saw him, with his long solemn face and his threatening beard, coming down the aisles of the theater to watch us, we were very frightened. I was surprised when he walked up to me one day, and gave me two tickets to see the children's ballet, for my father and mother. I had not told them about my public appearance. They thought I was attending night classes. I gave them the tickets and they went. My part in the ballet was that of a mechanical doll. My mother, watching the performance, said to my father, that she thought it was a doll on the stage. My father, wiser, perhaps, said "that looks very much like our own little girl."

I made my American debut in Chicago, under the management of Mr. Dipple, and subsequently found myself again under the management of Mr. Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The real language of dancing has been very much abused. To keep the purity of that language, the ballet dancer must concentrate her body to the plastic virtues of beauty in movement. The mind and heart of the dancer must be in accord with this temperament. She makes many sacrifices for beauty. She must be content to accept a certain remoteness of life for the achievement of her art. In short, ballet dancing, as I know it, is an art of renunciation. There are things in the language of dancing that are forbidden. For instance:

A dancer must not skate because it enlarges the joints of her knee; she must not drive a motor because the pressure of her foot on the accelerator enlarges her ankles. She must not ride horsecar because her hips grow too big. She cannot be so ungraceful as to dance the fox-trot, or the shimmy, so she has to abandon all the modern dancing. All the pleasures of ordinary mortals are denied her. This is no hardship, however, because her greatest creed is to retain control of her bodily beauty. I should like to dispose of the false impressions concerning the art of dancing. Obviously to succeed as a dancer the pupil must be born with exceptional beauty, at least she must be pretty. But, this is not enough to secure her success. She must have, as nearly as possible, a perfect, healthy body, a strong body, not merely muscular but resilient. Her natural beauty of form must be improved, emphasized. She must be taught to move always with due proportion of beauty to the eye. There are angles in the human body which must be rounded, there are limbs and muscles that must be smoothed out. A pair of well-shaped legs is the least necessity in the art of dancing. These conditions are not brought about by mere acrobatic exercises. The wonderful lightness of the feet, the perfect poise of the body, the lines of the neck and the arms, and the shoulders, are developed by very gradual exercises. The dancing pupil is made chiefly thru imagination, rather than thru muscular exercises. The dancer soon learns to be always on her guard to defend her body from awkward movement, from stooped shoulders, from angular poses.

Above all things the dancer must be devoted to a religion of beauty which is entirely her own. Other women retain their beauty with the aid of artificial resources, the dancer relies upon her health and her intelligence. I am convinced that there is a real sanctity in the religion of beauty which the dancer must obey, or lose her soul. At the age of fourteen, I was far more serious than I am now, far more religiously absorbed in the consecration of my art. I never went on the stage without saying a prayer, and I never forgot to breathe a little vow of thanks to God when I came off the stage at the end of a dance. I can see now, that these habits of reverence were the inherited will, that should be in the hearts of all artists—the will to preserve one's soul. No, the ballet dancer is not at all what she is usually described.

Such is the language of the dance to me. I have sometimes fancied how it would be even otherwise, and I have come to the conclusion that it would have been the same, for I began by being as strict with myself as if I lived within convent walls. I may have seen a man who pleased me, but when I did, I analyzed the consequence that love would bring into my art, and I found the language of the dancer, the religion of bodily beauty, far more important.
A Review of the Revue
(Continued from page 17)

draws twelve years it is easy to see that he has achieved his purpose. It was Ziegfeld who introduced Urban to the musical comedy stage. He utilized the services of the Viennese scenic artist who was attempting to give solidity and perspective to stage settings. As a result, the Ziegfeld productions became with each passing year things of great aesthetic appeal. Beauty had been brought to the animaté as represented by columns, houses, bazaars, rostrums, gateways, and the tones of realistic blue employed in the sky effects gave a restfulness that made them creations of surpassing charm.

But the animaté had not been forgotten in the search for beauty. The name Ziegfeld became synonymous with alluring femininity. He called for Girl and she came youthful and fresh and altogether charming. He sent scouts into secluded places far from the theatrical mart. He went into the highways and byways himself. The beckoning finger of opportunity was heeded. Girls from the farm and the factory and the small town and the college campus and the East Side of New York and the department store counter and the big city boulevard flocked to the New Amsterdam Theatre to join the "Follies" legion. There were only three requisites to an engagement—youth, charm and beauty. Singing and dancing could be learnt from capable instructors. If the applicants did not fulfill the main requirements there was no encouragement given.

Thus Ziegfeld became a connoisseur of Girl. And he capitalized this reputation. He was heralded far and wide as a keen and analytical expert in the charms of women. He placed no restrictions upon the figure, tho it is well to be said that the Grecian form, definite and uninspiring, has never dominated the productions of the "Follies." Girls of all heights and, as our vaudeville friends would say, tonnage were engaged, provided, of course, they were young and pretty. The press agent, obviously, did his bit. Contrary to custom he made statements concerning the girls of the "Follies" rather than of the principals in the cast dominant in the announcements issued to the newspapers. And the newspapers and magazines, appreciating the appeal of attractive photographs and interesting comments upon those people of a musical production who had hitherto been obscured, were glad to help him. The Ziegfeld girl thus grew into an institution. Occasionally one would leave the organization to embark upon a screen career or to marry a Pittsburgh steel magnate. But the reserves were always well filled. The army of occupation was maintained at its full strength. No amount of movies or marriages could block the progress of the American leg upon the international ladder.

Other producing managers quickly realized the enormous drawing power of the musical revue as represented by the "Follies." Revues began to spring up over night. The day of Danubian dominance in musical shows was at an end. No more Lehar, Fall or Strauss—at least for a while. But in their places a Berlin, a Hobart, a Buck, a Pollock, a Wolf and a Hirsch—men who were capable of travesty some current foible of social, political and theatrical life and providing a tinkly tune to supplement the action. But the background of all their efforts was girl—girls of all shapes and sizes, blondes and brunettes; girls whose voices were tolerated but whose ankles aroused superlatives of admiration; girls of unusual grace and personality and girls who invariably were young and pretty. Is it not recalled that Raymond Hitchcock caught the popular fancy by advertising his feminine cohorts in the first "Hitchy-Koo" production as "all under twenty?" Age must be served. The tired business man, fairly fat and forty, must be refreshed by youthful charm. If there was also a note of naiveté and modesty present—and most stage directors worked zealously to obtain it—the refreshment was all the more delightful.

Success, glowing and consistent, flowed into the box office wherever a musical revue held the boards. Lew Fields, profiting by his long association with Joe Weber at the music hall which bore their names, staged elaborate shows. His experience taught him that the high class burlesque, which he had sponsored a decade before, was closely akin to the type of revue now prevalent. He called in expert farceurs, quick-witted lyricists and song writers, who, while deficient in technique, were skilled in devising catchy shows. And they turned out such products as "The Midnight Sons" and "The Jolly Bachelors" which drew capacity audiences through a summer. Unlike Ziegfeld, he did not specialize in girls. But his shows had a good feminine representation, nevertheless.

It was not long before the more conservative and well-established producers began to appreciate the financial possibilities of the musical revue. The Shuberts converted a dilapidated horse exchange into an attractive and comfortable music hall which they called the Winter Garden and there they presented pretentious revues built according to a definite formula and requiring a cast of more than one hundred people. They imported artists who had acquired a sensational success on the Continent and these artists helped materially in building up a reputation for the Winter Garden which eventually reached even to decanquesque circles back home. Inasmuch as considerable of the success of the revues at the Broadway and Fiftyfifth Street playhouse has been due to the principals there is justification for the subordination of the girls in the press announcements of those shows. But there are girls at the Winter Garden—great hordes of them—and it does not require a discerning eye to see that they are for the most part quite up to the standard maintained by Mr. Ziegfeld.

The Shubert policy in regard to revues has been thoroughly consistent. Current topics do not come in for any general attention on the part of the carpenter or poet-laureate or whatever the industrious Mr. Atteridge may be called. Instead, concentration is placed upon the successful plays of the year and these are travestied, according to the needs of the production, with some amusing digression that is based upon a popular piece of adolescent fiction.

In their latest revue, "The Gaities of 1919," there is some attempt at satirizing some current phases of life and there is obvious a desire to reverse the Shubertian publicity plan and play up in the announcements, the chorus girls rather than the principals.

Klaw and Erlanger have tried their hand at the revue, notably in the case of "Fads and Fancies." This effort was not the success expected and it would seem that they had abandoned, altogether, the revue in favor of the elaborate musical comedy.

In late years the musical revue has taken on a greater popularity than ever. Mr. Hitchcock's productions have been conspicuously profitable examples of this type of entertainment. His shows, naturally, are built chiefly around his personality, but he has too keen a sense of showmanship to permit himself to bask continuously in the limelight. He surrounds himself with clever performers and a select chorus—select in appearance, in ability and sartorial effectiveness.

"The Greenwich Village Follies" is a revue of the current season. It follows scrupulously the traditions established further uptown which, perhaps, accounts for its great success. Other revues are in preparation for large the-

(Continued on page 78)
him on the back and told him they were always 'tough' out front on Monday afternoons. 'Over their heads. Over their heads, my boy,' said the 'legit.' The vaudevillean looked at him sidewise. Perhaps they ducked it, he remarked, tersely, as he walked toward his dressing room.

"Which would prove," said Arthur Hopkins, "that the sketch and the actor had failed to please the audience, not necessarily because either was highbrow, or 'over their heads,' but because neither was entertaining. The audience, as I said before, is not going to consider 'artistic' values. So long as it is amused, it will accept the 'hick' vaudevillean or the impersonator of Shakespeare's heroes with equal relish. Each has his place, each has his commercial and artistic value."

"Shakespeare commercial to-day?" I gasped incredulously.

"I'm going to do a big revue," said Mr. Hopkins, "and I'm not foolish enough to do that, however, much I might like to, unless I thought it would be successful commercially as well as artistically."

I could have thrown myself upon Mr. Hopkins' nice tweed suit in an ecstasy of delight, but I restrained myself with difficulty. All I did, was to say quietly that I was very much interested, indeed, to hear it.

"Yes," he went on, "I believe that there are thousands of people who will come to see sound drama, beautifully written, beautifully played, beautifully produced, even though the author happens to be Shakespeare, and out of favor just now. I believe that such a production, as I have in mind will again refute the statement that anything is 'over their heads' even if some of the heads are up in the gallery." Mr. Hopkins censed speaking, and his eyes traveled again to the door. I looked at my watch.

"What about the star system, actor's strikes, artistic temperament, breakfast foods, the high cost of living, the still higher cost of dying, prohibition, I. W. W.'s, Great Neck, L. I., the servant problem, interior decorating, education of the classes, not to speak of the masses—" I put in hurriedly. "I must have your views, Mr. Hopkins."

"I don't know a thing about them," he said, piteously. "If you'll come back next week, I'll read up on one or two."

"Which means that you want me to go," I remarked caustically.

"Oh, no, no at all," said Mr. Hopkins. "Nothing would please me more than to talk to you and with you for the rest of the day, but we're reopening to-morrow—and well—you know."

I rose reluctantly. "Of course, when you put it up to my honor as it were, moral suasion is much more powerful than mere force." I held out my hand with a distinct sense that I was being badly treated by fate in the person of "The Jest."

"Just one more question, before I go, Mr. Hopkins," I said. "What is your definition of a stage or screen director?"

"Do you mean actually or idealistically?" he asked.

I thought for a moment, "Oh, idealistically, of course," I said.

"A director is a man able to bring out the best points of an artist, a play, or a situation," he said slowly.

"Supposing that neither the artist, nor the play, nor the situation has any points, do you think the director can supply them?" I queried.

"He may be able to supply them in the two latter cases," returned Mr. Hopkins, "but in the case of the actor, the director can merely suggest the idea and leave that actor to work it out for himself. If the actor has nothing inside his skull no director on earth can make him act."

"But don't you think," I said, "that a director can take an actor who resembles, let us say a piece of malleable clay and impress upon that clay his own personality, make it a great artist, a genius?"

"I do not," replied Mr. Hopkins, decidedly. "In my own case when I engage an actor I pay him a salary for knowing something about his business. I suppose that he can read, that he can speak the tongue and that he has the ordinary intelligence to understand what he reads and speaks. If I have to teach him I might as well start a school and let the actor pay me for the tuition."

I released Mr. Hopkins' hand which I had been literally holding on to for the past few minutes and walked to the door. Again I turned.

"When are you going to direct another screen play, Mr. Hopkins?" I asked.

"Never," he snapped.

I retired precipitately.

Outside the office door the gloom was Stygian and I am very blind. I collided with a soft woolly object, which after a second or two I recognized as being a very tall and remarkably handsome youth. In the midst of my profuse apologies, Mr. Hopkins came to the rescue and personally conducted me down the stairs and into the light of day.

As I drove over to the Ritz Carlton for lunch I summed up a few of the points of Mr. Hopkins' character as they had been revealed to me during the few minutes spent at the Plymouth Theater.

He is one of those men, who tho of small stature, are big in every sense of the word. His bigness is emphasized by the following deductions:

1. He was entering the theater just one minute before twelve in order to keep an appointment made for twelve o'clock. He does not either by accident or intent keep a visitor waiting. Mr. Hopkins, aloha perhaps the foremost dramatic producer to-day, does not consider himself too important to be punctual.

2. The employes of the theater smile when he passes. He must be human.

3. There is no large and elaborate sign upon his office door to impress the passer-by with his elevated position. He is modest and unassuming.

4. He is very direct. He looks you straight in the eyes when he speaks and sits or stands squarely without shuffling, posing or lounging as he does so. He scoffs at commerce, but would not prove a failure at what he considers artistic merit, even if he were assured of enormous recompense. He is honest therefore in thought and purpose.

5. He took the trouble to go personally to several artists waiting (without appointments), to see him, so that their time need not "be taken up for nothing." He is therefore thoughtful and considerate. When I think of the weary hours spent in manager's offices during my own early struggles I cannot help wishing that I had known Mr. Hopkins then.

6. The stack of plays on his desk points to the fact that he is a thorough believer in work.

7. He says that the art of the theater and the art of the screen need a little attention, now and then, in conjunction, mind you, with an eye to business—for he says, "A play, however artistic it may be, is of no use to anybody if there is nobody in the theater to see it. Instead of blaming the poor public, he blames the producer. Therefore, he is clear of vision and a good and proper person to look to as a leader.

8. He believes that there is a public for Shakespeare. Therefore, he has a sublime faith.

Summing up these eight points one might say that with punctuality, "humaneness," modesty, honesty of purpose, consideration for the least fortunate, an infinite capacity for work, clearness of vision and faith, Mr. Hopkins stands out as a beacon of hope against the somber sky of the American theater.

---

AN OLD PLAY

By La Touche Hancock

Act I
Patrimony

Act II
Acrimony

Act III
Patrimony

Act IV
Acrimony
Times have changed since Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE thought of all the world as a stage.

Motion pictures have made that thought a fact.

When the olden plays were first put on at that queer little cockpit in London called the Globe Theatre, the audience had to imagine suitable settings to the action of the drama.

How the old playwrights would have been amazed and delighted by Paramount Artcraft Pictures, in which are supplied all the living realities of romance—scenery, climatic conditions, tall forests, salty oceans and the very flesh and blood of men and women!

"The play's the thing" still, but think what has happened to the motion picture theatre also, the comfort of the audience, the luxury of the presentation.

Hardly a community anywhere that lacks a theatre worthy to show Paramount Artcraft Pictures.

Hardly a community anywhere that does not know enough to demand them.

Watch the theatres' announcements and know before you pay.

Paramount - Artcraft

Motion Pictures

LATEST PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT PICTURES

Released to December 1st

Billie Burke in "SAME LOVE"

Irene Castle in "THE INVISIBLE BOND"

Marguerite Clark in "LUCK IN PAWN"

Ethel Clayton in "A SPORTING CHANCE"

Cecil B. DeMille's Production in "MALE AND FEMALE"

Elise Ferguson in "COUSIN FLIRT"

Dorothy Dush in "TREASURING THE TABLES"

D. W. Griffith's Production in "SCARLET DAYS"

Win. S. Hart in "WOOD TRAVELERS"

Huston in "THE GRIM GAME"

Vivian Martin in "HIS OFFICIAL FLANKER"

Wallace Reid in "THE LOTTERY MAN"

Maurice Tourneur's Production in "THE LITTE LIES"

George Loane Tucker's Production in "THE MIRACLE MAN"

Robert Warwick in "IS MIRACLES"

Bryant Washburn in "IT DAYS TO ADVERTISE"

"The Miracle of the A Cosmopolitan Production"

"Supervision Thomas H. Ince"

"Thomas H. Ince Productions"

Enid Bennett in "WHAT EVERY WOMAN LEARNS"

Dorothy Dalton in "TALES"

Douglas MacLean & Doris May in "256 HOURS LEAVE"

Charles Ray in "CROOKED STRAIGHT"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies

Paramount-Al St. John Comedies

Paramount-Ernest Trues Comedies

Paramount DeHaven Comedies

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine "LATEST PICTURES"

Paramount-Post Nature Pictures

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures

Paramount-Burlingham Adventure Pictures

Paramount-Briggs Comedies
A Review of the Revue

(Continued from page 75)

aters, intimate playhouse roof gardens, any place where the elusive dollar may be sought. Last season a large number of revues based upon the activities of the A. E. F. in France invaded the town.

Indeed, any reliable statistician of the Rialto will take pains to inform you that any revue which is not hopelessly dull and unattractive will make money these days. One would think that talent would soon be exhausted, that there would be a dearth of chorus girls and principals. This does not seem to be the case, however. And it probably will not be so long as the vaudeville pastures teem with singing and dancing personalities, to say nothing of those with amusing specialties to offer—for it is from vaudeville that the personnel of most of the revues is recruited. Will there be, however, a continuous supply of chorus girls? Undoubtedly. Is there not a minimum wage scale of $35 weekly for such chorus girls? Is there not a Marie Dressler with an ability for aggressive and maternal leadership that is respected by the managers? Is there not the screen with its ever-present lure and promise of country homes and automobiles? Is there not still a superabundance of feminine youth and beauty in the land?

Most assuredly. Any theatrical manager will tell you so.

Kay

(Continued from page 27)

intended conveyed us in the miniature lift, past the duplex artist’s apartment on the first floor, to Kay’s suite.

Such a living room, with its ivored walls lined with bookcases and a real tapestry over the real fireplace, a kingdom in these days would be ransomed for! There were a huge bedroom, and a dining room, a cunning kitchenette, and two shining baths, over whose marble tiles, and glass shelves on which she could display her Christmas presents, bottles, Kay enthused. She is as practical as she is not. Kay insisted upon having lights in the linen closets, and made the superintendent promise to arrange the icebox in a more convenient spot.

A telephone in the hall sent her again in pursuit of the grail. “What do you mean by giving the wrong number, Central?” was her song ten minutes later. “Will you please tell me exactly what to ask so that I can get Plaza 5267?”

She turned to me: “I know how stars who haven’t time to be interviewed can pour out their life’s histories to reporters who pursue them. Just let them make an appointment in some cozy booth at the hotel, they have arranged to call a friend.”

Shadows Cast Before

Some see with a far vision has said that coming events cast their shadows before. A Modern, especially an editorial Modern, might well say that such is the case with coming Magazines—they cast their shadows before. Shadowland is just this—a COMING Magazine, Shadowland does just this. It lives in the Today and it promises richly, artistically, colorfully, literally for Tomorrow. This is the Age of Progress and Shadowland is the many-toned note striking, striving to strike, the harmony of the Age, the ultra-perfect Chord.

Shadowland wishes to be in many lives just that—a perfect chord. A perfect chord means a perfect blending of many things and that, again, is what Shadowland aspires to. To someone, may we say, just a little bit finer, a little bit higher, a little bit more fraught with dreams and dreaming than we, the great Most of Us, get in our Little Everyday. Like a Shadow it wills to move in the trend of our daily lives yet leaving Substance behind.

There is no one of us who, consciously, subconsciously or unconsciously, does not love and reach out for the color of things, the pulse of things, the rhythm of things. There is no one of us who would not, if we could, "brother the drab cloth of the mundane with a shimmering Thread of Gold. Perhaps, being blest, with more than one shimmering thread. Shadowland would like to be at least one of those shimmering threads.

It would like to be a simile to the rainbow seen at the end of a grey day. It would like to be as a song heard faintly, barely, by a weary heart.

It would like to induce a smile where a tear had been before. It would like to give an hour of forgetfulness with the turning of its pages where such forgetfulness might be grateful balm. It would like to be a friend, felt as a friendly hand.

It would like to be a light, a guide, under no obscuring bushel of adversity. It would like to be and it aims to be a bit of real beauty, intrinsic, like a small glimpse of depthless blue seen thru rifted clouds.

To this end it has striven and still more mightily will strive. It will strive for Color and for Counsel. It will strive for Wisdom and for Wit.

As it has been writ in many a book of the Ancients that those among us who mightily strive will be awarded an the green sprays of the young Laurel.

We of Shadowland ask for the laurel of many friendships and the beliefs thereon!
The Gay Lord Quex

(Continued from page 72)

you agree not to say anything of the scene you spied on so cleverly."

"Oh!" gasped Sophy, "Oh, you wouldn't dare! Even you couldn't be so wicked!"

Lord Quex smiled wistfully. "I could do anything—to keep Muriel," he said, "but you couldn't be expected to understand how I feel about her. There's nothing—less than nothing for me in life if I lose her."

"You'll lose her, all right!" flamed Sophy, "when she knows how you kept your promise to reform. And there's no use your telling me you didn't mean any harm—appearances don't lie, my Lord!"

"No?" a little laugh of mockery undermined the words. "Then I suppose the conclusion people will draw about you when you are found here in the morning with the notorious Lord Quex will be the true one? For you are too clever a woman to suppose that you can get away with a story of the plain facts."

The girl before him seemed to shiver. For once in her capable, competent life the Fullgarney was afraid, bitterly, panic-struck. "Valma! He'd never believe me!" moaned Sophy, "oh, let me go, Lord Quex! Don't ruin my life—let me go—"

"What about my life?" there was no yielding in the hard look he turned on her. "You may believe it or not, but I have been faithful to Muriel in word and thought and deed ever since I first saw her. To-night was a mistake—notting more. If you want to go you will write me your promise to say nothing whatever to anyone of what you saw."

Shuddering, sniffling, Sophy moved toward the desk, then violently she turned. "No!" she cried, "I won't sell Muriel to buy my own safety. Let them think what they want to about me. I'll promise nothing, I tell you—nothing!"

And with a bound she reached the bell and jerked it violently again and again, filling the silent house with its alarm. The two in the room faced each other, and something akin to respect and admiration woke in Quex's gaze. "By Jove! I like your spirit!" he said slowly. "You're a sport—and I'll be one too. Here's the key—when they come tell 'em the Duchess wants her breakfast at ten instead of eight, and after the coast is clear I'll go." He held out his hand, "You make a fine enemy, Miss Fullgarney!" said Lord Quex, "I'd like you for a friend."

The next morning, eyes heavy from a wakeful night, Sophy Fullgarney moved about her charming manicure parlor with unwonted nervousness. Truth to tell she was for the first time in her life doubtless of the wisdom of her own course. Across the hall Muriel and her dashing Captain were holding their stolen meeting. Only yesterday she had planned that should end in an elopement, but now she was miserably unsure. When Lord Quex entered and came toward her she met his mute inquiry bravely.

(Continued on page 81)
him to clutch his feet): Don’t! Don’t! 

GERALD (remorselessly):
For sixteen years you lived in East Middleville, Ohio. You were, yes, you were, the daughter of a Methodist minister, the president of the Epworth League and the treasurer of the Anti-Tobacco Society. You had six other sisters and a twin who died. You were...

SONIA (wildly):
Have mercy on me! Have mercy!

GERALD (inexorably):
You belonged to the church choir... you sewed for the Ladies’ Aid...

SONIA (brokenly, rising and supporting her willowy length against the chaise-longue):
Yes, it is all true. I confess it. And there is more. I know you. I know you. Now, I will keep nothing from you—nothing! I sang at high school concerts. I served chicken dinners for the Helping Hand. I went to Sunday-school picnics and I wore white-ruffled lawn with blue ribbons. I had a beau—a beau! My real name is Matilda. Never heard of me? I am a good woman—God help me!—a good woman!

GERALD (staring darkly before him):
A—good—woman! Sonia, Sonia, and I have let myself care for you!

SONIA (dully):
You have cared? Then—that is my verdict? You care for me no longer... It is all over—for me. All—over. How dared I hope... you, an exquisite of the jewelled cities... you, who have sipped the honey from the queen roses of the world... you, with your youth and your strange glamour of old civilizations... you...

GERALD (looking down upon her and gradually softening):
Sonia, Sonia, my love is great enough to forgive you even—even this. (He raises her.) We will never refer to it again. It shall be as thot it had never been. (He kisses her brow, nobly forgiving.) We all have things in our pasts we must regret. And you... you can live this down...

SONIA (brokenly):
Gerald... my king...
(The door at the right opens unexpectedly and Ellen hurries in.)

ELLEN (apologetically):
I beg pardon, ma’am, I want to know whether— (They turn and the light from the piano lamp falls over Gerald Haslett’s cynical, worldly wise features.)

ELLEN (with a cry of delight):
Well, I want to know! Old Deacon Peters’ boy, Jud! (She holds out a hand to Gerald.) Land, if you ain’t the spittin’ image of your pa without the overalls. I’d know you in Timbuctoo in spite of the fanciful rig you’ve got on you. Have you been back to the Mills lately? You’ve got along real good, you have. Did you know...

GERALD (faintly):
Yes... yes... I am ill... Mildred... ah, Sonia... I am...

SONIA (in bewilderment):
You may go, Ellen.

ELLEN (obediently):
Yes, ma’am. Good-by, Jud; see you s’more!

GERALD (watching her exit with something of the look of a man who has seen a ghost):
What were we saying, Sonia, the Past... the Past...

SONIA (looking at him with a little, whimsical, suddenly comprehensible smile):
We were speaking about living the past down, old dear! Let’s do it fifty-five.

(Gerald holds out his arms and there is nothing but the Present!)

CURTAIN

Fifty-Fifty
(Continued from page 44)

It Pays to Advertise
(Continued from page 63)

It went thru with zest, when, the next month, there came a report from Marshall Field that, on the strength of Rod’s advertising campaign, the famous “13” had sold out big... and they wanted more. “It was only your rotten castile, dad,” Rod told his parent, “wrapped up in million-dollar wrappers. Mary and I toted the cases ourself and did the wrapping. “Also,” added Rod, as an afterthought, “Marshall Field wants to buy the trademark. They’re rather fancy in their offer, I’ll say!”

It occurred to Martin, senior, surveying the general prospectus, in the center of his son’s really amazing business sanctum, more bygones by the glint of the sun on demure brow hair, over by the window, that sometimes slow investments are the surest and best. He had had a long wait for this one... but now... and against his will he heard himself adding mentally, “and with a woman like that.”

He asked his son to free himself from interruption, leaned over the glossy mahogany top, and, when three hours later, father and son strolled out to luncheon, arm-in-arm, Mary hanging to Rod on the other side, they had sold out to Marshall Field at a swoop and Rod was a member of the junior firm... post-graduated past and beyond the hides and tallow.

Taking a spin the next day in his little roadster, Rod turned to Mary and squeezed the capable hand that had guided him out of fog into sunshine, brilliant and clear.

“It’s all you, Mary,” he said, his young voice curiously broken up; “before... I didn’t know...”

“I didn’t either, really,” said Mary; “it’s Rod.”

“Yes,” said Rod.
The Gay Lord Quex

(Continued from page 79)

"No, I haven't told her—yet." Her heart almost failed her at the pitiful relief in his haggard eyes, but she went on doggedly. "I expect her here in a few minutes. Whether I tell her anything or not depends on what I find out about—someone else. Go into the private room there and wait, but don't come out till I say!"

She glanced about the room. It was too early for patrons, and the girls were chatting in the sunny windows. On one pretext and another she cleared the room and turned expectantly toward the door into the hall. Minutes dragged agonizingly by, then the door across the way opened and brisk footsteps crossed the hall. Captain John Bastling stood in the doorway. For the first time she saw the faint lines webbing his eyes, the full, sagging lips, then he had seized her hands. "Muriel has said she'll go with me. And we owe it all to you, Sophy! You've been our good angel!"

Sophy Fullgarney looked up enticingly under discreet lashes. Her face was lifted provokingly close to his. "I don't want to be thanked—in words," she whispered, "don't you know a better way?"

Two moments later Muriel was sobbing in her foster sister's arms. "Forgive me, dearie," Sophy begged her, "I had to know whether he was the right kind. It's better for you to find it out now than afterwards, and oh, I want you to be happy, Muriel, honey! A man that would kiss a manicurist right after he'd kissed you—faugh!" and she scrubbed her lips roughly at the memory.

"It isn't—that I'm crying about!" Muriel quivered, "but—oh, Sophy! I know now—I was only infatuated with—that man. It's Quex I really love—and I'm afraid—he'll hate me when he knows—"

"I wouldn't worry about that, dearie," Sophy said dryly, and putting her gently aside she went to the door leading to the balcony and opened it, "I've a sort of a notion that he'll understand—" she looked up into the face of the man who stood in the doorway, with a straight, level gaze, "He's a good man, Muriel. I know because I tried the same thing on hi' and he turned me down cold..."

Already the two on the balcony had forgotten her. She turned her back on what was not meant for her to see and ran across the hall. "Let them as wants them have their lords," scorned the Fullgarney loyally, "a professor is genteeler to my mind!"

- SHADOWLAND CLASSICS -

When Eve brought woe to mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man.
But when she wooed with love so kind,
He then pronounced her wo-woman.
But now with valor and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so fond of whims.
The people call them whim-men.
— The Cynic.
Ethel Clayton's Wonderful Eyelashes—long and curling—form a charming fringe for her eyes and give them that wistful appeal which adds so greatly to her facial beauty and attractiveness. Beautiful Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows—how wonderfully they bring out the natural beauty of the eyes! They are now within the reach of all women who will just apply a little

**Lash-Brow-Ins**

for a short time. Hundreds of thousands of women, prominent in social circles, as well as stage and screen stars, use and enthusiastically recommend this harmless, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes the growth of Eyelashes and Eyebrows making them long, thick and luxuriant. Why not you?

**TWO SIZES 50c and $1.00. AT YOUR DEALER'S or send Direct in plain cover, on receipt of price. SATISFACTION ASSURED.**

**MAYBELL LABORATORIES**

4303-95 Grand Blvd.

CHICAGO

Ethel Clayton

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Ethel Clayton

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Ethel Clayton

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Ethel Clayton

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Ethel Clayton

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Ethel Clayton

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Ethel Clayton

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Ethel Clayton

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Ethel Clayton

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Ethel Clayton

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures
Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food adds to cow's milk important food materials that are necessary to make a complete and satisfying diet for the baby.

Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and start your baby right.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
IRRESISTIBLE!

Send 15¢ to Vivaudou, Times Building, New York, for samples of Mavis perfumes.
IRIDESCENT, GLORIOUS SILK PICTURES

MALLINSON’S
Silks de Luxe

MALLINSON’S
Silks de Luxe
universally preferred

Favored by stage and screen beauties, style
creators, and all discriminating.
MAVIS is preferred!
Mavis Face Powder is more delicate and it stays on better.
Mavis Rouge blends perfectly with your complexion.
Mavis Talc is the largest selling talc in the world!
Mavis Perfume, Toilet Water, Sachet, Soap—all the Mavis preparations—with their wonderfully delightful fragrance—combine to make you, truly
IRRESISTIBLE!

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building, New York, for a generous sample of Mavis perfume—or better still, ask for any one of the delightful Mavis preparations at any toilet goods counter.
THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don't lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

**FIRST PRIZE**

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records—Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-les in all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

**SECOND PRIZE**

Sheaffer "Gutta" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

**THIRD PRIZE**

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

**FOURTH PRIZE**

Emerson, second model, Portable Type-writer, $160.

**FIFTH PRIZE**

Bristol Red Casting Rod, guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

**SIXTH PRIZE**

Leonard Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

**SEVENTH PRIZE**

Pathe, second model, Portable Type-writer, $160.

**EIGHTH PRIZE**

Emerson, 2nd model, Portable Type-writer, $160.

**NINTH PRIZE**

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
Important Features in This Issue:

LEE SIMONSON AND HIS METHOD

Kenneth Macgowan

The young theatrical designer talks upon modern stage craft.

THE LOST ART OF RECITATION

Henry Gaines Hawn

The first of a series of remarkable articles upon recitation and its possibilities.

STAR-DUST AND SOB-STUFF

Hadi Barron and Saxon Cone

A serio-comedy of the motion picture studios in one act.

THE NEW ARISTOCRACY

M. B. Harvey

A bit of satire upon the Los Angeles film colony.

THE NEWEST FASHIONS

The Rambler

The latest things in smart feminine attire

and

INTERVIEWS WITH ESTELLE WINWOOD, DORIS KENYON AND MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

THE M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY

SHADOWLAND

Published monthly by the M. P. Publishing Company, a New York Corporation with its principal offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Treasurer; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary; Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor. Editorial offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to which address all mail should be sent.

Subscription $3.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $4.00 a year; in foreign countries, $6.50. Single copies, 75 cents. Postage prepaid. One and two-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-class matter.

Copyright, 1920, by the M. P. Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain.

SHADOWLAND 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
OUR COLOR PLATES:

Ernestine Myers
The picturesque vaudeville headliner who is well known for her daring terpsichorean innovations

Lucille Cavanagh
Another Keith two-a-day favorite and also a divinity of the dance

Renee Adoree
A favorite of the musical comedy and dramatic stage now in the films

Ina Claire
The Belasco star who is this year scoring in "The Gold Diggers"

Louise Groody
The piquant little comedienne of musical comedy

Katherine MacDonald
The beauty of the cinema and one of screenland's newest stars

and

Reproductions of two original paintings by A. Bierstadt and A. F. Bunner
Painted from Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston
HELEN HERENDEEN
A feature of the Capitol Theater's "Demi-Tasse Revue"
Lee Simonson and His Method

By Kenneth Macgowan

The scores of 'little theaters' that have grown up across America in the past four years have bred modern scenic designers faster than our chaotic commercial theaters can absorb them.'

So says Lee Simonson. Further he has gone to the trouble of demonstrating it in his own person.

Ten years ago Simonson left Harvard—a year or two before Robert E. Jones—to go to Paris and study art. Three or four years later he was back in New York painting industriously and just beginning to practice the trade of interior decoration. A couple of seasons later found him in the theater. It was a very tiny little theater—the Bandbox, once the home of the Washington Square Players, on 57th street near Third avenue, and now a bank. There Simonson created half a dozen very striking settings. They were so striking, in fact, so far superior to any of the other scenic work of the Washington Square Players, that all the critics who were following the budding growth of the stage picture expected to see Simonson soon doing opera for the Metropolitan, drama for Broadway or at least musical comedy for K. & E.

Between those days and these, Simonson has done just one Broadway production—and regretted it. For in "Moliere" last season, Simonson had to watch his own brilliant color painted over and bowdlerized to suit the tastes of an old-school actor-manager.

Broadway crowds are seeing his work once more in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," as well as in "The Faithful"; but this work is on view in no production of a Broadway manager. It is part of the offering of that more perfect offspring of the Washington Square Players, the Theater Guild.

All in all, Simonson is not in the least unhappy at the neglect of Broadway. Broadway isn’t gay enough for the creator of the crimson bizarries of "The Red Cloak," the designer of Bandbox’s deliciously humorous "Pierre Patelin," the brilliant costumer of "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Bright as Broadway may run, it still defies grey as the American conception of art. At the most, it accepts a little Whistler violet. Simonson is a man who believes that drawing-rooms and lounge suits—let alone the playhouse—should be full of the lyricism of color. Perhaps this is only saying that he belongs by faith and works to the most modern school of French art.

Very likely it is the background of his associations with the pictorial rebels that makes him take the modern theater so calmly. Gordon Craig, Adolph Appia, Robert Jones, Joseph Urban, the artists of Max Reinhardt—all these ex-painters and architects whom the theater regards

Page Fifteen
Lee Simonson's stage arrangement of the garden scene for "The Sisters of Susanne" is a revolution only because the theater is still ruled by a despot of 1880.

The stage has simply stood still, thru the lack of progressiveness of its so-called "leaders." Art has passed on. Now, when the world of the footlights turns its face forward, the cry of revolution is raised. And Simonson comments vigorously upon this phase:

"The scene painting rebels of today are conquering the stage with the artistic discoveries of twenty years ago," says Simonson. "When we put inside the proscenium frame the sort of things that art museums and their patrons take for granted, you call it a revolution. The truth is that the theater stood still a century, while Beardsley, Whistler, Degas, and Renoir—to get no nearer the real revolutionists of the easel today—were making over the art of painting. Until a few seasons ago the standards of the Metropolitan Opera House, so far as scenery went, were the standards of Bowery melodrama. Everybody painted exteriors in the style of Mid-Victorian landscapes and interiors like backgrounds for still lifes. The result is that all a scene painter need do today is to transfer to the stage Beardsley's massing of black and white, the tints of a Whistler monochrome, the elements of a Japanese print, or the qualities of a poster or a good architectural water-color, and the poor starved people of the theater hate him as a daring innovator."

Simonson has expressed over his own signature a very definite and refreshing belief in the easy task of himself and all his fellow revolutionaries: "It is impossible for any man capable of designing a poster, a piece of furniture or any picture that would be rejected by the Academy, to design a stage setting that will not seem revolutionary. Given an instinct for decoration, the rudiments of good taste, an understanding of architectural form, and the sense of color which today any painter of twenty-five has inherited, a painter cannot avoid designing settings which in one way or another are significant."

Naturally Simonson doesn't believe very much in that special 'sense of the theater,' that form of dramatic intuition which all other workers in the playhouse must have and which most scenic artists hold as the base of their own endeavors. Simonson doesn't see a production as a dynamic, pulsing organism in which actors, costumes and scenery are fused by lighting and movement into a very special type of beauty. He holds that the setting is merely the background for the players to appeal against; its business is merely to heighten in an appropriate manner the dramatic effect of the players' speech and action.

But, to Simonson, this does not diminish the importance of the artist's work or lessen his range of color and design. He disregards—unwisely, I feel—the dramatizing and fusing qualities of varied lighting. He says the tricks of the electrician are too easy; they can be made to hide so readily the shortcomings of the designer. He sets himself the task of making his painted back-
ground tell everything—precisely, masterfully. Like all innovators, this produces virtues of its own. But unquestionably it neglects the finest, the most exhilarating, exultant, and mysterious drama of the stage, the play of light.

Unquestionably, Simonson goes far towards countering this by his use of color. If he insists merely on toning backgrounds, he most certainly insists on painting them brilliantly. To him gray is anathema. America's favorite "color" is not in his paintbox. To the conventionally-minded, quiet, dark shades are restful, dignified and handsome. To the conventionally-minded in the theater, they are the only possible colors for a background. The excuse you hear is that they alone permit the actor to be seen. Bright colors or energetic design hide the player and swamp his art. Lee Simonson makes the simple answer of complete denial. Anything that moves will dominate anything that is still. Black is as visible against orange as orange against black—in fact, more so. The war has furnished an excellent demonstration of Mr. Simonson's thesis. In the old days, ships and cannon and ammunition trains were painted gray or brown to hide them from the enemy. Today, the world appreciates how visible such moving objects are against the lively background of life. So we dress our ships and cannon like clowns to try to hide them in the vivid background that nature paints for the theater of war. In the end it is a matter of contrasts—contrasts in colors and contrasts in movement and lack of it. On that Simonson builds his art.

The critics who remembered Simonson's antic humor in "The Red Cloak," his vivid purples and yellows in "The Magical City," his tropic orange walls in "The Sisters of Susanne"—and forgot, of course, his simple and beautifully restrained Russian interior in "The Sea Gull"—were much surprised to note in his backgrounds for "The Faithful" no ebullience of color. They chronicled it duly. But they did not observe that the violence of color had left his backgrounds, Simonon still kept his faith. For he made his most tragic and most effective setting out of light buff walls, set off by cedar and gold "trim," and he lit this scene of knavery, suicide and revenge in a lamenlent benevolence of flooding white light. But can anybody say that there was not within these three walls all the calm craft of Lord Kira, the high purity of Lord Asano and the indulgence of high heaven?

If there is indeed no special "sense of the theater" in work like Simonon's, then there is something that most successfully takes its place. Simonon may imagine he explains it when he says: "The stage today supplies the only opportunities capable of awakening a decorator's imagination and stimulating his creative faculties." But if this were all, the baffled profession of interior decoration should have added a hundred fold to the oversupply of stage artists already bred by the little theaters. Broadway has already tried a few of the decorators. They have betrayed no such rich dramatic quality as is to be seen in the best work of Lee Simonon.

Lee Simonon's design for the third scene of "Pierre Patelin"
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN
The youngest of the famous Hammerstein family who is now devoting her entire time to the screen

Page Eighteen
VENETIAN SCENE

From an original painting
by A. F. Bunner
Painted from Photograph by Moffet, Chicago

Ina Claire
“APHRODITE”
Dorothy Dalton and McKay Morris in the sensational drama of old Alexandria
An Entre-
Acte

Estelle Winwood’s keenest pleasure comes from flivving—hiring a Ford of a Sunday and break-necking about the country for stretches of eight or ten hours at a time.

If I had had the opportunity and she had had the time to give me another seven and three-quarters I would have had enough data for a best seller. There is something consummate in such manipulation of time, or the lack of it.

I talked with Estelle Winwood for precisely seven and three-quarter minutes by my wrist-watch in her dressing-room in the Booth Theater in between (see title) the spied second and third acts of “Too Many Husbands.” If I had had the opportunity and she had had the time to give me another seven and three-quarters I would have had enough data for a best seller. There is something consummate in such manipulation of time, or the lack of it.

I knew that she would be clever, having watched her maneuver two husbands and a Future upon the stage for two skilled acts. She has clever lines—personally and professionally. She had a clever way of handling herself. Very slender, svelte, I believe is the word, with gold hair, coiled massively over her ears, slate blue eyes, animated hands... clever is the essential word for her.

To return to the productive gleanings of the aforesaid seven and three-quarter minutes I learned that...

Her keenest pleasure comes from flivving, i.e., hiring a Ford, a Henry Ford, of a Sunday and break-necking it about the country for stretches of eight to twelve hours at a time.

“But why a Ford?” I demanded.

“Oh,” she said, hastily and finally, “it must be a Ford. I wouldn’t get the same sensation at all from anything else. I just adore to flivv.”

Next to flivving, I deduced, in the pleasure-scheme of things entire, comes dancing. “I dance every night that I can,” she said.

Almost at first—the first of the seven and three-quarters—she asked if I didn’t want to hear about the American actresses she loves, loves best. I said that I did, with rather a dizziness, this being, I thought, altruism carried to an nth altitude. An actress who desires to...
By Jane Amoret

print this, which is why, and only why, I am doing it) she informed me that she was going
to one of the studios the following week and
in a scene with a lot of extras . . . nobody
but the director and herself to know her
identity. “I won’t be self-conscious then,” she
said, “and it will be much better than a formal
try-out with all eyes trained to the attack.
And, too, it will be fun!”

“You’re experimental,” I analyzed, with
rare perspicuity.

“I am, absolutely.
I love experiment and
I love adventuring. I
adore new things,
daring things . . .
the great thing is not
to go stale.”

I asked her if she

Miss Winwood is now
appearing in “Too
Many Husbands.” In-
cidentally, it may be
said that she adores
clothes and amber-
colored tea, along with
dancing and acting

had pro-
fessional
ambition
along any
given line.

“Two lines,” she
said, with her quick decisiveness, in her crisp, slightly
English voice; “to play Galsworthy and Shaw.”

There were other items . . .
one fundamental fact being that she lives in New York
City. I don’t know why that
should appear to be fundamental. Perhaps it is only my
point of view, which admits
to a possible distortion, but
she seems, the English, in-
tegrally to belong to New
York . . . to Fifth Avenue
in the dusk of a winter’s day
. . . to the smart shops . . .
to the tea table, say at Sherry’s . . . with rose-silk shades
and a discreet orchestra . . .
to dinners, epigrammatically
clever and memorable, to
dances, to the Opera . . .

She adores clothes and amber-colored tea, which last she
brews by hand in her dressing-
room.

“Not to go stale,” she said.
“Is the great thing . . . and
she hasn’t . . . and she isn’t
. . . and she never will, while
there is experimenting . . .
and adventuring . . . and . . .

Page Twenty-Five
Play Time in the Theater

Lenore Ulrich and Edmond Lowe in the picturesque Belasco Chinese production, "The Son-Daughter," now current at the Belasco Theater.

Both photographs by White

John Cumberland's delightful comedy is the principal reason for the big success of the farce, "The Girl in the Limousine," at the Eltinge Theater.
Above, Ina Claire and Bruce McRay in an interesting moment of the colorful comedy, "The Gold Diggers," at the Lyceum Theater.

Right, Edith Day, who has just scored in "Irene" at the Vanderbilt Theater.

Mary Boland, who is playing in the capital comedy, "Clarence," at the Hudson Theater.
Striking Screen Moments

Above, Elsie Ferguson may be viewed in one of her forthcoming Famous Players-Artcraft film releases, while, at the left, Mae Murray is to be seen in another production of the same organization, "On With the Dance"
The Beauty and the Sculptor

It is a far cry from the chaos and turmoil of the Russian revolution to an innocent American motion picture contest, but Fate has a peculiar habit of doing the unexpected.

At the present time, in the City of New York, there is a young Russian sculptor, by name, Gleb Derujinsky, who is very much absorbed in duplicating in bronze the beauty of Miss Virginia Brown, one of the winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, recently held by Shadowland, The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic. Accidentally the paths of Miss Brown and Derujinsky crossed, and the sculptor was much impressed by the unusual beauty and delicacy of her features. She consented to pose for him, and at this writing the statue is beginning to reveal indications of rare simplicity and loveliness, for Mr. Derujinsky is a genius.

Virginia Brown, who is now a Universal star with the new screen name of Virginia Faire, and the sculptor, Derujinsky

He is one of the younger group of Russian sculptors and has recently arrived in New York, after a great many hardships and adventures. He landed at Ellis Island disguised as a sailor, and had it not been for the quick work on the part of the State Department, (Continued on page 75)
Eugene O'Brien, idol of the cinema, is a Colorado native and a graduate of the University of Colorado. Musical comedy and the spoken drama led to the films.
Merry Irish Cognomen

for Shadowland by Abbe

O’Brien first achieved his popularity as leading man for Norma Talmadge. His success led to stardom in the photoplays. He is now a Selznick star.
LUBOWSKA
This Unusual Dancer is now in the Varieties
EMMA HAIG

Miss Haig is one of vaudeville's most popular dancers
A BARBARIAN OF THE CINEMA

Sam Searle is a picturesque barbaric figure in Cecil De Mille's screen adaptation of James B. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton;" yelept "Male and Female."
In ancient times it befell that a certain warrior called Itomudo retired to the greenest depths of a secret whispering forest and took up a solitary abode in a hut above which only the throats of birds were riven: only interlacing boughs sighed and smiled, and around which willow trees bewailed their own soft melancholy in brooks and mirroring pools.

Here, in this forest, there came to dwell with Itomudo a maiden more fair than any maid of Nippon ever was fair before. She was whiter than almond blossoms and softer than the fall of cherry blossoms and more slender than the fingers of the willow. And Itomudo, loving her beyond the love of mortal man, knew her for immortal—for a goddess—for the spirit of the gentle Willow Tree. And their love grew and their lives were blem, like a song, like a dream, like Nirvana.

And then it came about that war descended, redly, upon the land and echoes of it penetrated even into the green sweet heart of the Nipponese forest and it behooved the honor of Itomudo that he draw sword and go. But his love for his Willow Princess had grown, to Itomudo, greater than his honor, greater, even, than himself. He was blinded to the seas and the skies, to the sun, the moon, the stars. He was steeped in a glory and the glory was the immortal glory of an immortal love.

But the Willow Princess, because she loved him beyond even his greater-than-mortal conception, loved his honor still more dearly and his honor was his country's, and his country was calling.

And so it befell that, one day, when the sun was very warm above them and the almond blossoms were falling about their heads that she ordered the willow tree before
brown holland and wearing sandals and all the rest of it. Just for that glowing period he had forgotten his love of dreams.

Then, suddenly, crudely as he would know later, Mary Fuller had "jilted" him. Really jilted him. She had not been delicate about it, either. She had said there was someone else. And had added that she couldn't help it, and what was Edward Freemantle Hamilton going to do about it.

Edward had said, very gently, because he had loved her, that he was simply going away, and he was sorry, bitterly sorry, because he had built so many dreams of them together, but that he hoped she would find happiness—and goodbye—goodbye . . .

It had been very sad at the time. And then Edward Hamilton was on his way to eat lotus in a land where only dreams are real.

He found a little cabin sort of place in the heart of a pale green marvelous woodland and, soon, he had dropt his English tweeds and shoes and collars and things and was wearing their dwelling to be hewn down.

And her mandate was obeyed. And lo, with the falling of the tree the Willow Princess returned to the heart of it and was seen no more of Itomudo, who, it was said, took his broken heart and his valiant sword and did great glory to his country.

Edward Freemantle Hamilton, always something of a mystic, despite the fact that he played cricket and loved an English lass with rosy cheeks and resonant voice, concluded, when the girl he had hoped to marry jilted him and broke his heart, to go to Japan. He concluded to go to Japan—there to build dreams anew and live in them, there to find balm of Gilead for the, he admitted it reluctantly, perfunctory bleeding of his heart.

He had always wanted to dream, until Mary Fuller had somehow or other contrived to inspire him with a will to live, to live as his forefathers before him had lived, with a country place and jolly children clad in the flowing garments, the sandals, the silks and other habiliments of the true son of Nippon. He took these people to his heart of hearts. He understood them. They understood him. There was a peace here, mystical, fantastical, none the less compelling. How he dreamed! What visions rose around and about him! Opalescent, tinted, auroral . . .

And the legends he heard . . . the lore . . . There was one told him by old Tomatado, the wood carver, of the Willow tree and a warrior named Itomulo and a love that had grown greater than mortals knew. This, particularly, fascinated Hamilton. . . . He asked for it again and again, listening, prone upon his back, under the feathery willow tree that wept, with a delicate fragility, with a faint evanescent mournfulness over the murmuring brook that ran, singing unearthly songs, all about his cabin . . .

And, as he told the legend, Tomatado fashioned with his genius-swift fingers an image of the Willow Princess. When it was done he showed it to Hamilton and the young mystic fell upon his knees before it and kiss its slender miniature feet.

The Princess of the Willow Tree bent above the shallow running brook and looked within and laughed to see her image.
"It is most beautiful, Tomatado," he said, over and over again; "it is a bit of perfect beauty for which, these ages past, we have delved and searched. Each lovely line, see... he caressed it with slim reverent finger-tip; "each gracious thought... oh, Tomatado, I say it is most beautiful... most beautiful of any single thing."

"It is said, further," Tomatado told him, "that if a mirror be placed within the hand of the true image of the Willow Tree Princess she will come to mortal life again... and mortal love..."

No one save the gently mournful willow saw the wink the old wood carver gave; nor, by the same token, a bit of cherry blossom, a girl, his daughter, drifted, it almost seemed, to rest the pale green of the Willow Tree's body.

Hamilton did not answer. He was praying for belief great enough to make this thing come to pass. There stirred within his mortal soul as he looked upon the image of the Willow Princess a more than mortal love, sentient, calling, urgent as shadows are urgent when they play against the sun.

And while these contents and discontents stirred about within his mystic soul, the Princess of the Willow Tree bent above the shallow running brook and looked within and laughed to see her image... a fragment of the heavens drifted, for a second, upon the still waters of his soul...

The next day Hamilton came to Tomatado and begged that he might buy the image of the Willow Princess. "I have a mirror here," he said: "if I may place it within her hands and buy her, breathing, living, I shall have done then, Tomatado, what no mortal man has ever done before—I shall have purchased all the stars and attained Nirvana. Then shall I live as a man and love as a god, and there shall be neither looking backward nor going forward. Then shall all my dreams come to pass and my visions be attained."

Tomatado was very wise. Not for nothing had he carved life from this pale green forest; nor philosophized always within its heart; nor brought his daughter to be a cherry blossom drifting in the winds; an almond blossom whitely beautiful; a shrine of untrammeled dreams.

And he knew that the young Englishman was earnest. He knew that his was the soul of the mystic to whom the things of dreams are more real than the facts of waking. Moreover, he loved him and wished him earthly paradise and after life a silken couch and the eternal mercy of Buddha.

And so he placed the mirror within the arms of the image of the Willow Princess and bade Hamilton go forth into the forest to pray beneath the willow tree for an awakening and not to return for the space of many minutes.

And Hamilton, having faith, went forth and when he returned he found the Willow Princess standing there, whiter than the white fingers of the moon when it caresses the whiteness of the almond blossoms, more delicate than the soft running of the slender silver brook, more still and starry than the pools within the untouched virgin forest, more pink, more fragrant than the cherry blossoms drifting down from a sapphire sky. And he pleaded for her, and Tomatado bade then go forth to find immortal love... and he blest them...

There came, then, to Edward Hamilton, such an ecstasy as he had never dreamed of, or rather such as he had dreamed of, only weakly, and then with outstretched hands and heart and soul athirst, half-unbelieving...

Love, now, was a libation, poured over his spirit and quickening it, poured over his heart and raising it. He had been a man and was made, now, a god. He talked as the gods might talk and prayed as the gods pray and lived and loved as the gods must live and love.

For awhile he thought of England with a shudder of repugnance that that gross person must have once been himself. After a while, so steeped was he in the flowery happiness his Willow Princess gave him, he ceased to think at all, save of the day, save of the hour, save of the moment.

Her scented hair, her flowery fugitive hands, her almond eyes of a myriad dreams, her cherry-blossom youth, her ancient immortal soul, her mystical inexplicable love for him, her tenderness, always new

Hamilton pleaded for her and Tomatado bade them go forth to find immortal love... and he blest them.
"Lord of my Life," she was whispering, "I made a play of the legend for your most honorable, your most beloved sake..."

always a miracle, these things took hold of him and made of him another person, another man, a recreated god. Old shackles fell away. No one thing mattered. O-Rin, his Willow Princess, she was all. His life on earth, his hope of heaven. Her ways grew to be his ways, her dreams, her dreams, more beautiful they were, than any he had ever dreamed before. She was his goddess so that he needed, felt no need, of any god.

They walked in the pale green of the laced woodlands; they lay and read old poets, one to the other, beside the lily fringing of the depthless immemorial pools. They supped together, on rice and robin's eggs, when dusk was falling, amber, athwart the quivering purple shades. They bathed, on the goldenest mornings, within the bluest waters. They wore, the one for the pleasure of the other, ancient embroidered silks, kimonas priceless with patient finger-toll and tears woven and then interwoven. Their love grew out, like sun lace beyond the boundaries of the world they dwell in, up to the farthestmost star. The most remote of the gods bent down to them and their fingers touched.

And so, when the echoes of England at war, played like the ghost of an echoed drum even about the bordered edge of the forest within which they dwell, Hamilton did not hear, and, if he had, would not have given heed. He had eaten of the lotus of immeasurable love and all other things were dead to him.

But O-Rin heard and tho she was immortal she was a woman and in a man a woman loved honor first, then valor, then tenderness which is the tender offspring of the two.

The deep pools of her spirit were troubled. Her heart fluttered, day and night, night and day, like a bird who senses the approach of footsteps and is afraid... She was a goddess, but she had been made a woman. Still more, she had been made a woman who loved and she knew, now, this love of hers about her that, as always, it might keep her warm, but she found that, still, she shuddered and felt chilled.

Now, of twilights, she would slip away from Hamilton and go to the deepest of the forest pools, where the lilies bordered most heavily, most swooningly, where, on hours

(Continued on page 79)
Abraham Lincoln Lives Again

John Drinkwater's notable drama, "Abraham Lincoln," has just reached the New York stage with Frank McGlynn in the role of the great American. Herewith are stirring scenes from the Drinkwater play.
SwADOLLOW

Keith
Vaudeville Favorites

Ernestine Myers lends an odd exotic note to Keith vaudeville bills with her picturesque personality.

Alice Eis has long been a variety headliner in the Keith theaters.

Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

Photograph below by Roy Huff, Chicago.
Stars in the Limelight

"Boo" Palmer recently came to the two-a-day from the Ziegfeld fold. She is an exponent of the "shimmie" dance.

Dorothy Dickson, dancer de luxe, is now demonstrating the terpsichorean art in the varieties.

Photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston.
Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

NORMA TALMADGE
The Popular Cinema Star
“Well, after all, I should care what that ham director says! He couldn’t keep order in a correspondence school, that feller couldn’t,” said Clarence

Star-Dust and Sob-Stuff

By Hadi Barron and Saxon Cone

Illustrated by Oscar Frederick Howard

The scene is one corner of a motion picture studio, littered with scenery and sets, in toto and in part. A painted wall of Babylon, (what would we do without Babylon?), juts diagonally across the stage. Beyond it, on the left, is seen a glass door, goldenly and hugely lettered with the significance, Elmer Rubenstein, Director. To the right the scenery has cut off a sheltered corner from the rest of the studio. A tall pillar stands in the background, as does a half-dismantled throne, a discarded crown, a scepter, broken in half. And there is the usual paraphernalia of lights and cameras. From the distance, as the curtain rises, comes the stentorian voice of the director, off-stage:

Director: Hug her! Hug her, I tell you! You’re not massaging her back ... you’re making love to her ... now you’re telling her you can’t live without her ... my Gawd, man, whatever you sawing your arms about as tho you were chopping trees ... do you think you’re the Kaiser ... why ...

(Voice becomes inarticulate ... dies away ...)

(Clarence St. Clair, handsome leading man, saunters on, lighting a cigarette and conversing with Teddy Shaw, low comedy type, made up now as an Irishman. Clarence is the Typist’s Dream, the Maiden’s Prayer, the answer to that burning question, Why Girls Leave Home. His hair may be properly described as hyacinthine, his features are of collar-ad perfection, his limbs ... ah, me! ... his limbs! He wears an evening dress with aplomb à Biltmore: ... his face and impeccable shirtfront are a bright chrome yellow. He is being temperament-mental over the directorial remarks which have just been made.)

Clarence: Well, after all, I should care what that ham director says! He couldn’t keep order in a correspondence school, that fellow couldn’t. What does he know about Art? What does he know about love? Telling me... me ... ha, ha! ... that I don’t know how to make love. There are many testimonials to the contrary, I’ll tell the world!

Teddy (chuckling): Take care of your hair, m’boy! As soon as your roof needs resoling, it’s back to the farm for yours. You and that guy Samson are alike ... strength’s all in your hair!

Clarence (still dwelling on his grievance): Criticizing me for the way I make love—me! Why, look at these. (He draws a packet of obviously feminine letters from his pocket, pink of hue, scented, probably palpitant, if one were near enough to see them palp.) Look at the letters I get every day. (Reads, “Clarence, Hero of Meth Heart,” etc., etc., ad nauseam.) Why, I’ve made love so often I’ve sometimes thought of going into some
other line of work, where I'd escape women altogether.

Teddy (sadly):
There's no such job, my boy. If there were, it would be over-applied for immediately.

Clarence (sighing):
You've said it! But it's horrible. Every woman I meet expects me to make love to her, from the extras to the lady interviewers. The strain of supplying all demands is killing me. I can't put the right amount of pep into my work any more. There's no escape.

Teddy:
Yes, there is—

Clarence (eagerly):
What is it—suicide?

Teddy:
No; marriage. The only woman in the world who don't expect a man to make love to her is the woman he marries. Ever think of that? Talk of the freedom of bachelors! A bachelor is the potential husband of every woman he meets. As soon as he's married he's emancipated. He can pick the woman he really wants to flirt with and the rest won't expect anything of him. Think it over, old chap. (Slaps him on the back and they go behind the scenery, off stage.)

(Lloyd Ingram enters from the right. He is a tall, young sort of chap with a tender mouth, a decisive nose and a great many dreams in his eyes. He has the brow of the scholar and sensitive hands. He is rather shabby and correspondingly nervous. After a moment of indecision, as tho dreading to test some fate hanging in a perilous balance, he goes about the scenery and raps on the gold-lettered glass door. It opens and Elmer Rubenstein comes out. He is medium height, a trifle gross, impeccably dressed, with a diamond, just a karat too large, in his lavender silk tie and another on his pudgy hand. He has sleek hair ebbing away from a narrow, shiny forehead, small eyes and moist, red lips. An air of the world's success breathes in his oiled

"A sensible girl would never love a poor man in the first place," said Rubenstein. "Your stuff is rotten, Ingram. You don't know your human nature"
voice and easy gestures.)
Rubenstein (without cordiality):

Oh, you, Ingram! I suppose you want some word on your scenario?

Ingram (nervously):

Have you—have you had a chance to read it yet? I rather thought—this time—

Rubenstein (rubbing his chin):

I've read it—but it won't do. Too impossible. Oh, I admit it's no more than half the pictures you see, but I'm trying to get away from the stagey stuff, back to real life, in True Art Films. Now, your story—father making the daughter marry the villain to save family from bankruptcy—girl turning penniless hero down—broken hearts—all that sub-stuff—it won't happen anywhere except in the movies. No sensible girl would act that way.

Ingram (breathlessly):

You mean—she'd marry the poor man—the man she really loved?

Rubenstein (with a short laugh):

Of course not! A sensible girl would never love a poor man in the first place. Your stuff is rotten, Ingram. You don't know your human nature. As a scenario writer, you'd better stick to writing receipts for silver polish. (He goes into the office, voice coming back.) Here's your script. (Lloyd turns away from the door with his manuscript in his hands. As he does so Glory Gay almost runs against him from the left. She is a charming creature, all floating golden hair, lake-blue eyes and petal pink lips. In her costume of a debutante and heavy make-up, her wild-flower prettiness seems almost stifled. As Lloyd clutches her to save her from falling she looks up, their eyes meet and the clutch becomes perilously like an embrace.)

Glory (struggling away, with a terrified glance toward the stage door):

Not here, Lloyd! Come around this way. (She drags him around the fictitious scenery.) Oh, you shouldn't have done what you did just then!

Lloyd (gazing down on her, passionately):

Then don't be so wonderful, Ellie! Don't disarm me. It—it isn't quite fair . . .

Glory (nervously):

Not Ellie—here! How would "Ellen Grady" look in electric lights? Not that I've arrived at the electricity stage yet, but—well, just you wait and see!

Lloyd (gloomily):

I hate that silly name—Gloria Gay. And I hate to think of you being stared at by hundreds and thousands of people—hundreds and thousands of men. You're so—you're so awfully sweet, Ellie. (His voice shakes, boyishly.) You're so sort of dear and good . . . this sort of thing . . . you're a wildflower, dear; it's going to wilt you . . .

Glory (trying to change the subject):

You haven't said a thing about how nice I look! Isn't this a love of a frock? O-oh, I adore pretty things, soft things, silken things . . . I suppose you think I'm frivolous, Lloyd, and not half so nice as the little pig-tailed girl who used to do your algebra examples . . .

Lloyd (with a sort of a groan):

I guess you know what I think, Ellie. You're—you're beautiful in those clothes, of course, but I don't like to see you that way. It seems to separate us so. It's like a hand—pushing us apart. I know I'm losing you, Ellie, for things that never count . . . bruising things . . . It stings me. I feel all the time as tho I were breathing smoke—smoke of pain . . .

Page Forty-Five
"Are you going to send me back to that—to dish washing again . . . to scrubbing . . . when you could give me all this . . . ?"

Ellie! You mean? You do mean . . .

GLORY (staring at him with quivering lips):

Dont—please, Lloyd. You dont understand. I—it isn't me—I dont want the—the hand to push us—apart—

Lloyd (staring toward her):

GLORY (nooding her head like a drooping flower on a tender stem):

I mean the same thing, Lloyd. The thing I've always meant . . . since . . . since school-days . . .

(Continued on page 74)
Distinguished Visitors to America

Left, Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Blue Bird" and other plays and books.

Right, William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet.

Siegfried Sasson, from a painting by the English artist, Philpot.

Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet.

St. John Ervine, the English playwright.

Photographs Courtesy the Pond Bureau.
A New Dancer Out of the West

Vaudeville has a new dancer in Beth Beri, a California girl and a graduate student of Ruth St. Denis at Denishawn. Miss Beri has appeared briefly on the screen.
The picture on the opposite page won a place in the London Salon this year under the title "Play of the Winds."
Two new portraits of Doris Kenyon appear on these pages, along with views of her in the farce success, "The Girl in the Limousine."

Note the famous Kenyon pajamas.

ALTHOUGH my time has not yet come, I assume that it is easier, much easier to enter the kingdom of heaven than break into a dress rehearsal, especially if one does not arrive before the principals, managers and other potentiates have entered upon the final rites and ceremonies of a new play before it goes out to be tried "on the dog." And if St. Peter at the gate is any harder to pass, less amenable to reason, more coldly suspicious or more obsessed with the dignity of his calling than the average stage door man, then my chances are very, very slim of ever entering the sacred portal.

Doris Kenyon, the object of my quest, was on the stage, he said, and, firmly, would be there all thru the first act. The stage manager? He was out there and couldn't be disturbed by anybody. Mr. Woods? He, witheringly, was out front, of course, and he would like to see anybody get near him. It's important, this is, obviously implying that nothing could be less important or desired than interviewers.

Finally, I slipped into a seat "out front." A. H. Woods was there, unperturbed, confident, shouting an occasional and appa-
By Lillian Montanye

Cumberland. I mention him first to get it over, because he once told me he was not interested in interviewers. But it's necessary to bring him in because he was very much present, wearing a most unbecoming dressing gown and in a chronic state of forgetting his lines.

But the big attraction was Doris Kenyon, and, even tho "The Girl in the Limousine" did not have an excellent cast, clever lines, beautiful stage settings, everything that goes to make a successful Broadway production, just Doris Kenyon, pajama-clad, radiantly lovely and unself-conscious, as tho she were the sole occupant of the green-and-pink bedroom, is quite worth going to see.

And those pajamas—well, you know when you look in the shop windows and stop to consider, in detail, some unusually exquisite lingerie and resolve that when you become very, very rich you will have some just like it—they are that kind. Pink- and blue-striped trousers, the pink coat, or whatever it is, with tunic effect and short sleeves laced with blue ribbons. The kind of thing you have seen but didn't know anybody really wore. You know. Not meaning that she wears nothing but pajamas throughout the play—she does. There is a rose silk negligee that defies description, and in the last act she is completely and wonderfully dressed. But my conscience was nagging me with reminders of a desk piled high with work and I left, reluctantly, without seeing the finish.

It happens that I have known Doris Kenyon since she was a wee, curly headed youngster in Syracuse, N. Y., going staidly to Sunday-school and Junior League, roller-skating, playing hide-and-go-seek about her father's house, adoring pink hair ribbons, short pink ruffled frocks, interested in her piano and violin lessons, for even then she had "ambitions" that some day she would play in concerts. (Continued on page 80)
Whom does Jimmy Flynn, the camera man, "strike" when he needs a five spot? No other than Steve Steelheart, the flinty villain of a thousand or more photoplays.

The heroic leading man, Francis X. Barthelroy, is a dominant gent until he reaches home—and wifey.

Mary Moon, the be-curfled ingenue, is a regular vampire off the screen.
Nobody recognizes Phyllis Pretty, the famous bathing girl, when she strolls through the theater district, plus furs and things.

Bela Hara, the siren of a multitude of fiblems, hurries home from the studio to her baby. You never can tell, can you?
The New Spirit in Art
An Analytical Article in Which the New Art is Compared to the Old
By The Painter

A GREAT struggle has been going on in art during the decade, and it has made far-reaching changes in almost every branch of all the arts. We see its effects in our homes, in the shops, on the stage, in the book, newspaper and periodical illustrations, and in our wardrobes, as well as in all our art exhibitions. The new spirit swept over the world like a pleasant pestilence, with no known cause and with no known cure or end. Out of it grew such inexplicable anomalies as the Cubists, Futurists, Ultra-Modernists and so on, and its influence has been felt by every kind of artist whether he would or no. It has been a wave, a tidal wave. Perhaps it has spent its force and is on the recede, but I fear not. Even if so, it has left an impress that may last a century. We, I asked to name the name of the new art, or the art, I believe I would call it Decoration. While I cannot trace the germ back to its origin, I imagine that it is the same one that hit the American Indians early in their career, particularly when they decorated themselves in brilliant paints and feathers to go to battle; and it is possible that the ancient Egyptians could tell us something about it. The history of the poster might also throw some light on the subject, and it might even be suggested that those worthy patriots who designed the national flags, particularly the French and American flags, had a large bump of Decoration. Perhaps somebody some time will write a history of the birth, development and spread of the microbe. Meanwhile, let us see how it affects painting. According to the man on the street, the greatest modern artist is he who can lay on the thickest paint, in the most brilliant colors, and have it look like something from a long distance. This is not a correct definition, of course, because to do that well requires only a skilled artisan, not an artist.

There are those who will say that the difference between modern art and real art is this: modern art is addressed to the imagination of thearer or observer. If nothing is left to the imagination, the work is commonplace. The modern painter has learnt his lesson well—perhaps too well, because he often leaves so much to the imagination that it becomes a matter of guesswork to tell what it is. Ask him what a certain section of the canvas represents, and he replies, "What matter? It is pretty, is it not? It is brilliant and beautiful, so what matter whether it is a horse, a cow, or a cabbage? The general effect of the scene is there, as a whole, and that is all I aimed for."

Another fact that the modern painter makes work overtime is this: art that conceals art. When a speaker or a singer makes us feel that he or she has reached the limit of his or her powers, the charm is gone. That which is done with apparent ease, and free from labors pains, instantly wins our admiration. Thus, a pen cil portrait done with only a few decisive strokes is charming, much more so than one that is made with hundreds of fine lines. We instinctively admire that which is "sketchy." We may pity the artist who apparently had to groan and sweat over his labored product, but we do not applaud it. We may cry "Wonderful!" at sight of a small card on which some patient man has written the entire Declaration of Independence, but we do not call it art. And so we intuitively admire the man who can paint a tree-trunk by squirting on the canvas a single ribbon of pure paint direct from the tube, or a figure, or an animal, with two or three chunks of paint, because it shows that the painter was at his ease and was an adept in expressing his ideas with freedom and simplicity. A picture that is apparently labored and studied is called "tight," and it has no charm unless other qualities are present to bring it up to a fair average. "Technique" alone leaves us cold, comfortless and unsatisfied, yet the absence of it, if too pronounced, often affects us similarly. Technique is merely the organ of expression; the better it is, the better the artist is able to express himself.

Still another thing that the modern painter prides himself on, and aims for, is the quality of Decoration. Now all paintings, of course, should be decorative, but decoration is only one of many qualities—not the main or only one, as many seem to think. All pictures should be beautiful in color, line and form, and this is what we call decorative. But to stop there, or to make that the chief aim, certainly will not produce art of the highest order. There is now a new rivalry among artists to see who can get the most paint on the canvas, and the greatest number of colors, and colors of the most brilliant hue; but this by itself is of course not art—it is only technique and decoration, which are merely the tools and hand-maidsen of art. To stir us to the hidden depths of our souls, to play on our heartstrings, to make us think and feel—that is art.

Again, the modern painter strives to paint things as they are, or, rather, as they appear to him. As a matter of fact, he wears a pair of multi-color glasses and everything he sees is magnified tenfold in tone and brilliancy. If a thing is maroon, he sees it vermilion; if it is brown, he sees it golden; if it is light, he sees it lighter; if it is dark, he sees it darker. In one sense, he is not a realist who paints things as they are. He strives to improve on the scene or object before him, which is wise and proper. If it is a pineapple, he may place it on a light-blue table, against a brilliant red curtain for a background, with a bright purple chair beside the table. If it is a landscape, the moon may be purple and the grass blue, and the trees yellow, if that suits his fancy. He thinks he can improve on the way Nature painted the scene, and he proceeds, pretending that that is the way it appeared to him; but standing over his shoulder is the fairy, Decoration, urging him on. This method and

(Continued on page 76)
The New Aristocracy
By M. B. Havey
Illustrated by Ethel Plummer

It is five o'clock, the tea hour at the one really good hotel which Los Angeles can boast. I want you to come along with me for a few moments, to sit under a shaded lamp in an obscure corner of the tea-room. For I am going to introduce you to our newest aristocracy! While the waiter hurries off for our tea and muffins, you may light a cigarette, and I will light one, too.

Here they come. Notice particularly that tall blonde princess of a girl just coming in. She is swathed in furs, altho the day has been very warm. She walks well, with head erect; the world might belong to her; it may even be that she thinks it does. The slim youth with her is attired in a leather coat and he wears what used to be called a Homburg hat. His attitude is that of youth, gloriously insolent, carelessly magnificent.

They find a table and sit down to survey the room with eyes that look as tho their owners were a trifle annoyed with the universe at large. Across from them sit four girls, sumptuously gowned; huge diamonds flash defiantly from their fingers and throats. All four are smoking cigarettes, which from time to time, they draw out of slender gold or platinum cases. Several men and women sit at two tables drawn close together to facilitate conversation.

Every one in the room is well—nay, gorgeously—dressed. That is the first thing you noticed, is it not? That appearance of perfect grooming that only a great deal of money, well spent, can give. Perhaps you would like to listen to a snatch of conversation here and there.

Let us move a trifle closer to this table—there are four men seated there. Listen:

"Yes, I got rid of my Mercer and had a Rolls-Royce sent on from New York. It's done in pale blue, with darker blue—"

"Oh, my Packard does me well enough—that is, when I am driving. But when I go out in state behind the Jap, that old Pierce Arrow limousine—"

"I've had a special body made for the Peerless—"

And so on.

Leave the men now. The four girls are talking very busily. Let us listen:

"I paid two thousand dollars for this necklace—I got it really cheap, don't you think? It's silver fox—"

"No; her coat was more than five thousand—I was with her when she ordered it—"

"Furs have gone up terribly—but one must have them. I know moleskin is terribly perishable—but I love it—and this cape only cost fifteen hundred, so if it doesn't last out the season, I should worry!"

"Oh, girls, my gowns came in from New York last night. Wonderful! Eight of them—four imports and the rest from Lucile."

And so on.

Here at a small table we can hear one woman telling another that she has just bought a home in the expensive Beverly Hills section and has sent to New York for an interior decorator. A mere youth announces nonchalantly that he has recently purchased an aeroplane for his private use and pleasure. No one is surprised—in fact, no one is surprised at anything. You simply cannot surprise the new aristocracy. And who are they, you ask, a gathering of youthful millionaires? Not so. Listen—gaze around at them, take a good glance at their clothes, their born-to-the-manner hauteur, their nonchalance—and let me then tell you something about them who sit in the tea-room.

To begin with the men, so short a time as seven years ago one of them was a taxi chauffeur, one a mechanic in a garage, one a poor extra man who played policeman in a traveling melodrama, one was a bookkeeper, another a chorus-man, still another collected fares on a New York trolley line, while another was a deck steward on an ocean liner.

Now for the ladies. The most gorgeous of them all was a poor, hard-working model in an art class (twenty-five cents an hour) only a few years ago, her companion was a chorus-girl, one of those maidens with the platinum cigarette cases worked behind the glove counter of a department store. That little girl whom we now see wearing a two (Continued on page 78)
THE Fame and Fortune Contest of SHADOWLAND, The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine has now passed into history and the winners are making their invasion of the celluloid world.

No contest ever held in filmdom ever attracted the interest aroused by the Fame and Fortune Contest. Practically every producing organization of importance expressed unbounded interest in the results.

The past weeks, following the conclusion of the contest, have been devoted to securing the proper openings for the four winners: Virginia Brown, of New York City; Blanche McGarity, of San Antonio, Texas; Anetha Getwell, of Chicago; and Anita Booth, of New York City.

Miss McGarity decided to withdraw. It is to be hoped that she will reconsider, since she seemed ideally suited to the screen. There is little doubt that she would win success in the films.

Miss Brown was signed by Universal under a most unusual contract. Miss Brown will start with two pictures at $75 per week, her contract running five years and providing regular and stated increases each week until it reaches $750. The Universal Company sent Miss Brown and her mother to California, paying all expenses. In addition, Miss Brown's wardrobe for her first pictures is being provided. It has been decided that Miss Brown's celluloid name will be Virginia Faire. Remember this in watching for her Universal pictures.

Negotiations are now in progress for Miss Getwell and Miss Booth's début.

The M. P. Publishing Company has taken great care in providing for the future of its winners. Many offers were considered and rejected for various reasons.

(Co ntinued on page 75)
The Lost Art of Recitation

By Henry Gaines Hawn

(President of the Hawn School of the Speech Arts, Carnegie Hall, New York City; Ex-President of the National Speech Arts Association; Special Lecturer Upon Oral English for Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, etc.)

Editorial Note: Readers of Shadowland will be pleased to note that we have secured the foremost American authority to write this series of articles on a subject of universal interest and importance. Years ago Recitation was an art practiced by the greatest artists and enjoyed by all. Sir Henry Irving was noted as much for his recitations as he was for his plays, and it is said that John Macilwraith used to recite "The Lord's Prayer" so effectively as to bring tears to the eyes of his hearers. Nowadays we have a few "elocutionists" in every community and "Curtsey Shall Not Ring Tonight" is still inflicted on us, but real Recitation is almost a lost art. It should be revived. Perhaps Mr. Hawn's enlightening words will help to restore Recitation to its proper place among the arts.

There is no point where art so nearly touchers nature as where it appears in the form of words. —J. G. Holland

If literature is a record of humanity, its experiences, hopes, fears, desires, failures, dreams; in short, all of life; the oral and physical interpretation of literature by the living person should be appraised as the highest form of art. That it is not, is universally apparent. In social gatherings we listen, at least with complacency, to indifferent music, vocal or instrumental; to platitudeous "after dinner" speaking; but the moment it is announced "Miss Smith will now recite for us," a pall descends upon the company, the men escape for a smoke and the audience remaining unconsciously assumes an attitude of waiting for a cyclone; most of them watching the tips of their shoes as if ashamed to be found "among those present."

If other evidence of the low estimate placed upon Recitation and Reading is needed, glance at the programs of the entertainment courses announced each season by the Lyceums, the Chautauqua Assemblies, Teachers Institutes, etc., etc.

But—not well—when, before any kind of audience a recitation is well rendered, with normal voice and gestures, with genuine feeling, the response and appreciation are instantaneous and thorough.

How can it be otherwise? The art of painting makes its appeal thru the eye only; it has no real projection, lacks mobility, and is untrue in size.

Sculture lacks movement and color (it may or may not give actual size). Music gives a mood, emotion, if you will, but its message is most indefinite.

But the speaker is a living, sentient personality, employing the element of all arts, tone, movement, color, size; and with these can manifest all phases of life, as affected upon by nationality, sex, age, temperament, mood, and situation.

In short, all other arts can simulate, suggest life, whereas speech and action can be life.

Since Recitation as an art-form has this signal advantage of other art-forms, how is it that the low estimate of it alluded to above, so generally obtains?

From this point on I shall use the personal pronoun: that none of my fellow professionals may be called upon to share the comment of opposing minds, and so, in my own person, I explain that the art of reciting and reading has been cheapened in the public mind by inadequate, nay incorrect, teaching by instructors, and by faulty and inapt execution by those who recite (both amateur and professional).

These familiar, class-room talks, will prove something of a challenge, and I enter the arena with full knowledge that in the "method-bound" teacher and pupil alike I shall find earnest and honest opponents, but the great public to whom we appeal and for whom we perform must be the arbiter.

I confidently expect to be the victor; for I shall make no attempt to reduce an art to a scientific formula (a mistake quite general with the teachers of expression); and shall leave a wide margin for personal taste and judgment, on the part of the interpreter.

Some years ago, I said to a student, "I suffer with such positive art-anger from this wretched reciting, that I think I shall try to write a little volume of 'Elocutionary Dons.'" The reply was, "Such a book is sorely needed, but please put in a few 'Elocutionary Dos.'"

I refrained from writing my book of "Elocutionary
LEARNING

I now believe, because I knew that some wag would say "Don't any of it.
This should not have deterred me, for a moment's reflection.

SELECTING MATERIAL

If we are to "begin at the beginning," as the children say, we must begin before you, the would-be reciter, were born. By this means that you, as a personality, must be fitted to your selection quite as emphatically as the selection must be suited to you.

In the theatrical world, the "type" or personality of the actor is necessarily considered when plays are cast and the parts assigned. For instance, no matter how much dramatic talent an actress may have, if she tipped the scales at something approximating two hundred pounds, she would never be selected to portray the lissome, fourteen-year old Juliet.

Age, too, would be considered in selecting a Juliet. It is true, that with theatrical make-up and the general illusion of a footlight performance, many a mature, not to say elderly, woman has successfully played Juliet; but most naturally theatrical managers and the public in general have a preference for a Juliet who is young in actuality.

When we come to platform performances without the external assistance of make-up, lighting, scenery, costume and theatrical accessories in general, it is still more essential to consider the "type" or personality of the interpreter. This is so obvious, that you would expect the merest amateur to recognize the necessity of learning what not to attempt in the way of full impersonation; and yet this simple ruling, dictated by common sense, is constantly disobeyed, not only by reciters who claim, alack the day! that they "never took a lesson," but many schools of expression graduate students who show by their performances that they have been trained to employ a technique which calls for these ridiculous attempts to actually look and act "like unto" characters they cannot possibly represent. To illustrate: I have in mind a woman who only recently, at a first lesson, recited Mark Twain's "The Death Disk." This calls for much narrative and some dramatic description, but its principal character is that of a young child, a girl. The interpreter, thougt physically, is tall, angular and a woman in maturity. Could anything be more ridiculous than to see this matured lady clap her hands in an infantile manner, jump up and down and gurglingly exclaim, "That's my papa, that's my papa, that's my papa!" The result is so grotesque, that were it not presented to us in the form of art, it would be laughable; as it is, it is pathetic. When the young lady in question was told that she could not possibly look like this child of tender years, she was rather indignant and informed us that her "child work" was the one thing for which her instructors in a school of expression and the critics especially commended her.

This may seem like an extreme case, but in reality it is not so, for the reciter in general is apt to set no limitations to his or her powers, and seldom hesitates to attempt full impersonation of any and all characters. Hence, to "begin before you were born," means just this: that it is against all laws of art to attempt to really be to the eye and ear of your auditors, characters which nature has made it impossible for you to assume.

The material you select to interpret, must be within your powers. In passing, it may be well to say that without make-up (and this is never legitimate for the reciter), it is easier for youth to assume old age and for old age to imitate youth; the slight to suggest the stout than for the stout to impersonate the slim.

Of course what is here has reference to sincere, dignified impersonation only. Where burlesque is intended, it is often the part of wisdom to assume a character the furthest removed from your own personality; for in just this discrepancy between the part assumed and yours, lies the absurdity. So far, what has been said applies to the physical personality only, but even where this physical personality is in keeping with the part, there is, where you could look like the character to be manifested, vocal limitations must also be duly weighed. The character calling for heavy voice cannot be adequately interpreted by a person who has command of the lighter tones only; the reverse is also true. This short chapter is purposely left to stand by itself, that it may be well pondered; for no amount of art can make, say, a fat, middle-aged man look like Juliet or Mary, Queen of Scots; nor could it make a young girl in her school days even remotely resemble Falstaff.

To sum up, consider your personal limitations in making your selections.
All of this applies where impersonation is intended. The reciter is frequently called upon, especially in giving scenes from plays or dialogues, to interpret characters which he could not possibly resemble physically, but he may interpret them by giving a suggestive rendering of the lines where it is impossible for him to assume the character in reality. Some characters to be interpreted are so remote from the primary personality of the reciter, that even where the words have been committed to memory, it is better art to seem to be reading them from the printed page as the impression here is that you are reading from the book and not attempting to look like the character speaking.

CHAPTER II.
GETTING CONCEPTIONS

Let us take it for granted, that you have a piece of literature in front of you, which makes a special appeal to your taste. You wish to prepare it for presentation to an audience. Clearly, the first step is to form a correct conception of its content, its meaning. It is quite generally apparent that the needed care in conception is not always taken. Quite frequently, things are said to an audience which are evidently soliloquies, and vice versa. We cannot possibly interpret that which we have not properly conceived. Of course there is only one meaning to a text; and that is the author's; but we may honestly differ as to what the author intended. To gain as just a conception of what the author is trying to convey as possible, let us ask ourselves: approaching any new selection the following questions:

1. Who is speaking?
2. Sex?
3. Age?
4. Nationality?
5. Temperament?
6. Mood?
7. Degree of that mood?
8. In what language speaking?
9. Education?
10. Environment?
11. To whom speaking?
12. Where speaking?
13. For what purpose speaking?
15. In what relationship to other characters?
16. Of what religion?
17. In what literary form?
18. In what dramatic form?

Some of these questions may seem far-fetched. For instance, Religion, looking on a moment's reflection will show that if in certain impersonations a Catholic is suddenly talking, it may be perfectly artistic to "cross" oneself, which no Protestant would do.

(Continued next month)
London is alluring in June, we are told, and Paris is irresistible in Maytime, but the call of New York is loudest in fall and winter. A new glimpse of the majestic, sky-scraping buildings outlined against blue and gold, of the greatest of Avenues with its habitués, is physically exhilarating, and, whether breathing deeply the intoxicating wintry air from bus top or business bent, reclining azily in luxurious limousines, or rambling down the avenue to see what we can see, one realizes that the season is vibrantly on—and at its height.

That it is a winter of furs is apparent to the most casual observer, and pelts were never more beautifully handled. Youthful becomingness is the keynote in the designing of all models, manifested in smart lines that give a new and different interpretation to authentic style in simplicity of trimming and air of jauntiness.

**Fashionable Furs**

Time was when nothing short of sable satisfied the woman who aspired to smart...
ness, but now she is content with squirrel, kolinsky, silver fox, seal and chinchilla which is very costly.

Fur coats are of simpler lines than last year’s modes. The belts, the frock-like lines are no more. There is not a vestige of them in the dolmans, cape-manteaus, or the youthful silhouette of the Russian blouse so popular this season.

Kolinsky is as much liked as ever and is especially adapted to the smartly circular cape and, we might add, that when one finds silver threads among the old brown of kolinsky it doesn’t mean that kolinsky is growing old, on the contrary, it is being extremely new. The kolinsky scarf is one of the popular furs for neck wear. If trimmed with four tails it may be worn in many interesting ways. The straight scarf of brown fox is very much liked in the double fur style—and especially handsome are the scarfs of Scotch mole with a muff—enormous and perfectly flat to go with it.

Mole is exceedingly popular for capes and coats and never have seal and mole-skin met and mingled with such charming effect as in the long all-enveloping wraps and coats designed to keep out so many wintry breezes.

Coats, Fur Trimmed and Otherwise

Hardly less luxurious and cosily are the trim, graceful coats of Bolivia cloth, silk duchetyn and camels hair with collar and cuffs of squirrel, beaver, French seal or tamel nutria.

The tailored coat is original in line, in simplicity of trimming; and lends itself to the scarfs and neck pieces so popular this season—Scotch plaids in the boldest designs are a big feature of many of the smartest new clothes. They are used for sport coats or as top coats to be worn with the straight model, black velveteen frocks now so popular; sometimes they are combined with plain materials which make them ever more effective.

The Newest Sweaters

The newest sweaters are so interesting that they make us wonder how we could have held to the plain Tuxedo coat-sweaters the plain Tuxedo coat-sweaters for such a long time and why some one did not think, long ago, of making them like smocks and blouses as they are now. Utility was the great feature of the Tuxedo sweater, but utility and beauty characterize these newer ones. Some of them are short, loose and straight of line, knitted of fiber silk in plain color and embroided in colored silk threads. Silk fringes and tassels adorn sweaters knitted in open mesh. Pleated ribbon, too, is a favorite trimming.

A wool sweater, hand knitted, of bright green wool is trimmed with fluted frills of black taffeta ribbon. These encircle the bottom, trimmed with three-quarter length sleeves and edge of rolling collar.

Other sweaters are made longer and drawn in at the waist by means of a pleated belt or a sash. Sweater sashes are now tied at the back instead of at the side, as they were last season, the bow being small and the ends being long.

Handmade georgette day frock done with black velvet loops. From Bonwit Teller and Com-pany.
There was a time when we would have looked with little favor upon a three-quarter length or very short sleeve in a sweater. Perhaps we were more practical in those days, although these new sweaters are a striking example of how the charming and the practical may be combined in dress.

**Evening Wraps**

The cloak or cape seems to be preferred for evening wraps this year. Perhaps it is the universal tendency to elaborate frocks with broad effects at the hips and a graceful cloak seems the naturely, chosen accompanying wrap.

Very beautiful are the fur cloaks of mole-skin, chinchilla or squirrel, and also very costly. Many of the new cloaks are made of velvet, black, wine red, brown or grey. The cloak falls from the shoulder yoke in the back of the cape, sleeves of some sort being inconspicuously attached, a great fur collar topping the whole.

**Evening Gowns**

The price of living is still going brazenly up, but the temperature, the coal supply, the corsage is going down. From smart hat brims, plumes droop and exquisite veils of lace and tulle fall limply. Tasseled girdles fall from the waist line. Ruffles of crepe de chine ripple gracefully from the hips to the skirt-edge.

One can no longer say that a corsage is "low"—it is almost non-existent. Bare shoulders, bare arms, a scrap of velvet or tulle with shoulder straps of rose sprays—one must admit that the new corsage—or the lack of it—is oddly smart.

Black is fancied for the evening gown this season and velvet is coming into its own. Not necessarily sombre in our frocks is this clinging fabric which drapes itself artistically to the slender silhouette, or, fashions itself along modish lines with gracefully swaying or draped panels at the hips. Bright hues are combined with the velvet, tunics of silver, girdles of gold sequins, a white tulle bodice aglitter with...
Bouffant evening gown of faille taffeta, done with lace bodice; black velvet sash, lace underskirt. From Bonwit Teller and Company.

Jet and silver, vivid red frills, outstanding draperies faced with blue or brilliant green. Remarkably pretty are the simple evening frocks of velvet which are being made for young girls. Low-necked and sleeveless, the corsage usually straight across the top or rounded with rather a broad strap over the shoulders, they are made of ruby or geranium, yellow or black velvet. Usually they are quite untrimmed and the skirts are distended more or less at the hips below the rather close corsages. They are severe, and exceedingly youthful in their untrimmed perfection.

In other evening gowns there are models of tulle, purple, black, blue, or red, with a corsage that is not much more than a shoulder strap—a mere fold of the material—and a skirt which is a series of tiny tulle ruffles placed close together.

In Silhouette It’s Take-Your-Choice

Altho the return of bouffant panier styles, frills and fur-belows indicated some months ago that the winter style program would be one of great elaborateness and costly material, it has developed that there is still so much diversity in types of clothes that no one style prevails to the exclusion of all others.

As far as present day fashions are concerned, it is much a matter of take-your-choice in silhouette. At all the dressmaking establishments one sees manikins wearing sack-like dresses, many of which are beautifully embroidered, while passing in the same review of fashions are resplendent afternoon and evening gowns with puffy paniers, so there is plenty of opportunity for you to wear both full and scanty skirts.

After all there is a good deal of reason in this apparent contradiction for while billowing skirts are charming in flimsy evening things they are decidedly out of keeping for day-time wear, and women of the present day, while realizing the charm of the panier, are much too sensible to discard anything so practical as the straight line frock.

Frills and Ruffles of Grandmother’s Day

The new note after all is often only an old note cleverly sounded.

(Continued on page 73)
Told in Story Form from the Goldwyn-Tom Moore Photoplay

By Ann Paul

James Bointon Blake, looking about him, didn't know precisely how to take it all. The chinzz curtains, darned, immaculate. The scent of lavender. The carved four-poster bed with the snowy spread. The rag carpets. The bowl with wild arbutus trailing slim fingers over its bevelled edges. He didn't know just whether to laugh or to cry, to scoff or to pray. It was all so different.

Five years ago James Bointon Blake had written a great novel. Not with the fringes of his mind, but with the stuff of which he was made, with his hopes and his faiths and his most shining beliefs. Tears had gone into it, the tears of little boyhood, sobby and terribly real; the tears of manhood, stern and grim. Laughter, too. It had been a great book. And because it was truly great it lived and the world that knew placed laurel about his brow and proclaimed him and lionized him.

It had an odd effect on James Bointon Blake. It didn't give him conceit. It gave him slothfulness. He drifted to Greenwich Village. There he found an adulation that swamped him in green, in sickly-sweet waters. Not many persons in the Village, he discovered, had done anything. They were always just going to. There were dreams afloat and mirages and vague hallucinations of perpetually receding Tomorrows. There was an endless chain of that sort of thing. Jimmie found himself to be something of a departure.

At first it amused him, bemused him. He was tired and the laxity of it all soothed him and killed him. He had poured forth the very best in him and, like a shell, he wanted to be felled and to be filled by other tides, other murmurings. Five years slipped by, over him. Five short-old years. They immersed him, as it were, muffled him, obliterated him. At the end of them he lived in an odd sort of an apartment with Yama, his Jap, and drank vast quantities of high balls and played long nights thru, stripped poker with four of his more intimate confederates. He didn't very much care what he did do, so long as he was permitted to do nothing, was undisturbed by echoes of a world beyond the Village and the Village standards, and could dream . . . of all things . . . of everything . . . and nothing . . .

As he didn't work so, neither, did he love. He was much too lazy for either one. He didn't consider himself "ruined" because he didn't consider himself at all. The Village, something like a huge semi-clean comfortable, had settled down about him and he drifted about in a

---

Toby's Bow

Told in story form from the scenario based upon John Taintor Foote's play. Produced by Goldwyn, starring Tom Moore. Directed by Harry Beaumont.

The cast:
Jimmie Blake.........................Tom Moore
Eugenia..............................Doris Pawn
Dulcine................................Macey Harlan
Bagby..................................Arthur Hussman
Bainbridge............................Colin Kenny
Paige.....................................Augustus Phillips
Valerie..................................Catherine Wallace
Monu.....................................Violet Schram
Grandmother..........................Ruby La Fayette
Jap valet................................George K. Kava
Toby.....................................Nick Cogley
vaguely hued sea of inertia, physical, mental and moral.

Now and then something penetrated, but it was generally with the prickly uncomfortable sensation of the penetration of a pin. The cardinal sin, one of his most expounded doctrines was, consisted in interference. To live and let live . . . ah, Swinburne had been infinitely wise. He read Swinburne, with pleasure. Why work when one might drift, with no exertion and immeasurably more of pleasure? Why do when one might dream . . . purple and mauve . . . old gold and jade . . . ?

Rot, said Jimmie Blake, of the world of activity.

Then came two pin pricks. Generally, mostly, Jimmie endured these with a sort of philosophy he had evolved out of necessity. These, he found, were more persistent, even recurrent. One was from Valerie Vincent, a sculptress and his good friend. She, among all of them, attempted to prod Jimmie now and again.

“Look fool,” she would apostrophize him, “you’re grubbing in the mire when you might be touching the stars. You’re a sloth and a drone. If you were a bee you would be exterminated.”

“I wish I were a bee,” had replied the immovable Jimmie.

On this occasion Valerie had a manuscript she wished him to criticize. “It’s from a very dear friend of mine, Jimmie,” she told him, “a Southern girl, and charming. They are in beastly circumstances. Straitened, terribly, you know, and all that. I want a real opinion on it. If she believes she

Eugenie Vardeman met him in the entrance hall, a gracious survival of a quaint, old-time Southern hostess.
ance of Jimmie Blake. He knew a still bitterer one on this day of ferreting him forth from his murky obscurity. It was, thought John Paige, very murky, very murky indeed. It was so murky that there came to the fatherly publisher the rueful thought that a great many strong winds and hot suns would have to blow and shine to remove the miasma from the young writer. Whiskey . . . and women with fawning lips and arms . . . and sleepless nights . . . and dreams not fit the name . . . Cheap, tawdry, ruination garnished in faded ribbons and rank with bad perfume.

Paige told all this to the young writer, crouched into his chair, meditating detachedly upon interruptions and interferences in general and publishers in particular. Hang it all, he liked John Paige, but didn’t the man see that he was sick, know that he was sick, body and mind and soul? Didn’t he sense the fact that his vitality was all gone, that he was as bleached out as a bone, that dissipations and light loves and light joys had tarnished him . . . permanently? What made him mouth so, then, about bright futures, and hopes and brilliant promises and rights to the world, to Letters, to himself? What made him gibber the inanities to a moral corpse?

Anyway, it all resulted in his standing in this breezy, blossomy room, at twilight, birds twittering sleepily outside his window, fragrances drifting in, the pleasant smell of wood fires about, space, dusk . . .

It resulted because he had, at the end of John Paige’s diatribe, asked the publisher for some money. The publisher had, at first, refused, then had written him a check for five thousand on the stipulation that he leave the Village, leave New York, go back, as it were, to the soil and there, if he could, find himself again. Find the vital young person who had written “The Thorn.”

He had left Jimmie to ponder the matter. In the midst of his pondering Valerie Vincent had come in. She was doing a little statuette of a girl, with a splendid face, a splendid body, but broken wings trailing behind her . . . in the dust . . . The statuette, she had told Jimmie, reminded her, somehow, of Eugenie Varden, the Southern girl who had written the novel Jimmie had condemned. She had gone on at quite a rate about Eugenie. She supposed that Jimmie was not listening. He almost never was. And yet she knew that it gave him some sort of a vicarious sense of companionship to have her talk to him. He

Toby’s bow was a rite. It was a ceremony. It was invested with a dignity all its own.
In the midst of the ball
Jimmie appeared deduced, had she but known it, the fact that Eugenie Vardeman was essentially different. Also, that poverty was pressing so desperately upon southern pride that the Vardemans were compelled to take a boarder at Fairlawns, their wholly charming old Southern place. "My," Eugenia had concluded, "how murky this beastly place would seem after a while a Fairlawns!"

Jimmie's mind, working oddly, worked in this instance to the extent of depositing him at Fairlawns as the Vardeman's boarder.

The dusk deepened and he dismissed Yanna and sat back in a deep chair that creaked because it was very old, tho mended and covered with chintz, and tried to let it all envelope him, all sink in. The peace of it... the quiet... almost like the quiet of the nave of a church in summer when the smells of clover and of apple blossoms mingle with the intoning of the collect and bees hum by and narrowly miss one's ears... so sweet...

And then Eugenie Vardeman, who had met him in the entrance hall, a gracious survival of a quaint, old-time Southern hostess, with her grandmother by her side, and Toby, still a slave to the "famly" in the depths of his black heart. The Civil War had passed lightly over him and left him as it had found him—the Vardeman's slave. His sons and his brothers might have fought and died. His fortunes were tied up with the fortunes of ol' Miss and Marse Vardeman and there was no other world save theirs. Jimmie would have said nothing of this sort could be true. He would surely have said that... back there in the Village. He found, sniffing late lilacs, that he didn't like to think of the Village. Nor the Purple Pup where they had given their last "party," nor the games of stripped poker, nor yet the girls who had flung red roses at him, red roses of pretty shames. He didn't want to think of it all, at least, under the roof with Eugenie Vardeman.

What a shining sort of person she was! Like a tall white candle with yellow flame for a head! A snow maiden, so white. And yet vital, too, with friendly little pressures of the hand and sudden enthusiasm, charming and young... Yes, different, oh, very!

She had whispered to him that her grandmother was to regard him as a "guest." "It would break her..."

Then and there Jimmie had felt like taking her in his arms and smoothing her cares away. Not as a man taking the woman he loves and wants, just as a man taking a child trying, precociously, to reason and philosophize. She was unutterably sweet, he thought. That brief meeting in the polished hall would be all he had left of his world. He had simply as tho balm had been poured over him, who had been fevered. He felt glad that he had come, unaccountably glad. He knew that he would remain, not to scoff, but to pray...

His last argument with Valerie had concerned his decision to go to Fairlawns as plain James B. Blake, famous author of the famous "Thorn." He knew values and how readily and how innocently they may be distorted or inverted. He knew what fame sent before one can do to a personality, to peace, to possible friendships. He knew, too, that Eugenie Vardeman of Fairlawns thought that she could write. He would, he thought prior to his departure, be inviting upon himself torrential enthusiasm, terrible to endure. Gushings... probably lattieries... he would be expected to give "criticisms," sugar-coated and probably, to himself at least, painful. He decided to eschew all of this and to stand or fall upon the obscure merits or demerits of James Bointon.

Things, as things have a habit of doing, didn't fall out precisely, if at all, as he had expected. Of course, he hadn't expected Eugenie—that is, the Eugenie she was. Tall, fine and with that indescribable shinging quality.
Aloof, yet very human, immensely wise and resourceful in their poverty which Jimmie found to be extreme, yet appealingly, immaturely young, too...

He hadn’t in the least expected to fall in love with her—

but he did—he did...

Neither had it occurred to him that his book “The Thorn” might have been the spur and the goad to the making of another writer, and yet, one day, a horrible moment to Jimmie, Eugenie had told him, more shining than ever, that it was after she had read “The Thorn” that she had decided to become a writer. She quoted special passages to him.... she said that she might be silly but she “madly adored” the writer of the “Thorn”... a man, she said, with thoughts like those... with feelings so rare, so high... a god, she thought, a god.

by whose wings she would give her all to be for one instant, touched.

Jimmie Blake felt that he had done, even tho unwittingly, an irreparable wrong. He knew that Eugenie could never write. He knew that old Colonel Botts, a family friend and sort of general counsellor, was right when he told Eugenie that she should be bringing up babies, not musing about with words. He knew, too, however, with his understanding of the sadly amusing vanity of the amateur writer imbued with a sense of his own power however misguided, that Eugenie would never stop until three things had been accomplished—the thing got, by achievement, out of her system—money made to pay the pressing note due on Fairlawns—love which must come to her with an insistence stronger than all other interests or desires. He evolved a plan which should consummate the three in triplicate.

He would take her little story, condemned by himself in the Village, and tell her the idea was good and capable of novelization. He would offer to collaborate with her. Out of the slender thread he would make a book second not even to “The Thorn.” She would believe that she had written it, sign her name to it, the money she needed would be hers, and after that—perhaps he could put the creation of books out of her head with an older, stronger, sweeter need and law... that of life.

After all, it would be her just due and need. That he felt the old creative fire upon him after five years was solely due to her. She had healed him and rekindled him. She had made him whole. She had caused him to cast off the sloth and be the man he had been, the artist with an inspired pen...

It was her due. What matter whose name went on so that he labored as he had not thought ever to labor again... and with her by his side... The joy of such creating should be its own reward...

And if there should be any other—it should be Toby’s bow. The gaining of that bow had come to mean to Jimmie the symbol of his entire happiness. Toby, he said, gave that bow only to the “Vardemans and connections, suh.” It was a rite. It was a ceremony. It was invested with a dignity all its own. It was, on no account, to be given or received, lightly. Toby had been giving that bow for nearly fifty years to the “Vardemans and connections.” Time had touched it with reserve and import. None knew this better than Toby himself. None craved it more than Jimmie Blake.

The writing of “Swords and Roses” was a joyous time. Summer time, too. Unforgettable time. Heavy golden days, with blundering bees ravishing the flowers, and thick sweet scents and the far-off occasional scraping of Toby playing his ancient fiddle. Heavy silver nights, sweeter than the days, when they sat together on the veranda and discussed tomorrow’s chapters. Hours of enchantment spinning themselves out.

At the end of the summer the book was finished. Jimmie said he could recommend a publisher named Paige. He had “heard” of him, he said, frequently and always well, in the city. Eugenie sent “her” book to Paige.

It was quite an anxious time for all of them. Colonel Botts kept warning them that the note was about to fall due. Failure to meet it would mean the compulsory giving up of Fairlawns and such a procedure would absolutely break Grandmother Varden’s heart, the strings of which were inextricably intertwined with Fairlawns.

Colonel Botts alone knew the identity of Jimmie Bointon. Jimmie had to reveal himself in face of the Colonel’s belligerent disapproval of his encouragement of Eugenie’s writing a novel.

(Continued on page 73)
WHEN one has left Mary Roberts Rinehart, their first thought is how soon they will see her again—how soon they can see her again!

And when one is called upon to write of her they realize acutely the inefficiency of words—their inability to do justice to her. She is possessed of a charm, a rareness which defies description—and one wishes her ability of painting word pictures had been given them.

Consequential and inconsequential people were asking for some part of her time—her success in the world of letters is phenomenal—the plaudits of thousands belong to her—the great public anxiously awaits each new story from her pen—yet one finds her primarily and supremely the interested wife and mother—a mother who has journeyed all the way across the continent, where she was casting her “Dangerous Days” for the Goldwyn-Eminent Authors' production, in order to be home in time for the Harvard football game, because one of her boys expected her.

“Naturally there is an empty feeling, a void, when one’s family grows up and sets forth to live their own life,” she admitted, as she sat in the reception-room of her New York hotel, tucking a long-stemmed American Beauty further into the tall vase by her side, “but I felt at the inception of my home circle that it must be a temporary thing, and I have always prepared myself for the day when the boys would go forth. I want all three of them to know the joyful responsibility of being a parent just as their father and I have known it. The oldest is now married, but the other two are still in college. However, we’re still the family, and I leave for Pennsylvania tonight, for we’re having one of the reunions at our home. I hope none of us will ever be so busy that we won’t
By Joan Temple

have time to get together once every so often, when we can talk over our plans, then set forth again, fired with courage and ambition anew.”

If one had rejoiced that she was bringing her tales to the silversheet before talking with her, they rejoiced to a greater degree.

Mary Roberts Rinehart knows, as perhaps few others do, the drama of every day. There is never the exotic, the bizarre in her tales, yet they are among the most popular—they should prove an effective antidote for the salacious viewpoint which some employ so insistently.

“It was thru a desire to give the public some of the human interest, some of the drama which I had gleaned in my hospital training that prompted me to write,” she said, “but I was unskilled at first and the tales didn't satisfy me. I had never written before, except as a very young girl when a local newspaper accepted two one-column stories, for which they paid me a dollar apiece. None of the family were literarily inclined. Perhaps, however, literary creativeness and mechanical creativeness are akin, for father invented mechanical things. My creative ability may be just of a different trend. Then there were members of the clergy in the family, and certainly to them must be attributed some literary tendency.”

She fingered the string of pearls which lay on the black velvet of her suit as she talked, and I noticed her hands. They are capable hands—the hands of a doer, eloquently expressive, beautifully delicate and intensely sympathetic. Looking at them, one had no doubt that she had been able to be wife, mother and authoress, simultaneously and with little effort, actually beginning to write, as she did, after the three boys had come into her life.

“I have always felt,” she said, “that while I may have ten per cent. more imagination than some, say sixty per cent. ability, if you will, that the other forty per cent. was sheer dogged perseverance. Often I felt little like writing—’The Amazing Interlude’ was written here in this hotel, with my husband ill and my boys in service I knew not where. But as my characters developed under my pen, I found myself more and more able to go on. Of course, the atmosphere was very real to me. For I lived in Paris as correspondent for the Saturday Evening Post in those first, grim days of 1914, when each sunrise brought new tragedies and suspense. Later the fighting became a highly developed, well organized machine sort of thing—but ah, those first days.”

* * *

Then you don't (Continued on page 75)

Above, a recent study of Mrs. Rinehart and, right, on a fishing trip, with her two sons.

Page Sixty-Nine
There is just one place in this world where there are no taxes to pay, no creditors, no cares, no worries, no fear for the morrow, no dread of disloyalty or ingratitude, and no pain nor sickness. That may sound attractive but we all keep as far away from that place as we can—it is the grave. That reminds me, why place a fence around a grave-yard as they usually do? Those who are within can’t get out and those who are without don’t want to get in.

Most of us are more unhappy for what we have not, than more happy for what we have.

Are the moving pictures immoral? Is it harmful to teach the young the sins, follies, vices and weaknesses of human kind? No. A danger known is half averted. There are very few things which should be concealed from young people. Let them see crime and folly in all its hideousness. Should the mountaineer tell his children of the venomous snake, of the dangerous pass, the hungry wolf and the poisonous flowers, fearing to frighten and alarm? or should he fortify the nerves of the young, and make them acquainted with the dangers which surround them? With very few exceptions, the moving pictures have a decidedly moral tendency; for, while they picture vice and crime, they seldom fail to point the moral, and to show the inevitable consequences of wrongdoing.

L. T. B.—I am honored, my dear sir, by hearing from you, a man of letters. I always admire a man with a lot of letters tacked on to the end of his name because it shows that he got there by degrees. Sorry I cannot answer your questions with interest to my readers.

Various myself, I like all varieties, and therefore I like YOU.

I dont envy a person because he is rich and I dont blame him for being rich and I would be rich myself if I could. However, I think that the Lord has unwisely scattered his riches. Many of the present rich are not deserving of their wealth. Not that they have not earned it fairly—altho there may be doubts about this—but because they make unwise use of it. At the present time the world is in a state of appalling unrest and discontent. Hardly a square mile on the civilized part of the globe is not affected by one or more strikes. I have the audacity to state that one of the great causes of this unrest is the way the rich have displayed and wasted their gold. Only a short time ago the leading governments of the world were roaring in their megaphones to their peoples, beseeching them to economize. We were induced to save every crumb of bread, every drop of grease, to collect nutshell, to eat less, to conserve our supply of all commodities and generally to cut in halves our usual cost of living. Some of us did this religiously and patriotically. The poor were probably the most patriotic in this respect. The rich bought liberty bonds, but they did very little to cut down the high cost of living and a great deal to add to the cost of high living. Very few of them made any outward display of economizing and most of them continued with their extravagances, and haunted them in the faces of those who were acting to the contrary. Furthermore, many of these were profiteering all the while and adding to their fortunes by leaps and bounds. There are certainly more millionaires today than there were a few years ago. If you were a working man and you found that your rent and food and clothes and everything else had advanced from fifty to one hundred per cent., and if you had been economizing according to the rules and regulations laid down by Mr. Hoover and other government officials, and if you had been using half the quantity of sugar that you usually used and had always maintained an empty garbage pail and if you had planted potatoes in your front yard—if you had done all this and you saw that the millionaire around the corner was not only living the way he had always lived but was adding to his luxuries and had just bought a new $10,000 car and had hired another valet, chauffeur and other attendants, and was buying $5,000 books, $20,000 oil paintings and $30,000 rugs, what would you do? No wonder there is unrest and discontent. If there must be multi-millionaires who insist on spending their money, it is too bad that we cannot have an island for them, where they can live and luxuriate all alone by themselves. These are times when the rich should really hide their riches. A display of wealth these days is like a red flag to a bull.

Late last night, I slew my wife,
Stretched her on the parquet floor;
I was loath to take her life,
But I had to stop her snore.

Your flatterer may love you, some, but he probably loves himself more.

Dont be in such a hurry to get rich, Mr. L. T. B., because we want you with us a while longer. As the stranger, arriving at the end of his long journey, takes a peaceful rest, so do we, when we have prospered beyond the immediate fear of poverty. Prosperity induces sleep.

In the past, oratory had her Pericles, Demosthenes and Cicero. Statesmanship had her Vespasian, Titus and Trajan. Arts had her Alexander, Cesar and Hannibal. Philosophy had her Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. Law had her Lycurgus, Solon and Justinian; moralism had her Seneca, Marcus Aurelius and Epaminondas; poetry had her Homer, Virgil and Horace; science had her Hippocrates, Galen and Archimedes. The drama had her Thespius, Eschylus and Aristophanes.

In the present—I give it up. Who can match all of these ancient celebrities with modern ones!
Some five or six years ago when King Bagot was in his prime, he widely advertised his face, and under it the slogan, "A face as well known as the man in the moon." Now, after a lapse of many years, during which time he has been little seen or heard of, he again adopts the same slogan. And he is right—his face is just as well known as the man in the moon. And it is no better known. Very few of us would recognize either one of them on the street.

**Live** so that you will not excite the envy of your friends nor the malice of your enemies.

How small some great men really are! The law of compensation seems to hold that a man great in one thing shall be equally small in other things. Take Lord Byron,—was he not vain, overbearing, conceived, suspicious and jealous? He even used to do his hair up in curl papers. He thought that the whole world ought to be constantly employed in admiring his poetry and himself. He even would ask people to admire his foot. His professed dislike to seeing women eat, was found out to arise solely, "from the fact of their being helped first, and, consequently, getting all the wings of the chickens, while other people had to be content with the legs." And yet this man must be classed with the world's greatest!

Perhaps it is just as well that we have never yet learnt what Death is. If we knew we might not desire Life.

**All the world is a stage, but life wont be a tragedy nor a comedy if you play your part well.**

The question J. K. McM. asks is hard to answer satisfactorily, and there is no way of making sure that the answer is accurate. To compare the work of the ancients with that of our own, in such manner as he seems to require, would fill this magazine, but we shall make a few suggestions which may prove helpful. Probably, the ancients were inferior to us in some things, and superior in others. Very few of our great discoveries and inventions were entirely unknown to the ancients. Disraeli tried to prove that the Roman knew the secret of movable types, but, fearing the spread of knowledge, dared not make it public. De Quincey maintained that the ancients knew printing thoroughly, but made no progress for want of paper. We date the discovery of gunpowder only back to Roger Bacon, but it has been shown that it was known ages before that, tho not used in warfare. It is quite certain that the ancients possessed some form of tele- scope, else their astronomy, and even their astrology could not have existed. That they also had some kind of micro- scope, is reasonable to assume, for we know that Alexander possessed a copy of the Libri inclosed in a nutshell, which could hardly have been written, and much less read, without a magnifying glass of some pretensions. We are told that Nero looked at the distant gladiators thru a gem, which could well now be called a field-glass or opera-glass. They also knew something of the malleability of glass, the indelibility of colors, and, according to M. Fourier, a great deal about the magnetic telegraph, which we attribute to Morse of the last century. The nineteenth century also claims photography, but a French writer in 1760 described it in every detail, and even color photography. Certainly the ancients knew the art of embalming better than we, and from all accounts, they were fully familiar with what we now call modern plumbing, as shown by the excavations of Pompeii. As to sculpture and architecture, we have never surpassed the works of the ancients, and the same might perhaps be said of some of their philosophy, poetry and general literature. Of course, we have improved upon many of their methods, yet many of their secrets we have not yet discovered. On the whole, we would venture to say that we are far in advance of the ancients in most things, and that they are still ahead of us in a few.

**It is a good thing to be able to seize an opportunity after it comes and it is another thing to make an opportunity before it comes.**

I am asked if I believe in socialism. Yes, in a great part of it, but not all. It is true that the waste of competition is terrible and that universal cooperation would greatly lessen the hours of toil for the human family. But competition with all its flaws is the law of the universe and cannot and must not be conquered. The priceless, enduring struggle for Life is obvious everywhere. An inherent rivalry exists and always has existed in all animal and vegetable life and this struggle for existence determines which shall survive. We observe the weeds crowding out the flowers, the big fish eating the little ones and the intelligent among men excelling their inferiors. This strenuous competition is the one condition of all progress, and to refuse to recognize this principle is to blindfold the program of evolution which is apparent in all nature.

**As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so will the turning from one subject to another, as the varied types hit the eye, make the mind sparkle. Opinions are largely formed from observation, but all observers stand upon different peaks. Your peak may be higher than mine, but I may see down into the valleys which your eyes have never scanned.**

**LIFE OF AN ACTRESS**

Scene I. A minister's parlor.
Scene II. A pretty flat.
Scene III. The Great White Way.
Scene IV. A midnight supper.
Scene V. A court at law.
Scene VI. Same as Scene I.
Scene VII. Same as Scene II.
Scene VIII. Same as Scene III.
Scene IX. Same as Scene IV.
Scene X. Same as Scene I.
Scene XI. Same as Scene VI.
Scene XII. —— Space forbids: besides, it's too monotonous!

**Say what you like, but then you may expect to hear what you don't like.**

"Agamemnon" is informed that kissing is shaking hands with the lips, the ingredients being four velvet lips, two pure souls, and an undying affection. That were indeed a pretty picture of a sweet kiss, and that was probably the kind Ben Jonson had in mind when he said, "Leave but a kiss within the cup and I'll not ask for wine." There is much in a kiss, and there are many varieties. Byron speaks of "A long, long kiss—the kiss of youth and love," and Haiburton says there is the kiss of welcome and of parting; the long lingering, loving, present one; the stolen and the mutual one; the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow; the seal of promise, and receipt of fulfilment. It is strange, therefore, that a woman is invincible whose armor consists of kisses, smiles, sighs, and tears? Shakespeare has quite an inventory of kisses, and among others, the zealous kiss,—"Pon thy cheek: I lay this zealous kiss, as seal to the indenture of my love," and the hard kiss,—"Then he kisst me hard, as if he recked up kisses by the roots that grew upon my lips;" and the modest kiss.—"And steal immortal kisses from her lips, which, even in pure and vestal modesty, still blush as thinking their own kisses sin;" and the holy kiss,—"His kissing is as full
of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.” Dryden tells of a kiss rather luminous: “I felt the while a kind of pleasing smart; the kiss went tingling to my panting heart. When it was over, the kiss did stay; it was naught, but the senseness clung upon my lips all day, like drops of honey, loth to fall away.” Burns defends kissing in witty vein. Says he, “Some say kissing is a sin; but if it was na lawful, lawyers would na allow it; if it was na holy, ministers would na do it; if it was na modest, maidens would na take it; if it was na plenty, purf folk would na get it. And I have maun shown that kisses can be suppressed, because it causes the interchanging of microbes. Was ever anything so foolish? Stop kissing? Say stop the sun from shining and it would be no more ridiculous. Germs or no germs, kissing will go on forever—at least, let us hope so. As Jonson says, “A soft lip would tempt you to eternity of kissing,” whatever the penalty, particularly if it were of the Alexander Socratic kind.”

The dangers of kissing are by no means confined to the germ theory, for we remember the delicious disaster related by Douglas Jerrold: “He kist her and promised. Such beautiful lips! Man’s usual fate—he was lost upon the coral reefs!” As Byron says, “Eden revives in the first kiss of love,” and we are reminded of George Villiers’s famous words—“Kisses are the grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious as showing that a mine is near.” Benjamin West once said that a kiss from his mother made him a painter, and no doubt that kisses have been the greatest source of inspiration to men of every calling. Wars have been waged for a kiss; men have done the greatest deeds of daring for a kiss; thrones and empires have toppled because of a kiss. The refusal of one; for does not Cleopatra truthfully say to Antony, “We have kist away kingdoms and provinces?” Who invented the kiss, we do not know. Hold! It was Eve, for was not Eve the first woman? Surely the kiss is as old as creation, and yet as fresh and young as ever. According to Habburton, it pre-existed, and always will exist. Depend upon it, it is in Paradise, as far as the eye can reach. The birds and bees sing to love’s tender invitation. Prudes, priests and preachers may be opposed to kissing, but men, maidens and maidens—ever old maids—are not. Germs may come, and germs may grow, but kissing will go on forever.

A lie has no legs and cannot stand alone without many others to help it, but it can run terribly fast and cover a lot of ground.

I am neither a conservative nor a radical. A conservative is a man who will not look at the new moon out of respect for an ancient institution, the old one. He is the same individual who tries to stop the horse named Progress by holding on its tail and bellowing “Whoa.” The radical is the man whose opinion is different from our own. They are both wrong, and so are we. The world moves along in a happy middle ground. Progress has two friends, the conservative and the radical.

It has been affirmed that man partakes of the animal of which he eats, but the facts do not bear out that theory, because there is very little pork eaten in New York.

A young lady writes me, complaining of a perpetual toothache, and wonders why we were not born without teeth. If she will look up the authorities she will find that we were.

Poetry is musical thought expressed in musical language. Prose may say the same thing, but its voice is not so loud, and it takes longer to say it. Prose is a painting in black and white, poetry a painting in all the glowing colors of nature. Any one who understands language can understand prose; only the artist can appreciate poetry. Poetry is thought in blossom. It sometimes appears in the homely garments of prose, but it usually resides in the prettier setting. The Indian prefers the monotonous tum-tum of his crude drum to a symphony orchestra; the uncultured prefer the sense of words rather than the sound. Poetry is the language of heaven and of the angels: prose is the language of the earth.

One-third of those born to work cannot find it, and another third lives on the toil of the others.

Wild’s Magazine asked a number of educators of national renown what they thought of motion pictures and here is a typical answer from the Carnegie Institute of Technology:

While most educators realize there are great possibilities for the moving pictures in the field of education, a great deal remains to be done in improving the films that are before the public before they can be of any service in advancing public taste and stimulating serious thought.

In other words, after twenty years of operation, the film industry has failed to convince! After twenty years of effort they have failed to advance public taste, failed to stimulate serious thought! Why? Simply because the industry lacks organization. Where there is one great and good photodrama produced, there are five bad ones. Producers, players and exhibitors seem to have only one object in view—to make money. To make money while the sun shines. They think not of the morrow nor of morals. They make a play for today only, and if gone, the show is today. They never have a thought of killing the goose that lays the golden egg, but that is just what they are doing. The National Board of Censorship and Review was a failure, but it should have a successor. The entire industry must organize!

The genius of sanity and the insanity of genius! If a genius is not insane, he is at least insane. Genius is mental inequilibrium.

Let us not teach the poor how to be economical—they don’t need it. Let us rather teach it to the rich. It is easy to be frugal with nothing, and it is hard to be economical with much. It is more difficult to save what you have than to preserve what you have not.

Keep your weather-eye on your “convictions.” Don’t be sure of anything until you are sure. Make up your convictions like you make up your bed, only to be mussed up again. Don’t be too easily convicted, and when you are convicted, be prepared to meet a short sentence so that you may be unconvicted as easily as you were convicted. To convict your judgment of a conviction that is ill-founded, is to make a convict of your reason.
as, five years ago, the author of "The Thorn" had received. The same crowd, too, and particularly Edward Dulfois to whom a woman was merely an exponent of her sex and Eugenie no possible exception to that rule.

She had been there two weeks and things were beginning to pall. After all, unhappiness wears the gaudiest disguise. She began to fear that she couldn't help her aching heart from showing. She couldn't renounce so fully sweet a dream without wincing right in the face of the world. No use, no use at all.

She was having trouble with Paige, too. Her revisions didn't suit. They hadn't, Paige said, the same "rushing spirit" as the rest of the book. He seemed puzzled. Eugenie longed to tell him of her collaborator, but on that score she had promised Jimmie to maintain a rigid silence.

So the middle of this Jimmie, himself, appeared. None too late for, at a masque ball, Dulfois dropped his last rather slithery pretense and revealed himself. Eugenie, in the next box, heard him and the masque ball ended in a rather horrid row. The following day Eugenie left for Fairlawns to do the work of revision dearer to her and the day following Jimmie followed her.

On the very same day John Paige came upon the clue he had been seeking. One of the pages of the manuscript of "Swords and Roses" had notations in handwriting. The handwriting was that of Jimmie Blake. So it had been Jimmie Blake all along. He had "come back." He was fulfilling the gorgeous promise he had given in "The Thorn." The creative fire had descended upon him again, hot and fine. Paige exulted. He had a mounting, soaring faith in Jimmie Blake. He hadn't had that in Eugenie. Varden had brought her to a place where her business was all about, but he determined to find out. He would "take a run" down South. He would unearth Jimmie and the truth. This book would be a sensation but it must go out bearing the name of James Bonton Blake. Any other idea was preposterous.

Mr. Paige had never created quite such a surprise as he achieved at Fairlawns. He disclosed an identity when he addressed Jimmie as "Blake" which appeared more than staggering to Eugenie. He pleaded with Jimmie to allow his name to go on to his work. He said, "If you'll only allow me, I'll do my best. But, you see, wholly your style, he must not be a fool. He talked until Eugenie left the room in tears and Jimmie, apparently unnecessarily agitated begged him to go to his room and rest a while—Yama would assist him—while he, Jimmie, straightened things out. So Varden was, through thinking Jimmie had sloughed off one insanity for another, departed, shaking his head.

Jimmie found an hysterical Eugenie, who accused him of tricking her, making fun of her, laughing at her and her silly amateurish intentions. She said the Varden's would not take "charity" no matter how deftly presented. She hated the old book. She loathed great writers. She wanted to die, etc., etc. Jimmie said that he did, too, even tho it was because it was—how could he have written, a sick man, unless she had healed him and given him back his faith. Oh, it was far more hers than if she had written twice over, every word in it, far, far more hers than his. But if she hated it—here—and he tossed the manuscript into the fire, which would have caused every hair on Mr. Paige's head to rise up like unto a porcupine's had he been there, which he was, almost instantly after the sacrifice had been committed and Eugenie, with a cry, had rescued it from the flames.

For a moment, he thought, a publisher. He talked with them a while and gave Eugenie a check for five thousand as cash deposit and knew that, briefly, he would receive a wire from the young couple to put their name of Blake upon the coming book of the year.

Eugenie and Jimmie were left alone. But they were not alone. Whispering choruses, choir invisible were all about them, charging the laden air with music, telling them, as they clung together, that this was but the beginning—that they were but a beginning—of years that should ripen as wheat, golden and plentiful—of glories that should be garnered, gathered in—

"This is the way it should be," whispered Eugenie, content.

"World without end, amen . . ." whispered Jimmie . . .

Toby, announcing dinner, hemmed rather loudly at first, then, catching Jimmie's eye, gave him the "famly" bow.

**What Every Woman Should Know**

(Continued from page 62)

In the old days of our grandmothers to appear without a touch of white at neck and sleeves was a thing unworthy of a well-dressed woman. This winter we have returned to the old ideal—for all our frocks are relieved by white—the little collar, a dash that, or the white pipping to protect our necks from contact of serge or satin is both lovely and easy to keep fresh. This winter sees many a feminine face framed in a voluminous collarette with a cravat of black velvet or taffeta.
awkwardly, he draws her toward him as tho to kiss her, turning away just before their lips meet, with a groan.

Lloyd:
Oh, but I mustn't—I mustn't let you sacrifice your future. What kind of a love would that be, dear? You see, I'm no good, Ellie. I meant to tell you, at once—Rubenstein refused the scenario. He said it was impossible. I guess I'm pretty poor stuff, common clay . . .

Glory (protestingly):
You shant call yourself such things. I know you're going to write... big things... real things... things that will live... I'll thank you, Lloyd!

Lloyd:
But some day is so far off, dear, to some one who is starving today—I want you now, Ellie!

Glory (in a half whisper):
Then why—why don't you take me—now?

Lloyd (timidly):
Would you give all this up—just for me? Would you give up the pretty gowns and the star-dust in your eyes? And the electric lights? Would you live in a little flat? It would be a very little one—her face is so hard for you—and try to make good, Ellie.

Glory (suddenly, her very young face breaking up to its first really essential beauty):
Yes, I'd give it all up, Lloyd. Oh, gladly! Let's go and find—the little flat—

Lloyd (laughing shakily and pointing to her fanastic attire):
Take off the silks and satins, Ellie, and put on the little old gingham thingumob. I used to love you best in, and meet me at John's Cafetaria, where we used to eat, at twelve—the same table, Ellie—we'll plan things out—you'll be there, Ellie, sure, at twelve?

Glory:
I'll be there! Oh, Lloyd, that little flat will be such fun to live in!

Lloyd (with a final clasp of the little hand in his, then turning away):
Then I'll be waiting. And be on time, dear, or I'll think you've changed your mind—and if I thought that—

Glory (gaily):
I'll be there!

(He goes out and she remains staring after him, bewitched. The door of the private office opens and Rubenstein and Mrs. Grady emerge. Mrs. Grady is a middle-aged, middle-class woman, with the signs of reluctant toil not quite erased from her hands by elaborate manicuring, nor her face and bearing by expensive clothes, worn with ill ease. She is effusive, anxious, almost servile in an attitude toward the famous director.)

Mrs. Grady:
I dont know how to thank you, Mr. Rubenstein, indeed. I dont. Such a wonderful opportunity for a girl just starting on her career. Not that Ell—Glory isn't good at it, but we all realize who we have to thank. And she'll feel the same about it when she hears. (See Glory and kisses her effusively, with a secret glance of warning and command.)

Oh, here you are, sweetie. I was just telling Mr. Rubenstein that you are a lucky girl to have such a friend as him. Wait until you hear what he's going to do!

Rubenstein (glancing greedily at the lovely little face and waving his white, plump hand):

Not a word! It's my pleasure to give a girl a chance when she's as pretty as Miss Gloria here. (Aside.) We'll try out the ingenue plan first, and afterwards—we'll see! Tell you what, tho, if you really want to reward me, you'll take lunch with me—both of you, of course. I'll have the car here at twelve and we'll motor out to Green Corners Road House . . .

Glory (flatteringly):
Oh, thank you so much, but I can't go... I can't. (Her mother pinches her arm, warningly.) I'll tell my maternal frozen to Rubenstein's smug smile and falters into silence.

Mrs. Grady (smoothly):
I'll answer for her—she'll be ready at twelve. She's just shy at the honor, Mr. Rubenstein, that's all.

Rubenstein (exasperating and turning):
Then that's settled. Noon, remember. We'll go into the—ah—details of Miss Glory's career then. (He goes out.)

Glory (passionately):
Mother, what did you say I'd go for? I shant! I cant! I hate him and his soft white hands and his whispering eyes and the way he smiles! I dont want you to go! Mrs. Grady (in a low, level voice of anger):

You're going to be a fool, are you? A fool instead of a star. Because you've got a lot of moonshine into your silly head for an hour or so, you're going to do what I did? You're going to get coarse and ugly and old and tired because you're stupid enough to be poor? I tell you, I've worked all my life to bring you up and you're not going to back-water now. It isn't as tho I was asking anything wrong of you. He'll marry you, and so it will be all nice and proper. (Mrs. Grady draws forth a heavily scented handkerchief and waves dramatic.) You know your pop... what a worthless sot he is... are you going to send me back to that—to dishwashing again... to scrubbing... When you have all this and your little sister her chance, too... just as easy... just by being decent? All you have to do is just be nice to Rubenstein, that's all! Oh, my Gawd, why did I ever have such an ingrate for a child?

Gloria (distraught at her mother's volatile distress, perplexed, giving the impression of a bird caught in a net, unaware, struggling, futile . . .):

Mother, dont, please dont! We'll have things... you see... just wait from Mother dear! A better way! And I'll be happy, too, mother. Just as happy! A shining happiness, mother. It ain't... isn't silly... I know that. I do. It's real. If I give it up (her voice takes on a perceptibly latter note, almost as the beaten, if I do... here... mother, those things wont count... to me... bad from Mrs. Grady, with rising hysteria as the insistent dreams of youth reach out, like fragile tendrils, to take hold of her hard greed.)

You're talking trash, book-stuff. You can behave yourself better and you can ride in limousines; you can have diamonds and jewels and country houses and town houses. You can have all the things us Grady's never dreamed of—only read of when we had time. All we have to do is obey me and be decent. If you dont, I'll take you to Dr. Ludlow says my heart is now bad... from overwork... from raising children... from working day and night, night and day, over tubs and sewing and washing and such like. And now, with a million dollars in her hand, my child throws it away and murders me... murders her mommer... (Continued from page 46)

--Star-Dust and Sob-Stuff--
The Heart of Rineheart

(Continued from page 60)

credit artistic temperament?" I asked quickly.

"No, I really do not," she smiled—and
her smile is the sort that plays upon your
heartstrings. "There are sure to be days
when we feel weary, but I find the more
often I humor my whims the more indo-
tent I become. At first I wrote in my
study at home, but I soon found that the
dogs barking at the door when they
wanted to be taken for a walk, the gar-
dener going past the window, all these
things made me wish to be up and about
the house. Now I work for a certain
number of hours in an office in the city.
Every day I drive down, whether I feel
like it or not, and sometimes as I dictate
I might just as well be writing my gro-
cery list, but I have found that pays to
persevere if there's the tiniest idea of
bright spot to be discovered."

She loves the folks of her tales—they
are very real to her and in speaking of
them she calls them by name. That's
why she refused to see one of her books
after it had been adapted to the screen.
The name of the book was changed and
the story. That, however, will not hap-
pen in Goldwyn productions and one
may hope for fine things with the silver-
sheet bringing to life her lovable, human,
everyday people.

"What would you like to see done on
the screen?" I asked this woman of a
neighboring heart.

"The Bible," she answered, simply. "I
think the Bible would be very wonderful
on the screen. While I'm not a Bible
student, I think no book is less appre-
ciated, and the clear gray eyes held a
hint of her depth of feeling.

"I'm quite sure a director could be
found who would arrange the paring of
the Red Sea waters with little difficulty"—again her flashing smile.
Her humor is the delicious sort she
served her hungry public in "Tish" and
"Bab, the Sub-Déb."

"I'd like to see some of our wonderful,
old fairy-tales on the screen, too," she
mused.

Some one suggested that these only
appeared to the children audiences.

"Nonsense!" she answered. "We, all
of us, believe in fairies. I feel sorry for
that person who has outgrown their be-
lief in them—downright sorry for them.

There is still the child love of fairy-
lore—of the unknown—in this weaver of
wonderful tales, and all the success in
the world will never make her less
human.

"It would often have been easy to have
become exhausted," she admitted, "and
I'm afraid I should have foolishly be-
come obsessed with my own importance
had it not been for my family. Our fam-
ily humor has been my saving grace.
Why, the boys just wont let me take my
work seriously. If I try, they laugh and
say, 'Listen to mother,' and then our
father laughs, too, and I grow sane once
more and realize that praise I have
won simply makes my sense of responsi-
bility toward my reader audience that
much greater."

She said frankly that her work could
never come before her husband, her boys
and her home—and I knew she of the
mother of the most enthusiastic spectators.
It is that very fact which makes her work so human,
which endows it with its great appeal.

As she sat there before me, her grey
eyes smiling out in friendly fashion from
beneath the sweeping line of her black hat, I saw, rather than the successful
authoress, the mistress of a well-
apointed home, the wife of the Pennsyl-
vania surgeon, the mother of the
young benedict and the two younger col-
lege boys.

It is like her to have rushed across the
continent to be on time for the football
season, and I venture to guess that she'll
be one of the most enthusiastic spectators
when the boys line up on the gridiron. I
can see her cheer, enthusiastically wav-
ing her Harvard pennant, when the team
scores a touchdown.

She'll be there, proudly smiling en-
couragement to her boy, for, verily, she is
a mother and a patriot.

Great, and filled with understanding, is
the heart of Rinehart!

The Beauty and the Sculptor

(Continued from page 29)

in all probability he would have been
returned.

Derujinsky comes directly from the
Crimea, and the family circle of imperial
exiles there, including the Dowager
Empress, Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander
of the Russian Armies, and, among many
others, the family of Prince Youssoupoff,
the man who killed Russia of her evil
genus, Rasputin.

When the Czarina banished Youssou-
off from Russia for the murder of her
favorite, he invited his young and inti-
mate friend, Derujinsky, to share his exile
with him. Events moved swiftly. In a
few months the throne toppled. Czar and
family were imprisoned, and the young
exiles at Yalta in the Crimea, were
joined by those of the imperial family
who managed to escape.

Derujinsky tells, in a very matter-of-
fact way: thrilling stories of those
months in the Crimea. They were in
daily terror of their lives, and after
being condemned to death and giving up
all hope, they were saved by the heroic
adroitness of a sailor, who, as Bolshevist
Commissary, defied his party's com-
mands.

Of course, there was no chance of his
working on his art during his exile. He
had no material to work with, and so, to
distract his thoughts, he made himself
useful as secretary of the supple depart-
ment of the palace of the empress.

When he finally succeeded in securing
materials, the Dowager Empress com-
missioned him to make a bust in bronze
of the modest sailor-hero who had saved
their lives. Prince and Princess Youss-
oupoff were his next sitters, and he had
the promise of the Grand Duke Nicholas
to sit for him when the colony was saved
from a new outbreak of Bolshevist fury
by the British fleet.

Derujinsky was detained, but by good
luck, managed to escape, his pursuers
being only four hours distant, and
shipped as a common sailor on a freighter
bound for America.

The Fame and Fortune
Contest Concludes

(Continued from page 56)

So much international interest has
been aroused in the contest that it is to
be made an annual affair, each year the
M. P. Publishing Company launching at
least one winner into the world of pic-
tures. The publishers of SHADOWLAND,
The Motion Picture Classic and The
Motion Picture Magazine believe the
screen is in vital need of new personali-
ties and that this is the only way every
one in the country can obtain an honest
hearing. The second contest is now
open.

Stories about the contest, with pictures
of the winners, have been published in
newspapers from the Atlantic to the
Pacific coast.

The publishers are happy to say that
the high promises to the winners are being
fulfilled. Aside from the six names at-
tending the prize-winners, other promi-
nent leaders in the contest have been
attaining their share of fame.

Helen Lee Worthing, of Boston, is
being featured in Ned Weyburn's "Demi-Tasse Revue" at New York's big-
est and newest screen theater, the
Capitol.

Gertrude Garretson, of Norfolk, Va.,
has been appearing with a motion pic-
ture company in Florida. Fay Bren-
nan, of Washington, has been appearing
in a picture made in that city.

Bobbie Delvy, of Chicago, and Vera B.
Hultme, of New York, are now in pic-
tures. Irene Marcellus, an early honor
roll winner, is prominent in the stage
production, "The Greenwich Village Pol-
lies." Evelyn Jewel Poutch, of Louisvile,
Ky., has been appearing consistently
in the contest in Famous Players-Arta-
craft productions. Marcia Lea, of New
York, has been appearing in Paramount and other photograph.
The New Spirit in Art

(Continued from page 54)

The painter are the same. They use a different medium, but the effect, object and end are the same. Each appeals to the heart and the head, and both reach it thru the eye. The poet paints with the pen, the artist with the brush—the one with words, the other with paint. As Jules Breton says, "Let artists remember that nothing is more rare than that the finite should awaken the idea of the infinite. To do this they must be broad and deep, pitiless against the seductive prettiness."

A good example of the two extremes—the subjective and the objective—is Millet, the idealist, and Meissonier, the realist. "Not imitation, but creation is the aim," as Emerson puts it, and he who aims simply at copying nature had better use a camera. There is a subtle charm about nature that no artist can paint or copy or imitate. After many disappointing struggles to reproduce what he sees, he returns to art with its tricks and devices to make up for what he sees but cannot copy. To produce the real and the apparent truth, that is the great thing. Paint the mountain higher than it really is, if necessary, and the sky bluer, and that is just what the new spirit in art calls for and what the successful modern painter does. But all modern painters are not successful. Many of them are either insane or humorists. Some of our modern art possesses the qualities I have mentioned, but much of it should be condemned to the ash heap. The germ, Decoration, should be curbed.

TO A DEAD MAN

By Lydia M. D. O'Neil

I gave you flowers when you were living,
Yellow pansies and roses red,
And crimson clover with honeyed head;
Now I am glad of the early giving—
Now you are one with the voiceless dead.

Not mine the blossoms today that wave
Against the marble that marks your grave—
No mine the poppy of slumberous breath,
The languid lily, the wheaten sheaf,
The asphodel and the laurel leaf—
I have naught to do with the blooms of death,
For tho I brought them, you would not know;
You are thru with knowledge of peace and strife.
And I am glad of the long ago,
When I gave bright flowers, with life aglow.
To you who walked in the glow of life!
They Know Before They Go!

Off to the motion picture theatre!

Not a doubt in their minds as to what sort of a show it will be!

Everybody’s keyed up to the Paramount Artcraft pitch of expectancy, and they’ll travel there “on high” so as not to miss a single foot of the program.

The point is—they know before they go!

They look for the name Paramount Artcraft in the announcements of the theatres and that’s enough for them.

This recognition that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation keeps faith with fans in all Paramount Artcraft Pictures is now nation-wide.

And the best theatres everywhere know it. Watch their announcements.

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount Artcraft Pictures and the theatres that show them.

Latest Paramount Artcraft Features

Released to February 1st

Billie Burke in "FLIGHT—A PROOF"
Irene Castle in "THE INVISIBLE lyd" Marjorie Clark in "A GIRL NAMED T."
Elfin Charles in "THE FLIGHT OF THE CONSPIRATOR" The Cinema Murder A Cosmopolitan Production "The Copperhead" With Lionel Barrymore Cotl R. delValle's Production "FAKE AND FEMALE" With All Star Cast "COUNTERFIVED" George Fitzmaurice Production "ON WINE THE DANCE" Dorothy Gil in "MARRY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN" D. W. Griffith’s Production "SCARLET DAWN" Ww. H. Hart in "THE FIRE"

Thos. H. Ince Productions

Edie Bennett in "THE WOMAN IN THE SETTEE" Dorothy Dalton in "Mrs. WINE'S FRIEND" Ince Supervised Special "BEHIND THE DOOR" Douglas MacLean & Dennis May in "WHAT'S YOUR HIS TURF DONE?" Charles Ray in "RED HOT Dollars"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arthure Comedies
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
Paramount-AI St. John Comedies

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine Travel Subject Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures
AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

On October 1st, 1919, practically all of the printers and typesetters in and around New York went out on strike, including those who print this magazine. Without going into the merits of the controversy between the employers and the employees, we will simply say that we had no voice in the matter—one way or the other. Several labor unions had differences among themselves, and these differences caused the Publishers' Association to refuse to comply with the demands of certain labor unions. We do not belong to the Publishers' Association. That body conducted all the negotiations. When the printers and compositors walked out, it was not in our power to make them walk back, even if we had been willing to give them everything they asked. Had we terms with one union, another union would have refused to handle our paper, and another union would have refused to make the plates which are necessary for us to have. In other words, our hands were tied. We were helpless. Some publications were fortunate enough to have some of their printing done for them in distant cities, some had it done by some other process (such as typewriting photographed) and some could not have their work done at all. The strike did not end until the latter part of November, having lasted nearly two months.

During this time we did everything possible to supply our readers with this, their favorite magazine, on time and in good condition, but such was not possible. We left no stone unturned and were willing to go to any expense, but in spite of every effort, we were unable to meet the schedule, hence we were late. Furthermore, the magazine that you received was not the one we intended to give you. When the strike came on, this magazine was partly made up and partly printed, but we were unable to move either the type or the parts that had been printed. We managed to get out a MAGAZINE, but it was not the kind of magazine we wanted, it was the best we could. We could not even print an explanation and an apology, hence this one. We hoped, and still believe, that all of our esteemed readers, even those in distant parts, had heard of the great tie-up strike and that they would patiently wait. Some of our contemporaries took advantage of our extremities by issuing extra large editions on an advanced date, hoping thereby to secure some of our readers, instead of extending us the brotherly hand and saying, "Is there anything we can do for you in your distress?" We hope that they have largely profited by their business sagacity, but we believe that we have not lost a single reader. Once a reader always a reader.

We are now fully recovered from the disaster and from now on our readers may expect the finest magazine possible. We have done this for ten years and we can do it now. WATCH US.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

The New Aristocracy

(Continued from page 55)

thousand dollar silver fox about her throat, was a "dish up" in one of the cheaper Los Angeles cafeterias. One was a waitress, and last of all—one was a servant in a private home.

You dont believe me? Perhaps it is hard, but I am telling you the truth. Seven years have passed, during which time every one of those sitting there in that large Los Angeles hotel today, has risen from actual want, or at any rate from terrible grinding poverty.

Six years ago the pretty little dark girl who spoke so carelessly a moment ago anent fifteen hundred dollar cafes, could not utter one word of English. She came from Poland, I believe. She is the one who was a servant. For eighteen dollars a month she scrubbed floors, washed clothes and cooked three meals a day. Today her hands are soft and white, although perhaps not so slim as she would like to see them.

Has she forgotten, I wonder? And the little lady of the silver fox—when her great black and silver limousine passes a certain cafeteria in a certain main street, does she ever draw closer into the suave cushions and shudder at remembering days when she stood within those doors, on tired, aching feet, and handed out mashed potatoes with gravy to all who came her way? Does she remember—do any of them remember? I hardly think they do. It is almost as tho some great beneficent apathetic had passed over their minds blotting out the saddest facts.

And you want to know the name of the fairy godmother who waved her magic wand over these poor little boy and girl Cinderellas, making them into rich and beautiful Princes and Princesses? Well, her name is Moving Pictures, and her wand is all-powerful.

And this is the New Aristocracy which has sprang out of the gutter, the kitchen, the employees' entrances of shops. All the by-ways were searched and each yielded up its backwash. The flotsam and jetsam of the theatrical world was drawn into the magic net; those who had failed bitterly upon the stage, were reborn to blossom miraculously upon the silver-sheets.

And the great game has not ended—nor will it ever end. There are those struggling today behind the steam tables of cafeterias, who will be the screen favorites of tomorrow.

And now on the crest of the wave, they like to sit about in the cafes of New York and Los Angeles to discuss the ways in which they have spent the money that has so recently fallen into their hands. They do not look toward tomorrow—and they never look toward yesterday. Today—just today—satisfies them. Dame Fortune has been kind and they have no reason to believe she will ever be otherwise.

And after you have toiled and modeled thru your early youth, with no credit, nor
The Willow Tree

(Continued from page 38)

their love had been most throbbing, most sacrosanct. And there, with their own hands, they had built an altar. An altar to their love that it might always be the memorial of a prayer, the tears of Buddha the spirit of the dreamings of Nirvana. And here, on these twilit, all alone, the goddess-made-a-maiden of Nippon would wrestle with her almondblossom soul, would struggle with the hunger of her love, would pray that his honor might be dearer to her than his touch, his taste, his kisses, terrible in their might.

She filled the little cups with her tears and broke the hearts of the nightingales with the sound of her lamentations like to the tinkling of broken lutes. Her grief was the grief of a broken dream whose spirit is wailing its swan-song.

And at last there came a night, when straitly walking, she sought out Hamilton, smoking before their cabin while the amber about him grew sullen, grew tarnished.

"You must go, My lord, my Love," she said, "where your honor awaits you, a sword, a shield, an armament. Oh, my Lord Love . . ." she finished, and her tears broke from the twin chalices of her eyes and dropped, soft rains of paradise, upon his upturned face.

And Hamilton shook his head. "I am not of the race of man any longer, Almond Blossom," he told her; "I am a god who has been made so by love. I shall remain. There is no power in me to go. Steel and iron are not so strong as the dreams that hold me. There are no things so strong as these. Tiny Bird, Beloved, Dream of Dead Lilies, come to my heart and we will wait till the nightingale spills forth his soul and then we will kiss, again, forever . . . forever . . ."

Their voices died away in the murmur of the forest about them and O-Rin strove to brush the ghostly tumults in her soul.

The next morning she arose very early. No almond blossom ever grew so white as her face then. Her hair seemed the sable night which lies about a tomb. The song had gone out of her drifting feet. They dragged like broken blossoms as she walked. She had a mission to perform.

Later, Hamilton arose and finding O-Rin gone, went into the woods to gather food while, to fish within the pools until such time as she should return. She had gone, doubtless, to see Tomatado. She did so now and then.

At noon, Hamilton returned. He was singing beneath his breath. His eyes sought her. She was the blue of the silken robe he thought O-Rin might be wearing. On blue mornings such as these . . .

It did not come to him at once. It occurred, it dawned upon him deliberately, as tho a wound might have been inflicted with a consciousness . . . the willow tree before their door had been heav'n down . . . it lay prone . . . its long trailers like dead drenched fingers streaming in the brook . . . How pale it was! How infinitely hurt it looked! It was the sick green of the Pool of Jade! How very pale it was . . . like death . . . like disappearance . . . like a dream, smitten . . .

Hamilton's cry shuddered thru the forest. He had believed the legend. Always he had believed the legend. The Goddess of the Willow Tree had gone back into the Willow. He was left alone with his honor . . . the honor of a man . . .

Hamilton gave his broken heart to the service of his country. He knew that it was broken. But it did not stain nor mar the shining sword he gave, or his good fight and true. She had thought of this as greater, deeply, certainly, than her mortal life; she had risen above pain; above his importunate hands; no less a thing was left for him to do.

And after it was over he went back. It was better to live with the ghostly companioning of the willow tree dabling its pale dead fingers in the heedless waters. better to listen to the broken lute in the nightingale's throat, better, even, to drink the tears from the lipped cups than to remain where never her drifting feet had passed, where never her touch had been . . .

And so he went back, and the night of his return, the following amber nignt, he sought out Tomatado. Here, if anywhere, would be, not surcease, but some sort of balm, for the empty place where, once a god, his dreams had been. Tomatado, even, might help him people it with ghosts, kind spirits who would move about as ghostly as he, and there might even remain the carven image of her whose spirit had gone back whence to him, miraculously, it had come.

Tomatado was not to be found and yet, within his dwelling place, Hamilton heard the soft singing of footsteps, the shuffling swooning sound of footsteps, of the footsteps of O-Rin, pellets drifting . . . drifting . . .

Hamilton called as never he had thought to call again. If it were the pale green spirit of the tree . . . what then? Come, stronger than their love: greater than long, frail-tipped infatuation tips . . . what then? What then? . . .

The drifting petals of moving feet came nearer him and the slim arms of an unforgotten bliss clapsed him about his throat and the tears of the white lily's bathed his face, healed it, anointed it, made it whole. His dreams quickened within him . . . his sigh shook the petals of her lips seeking his . . .

"Lord of my Life," she was whispering, "I made a play of the legend for your most honorable, your most beloved sake . . . but now you have come back . . . oh, Lord, my Love . . . you have come back again . . ."
Greatest of All Popularity Contests
Unique Competition In Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?
Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELsie FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2, provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows: December 1919 ballot, January 1920 ballot, February 1920 ballot, March 1920 ballot, April 1920 ballot, May 1920 ballot, June 1920 ballot.
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observ- ing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider __________________________ the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name ________________________________
Street ______________________________
City ________________________________
State ________________________________
Country ______________________________
(Date) ______________________________

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

Class Number 2
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that _________________________ will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ________ votes.

Name ________________________________
Street ______________________________
City ________________________________
State ________________________________
Country ______________________________
(Date) ______________________________

The Radiant Doris
(Continued from page 51)

When she entered Syracuse University it was discovered that Doris had a voice, which she began assiduously to cultivate. When the family moved to New York, Miss Kenyon became soloist in a leading Brooklyn church, meanwhile continuing her studies at Barnard. Grand opera was now the desired goal, and while musical comedy seemed a long way from it, yet when Victor Herbert asked her to consider a small part in his opera, "Princess Pat," she decided that it would at least be a beginning.

Now, Doris Kenyon's father, James Kenyon, is one of the compilers of the Standard Dictionary, a learned person with a list of degrees after his name and well known as the writer of verse. Her brother is a respected member of New York State Legislature, her mother a sweet, conservative soul, proud of her gifted daughter but with the strange, bewitched face that brothers have when their children display inexplicable tendencies toward careers hitherto unheard of "in our family."

There was a family council, but Doris was firm, and the family capitulated. It was her first and only stage experience until her present stage success, "The Girl in the Limousine." While playing in "Princess Pat" her vivid beauty attracted the attention of the picture producers, and the result was a phenomenally successful screen career.

Doris Kenyon will travel far, because her ambition is boundless. In addition to her work, she has kept up her music, both vocal and instrumental, and has found time to become an accomplished linguist. She writes charming verse and has written and published in book form a collection of clever monologues. In outward aspect and manner she is the little girl of yore, but in her sunny face one sees a strength, a depth of developed character, the strong purpose and determination that have been hers since the days when she hitched her wagon to a star and decided upon a grand opera career.

One knows not to what heights this young artist may attain, but we know this: she is too well poised and sane to lose all perspective in life, but will keep those fame and fortune the ready laughter, the unspoiled nature, the unself-consciousness of the eternal child, than which no art is finer.

The New Aristocracy
(Continued from page 78)

clothes, nor money, nor comfort, it is good at last to have found the open same to riches, and it is better still to spend those riches as easily as they have come.

And their voices are as the voices of children at play—children who are well satisfied with their playthings!
NOW OPEN!
1920 FAME and FORTUNE CONTEST

We are searching for America's most beautiful and attractive young woman and are going to give her the opportunity of making "her face her fortune." We want to spread a feast of beauty before the eyes that are continually searching for perfection in art. We are going to find a place in the silent drama for the winner. A screen beauty must possess charm of manner, grace of movement and mobility of facial expression. Opportunity stands on the threshold of every farmhouse, hamlet, village and city, beckoning to the open door, ready to place a crown of laurels on the girl most beautiful.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND

will give two years' publicity to the winner. This means your portrait in colors on magazines that claim a circulation of nearly a million copies monthly; interviews, special articles, pictures—in other words publicity that cannot be bought with the price of gold. The magazine claims that in two years the winner will be standing on the top step of the ladder of success in the motion picture world. Read the following rules carefully:

RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from either THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures and snapshots not accepted.

Photos will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants must not write a letter accompanying photo requiring a reply. Thousands of photos will be received and it will be impossible to answer each one. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos must be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The contest is open to every young woman, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.

SHADOWLAND ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No. Date of receipt (Not to be filled in by the Contestant)

Name ...........................................

Address ........................................... (street)
..................................................................................... (city) ........................................... (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any

When born .................................... Birthplace ........................................... Eyes (color)

Hair (color) ........................................... Complexion

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York
Beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows
Make Beautiful Eyes—
Beautiful Eyes Make a Beautiful Face
If your eyebrows and eyelashes are short, thin and uneven you can aid nature in a marvelous way in nourishing and promoting their natural growth by simply applying a little

*Lash-Brow-Ine*

nightly. This pure delicately scented cream is guaranteed absolutely harmless. Stars of the Stage and Screen, Society Beauties, and hundreds of thousands of women everywhere have been delighted with the results obtained by the use of this greatest of all beauty aids, why not you?

50¢ at your dealers or direct from us, postpaid, in plain cover. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointment with imitations. Be sure you are getting the genuine by looking for the picture of "The-Lash-Brow-Ine Girl" (same as above) which adorns every box.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
Sole Manufacturers
4303-95 Grand Boulevard
CHICAGO
"What artists make records for it?" That indicates the quality of a talking-machine as a musical instrument—upon that depends the pleasure you will get from it.

The Victrola brings to you the greatest artists of all the world—and they make records for the Victor Company exclusively because they are convinced that only Victor Records do full justice to their art; that only the Victrola brings that art into your home in all its beauty.

Such fidelity of tone is possible only because Victor Records and the Victrola are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture. They should be used *together* to secure a perfect reproduction. That is the way for you to hear in your own home the superb interpretations of the greatest artists exactly as they themselves heard and approved their own work.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $12 to $500. Any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate the Victrola and play your favorite music for you.

"Victrola" is the Registered Trademark of the Victor Talking Machine Company denoting the products of this Company only.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

SAUER'S
OLD VIRGINIA FRUitti-PuncH

A delicious, ready-to-use punch, requiring only the addition of sugar and water and proper garnishment to make the most refreshing and wholesome drink.
A 35c 2 oz. Bottle Makes 40 Glasses of Punch

For every Christmas Dessert

Christmas dessert-making time is not a time to experiment with flavoring extracts. Other occasions may countenance the use of seasonings of doubtful strength or purity, but this "feast-of-feasts-day" calls for the best the world affords.

The discriminating housewife knows there is one name that signifies extracts of surpassing excellence—and so, for every occasion she demands SAUER'S EXTRACTS

SAUER'S PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Sauer's Flavoring Extracts passed the experimental stage years ago. Today, they are known the world over as the winners of 17 Highest Medal Awards.

For Purity, Strength and Fine Flavor AND AS THE Largest Selling Brand in the United States

Old Virginia Fruitti-Punch is the thirty-third addition to the Sauer family of extracts. Served as a Punch, it makes an ideal Christmas-Day beverage; as a Flavor, it is adaptable to any use—adds a piquant tang to the sauce for plum pudding.

What better Christmas present than a handsome holiday box of half-a-dozen of Sauer's assorted flavors?

THE C. F. SAUER COMPANY, Richmond, Va.
A Mellin's Food Boy

Paul N. Moore, Jr.
York, So. Can.
"I was astonished at my new power over men and women. People actually went out of their way to do things for me—they seemed eager to please me."

The Secret of Making People Like You

"Getting people to like you is the quick road to success—it's more important than ability," says this man. It surely did wonders for him. How does he do it—a simple method which anyone can use instantly.

All the office was talking about it and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man.

There was an important job to be filled—as Assistant-to-the-President. According to the general run of salaries in the office, this one would easily pay from $7,000 to $10,000 a year.

The main requisite, as we understood it, was striking personality and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices, their clubs and their homes on a basis of absolute equality. This the firm considered of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

Y'OU know just what happens when news of an opening gets around an office. The boys got it; picking the man among themselves. The girls in the end narrowed down to three men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtedly make a success of it. But, personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the time knew it, too.

Never shall I forget the thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into the office with a cheery smile, looked me meaningly, handed me a bulletin, and said, "Mr. Fraser, here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President!" There seemed to be a new note of added respect in her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! Those were my thoughts as I paced out of the window, seeing not the hurrying throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President as the home office."

PETERS! Peters!—surely it could not be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. Personality? Why, he was only five feet four inches high and had no more personality than a mouse. Stick him up against a big man and he would look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

January the first and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and did not exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant for him—not exactly.

But our open opposition did not seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that, despite our feeling against him, it was perfectly beginning to admime him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It wasn't long before we all buried our little hatchets and pumped up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in and telephone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made us dizzy to look at. And offers of positions—why, Peters had almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him as a dictionary has words.

What I could not get into my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-looking chap like Peters would make such an impression with everyone—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The masterly Peters of to-day was an over-averagc man from the commonplace Peters I had first met years ago. I could not see how nor why the other boys.

One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he didn't. He let me in on the secret. He said he was not afraid to do it, because there was always plenty of room at the top.

What Peters told me opened my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Many things I could not see before suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within a month I was getting remarkable results. I had suddenly become popular, business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was accustomed at my new power over men and women. Not only could I get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to please me.

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. I met him like a corner tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showing me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but I'll tell you the same story—the ability to make people like you, before what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I take no personal credit for what I have done. All the credit I owe to the method Peters told me about. We have been told in lots of our friends, and it has paid off for them to do just as Peters did, and they have been as successful as he has been.
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHIELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a “crush” on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVa or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.

2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Ballot</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>December</td>
<td>1919</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January</td>
<td>1920</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February</td>
<td>1920</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>1920</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April</td>
<td>1920</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May</td>
<td>1920</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June</td>
<td>1920</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

3. The result of each month’s ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.

4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.

5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ____________________________
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name______________________________
Street____________________________
City______________________________
State____________________________
Country__________________________
(Dated)__________________________

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ________________________
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with _______ votes.

Name______________________________
Street____________________________
City______________________________
State____________________________
Country__________________________
(Dated)__________________________

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND
The Magazine of Magazines

FEBRUARY, 1920

Important Features in This Issue:

GOOD-BY TO THE MOVIES FOR AWHILE... Elsie Ferguson
The beautiful star talks of her screen experiences upon her return to the stage.

THE CHORUS GIRL... Louis Raymond Reid
An interesting story of footlight charmers and where they come from.

THEY WERE NOT SO SLOW IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS... Frederick F. Schrader
A comparison between the stage of today and yesterday.

THE STAGE IN REVIEW... The Critic
Comment upon the newest plays of the season.

THE LOST ART OF RECITATION... Henry Gaines Hawn
The second of a series of unusual articles upon recitation and its possibilities

and

AN INTERVIEW WITH McKay Morris

THE M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY
SHADOWLAND

Published monthly by the M. P. Publishing Company, a New York Corporation with its principal offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Treasurer; E. M. Heinmann, Secretary; Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor. Editorial offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to which address all mail should be sent.

Subscription $3.00 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $4.00 a year; in foreign countries, $4.50. Single copies, 35 cents. Postage prepaid. One and two-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-class matter.
Copyright, 1920, by the M. P. Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain.

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
OUR COLOR PLATES:

Emma Haig
Just now one of vaudeville's favorite dancers

Betty Compson
"The Miracle Man" established this young and beautiful actress as a player of tremendous promise

Lila Lee
Screenland has no more attractive little ingenue

Tsuru Aoki
Sessue Hayakawa's wife is a cinema star in her own name

Priscilla Dean
There is a flash and picturesqueness to this vivacious silverscreen star

Rosina Galli
The charming principal dancer of the New York Metropolitan opera forces and a leader of the dance in America

Ruth Roland
An actress of decided daring who has established herself in the world of the thrilling film serial and

A reproduction of an original painting by H. M. Kitchell
Painted from Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Emma Haüg.
Painted from Photograph by Woodbury

Betty Compson
Painted from a Photograph by Hartsook

Lila Lee
JANE COWL

Photograph by Abbe

Lending her Vivid Personality this season to the dramatic oddity, "Smilin' Through"
Vaudeville has offered a great deal to Terpsichore but nothing more colorful than the offering of the Marmein sisters.
Sisters of Terpsichore

Born in the West, Miriam and Irene Marmein received their education in Boston, where their mother was a teacher of expression at Amerson College. They began their creative work in dancing a few years ago in Chicago, where they opened their studio. Feeling that vaudeville offered a broad field for their activities, they invaded the varieties—with marked success.
I agree with you," McKay Morris ex-
claimed enthusiastically, "that out-
side of Fokine's ballet in this 'Aphro-
dite,' the loveliest picture we have in New 
York today is the little scene in the second 
act of those en route to the Feast of 
Bacchus. The pastel lamps borne at dif-
ferent angles, the golden litters, the slim 
girls in chiffon, and the courtesans in em-
broideries and jewels—aren't they enough 
to set you mad?"

That's just the way McKay Morris talks. 
Breathlessly and excitedly. Either he 
"loathes" this or he's "wild" about that. 
It's never a case of "so-so," or of a thing 
being "pretty decent." Because what he 
doesn't get aroused over—pro or con— 
he considers isn't worth emotion.

"And the color in 'Aphrodite'—did you 
ever see anything like it? I go home every 
night dreaming shades of oranges and 
purples." We were in his dressing-room 
in the Century Theater. It was before the 
matinée and his man, Yogo, or Yoko, was 
getting ready the wardrobe of Demetrios.

Under Stuart Walker, with his players 
of the Portmanteau Theater, Morris gained 
his stage training—oddly he had been cast 
always—when there was one to be played— 
as a king. A voice dripping melody be-
longs to scepters. And a body, virile, regal,
"No, I'm not," his humor came into its own; "they were. I'm just the son of a colonel. Father fought in the Civil War."

McKay Morris was reared as a soldier's boy. The dominant law of his education was, "Make thee a foundation of thy body so that thy mind will be free to carry on." He was sent to West Point with the idea of establishing himself in a military career, when intuition gradually enlightened him that that could not be his life's job. A cousin asked him during this process of awakening, "Why don't you go on the stage?"

But a week-end in New York offered him the opportunity of seeing David Belasco, at that time contemplating a new production. Morris said he stood in the studio twenty minutes before the maestro uttered a word. Then he was quizzed, "How tall did you say you were?"

To which Morris replied, "Six feet two, sir," and was answered and dismissed with a quiet nod of the head. Yet that week he was called to play a minor part in "The Governor's Lady." As the piece did not go into rehearsal for six months, he spent the intervening time in studying pantomime with Mme. Albertieri, of Carnegie Hall, to whom he still goes when he has something especially intricate to work out.

His father's death a few years previous spared the colonel the shock of realizing Kay was to develop histrionically. But his mother's disappointment was not overcome until the following season, when he made his appearance with the initial performance of the Stuart Walker Players. For the past five years he has been vitally associated with the Portmanteau until this fall, when Comstock and Gest offered him the part of Demetrios, opposite Dorothy Dalton's Chrysis, in the extravaganza founded on the novel by Pierre Louys.

If he has had one, he has had a dozen contracts beckon from every theatrical (Continued on page 80)
MAE MURRAY
Appearing in Paramount-Arctraft Screen Productions
LAURETTE TAYLOR

Appearing this Season in the Colorful "One Night in Rome"
Miss Deshon is now devoting her entire time to the cinema, being a member of the Goldwyn Pictures coast forces.
Painted from a Studio Photograph

Isuru Aoki
Painted from Action Photograph

Cecilia Dean
Painted from a Photograph by Lumiere

Real Roland
ROSEMARY THEBY
A Favorite in the World of the Cinema
Mae Murray, now devoting her entire time to the cinema, was a devotee of the dance not so long ago. When the tango craze was at its height Miss Murray stepped from the Follies to become a dance divinity.
When the jazz band plays, Mae Murray simply can't keep still. These piquant dance moments are reproduced from the motion picture film.

It was very easy for Mae Murray to do these dance scenes for her George Fitzmaurice production, "On With the Dance." For once she herself was really the dance idol of New York.
In the Two-a-Day

"Vic" Quinn, to be viewed at the left, arrived in the varieties rather late on the crest of the jazz dance craze, but she quickly won a place for herself. Little Miss Quinn is one of the most popular of Keith syncopated dancers.

Florence Moore is one of the cutest of vaudeville entertainers. She may be glimpsed in a Keith offering, "Musicland".
The Equity Ball

Ethel Barrymore was one of the chief centers of interest at the recent Equity Ball, held at the Hotel Astor.

Above, a picturesque incident following the unfurling of the Actors' Equity emblem when Miss Barrymore passed beneath an arch of swords. The cavaliers (first row, from left to right) are H. Reeves Smith, John Charles Thomas, John Barrymore and Charles Dalton, while immediately behind are Charles King, Bruce McRae and Charles Cherry.

Left, Miss Barrymore, with her cavaliers, John Charles Thomas and John Barrymore.

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood.
With the Plays and Players

Ethel Barrymore and Claude King in a strong moment of Zoe Akins' clever drama, "De-classee," now running successfully at the Empire Theater

John Clark and Marjorie Burgess in the tuneful Messy-Tarkington operetta, "Monsieur Beaucaire," at the New Amsterdam and based upon the Indiana author's romance of old Bath.
Above, Otis Skinner and Ruth Rose in Mr. Skinner's new play, "Pietro," at the Criterion Theater.

At the left and right are Ernest Truex and Eileen Wilson in the entertaining little comedy, "No More Blondes!"
PRINCESS WHITE DEER

Recently in Raymond Hitchcock's revue but soon to be seen in the varieties in a special act

Photograph by Campbell Studios
HENRY MILLER AND BLANCHE BATES

As they appear in James Forbes' clever "The Famous Mrs. Fair," one of the season's stage successes

Photograph by Apeda
The word “silversheet” is usually connected with the cinema. This young dancer, one of the Anne Wright artistes, has created a dance of the silversheet for the Artists’ Ball in San Francisco.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Fictionized from the Paramount-Jack Barrymore Photoplay

By Jane Ward

"VIRTUE," said Sir George Carew, with his habitual sneer, "is simply absence of temptation. The man who hasn't sinned is the man who has never met sin in an attractive guise. Look at the monks! They don't dare mingle with life; they're afraid, and so they run away from the world and hide behind stone walls, and even then there are Thaïses—Heloise..."

Henry Uterson affixed his pince-nez precisely, brought his finger-tips together judicially. "Ah, but my dear Carew," he smiled, "we have one here with us who entirely disproves your theory. It is a loose saying that an exception proves the rule. In law and logic, one single exception renders an entire proposition untenable. How do you explain our friend Jekyll?"

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Lanyon, the surgeon, with a nervous burst of laughter. "Got you there, Carew! Jekyll certainly doesn't shun life—wallows in it, rather! There are few varieties of sin he doesn't come up against every day, but—well, they don't rub off on him, that's all."

The man under discussion touched his wine-glass with sensitive fingers, smiling deprecation. He was in his early thirties, slight of form, with a singular serenity of face, a clarity and gentleness that vaguely reminded the beholder of something seen before somewhere—a face in some old print or painting.

All of his daytime hours were spent in the clinic that he had started in the most fetid slums of London, where he toiled over ailing bodies with no more payment than the dumb gratitude of hundreds of poor wretches, to whom he was very close akin to God, and more loved by far than the aloof, unhearing Deity who never stooped to their misery. It was an odd whimsey of Fate that he should be right as a friend by the powerful, too, and even welcomed at the home of Sir George Carew, the most notorious roué in the city. Whether the theory of attraction of opposites was responsible for this curious friendship, or a darker reason—whether the very purity of Howard Jekyll's soul aroused in the dissipated nobleman the uneasy desire to destroy it, that it might no longer flaunt the blackness of his own—these are conjectures, merely.

"Pooh!" Carew laughed, with a wicked wink. "I said 'sin—in some pleasant guise.' Jekyll sees only the ugliness of evil in his work. He's as much hidden from the temptations of life as tho he were entombed in a monastery, too. He sees the results of sin, not sin itself, in all its beauty and lure. The only way to overcome temptation is to meet it face to face, yield to it—and never yield again. The old Christians had a deuced uncomfortable custom called the Ordeal of Fire—Jekyll's never experienced that, eh, Doctor?"

Dr. Jekyll shook his head quietly. "I have been so busy." He seemed almost apologetic. "I'm afraid I haven't had the time for intricate self-study, but I do know that in me, as in all of us, is a blend of good and evil, and I suppose, as Sir George says, that, under
the host’s bland, yet withal challenging, the lawyer’s a shade uneasy, the commonplace countenance of Lanyon crisscrossed with a sneer. The man addressed appeared to reflect, his lips touched with a faint smile. Then slowly, he nodded. “Why not?” Dr. Jekyll asked, calmly. “You have awakened curiosity in me to see what manner of man I have been living with for thirty-four years. By all means, let us go, and see to it that you show me evil at its pleasantest, that I may settle the question once and for all.”

Only waiting to say good-night to the ladies in the drawing-room, Sir George’s maiden sister Emily, and his daughter Millicent, who had just come out of the convent school where she had spent her eighteen years, they donned their overcoats and hats and set out into the night, the two surgeons walking together. Sir George and Utterson leading the way, Dr. Jekyll was silent. In his mind there shone the memory of a face he had just left, the face of Millicent, pure as an angel’s, with straight, fine hair smoothly parted on a low, white forehead and eyes that gazed wonderingly and trustfully out at the world.

“How can such a flower have sprung from Carew soil?” he thought, and his scientific mind returned to the discussion at the dinner-table. “I was wrong. There is no blend of good and evil in Millicent; she is all innocence, all goodness. How much better it would have been to have remained in her presence, talking of simple things, rather than to go on this expedition? Faugh! Already I am sorry I came. What man in his senses would deliberately set out evil to prove it has no hold on him?”

They turned East from Piccadilly Circus and presently paused before a great hall that made a splash of gaudy-colored lights upon the thick darkness. Music, loud, insistent, strangely exciting, came from within. A woman with great busts and bare, fleshy arms, sold them tickets, and they entered the music-hall and took their seats in the dress circle.
seats at a table near the stage. Dr. Jekyll looked about him wonderingly, with visible shrinking, at a scene which, the familiar enough to his companions, was like stepping into a totally different world to him.

A squalid, sordid world at first sight, with its vulgar paintings of naked women on the walls, its sawdust-covered floor stained with wine and sprinkled with tobacco, its shrieking orchestra tugging at the nerves. The waitress who served them with champagne disgusted him with her obvious and practiced arts. "If this is sin," he thought nauseated, "I cannot feel it is virtue to refrain from it."

Then the soiled velvet curtains parted and a slim, lithe figure ran across the stage, with a fling of short, gauzy draperies that did not pretend to conceal voluptuously formed limbs, dimpled knees and ankles that one could span with the fingers of a hand. Therese, a Spanish dancer, as she was billed, tho a product of Limehouse, was a newcomer to the hall, still young, appealingly fresh and girlish. The four men watched her dance with a flattering intention which she soon noticed. She smiled at them, waved her hand and redoubled her seductiveness, while the jangling music awoke slumbering emotions, excited suggestions.

Doctor Jekyll half rose from his seat. Sir George looked at him. His thin, ascetic young face was very pale; great drops stood out on his forehead; his hands, resting on the table, trembled convulsively. "Already afraid of temptation?" sneered the older man.

"It is horrible!" breathed Jekyll; "horrible! That child, parading her youth before us, her beautiful young body, in a glass of spirits. Ran back into his seat. The dance finished. Therese came down from the stage, straight to their table, smilingly confident of a welcome. She was even more beautiful, seen so closely, with the delicate curving and hollowing of adolescence revealed by her scanty gown, with her eyes brilliant with triumph and self-sufficiency. She gave Sir George her hand, but her glance traveled about the table until it rested upon the white, set face of the young doctor, paused there, clung. She leaned forward deliberately and kissed him full upon the forehead.

What were the emotions of Dr. Jekyll those watching could only conjecture from his bitten lip, the strange trembling and contortion of the delicate features, the straining of the fingers still clutching the table edge. In a mirror opposite Jekyll saw himself, and stared, unbelieving; then, with an exclamation of disgust, he rose and, without another glance at his companions, passed rapidly from the room.

In the hall Dr. Lanyon caught up with him. "I'm fed up with it, too. Suppose I go home with you," he suggested. "You look quite done up, old man. Fool idea of Carew's, anyway, and the place was damned hot!"

It was not until they sat finally in Jekyll's plainly furnished study, before a brisk grate fire, that the young doctor spoke, in a curiously subdued voice. "Lanyon, it's true. Tonight I have seen myself for the first time, as I might be. I am horrified to think what I am capable of! When that girl—"

He shuddered, covered his face with his hands. "Oh, why did I go to that cursed place?" "Nonsense!" the other comforted him. "You've withdrawn yourself from a normal man's life too long, that's all. Those feelings are natural, necessary—they're what keep the world moving."

But Dr. Jekyll shook his head wretchedly. "No! That was lust—the desire of the beast! It was almost stronger than I! In another moment—" He brought his hands together violently. "Lanyon, there must be some way of separating the two natures in a man so that he may destroy the evil one utterly. Think of the miracles science has already performed! It is simply a question of disintegrating a complex personality into two primal ones, the God in man, the beast in man!"

He spoke like one in a dream. His face was flushed, his breath came quick and fast. Dr. Lanyon gave an uneasy laugh. "Oh, come now! That's impossible. And if it weren't, it would be the worst thing that could happen to the world. Imagine! A horde of demons let loose—as it is now the good is stronger than the evil and keeps it under control pretty well, with only occasional outbreaks, but if you suggest were possible—"

He got up, went to the cabinet and poured himself out a glass of whisky. It was plain to see that Dr. Jekyll's fanciful suggestion had unnerved him, and he took his departure as soon as possible, almost unnoticed by his friend, who sat staring into the dancing flames with rapt
gaze. Far into the night he sat there. When he finally got up he staggered with the numbness of his limbs. No doubt it was the shifting shadows of the fire across his face that gave it the odd look of smiling hideously.

For several weeks thereafter his world saw very little of Dr. Jekyll. He neglected his clinic, from the closed doors of which the mothers with their miserable, diseased offspring turned hopelessly away, feeling that God had indeed forgotten them. He took no more dinners in the Carew home in Grosvenor Square. He denied himself to his friend Utterson and to Lanyon and shut himself into the tiny laboratory at the rear of his chambers, where night and day the landlady could hear him moving about, with the occasional tinkle of glass or escape of some pent-smell from an opened retort.

At length, one morning when the first tremble of spring was apparent in the tiny garden that opened off the laboratory and the sun lay in thin gold plates over the uneven floor, Dr. Jekyll stood before his table, upon which rested two beakers of colorless liquid and a goblet. Colorless they appeared in the dimness, but when he raised each to the light the sun seemed to set the contents of one on fire, turning it a sullen, muddy scarlet, while the other glowed with golden light.

The doctor mused on the fruit of his weeks of experimenting, then turned his eyes toward the peaceful world without. Already the warm green and grass of winter held a tinge of orange green. In the rose-bush by the window a tiny sparrows had built a nest with infinite labor, and now it held three speckled dots of eggs beneath her sheltering wings. It was a very lovely world, very safe, and natural and serene.

"Perhaps," he said, aloud, doubtfully, "perhaps I should fling this beaker down the spout of yonder drain, where it could never do harm." He thought of Millicent, shy, wondering, with the clear light in her wide eyes that he would have been blind if he had not seen there when he talked with her. His hand went down, seized the distillation of scarlet and made a violent motion as though to dash it to the ground, then another thought stayed it . . .

Suddenly Jekyll poured an infinitesimal amount of the liquid from the bottle in his hand into the goblet, added clear water and raised it to his lips. "It will not work," he muttered. "Of course, I have failed—but I must know! And if it should succeed I can destroy the rest of the liquid at any time."

He drank. A full-length mirror hung opposite in the shadows. He seized a lamp, lighted it and thrust it close, staring at his own image—or was it his own? Before his very eyes a change seemed taking place. The features seemed to thicken, thicken, the skin to grow blear, the eyes to glitter with a dreadful light. He held the lamp still closer, staring breathlessly. Yes, it was true! He was a different man entirely—his own friends would not have recognized him. His slight form seemed to shrink still further, grow twisted, almost deformed. He saw that the hands that held the lamp were covered with coarse black hair.

He set the lamp down, stood still, trying to analyze the emotions that filled his brain. He could not quite clearly, even more clearly than before. He was perfectly conscious of what he had done; conscious, too, of new feelings, new ideas, new emotions. Black suggestions jogged his brain, evil imaginings. What sport it would be to go to that music-hall again! This time he would return Millicent's kiss—the tantalizing little devil.

He went over to the window and looked out. A slight seemed to have fallen over the garden. He reached out toward the tiny, feather mother, sitting patiently on her nest, crushed her between hands suddenly terribly strong, dashed the eggs on the brick wall, tore the nest to shreds, and roared with laughter. Sport—great sport!

"I shall name myself—this self Hyde," he said, aloud, in a harsh, grating voice, as different from Jekyll's low, gentle one as he was different in body and soul. But reflected, No, he could not remain here as Hyde. He must have a room of his own, clothes of his own. In the lowest
quarter of London slums he found a room, in an evil, tumble-down brick row, filled with prostitutes, thieves and beggars, and engaged it as William Hyde from the blar-dyed land-lady, who called herself Mrs. Thomas and whined that she was a respectable body and his things 'ud be quite safe here, oh, quite!

In this unspeakably filthy place, fetid with rank odors of dirt and disease, he changed his clothes and donned the poorer ones which he had purchased in an obscure shop. Then, transformed, he slunk out and went toward the music-hall and Therese...

Late that evening he stood in his laboratory again, Howard Jekyll, a little pale, a little shaky of hands, and that was all to tell the tale of the evil hours just gone. As he remembered them they took on the monstrous sick aspect of images experienced in a nightmare or in delirium. He cried out in agony at the memory. "Never again as long as I live! I must have been mad—mad..."

But he did not destroy the beaker of scarlet light.

For several weeks thereafter he flung himself into his neglected work with a sort of sacerdotal zeal."Never had he done so much for the poor, never had his face seemed to them to shine with such a wonderful light of love and tenderness. He mingled once more with his friends, spoke again with Millicent and shuddered as he gazed down into her pure, girlish face, to remember the creature of the music-hall whom as Hyde he had possessed.

Then one evening some irresistible impulse sent him to the scarlet beaker, from which he staggered away, a repulsive thing, slavering, cringing, full of evil thoughts and plans for mankind. This time, with the black passions of Hyde bitter and potent in his veins, he remained in the miserable rooms for several days, drinking recklessly, cursing God and man. In the intervals of drunken slumber he visited Therese, and roamed about London, kicking up gambling in low dives, committing acts of such monstrosity that they were to haunt Dr. Jekyll's thoughts for days thereafter. He even threw himself in the way of those who knew Jekyll, and laughed in wilful triumph to see that no one recognized him. Utterson passed him by with contempt, and Sir George Carew flung him a copper, that was all.

To get at the transforming drug it was necessary that Hyde should have access to the laboratory, and so Jekyll, loathing himself, but speaking at the dictation of that hideous personality within, which he himself had created, gave directions to his landlady that "his friend, Mr. Hyde," should have free access to his rooms. Thus his acquaintances came to know this creature who was and was not Jekyll. Utterson, when the young doctor came to him to make a will, leaving everything he possessed to "his friend, Hyde," ventured to remonstrate:

"I do not make a practice," the lawyer said, in his dry, (Continued on page 76)

Page Thirty-Seven
Shadowland's Old-Fashioned Girl:

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN
ANNA Q. NILSSON
One of Screenland's favorite beauties
The Chorus Girl

DESPITE the sweep of radicalism over the land, despite the pyrotechnics set off in the nation-wide battles between capital and labor, the country is still safe for the tired business man. The chorus girl continues to flourish as wonderfully as of old. The bridge of thighs erected in those grandfatherly days of "The Black Crook" still spans the nation from New York to San Francisco staunchly and securely. And millions of sightseers view it and are the happier and more contented for it just as in the palmy past.

Any first-rate economist—such as Stephen Leacock, for example—will tell you the country simply cannot go to the dogs so long as this bridge stands firm. You may take the word of Shubert or Ziegfeld or Dillingham or Erlanger, all of whom were among its architects, or the word of those former genial hosts of Broadway who merely talk o' gin and beer and who used to come in nightly contact with t. h. m. that the bridge will stand firm. They will see to it that it continues to serve as an instrument of safety for all men on their way to a reckless and radical old age. You may chatter of the spread of bolshevism until you are red in the face, but the development of strikes and profiteers and agitators will not affect the inherent greatness of America unless—and until—the chorus girl becomes extinct.

And there is no danger that she will become extinct. Considered from the standpoint of governmental philosophy, she belongs to both the classes and the masses. Neither a Morgan nor a Marx can deprive her of this privilege. She would be suitable to either an aristocracy or a socialistic form of government. She can wear diamonds and silks and ermine and sables with the grace and distinction of a princess. But she is also at home in Russian smocks and bobbed hair and gingham and tortoise-shell spectacles and all the other habiliments of Greenwich Village socialism.

Simplify her characteristics just a trifle. Consider her from the standpoints of personality and physique and you will agree with her own testimony that she possesses class, you will agree with the testimony of that impresario of burlesque, Mr. Billy Watson, that she also has mass. Indeed, Mr. Watson was so proud of the reputation for bulk which his organization established that he called his company "The Beef Trust."

It is certain, then, that the chorus girl is unique in modern civilization. She can meet marquis or millionaire upon her own reservations and hold her assurance in the face of ostentatious matrimony. She holds equal poise in a proletarian character. She is able at all times to exert a deft respectability. She can run the gauntlet of the Johnnies with a proud humility and toss her salary without a protest into the lap of a poor and industrious mother.

Indeed, it takes all kinds of people to make a world of chorus girls. And the population of this particular world increases with each passing sh—year. Hordes upon hordes of chorus girls are in New York now, either playing in productions on view to the public or rehearsing in shows that aspire to reach Broadway before Louis V. DeFoe writes his season's summary. Hundreds more—perhaps thousands—no one really knows the number, with the possible exception of those theatrical saviors, the cut-rate ticket agents—are knocking at the gates, eager for the long run on Broadway and its chance for steadily accumulated funds, its chance for the fleeting glory of the stage that sometimes singles a girl out of the back row of the ensemble and brings her into spirited competition between managers and moving picture mag-
nates. Of course, in such a case she must be either pretty or clever. Frequently she is both and the road to Rolls-Royces is made comparatively easy.

Were our statisticians really enterprising they would enumerate the hosts of chorus girls in the United States instead of confining their activities exclusively to soldiers, clergymen, schoolteachers, textile workers and other dull inhabitants of the World Almanac. They would attempt to compute the length of a parade of chorus girls on Broadway or the number of times the chorus girls, massed in single file, would encircle the globe. Such a computation would be entertaining, for it would deal not only with figures—but with figures. To date it has remained unrecorded. It is herewith submitted freely to the statisticians of the magazine sections of the Sunday papers.

Industrial experts decry the shortage of labor in practically all fields of endeavor. But there is never a chorus girl shortage, despite the lamentations of ambitious press agents. Let one chorus girl enter the movies or marry a wealthy Harvard sophomore, and there are ten to take her place. The supply always exceeds the demand. In spite of this fact she has had her wages greatly increased in the last half-dozen years. A glorious blow at a sound economic law, but true, nevertheless. And now she is solidly entrenched within the lines of the American Federation of Labor, able to rely upon its full strength for assistance whenever she deems it necessary. Whereas, she formerly received $15 to $18 weekly for her work, she now is paid $30 to $35. And in such productions as "The Follies" she frequently draws such salaries as $75 weekly.

In the face of such compensation for comparatively little work, why should not the chorus girl market be well stocked? Why should not girls in the factories and department stores and offices harken to the call of a musical comedy stage manager? There is always the possibility of great fame and fortune. There is always the possibility of becoming a second Marie Dressler or Elsie Ferguson or Ann Pennington or Olive Thomas. It is indeed strange that more girls of the middle classes or the proletariat classes have not responded.

But the industrial world had better take warning. If musical comedies continue to be produced in such numbers as during this twelve months' period of reaction from the war, the factories and department stores and offices will be depleted of their working forces, for it is from these places that the majority of chorus girls come. During the past year the country, and particularly Broadway, has not been able seemingly to get enough musical comedy to satisfy its desires. Most any kind of musical comedy prospered. And this season the same rule is in effect. To one who gives but a casual glance to the theatrical world such a condition might indicate a serious reflection upon the progress of the drama in America. But the drama has also prospered—serious, realistic problem drama such as "John Ferguson." The musical comedy, however, is dominant. And musical comedies could not exist on Broadway or in Bangor without that institution—girl.

Most chorus girls live in New York and have lived there all their lives. Some of them are of the first families of Fordham, but Brooklyn, the lower East Side and the lower West Side of Manhattan, Harlem and the Bronx are well represented. So are several of the hotels in the roaring Forties, for many chorus girls refuse to live above Fiftyfifth Street. They take pride in declaring that nothing ever happens above Fiftyfifth Street and, of course, the district below Fortyfifth Street is too far downtown to attract them. But you must not believe for a

(Continued on page 74)
Clare Close-Up, the adored cinema star, decided to go to Europe for a complete rest, you know the sort, away from directors, press agents and other unpleasant people. She had her "rest clothes" designed by Madame Lu-Lu.

Clare considered her traveling wrap and turban decidedly fetching.

Quite chic, too, is the striped taffeta bathing suit for Biarritz.

Very stunning is her dance dress designed for a run-in to Paris and a visit to the Chu Chin Chow.
For strolls along the seawall at Nice is a lovely sport dress.

An afternoon gown to wear at tea at—well—any piquant Continental restaurant.

Clare Close-Up Vacations

Best of all is a quiet, expensive little dinner gown for a quiet, expensive dinner at the Rue Cambon. Yes, Clare Close-Up expects a very restful vacation.
FRANCELIA BILLINGTON
One of Universal's Newest Stars

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.
Good-By to the Movies for a While

By Elsie Ferguson

It has been a wonderful experience, these two years in motion picture work! I feel that I am better equipped for the spoken drama because of it. Looking back over the eighteen roles I have portrayed in this space of time, I naturally favor some of the characters I created more than others. I prefer to originate or interpret a natural human being, rather than a wholly fictional person. There is a vast difference between the two. The first is genuine all thru, the other is romantically created, which is interesting, of course, but not as truly human. Do not misunderstand me. I like romantic roles; in fact, I prefer them to the sor-did, cut and dried characters which are so prevalent in the motion picture stories, but I would much rather that the atmosphere and setting of the picture lend romance to the character than the character appear fantastic. In other words, I prefer acting the lives of human beings who could readily be found in any walk of life.

I think, too, that stories with foreign atmosphere are very fascinating.

Out of my eighteen productions, six were decidedly foreign, and represented almost every land that breathes romance. "Bartholomew" carried the spirit of Egypt, and "Rose of the World" was laid in India. "The Witness for the Defense" also was enhanced by the spell of India. Then came "The Avalanche," which found its location in Spain, and "The Society Exile," which chose for its picturesque setting one of the loveliest spots in the world—Venice.

A recent production, "His House in Order," was laid in England, but this was not my first appearance in British atmosphere! Many scenes in "The Society Exile" carried English settings, and the whole of "Under the Greenwood Tree" was located on English soil—or, rather, to be exact, Fort Lee, N. J., soil! The farthest north I have traveled in my motion picture career was Norway, which gave the atmosphere to "A Doll's House." Surely, all this touring about during two years should have enlarged my scope.

Speaking seriously about the roles I have created, I will say quite frankly that the characterization in "Rose of the World" fascinated me. The story was fraught with romance and pathos and seemed, to me, to possess that rare quality, a perfect realization of love as it is sometimes lived in real life. The character of the woman was a strong and appealing one. She possessed that tenacious power of affection which continued to glow after the knowledge that her husband was dead had been proven to her. She was like a being living in some past life, still groping and anguishing for her loved one. The atmosphere of the story, which was laid in Indi, was colorful and imaginative, and it did not seem at all surprising when the strength of her love brought him back to her. So much can be done with a story that is romantically inspired. Suspense and imagination contribute such a large quantity to the characters when true romance, not maudlin sentimentality, is the theme.

"The Rise of Jenny Cushing" was another photoplay that I enjoyed characterizing. Jenny Cushing demonstrated to me that the character is a forceful one. The roles which long to rise above their sordid surroundings. Hers was the spirit of ambition awakened to activity. Her progress toward self-betterment was an interesting study. At last, when she attained the goal for which she strived, she was big enough to renounce the great love in her life and devote herself to making other people's affections lighter. Self-sacrifice, which is no form of self-pity, is an appealing characteristic in any one.

In "A Doll's House," Nora stood as a symbolic figure of the modern woman, who can go forth in the world and make a place for herself, demanding nothing but equality and a chance to prove her worth. She sacrificed the shelter of her home, her husband and her children for an ideal. There may be persons who do not approve of Nora, but nevertheless one cannot deny that she was a forceful character.

One of the productions which gave me tremendous pleasure was "Eyes of the Soul." It seemed to me that the girl, Gloria, exemplified all that has been written and said about the effect of the great war on womanhood. Like many other young women, before the world war, Gloria never thought seriously about anything outside the frivolous little world in which she lived. There was a rich man who wanted to marry her. She did not love him and he was old, but his money held an attraction for this girl, who never had had much of the world's goods. Then came the war hero into her life. He had given his

(Continued on page 78)
The Palace of

One of the handsomest mansions of any motion picture producer is that of J. Stuart Blackton.

Above, exterior of the Blackton residence

Right, the ball room with its $50,000 pipe organ. The room is done in Empire style with white and gold panels of carved wood and gold velvet walls. The floor is of teakwood.
It is located in Brooklyn and occupies an entire block in frontage.

Above, another view of the ball room. At the left is shown the seat and stand from which the pipe organ is played.

Left, the reception room is in the Renaissance period, the ceilings being elaborately carved. The fixtures were imported from Rome. The walls are dark green velvet, while the mantel is of the same color.
The Rival Clarences

Booth Tarkington's clever comedy, "Clarence," is now a hit in both New York and Chicago.

Above, Glen Hunter, Alfred Lunt and Helen Hayes in the New York "Clarence" and, at the right, Gregory Kelly, Robert Adams and Ruth Gordon in the Chicago "Clarence."

Below, Glen Hunter (left), and Gregory Kelly (right), as the rival "Clarences."

Page Forty-Eight
What Every Woman Should Know

By The Rambler

There is truth in the old adage:

"When the days begin to lengthen,
The cold begins to strengthen—"

and with this "strengthening" of the cold comes the usual exodus of fortune's favorites to warmer, sunnier climes. That the high-class dressmakers and exclusive shops are in sympathy with the "flitters" there is no shadow of a doubt, for their principal attention is now directed to the fashioning of all sorts of fetching dresses, wraps, hats, etc., for those who will bask under a summer sun, even tho the calendar tells us it is February.

If one is fortunate enough to be contemplating a trip to any of the Southern resorts at this time or within the next few weeks, there are some of the most fascinating things in the shops which should find a place in one's trunk. Palm Beach, not to mention all the equally smart Southern resorts, brings to the mind of the average woman visions of a great many things besides the sandy beach, palm-trees and blue skies.

Turn where we will, we are confronted with wonderful visions of dainty, summery frocks and hats, not to mention the countless accessories. These advance models cannot fail to interest the stay-at-home, for they presage what they, too, shall wear when the "really and truly" spring and summer come around.

For the Traveler

who wishes to arrive at her destination spic and span, in a frock unwrinkled and unrumpled, there is no safer-selection for the traveling frock than rubaya, a soft, pliable silk with a weave similar to that of serge. It is offered in several new shades this season, but, for practical purposes, navy, tan, brown and grey leave nothing to be desired. Roshanara crepe is another good fabric for the shopping suit or one-piece dress.

Simple frocks of silk jersey are practical for traveling, also coat dresses of silk duvety or taffeta. White capes, or coats with long cape attached at the back, or rather at the sleeves, are very much in evidence for traveling.

Hats

For traveling there is the saucy collapsible hat of durable duvety or comfortable turban of draped silk.

Hats for the Southland are large and dressy.

Gown of figured shantung with collar and frill of organzine bound with grosgrain ribbon. Posed by Martha Mansfield for Bonwit, Teller & Co.
Dainty house gown of lace and ribbon with an airy jacket of chiffon. Posed by Jackie Saunders for Bonwit, Teller & Co.

Palm Beach parasols are featured in the popular sport silks—Kumsi-Kumsa and Fan-ta-si. Bakelite, which comes in beautiful color effects, such as jade, rose, etc., is in high favor for handles. It is also much seen in ivory and tortoise-shell. Dainty parasols in magpie effects are much in evidence.

The Sport Suit

is, of course, of tremendous importance. For sports at most of the resorts, white is considered a bit smarter than colors. White angora is shown in a very smart straight-line suit with revers of the scarf order, finished with fringe at the bottom. A white silk tricolette suit is strikingly trimmed with wide-striped black and white angora. Two of the stripes are placed about the skirt, and the entire jacket is of striped material. An off-the-face hat made of the striped material plays a large part in achieving the desired smartness.

Many of the most effective silks, too, are manufactured especially for sport wear. "Dew Kist" is tremendously popular, and "Kumi-Kumsi" in a combination of greenish blue and silver is extremely smart. Newport Cord, too, is in demand for sport and street dresses, suits, etc. Suede is used to trim sport models of both silk and wool. Jumpers of soft kid are worn with sport suits of satin. A popular sport hat is of shiny straw, which closely resembles patent leather. Black satin Oxfords, built on long, slim lines, are voted "correct" for afternoon wear "'neath sunny skies."

Silks

for the beach promenade, for the afternoon frock, for evening dresses and for practical frocks are legion and are of unusual attraction. "Cheney Twill" is among the newcomers. It is wonderfully soft and lovely, with, as its name indicates, a fine twilled weave in which a number of bold and effective color contrasts such as black, navy or brown on a white ground. These twills are shown in small conventional designs in blue and white, black and white, brown and tan.

Poulard has been recognized for many seasons as an ideal silk for hot weather wear, and never before have we seen as varied and charming an assortment of designs.
and color combinations as are shown in the new foulards, which, by the way, are extensively used in the make-up of the advanced models. In some of the designs we note the old-time dots and rings, but they are almost unrecognizable owing to their unique and novel placement, which lifts them entirely out of the class of the old-fashioned ringed and dotted foulard.

Of unusual charm is one with a soft beige ground figured in tiny flowers of green and dull rose and plentifully scattered wee twigs of dark-brown. There are any number of these old English print designs, all of which offer unusual opportunities for a dainty hot-weather frock which will stand much wear without soiling. There are also foulards in bold and dressy effects, which possess all the beauty of a rich brocade. Veiled with sheer crêpe or chiffon, a frock of this silk cannot fail to enhance the charm of a summer wardrobe.

Among the new pussy-willow silks are some that are lovely beyond comparison. Strikingly handsome is one with a clear background figured in a conventional rose design in light tan and black, with twigs and irregular lines of tan trailing over the ground. For the woman who prefers something conservative there is another with a dark-blue ground, printed in tiny squares and lines of soft, greyish blue.

**Evening Dresses**

for every clime. It will seem that New York, as well as Paris, has many a trick still in her box. A frock for afternoon and evening is manifest. Individuality is the keynote in the choice of one's evening gowns. Gorgeous colorings, glistening metal cloths and laces, glittering beads and sequins and sparkling jewels are mingled in dazzling effects at public and private gatherings. Black has lost none of its popularity, and some of the most distinctive models are featured in black velvet or black satin combined with lace. Black silk lace is much in evidence.

One also sees many dainty little dancing dresses and semi-evening frocks of flowered silks, chiffons, georgettes and fine voiles. Quaint models for youthful dancers are made up in beautiful changeable soft taffeta with lace or net, and silk pleatings or Beach frock of tan satin, hand-embroidered in blue, green and red. Parisian design. Posed by Mrs. Herbert Winn for Bonwit, Teller & Co.

Photograph by Apeda

Page Fifty-One
ruchings on the skirt outline a flaring tunic or pannier overskirt.

Evening gowns for mature women tend to the draped effects with long lines in train adjuncts to make up for the drapery sure to be seen on the hips.

Gorgeous evening wraps of bright-colored silk and wool duvetyns, chiffons, velvets and brocades, designed in most artistic and distinctive shapes, are among this season's choicest garments.

Blouses include novel sport blouses of very light-weight brushed wool, with fancy waistcoat effect and fringed bottom.

A new conceit is a casque blouse of metal cloth embroidered with gold and brown floss, with Frenchy shirt-sleeves and square neck, and is buttoned under the arm. Other very smart blouses with long peplums are made of georgette crepe with heavy wool embroidery. An-gora wool on navy or taupe is much admired.

"Airy nothings" added to the blouse classification are hand-made combinations or embroidered from white or cream net with filet lace and insertions. Elaborate designs on flowers and conventions put these fascinating waists in the exclusive "set" that will appear at winter resorts in the tropical cli-mates. Irish crochet and other all-lace blouses are coming in.

Suits of Semi-Sports Character are worn for informal street or country use. Plain cloth jackets with plaid pleated skirts, or even with the narrow plaid skirt, are much used. Sometimes such combination suits disclose a vest of bright-colored silk or kid to match one color in the plaid.

Paquin has shown some very attractive three-piece costumes of faille, tricotine and satin, the outer garment of which is a redingote. Two- and three-piece velvet suits are in favor for elegant afternoon occasions.

There is a fine distinction to be drawn between the use of sport clothes and their accessories in their proper sphere, and in places where the more formal style of suit and accompaniments are appropriate. The lure of the sports toggery in its innumerable expressions for winter and resort wear is strong for those who do not indulge in travel or sports at this sea-son.
COTTON—FORECAST OF DAINTY FABRICS

That the American women are keeping up their reputation for getting all that is best in the way of dress fabrics and accessories is plainly evidenced in the bewildering display of models for the South and in the wonderful display of cretonnes in the shop windows and on the shelves and counters. The date on the calendar and the number registered on the thermometer matter not; it is prudent to make the selection for spring and summer as early as possible.

Especially lovely are the swissies, and shown in charming color combinations. Very attractive is one with a pale lavender ground dotted in thistle-pink. Other combinations are white and pink; blue and pale pink; and pastel-green figured in pink, the stripes and dots being of various widths and sizes.

In the sheer weaves organdies are in greater demand than ever for the dainty cotton dress. Among the imported organdies the color line is wonderfully attractive and includes such desirable shades as periwinkle-blue, oriole-yellow, anemone-pink, rose-leaf, etc., and it is said tubing does not in any way detract from the newness of the finish.

The new English and French voiles, too, deserve special mention. There are sheer white voiles embroidered in black and colorful lines; there are others sheer as a cellophane, but with sturdy wearing qualities. There are chic designs in pastel shades; there are white striped in black and black striped in white.

Among the heavier weaves there is the material ever so highly esteemed by our mothers and grandmothers—quaint English satins; also numberless old English prints. The practical gingham is seen in many beautifully blended colorings—stripes, small and large checks and many plaided effects.

A NUMBER OF THINGS

Time was when umbrellas were just umbrellas—to be carried when it rained and without much thought to their appearance. But all that is changed. At this time umbrellas are considered adornments, accessories to the costume. The newest of them, like the French shoes, are clumsy and stubborn in appearance. Brown is the fashionable color. The novelty in umbrellas is the club-like stick, most elaborately ornamented with wood, ivory and (Continued on page 74)
The Gay Gish

Dorothy Gish, daughter of cinema comedy, has her pensive moments, as the accompanying photographs indicate.

Certainly the silversheet has no cleverer or more spontaneous comedienne than Dorothy Gish. And—we may add—no more popular actress. Which is as it should be.
They Were Not Slow in the Good Old Days

By Frederick F. Schrader

WHEN we see the playbills boastingly announce that a forthcoming production is to have three hundred persons on the stage, as well as a number of camels and horses, and scenery painted by this or that famous artist, we mentally comment on the great advance the stage has made since the days when our fathers and grandfathers were youngsters.

Every rising generation of play-goers turns with some vague, indefinable sense of contempt to the past, with a feeling that in the olden days such wonders could not be performed and that new actors are better than the old ones of a generation or two ago whose names we still hear mentioned. The old fellows were mere ranters and had no feeling for the realism of theatrical oratory. And whoever heard of three hundred persons on the stage at one time before we went to the theater?

Yet I dare say we are as unjust to the master mechanic of the past, supervising a monumental production, as we are to the old actors who strutted their hour upon the stage to the rapturous applause of their admirers.

Truth is, they performed some astounding marvels in the way of stage productions as long ago as 1840, and it will probably take the conceit out of many of us to go back into the old records of that day and visualize retrospectively what our grandmothers saw with their physical eye — scenic wonders that would make us troop to the playhouse as enthusiastically as it did people eighty years ago.

In 1840 the Bowery Theater presented a spectacular drama entitled “The Pirates’ Signal.” It is noted in American stage history as the first “tank drama” ever acted on this side of the waters. In the last act the entire immense stage of the old Bowery was turned into a tank filled with water. A full-rigged ship was seen coming on at the upper entrance, and after sailing majestically down to the footlights, it turned and sailed up the stage and off at the upper entrance. Upon the deck of this ship the entire business of the scene took place.

Of course, it was pronounced an unheard-of event. No doubt people said it was an achievement quite beyond the attainment of their fathers. It made a tremendous hit. Those were not the days of long runs, however. In its way, perhaps, “The Pirates’ Signal” was as lavishly spectacular as “Bien Har,” which has been traveling all over the country for fifteen years or more. In 1840 a run of two weeks was considered a “record.” And “The Pirates’ Signal” was succeeded after a lapse of about that time by another aquatic drama, “Yankees in China.”

This time the first achievement was even eclipsed. Two full-rigged frigates, American and English, with their yards and decks crowded with men battering a fort, were the outstanding feature of the play.

It is little wonder, from what theatrical history records of the theater, that the old Bowery has somehow always maintained a name and fame in the traditions of the Kioho such as attaches to no other playhouse in New York. The saying, “a Bowery melodrama,” to this very day designates a distinctly individual quality of production, tho in some respects the notion that a Bowery drama is essentially for the injudicious is unjustified. The same old Bowery Theater was the scene of many a triumph of the greatest tragedians, male and female, of its time. It was, however, so distinctly the pioneer in the presentation of spectacular dramas that it has given its name to a class of plays depending on scenic effects.

It has been said that Thomas Hamblin, as manager of the Bowery, exercised a greater influence on the American stage than any other man connected with the theater. A long list of his productions shows that he exercised an extremely catholic taste in his selection of attrac-

Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

JUNE WALKER
Miss Walker has just scored with Clifton Crawford
in “My Lady Friends”
At least those that needed some extraneous effect to cover up their own artistic shortcomings—soon resorted to theatrical trumpery to draw a house. For instance, we read that "Richard III" was produced with "a study of horses," and that an actor named Charles Mason played Richard mounted on horseback.

The practice of playing Shakespeare on horseback survived many years: the date of the Bowery Theater production of "Richard III." Even late in the seventies, George W. Rignold, the English actor, played "Henry V" in all parts of the United States mounted on a big white charger in the martial scene of the play, and the effect was tremendous. The hero Henry, embodied in the strong, impetuous personality of the actor and the adjunct of the splendid white Arab, were in harmonious accord with the spirit of the scene. It achieved the intended effect without diverting attention from the path of the story. The fiery address of Henry, "To the breach!" could not have come from a better platform than the saddle.

Moreover, the performance did not depend upon this feature for its capacity to please. It was excellently played, and aside from the inspiring acting of Rignold, the scene between Bardolph and Flewellyn with the leek, as a comedy episode could not have been easily surpassed. It is always obtrusive realism that mars the excellence of a performance. The spectacular productions were "The Last Days of Pompeii," "The Earthquake" and "Norman Leslie." The first was presented with a realistic scene of a volcanic eruption, and alto the top price of admission was only seventy-five cents, it is known that Hamblin cleared $1,0000 in one week. He took in $8,000 the first week of "The Earthquake" and cleared $5,000 on "Norman Leslie." The Bowery was making history.

It probably reached its high-water mark in this direction when late in the same year—that is, 1840—it produced a melodramatic spectacle, entitled "The Battle of Waterloo." This play had the prestige of a long run in London, England. In it were introduced fifty horses, two hundred supers, "all clothed in new and handsome uniforms of the old guard," tell; cannon, -baggage wagons and moving pictures, "making an exciting scene," as we can well imagine.

Now, in all likelihood they were not real baggage wagons and moving pictures, and your up-to-the-minute critic will tell you that the "new and handsome uniforms" were of no such material, costing the manager $30 a uniform, as those we see today on the stage. But he can stand this in the play for the fifty horses, and the two hundred supers must have been "the real thing," and it is hardly likely that the water in the tank which floated easily two frigates—evidently of some displacement—was not real water.

Perhaps the present-day tendency is to pay too much attention to technical realism, with all its contradictions. An interior scene must have walnut-door, doors, real doors; but a peasant girl is shown wearing silk petticoats and high-heeled slippers, like the veriest lady on Fifth Avenue.

The trend has been toward over-dressing, rather than outstripping our forefathers in ingenuity of scene-building. Eri Jarchard's production of "Sumurun" was seen at the Casino Theater, some six or seven years ago, it was noticeable the advertising all wore artificial wood or cotton instead of silk. But the characters in real life would not have worn silk, and there would have been no sense in doing violence to probability by rigging them out like ladies of the court when they were all products of the lower walks of life. If we cannot take our imagination to the theater with us, we soon lose ourselves in abstractions over details at all, for overlooking our- selves over the things that really count on the stage.

The tragedians of the period of the Bowery Theater—
In Re Dashing Royalists, Pretty Ghosts, Passion Players and others

By The Critic

We doubt if we ever had a more highly entertaining evening in the theater than that afforded by Leo Ditrichstein in the exciting romantic drama of the Napoleonic era, "The Purple Mask." For here is a cloak-and-pistol drama with atmosphere and thrills—and a measure of charm and tenseness.

"The Purple Mask," which was adapted from the French by Matheson Lange, is redolent of republicans and royalists, centering upon a gay, debonair royalist, the chevalier of the Purple Mask, who performs all sorts of mad pranks upon government officials and sets all France agog. The chevalier has a desperate opponent in a detected named Brisquet, who assumes a score of disguises and is singularly quick-witted, but the Purple Mask outplays his opponents and finds time, too, to try his hand at hearts.

Ditrichstein is, of course, the Purple Mask, playing with humor and adroitness. There is over much of sentimentality at times, but, on the whole, it is a sprightly romantic performance. Brandon Tynan contributes some brilliant work as the near-deft Brisquet and Lily Cahill is a humanly sweet heroine. There are plenty of well done bits, notably Boots Wooster's little peasant girl.

We guarantee that "The Purple Mask" will kidnap your approval as successfully as he kidnaps republican police officials. In fact, there are five acts, each one starting briskly and swinging up to a near climax.

The psychic world continues to interest playwrights. Jane Cowl's newest vehicle, "Smilin' Through," written by a new dramatist, Allan Langdon Martin, starts off in heaven—or whatever you may call that other region—and shows how departed ingénues control our destinies. Miss Cowl plays a shrewd "Peg o' My Heart" sort of Irish colleen, whose love affairs are aided by a departed lassie of some fifty years before, prettily yeled Moonyeen Clare. Miss Cowl is also the Moonyeen, altho she has to work with speed of a vaudeville quick-change artist to step from her earthly to her spiritual role.

"Smilin' Through" is tedious in spots, absurd in others and theatrical most of the time, but Miss Cowl somehow manages to raise that well-known lump in your throat with all her scenes. One thing rather puzzles us. Indeed, it is a problem worthy of Sir Oliver Lodge. Each time the ghostly Moonyeen appears she has a new frock. The program states that the gowns are by Bendel. Apparently that firm has enlarged the spheres of its activities.

However, if you ask us, Miss Cowl is as lovely a ghost as we ever care to meet on the heavenly boulevards.

"The Light of the World" might easily have been a big play. Woven about the Passion Players of Oberammergau and dealing with the influence of a modern Christ—the Christus of the mimic play—in...
the modern world, it presents infinite possibilities. But
the playwrights achieved nothing but stuff of the stage,
obviously theatrical and marking the return of the
wronged girl and her child. In deference to our well-
known patriotism, the scenes were switched from Bavaria
to "a small village in Switzerland near the French
border."

"The Light of the World" was adequately played.
Pedro de Cordoba was the Anton, the wood-carver Chris-
tus, and he did the rôle very well. Clara Joel had excel-
rent moments as the wronged Marna Lynd, but we have
yet to discover why the village ne'er-do-well who reforms
was played by Ralph Kellard in one of those belted suits
fresh from Forty-Second Street.

"The Frivolities of 1920," produced by G. M. And-
erson, once the "Bronco Billy" of filmdom, is presented
with unusual expense and unusual vulgarity, even for
Broadway. Every one seems to have gone the limit in
what we once called burlesque humor. "The Frivolities
of 1920" is very uninspired—and very noisily uninspired.
For instance, there is a song, "In a Garden of Eden for
Two," with the entire chorus parading as Eve and toss-
ing apples into the audience. About the best you can say
for the revue is that it includes some pretty girls, par-
ticularly one of singular beauty, Doris Lloyd. We doubt
if there is a more beautiful chorus girl anywhere.

"As You Were," described as a fantastic revue and
adapted from the French, struck us as being the most
amusing musical affair of the season. The idea isn't so
much to brag about, but at least it is an idea. And an
idea in musical entertainment is to be spoken of with bated
breath. This idea, to be spe-
cific, deals with one Wolfie
Wafflestein's growing doubt

of his wife and her inter-
est in a certain Ki Ki of
Greenwich Village. So Wafflestein takes a
series of pills which transfer him
back thru the various ages of his-
tory and which prove conclusively
that woman has always been quite
the same. So he returns to his
wife of 1920 with renewed hope.

Sam Bernard is the shattered
dialect portrayer of Wafflestein,
and he is funny in his usual broad
way. The real honors go to Irene
Bordoni, who fairly scintillates as
the charmers of the various ages—
from a pretty favorite of Louis XIV to Cleopatra and Helen of
Troy. Indeed, she fairly dazzles.
It will take a long time for us to
forget the Watteau pastel she
makes in her "Ninon Was a
Naughty Girl," done with adroit
pigment.

Despite prohibition and other
handicaps of art, the midnight roof
shows continue in New York. The
new Midnight Whirl at the Cen-
tury Grove seems desperately dull.
Possibly it is because one must
view these things over a glass of
ginger ale—at one dollar a glass.
Bessie McCoy Davis is present.
THERE were no good fairies at the christening of Jim Hawkins. There were, however, good pirates. He knew that there had been pirates. Awfully good ones, with flashing teeth and flashing eyes, gleaming knives and fearful oaths. Their presences had persisted. They peopled the old Admiral Benbow Inn, kept by Mrs. Hawkins after the death of Cap'n Hawkins, and whispered gruesome things, in dark corners, to little Jim. They always picked nights, too, when the wind off the sea rose terrific and strong and threatening, and the waves lashed themselves to green murders against the cliffs and the birds screeched their rebellions over the awful chaos. Mrs. Hawkins, crouched in her chair, would doze and start violently; start violently and doze, and little Jim, shudderingly, but afraid to admit it, would ponder on the fantastic thing called life and, tho he did not know it, the imminence of strange impending deaths...

He was nurtured on tales of hidden treasure and loot and piracy. Galleys of precious stones and hidden hoards were part of his daily life. The strong salt of adventure savored the bread he broke.

A motley, desperate, shifting throng frequented the old Benbow. They drank hugely, ate hugely, and, a few among them at least, paid hugely. The widow Hawkins and her son managed, for most of the time, to eke out an existence. There came, however, an evil time. Few seafaring men came ashore, and when they did come they eschewed the old Benbow Inn. Perhaps they had heard black tales. Perhaps because it was kept by a woman and the tales they told and the deeds they did were not fit for a woman to think upon. Whatever the reason, the old Benbow stood desolate most of the time, and it was hard tacking for the widow and

Jim was seized upon from behind and turned, with a squeal, to confront an individual, chalky of face and wearing an enormous black patch over one eye.
The landing on the Island was not quite the landing Jim had planned it to be.

young Jim, who, most of the time, was lost in rich imageries of looted gold and did not mind the scant food, the scant clothing, the scant drink.

Things were at their worst when Bill Bones, known, rather vaguely, as "the Captain," came to the Benbow and announced that he would stop awhile. He wanted quiet, he said. He wanted to think. He didn't mind a woman and a boy, but he did want all intruders kept away. He added, darkly, that he "had a reason." The reason, of course, thought Jim, had to do with caskets laden with booty, gold and precious stones.

Bones paid well, but he made harrowing the lives of the few remaining patrons of the Benbow. The tales he told were such as even these outlaws had not heard before, and the hints he hinted were the blackest ever hinted even to the smoke-blackened rafters of the Benbow tavern. Jim stared, more wide-eyed than ever, into more tempestuous nights. It was magnificently horrible. He felt a sort of fiendish worship for the malefactoring Bones.

He was not, therefore, surprised when, one morning, as he was serving Bones his ferocious rashers of bacon and his bucket of coffee, another fearful-looking person entered and, announcing himself as Black Dog, demanded of Bones a share of Captain Flint's buried treasure. He demanded it, profanely and descriptively. He swore that Bones had hidden the treasure, which they had sworn to share and share alike, in his old chest upstairs, as like as not. Bones forewore the bacon and coffee and, swearing outrageously, drove Black Dog away with curses and a wildly careening cutlass. After which, to the breathless admiration of Jim, he resumed his breakfast.

He clinched Jim's intensive hour by suddenly turning on him and telling him that if he, Bones, should die a natural death or be suddenly killed, to go to the chest in his room and take from it what would be then due them for board and bed. "It'll come," he added, ominously: "it'll come."

The very same day, returning from the village store, Jim was seized upon from behind and turned, with a squeal, to confront an individual, chalky of face and wearing an enormous black patch over one eye. The other eye seemed, in itself, to be a black patch. He demanded to be taken to Bill Bones. His name, he said, was Pew. Somehow, Jim didn't relish the idea. It would prove exciting, but he felt that the old Benbow and one Jim Hawkins had witnessed enough excitement for the one day. Still, what could a blind man do, even if his clutch and his black patch and his staring eye and his stumping walk did give Jim cold creeps up and down his spine and a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach? To this individual, the accusatory Black Dog seemed as child's play.

He led him to Bill Bones and an odd sign passed between them, and that night Bill Bones was found murdered in his bed.

With the finding of Bill Bones, grey-some and cold, Jim felt that he had grown up. There were matters that had to be attended to. There was, for instance, the matter of the chest and the money that was coming to them. Dead men keep the promises made when living. Bill would expect Jim to exact his just due. Still, it was creepy and scary, going thru a dead man's chest. Who knew what one might find?

Jim didn't have time to find much of anything. His hand was in the very act of extracting several bags and packets, while his mother kept watch at the door, when there was a rush and a stampede in the tavern below,
oth and questions and demands, and a band of cut-throat buccaneers swarmed vociferously in and about the house, driving Jim and his mother from it, as two mice might scuttle from out the obscure rafters. Pew, Jim noted as he ran, was among them. He didn't seem so helpless, either. It had all been put up on Bill Bones. They had nosed out the fact of his stopping at the old Admiral Benbow inn. They had ferreted forth the information that he had been with Captain Flint on his last voyage and that he possessed the map of the island where the captain was supposed to have hid his treasure, a map, if not the very treasure itself. One man's life was a bagatelle with such a prize at stake ...

Jim and his mother hid among the rocks and brush. Their lives, they knew, had been spared them because they were too inconsequential to the buccaneers to so much as dispense with. Jim was glad, for once, that he was an inconspicuous figure with the buccaneers. He had no ambition to distinguish himself with the ominous Pew and his bloodthirsty followers.

They would probably, Jim and his mother, have stayed among the brush more or less permanently if Dr. Livesay and Squire Trelawney had not been returning from a race and returned within reach of their very hands. The squire and the old doctor had been benevolent friends to Jim and his mother. To them they appealed, with desperate tales of the desperadoes. The squire and the old doctor reassured them by saying that they had met the band a few miles down the road, had ridden them down and had killed Pew.

"The man with the black patch," eagerly affirmed Jim. "The same," said the squire, patting Jim's bristly hair.

Jim, relieved of some of his trembles, then told the doctor of Bones' admonition to him and how he had been in the very act of rifling the chest when the buccaneers came in. "This is all I got out of it," he said, and produced the oilskin sack to which he had been clinging with a grim white desperation worthy of Pew. The doctor examined it and gave a sort of shout, quite out of keeping with his character.

"It's the chart of the island where old Cap'n Skinflint buried the famous treasure!" he exclaimed. "Yo, ho! Livesay, what do you say? ... Let's finance an expedition and dig it up!"

The squire was nothing loath. Most of the people thereabouts had been brought up on buried treasure and an island rife and mysterious with it was quite within their ken. Besides, even buccaneers do not murder when there is not root for the deed.

Jim, dancing with the excitement of the plans, begged to go. He proffered himself as an essential to the voyage. He knew, he said, seafaring men. Hadn't he served them oft enough rashers of bacon and legs of run? Hadn't Billy Bones chanted him on many a fearsome night and with never a qualm from him.

"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest, Yo, ho, and a bottle of rum?"

Who, if not Jim Hawkins, could be so fit for a visit to Treasure Island?

The doctor and the squire and Captain Smollett remained obdurate. The way the captain's eyes wandered over Jim's lean figure made the same Jim writhe with indignation and a hot determination. He was going on the Hispaniola. All his life, he knew, would be a grey regret if he should lose this great, this thrilling chance. Something, he sensed, would go from him never again to be recovered. The keen edge of his power for adventure would be gone. There would be a softening of his narrow of courage. He needed this. He must have it. It was as essential for his mother, in the long run, as it would prove to be for her.

He stowed away in a barrel of apples and sailed with the sailing of the Hispaniola.

It took a lot of grit to remain in a barrel of apples, eating their watery pulp when the other enviable souls were consuming bacon and sausage and such like deli-
Jim assimilated the fact that Ben Gunn had been on the island for a period of years. It made a fearful gnawing in one's stomach; but it made a gnawing of one's nerves, too, to consider the expressions of Captain Smollett and the others at the unwantedness of one Jim Hawkins.

It wasn't until the night that Long John Silver, Black Dog and four others of the crew congregated about his particular barrel and discussed, horrifyingly, the immediate advisability of taking the vessel into their own hands, mutinying and disposing of the captain and the rest of the crew, that Jim knew his instinct in coming had been indubitably right. It was for him, reserved for him, to disclose to Captain Smollett the perfidy of Long John and the dramatic Black Dog. Jim recalled, too, not without a certain scary satisfaction, the fact that he had from the first entertained a fear of Long John. There had been something sinister about him, about his pale face, the sickening way his wooden leg tap-tapped along the pavements and over the hard sands, the way his hands worked and unworked. He had had, Jim thought, a cold sense of waiting, of slantly waiting... It was for this that he had been waiting... Long John, in his dread pale way, had incited the crew to mutiny.

Very late that night Jim ate his last apple to give him courage and slithered a rather tremulous way out of the barrel. He slithered down the narrow, evil-smelling passageway of the Hיסpianola, and every throeb of the engine seemed to him to be the sickening rap-tap of Long John's wooden foot. He had got well in by this time from the various conversations there had come to him, the rooming of the crew. He knew that Captain Smollett, the doctor and Squire Livesay were at the extreme end of the passageway. A light from an oil lamp was petering out from under their doorway. Their voices could be heard, detachedly. Jim slipped to stop the rap. He turned the knob; it creaked and he stood announced. He gulped rather hard and wished the six eyes were not quite so beeting, so fiercely interrogative; then the courage born of the determination to go on was said.

"Sixty-Two"

"I didn't stop to rap. He turned the knob; it creaked and he stood announced. He gulped rather hard and wished the six eyes were not quite so beeting, so fiercely interrogative; then the courage born of the determination to go on was said."
none too soon. The captain, the squire and the doctor were prepared and the mutinous crew was overpowered and sent ashore under the surveillance of the burly squire. But as the boat put off Black Dog threw Jim into another boat and made off for the island. "This," thought Jim, "is probably the end of me. Black Dog knows that I told. I'll be buried and never see the treasure." It would be unfair to Jim to say that he was not afraid. He was afraid, hideously so.

The landing on the island was not quite the landing Jim had planned it to be. He was to learn, on Treasure Island, how visions go awry.

Black Dog chased him when they reached shore and sighted the landing of the others. He didn't, rather contemptuously, Jim thought, leveling his own gun at his pursuer, offer to kill him. He just left him to the jungle and its mercies. They would, Jim expected, be more or less brief mercies.

Still, while there was life . . . and then, too, the island, according to their specifications while still at the old Admiral Benbow, had not been exceedingly vast. It was even probable that the doctor, the squire, Captain Smollett or one of the still faithful crew might come across, in explorations, one small, lost boy. Jim was on adventure bound, and he knew that a seeker of adventure must be incurably optimistic. Must learn, too, to live along with the thought of death. Death must mean only the ultimate adventure.

It was in such a frame of mind that Jim encountered Ben Gunn. Ben, thought Jim, might well have been Adam as depicted in the ponderous and profusely illustrated family Bible at home. He had an apparently endless source of hair covering face and head and back, and he talked a strange jargon which, probably none save Jim or one of his age and thoughts could have interpreted. Much, however, to their mutual joy, a sort of communication was established between them. Jim assimilated the fact that Ben Gunn had been on the island for a period of years. He had come, he told Jim, with . . . At first Jim could not distinguish the repeated syllables on Ben Gunn's lips. It came to him, one night, while Ben was sleeping, that the syllable was "Flint." It must mean, then, that Ben Gunn had been with Captain Flint on the tremendous occasion of burying the treasure for which the Hispaniola had adventured forth. It might even mean—under the canopy of unending stars Jim shivered with a sort of fierce preliminary ecstasy—it might mean that Ben Gunn still kept in his unkept brain the hiding-place of the treasure, and that he and Ben together might . . . Jim never got much beyond that point. He wisely took into consideration (Continued on page 71)
Wynn's conception of Scotti in "La Tosca" at the left, and Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen" at the right.

In the center is a study of Catti-Casazza, the director of the Metropolitan.

At the left is Wynn's study of Segurola in "La Bohème" and, right, the eminent Enrico Caruso as himself.
Wynn Holcomb visited the famous press room at the Metropolitan with singular effect. William Gerard, the publicity representative de luxe, is caught in a pensive moment at the desk over which Caruso leans. The great Gatti stands in the foreground.
The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920

The Fame and Fortune contest for 1920 is now in full swing. Photographs are pouring in by hundreds daily, and from present indications there will be at least twice as many entries as in the last contest. We shall reap a harvest of potential screen possibilities, from the standpoint of dramatic ability as well as beauty, a harvest whose magnitude none can foretell.

Far exceeding all expectations, the last contest brought forth four girls who hold remarkable promise as future stars of the silversheet. Blanche McGarity, the winsome Southern beauty; Virginia Brown of madonna-like perfection; Anetha Getwell, spirit of style incarnate; Anita Booth, decidedly "smart"; is not this a quartet with whom to reckon? Not only the winners, but the honor roll girls as well, have been literally swamped with letters of admiration and commendation from all parts of the globe. And the offers received by these girls most convincingly show how high the screen respects regard the selections of our magazines as expressed thru their judges. As we promised, these winners are receiving every degree of publicity to which they are entitled. We have within our power, and shall exercise, every exterior means of bringing these girls to the attention of the moving picture world. The rest of their success will be up to them individually.

"A Dream of Fair Women," the two-reel feature produced in connection with the 1919 contest, is now being shown throughout the country. See it, and judge for yourself as to how wisely we have selected real screen possibilities. In connection with the showing of this picture, local theaters will run contests under the patronage of our three magazines, the winners in which will be placed on our honor roll in the present contest. Ask the manager of your theater when he will show this picture, and give him your heartiest co-operation as to the contest. Announcements in the current issues of our publications will give him any desired information as to where to obtain the picture and special literature in connection with the contest.

It is our sincere hope that the present campaign will elicit more interest from the young men of our land than did the last. We then excused their seeming indifference on the rather hackneyed grounds of "the war." But this time we are anticipating some active competition among the youth of our country. There is at present a great and pressing need in the films for distinct and unique types of men—real, regular men. If you have possibilities, and are willing to put forth every effort of which you are capable, who knows how high you may climb?

And we are counting upon the young women to make a showing even better than the last. The field of the cinema is full of opportunities. On every hand we hear the call for girls, and more girls—beautiful, talented, and possessed of rare personalities. The industry is rapidly expanding and developing, and some one must fill the demand. Why not you?

Think of the benefits to be derived from a contest of this nature. Thus The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland, the honor roll girls are brought to the attention of millions, a distinction in itself well worth an effort. And to the winners we give publicity of an unparalleled variety. Our magazines are the leaders in the field, commanding the attention of the real people in the moving picture world; hence, the winners, having gained our support, have won many important battles in the war for recognition. We all admire those artists who have started at the very bottom and worked up by slow degrees; yet why should you choose that long and wearisome road when you may hold within your grasp the means of leaping into a position of prominence at a single bound? No offer to compare with this has ever been made before us, and simply because no one else possesses such factors as we have at our command,—the three magazines of filmland.

In connection with this contest we shall give to the lovers of the shadow stage a five-reel feature production. The story has already been selected, and we promise something different. The cast offers unusual opportunities to many players of various types, and will be drawn almost entirely from honor roll contestants. Hence the necessity of sending in your photographs at the earliest moment. It is far as parts in the play are concerned it shall be, "First come, first served." There are several very strong character parts, both male and female, and we suggest that anyone wishing to apply for one of these so state on the entrance coupon, as well as by letter accompanying photo.

This production will give to its players unusual opportunities for winning recognition; for, aside from its alliance with the greatest popularity contest of camera history, the drama alone will be of unique interest. Production is already under way, but we will not release the picture till late fall, since, as a special feature it will contain the test scenes of the honor roll beauties, taken at Roslyn, Long Island.

On account of the great printers' strike and its resulting delays, we are not yet able to publish an honor roll. The first of these will appear in the next issue of Shadowland.

Let us repeat the leading features of the contest:

As to photographs, we cannot use post-cards, snapshots, or tinted portraits. We are searching for new and different types, and are willing to do everything within our power to find them. But we cannot be expected to

(Continued on page 74)
VERSE

LIKE AN OLD GRAY STONE

By Betty Earle

Like an old gray stone he sits,
Mute by the road-side,
Brooding,
Heavy and cold as stone
And muffled gray,
And yet who knows how lightly flits
His spirit, nor how wide
The wing
That leaves his body lone
And lifts away?

THE HOURS

By Gladys Hall

Love... and light... and laughter...
Wine... and throbbing vein...
In the drear dim distance
Cadence of the rain.

Youth... and hope... and promise...
But... and golden sheaves...
Swirling... rushing... whispering
Come the Autumn leaves...

Flowers... and song... and summer...
Moon on lotus flowers,
Hark, the Three Grim Sisters
Tolling out the hours.

ALL THE OLD MEN

By Betty Earle

Looking down, drearily
Weeping her name,
All the old men to the
Funeral came.

All the old men, with their
Worn coats and old
Mourning what once was fair
Now is so cold.

Star-like and lustrous as
Clusters of stars,
Naught of her loveliness
Their weeping mars.

All the men, mourning with
Haggard despair,
Sigh for the body death
Left buried there.

Moth-white and lovely as
God's tiny rose,
Into the silences
Her spirit flows.

Ye that so tearfully,
Wistfully came,
Look up and tearfully
Whisper her name.

TO A SHADOW STAR

By Margaret Belle Houston

Little maiden with the dawn-dark eyes,
With the eyes of dawn and evening-blue,
Are there tears within the soul of you?
That your look should be so sad and wise?

Did you wander down some twilight stair,
Earthward drifting thru the silver gloom,
Riding on your little twinkling broom.
Mopping up the moonlight with your hair?

Did you pass the high and shining place
Where the sun and moon are washed anew?
Did the morning bend and smile on you
That you wear her beauty in your face?

Little maiden, from your shadow-land
Somehow you have seemed to meet my eyes
With a listening look that half replies
With a smile that seems to understand.

Then, O child of spirit and of flame,
Dew and moon-dust and the April snow,
Back into your shadow-world you go—
Back into the shadow whence you came.

Yet across the screen where you have passed
Seems to shine a message and a light
(Like a star gone trailing thru the night)
And my heart has kept the vision fast.

And I know that some day in the years
I shall pierce your shadow-veil and see
Like the dawn-light when the darkness clears,
Those soft eyes that said so much to me.

If that day I'm silent, understand
This is what I'm saying for my part:
"God keep every shadow from your heart.
Little princess of the Shadow-Land!"

A CHILD'S CREED

By Charlotte Becker

The streams my little sisters are,
The winds my brothers be,
The birds, the bees, the forest-trees,
Stand near of kin to me.

The wise ALL-Father fashioned us
Of song and joy and pain;
Comrades, to share the self-same fare
Of sun and wind and rain.

And, if I hide as clean of heart
As these my next of kin,
Each pleasance gate will open wait
For me to wander in.

And should a sorrow cross my way
Or any dull distress,
These kinsmen dear will aye be near
To comfort and to bless.
“Good reader, let us have a talk together. Sit you down with benevolent optics, and a kindly heart, and I doubt not that we shall pass an hour right pleasantly, one with another. Pleasantly, in part, but in part it may be sadly; for you know it is with conversation, as with life, it taketh various colors, and is changing evermore. Sometimes we shall be in the cheerful vein, and at others, in that subjectivistic mood which conquer the jest on the lip, and holds Humor in bonds.”—Adison.

Macaulay reckoned Othello the best play extant in any language, but he has not seen some of those now playing on Broadway.

At the Century they borrowed from Phidias Whose ways in the arts were insidious: They played Aphrodite Without any nightie, And thereby shocked the fastidious.

Edward Grunkowski of 15 East 19th Street, Bayonne, N. J., writes: “I read with great interest your department in Shadowland and must say it is O. K.

“By the way, aren’t you the old Photoplay Philosopher of the Motion Picture Magazine? And, if I don’t miss my guess, aren’t you Eugene V. Brewer?”

“Well, so much for you—will now ask you a few puzzling questions.

“1. Who was the original inventor of the moving picture? I mean the very first inventor?

“2. What are your ideas of the League of Nations plan and are you in favor of Prohibition?”

Answers will appear later.

A certain clowns, who calls himself a comedian, takes occasion to denounce me for a gentle criticism of his screen work in which I playfully called him a thing. He takes exception to my remarks and threatens me with a lawsuit if I do not retract. I certainly do not want to be involved in a lawsuit, and therefore I shall be only too happy to make amends for my most grievous error. Since my said friend objects to being called a thing, I hereby publicly retract and announce that I was wrong in calling him a thing, because it now appears that he is no thing!

Read much, eat little, but make sure that you digest both.

Sarah Bernhardt’s advice to seekers of youth, symmetry and grace of movement is: “Be interested and actively engaged in something worthwhile. If anyone is busy thus, there is no room in the mind for worrying over troubles or for dwelling on aches and pains, and therefore work is a splendid aid to health. Powders and creams, rouge and skin foods have a use, but they are merely aids. They do not make real beauty, as health, exercise, and cleanliness of mind and body may be calculated to do.”

The Divine Sarah is a very young old woman. She is nearly eighty years of age, yet she is more youthful in spirit and appearance than most ladies of fifty. Until she lost her limb she set an example in activity and elasticity that could well be copied by everybody.

Just because man was created first is no reason why woman should be considered a recreation.

I may not be able to tell “Inquisitive Polly” how old is Anne, but I might be able to tell her how old Adam is. By an act of Parliament, the 23rd day of October, 4004 B.C., was declared the natal day of the earth. As Adam was created on the fifth day after the birth of his mother, the earth, he must have been born October 28, 4004 B.C.

It would be difficult to make up a list of “The fifty classics of literature,” as John B. Rose requests. Opinions differ. Since he requires that no author may be represented more than once, and that the list must be representative of the poets as well as the novelists, and of the essayists as well as the philosophers, the task is made doubly hard. Following are fifty classics, alphabetically arranged, but there are many more which we should like to have included.


Since everything is contagious—even laughter, good nature and joy as well as disease—permit me to remain, dear reader, your most obedient servant, O. B. Joyful.

“Love me little, love me long,” was not intended as a prophetic sermon and such it has not proved to be. The court records shows that many people love little and not long.

Art has her uses. She trains the retina and the mind to see new forms, colors and beauties in nature, thus adding to our luxuries and pleasures.
Miss E. Easton of 2801 College Avenue, Berkeley, Calif., writes me: "I am a faithful reader of your admirable writings in Shadowland. Would you give me your opinions on the following products of my rambling mind, namely:

"Speaking of Tolstoy, do you not think that Pauline Frederick resembles the character Maslova in 'Resurrection'? In that she has an animated face with a ready smile, and her body is thin and sensitive, while her body was full formed. She has a firm, quick step and buoyant walk. Her hands are short and wide and smooth. When reading the book a vision of the wonderful Pauline was constantly before me.

"Secondly do you not think that it is a certain kind of genius to have gifts like Wallace Reid, and be able to use them in such a way as to make slaves of so many hundreds. Such a wonderful example of manhood, physically as well as mentally. Is it not a gift of God to be able to amuse and enchant people to such a degree?"

"I am very anxious to know your worthy opinion on these topics."

My opinion does not differ widely, so no comment is necessary.

Cato said that he'd rather people ask him why he had not a statute erected to him than why he had. Monuments are superfluous except to assist the memory.

"I cannot argue with you, my dear J. J. Harkinsson, because practically every one of your sentences begins with an 'if'. Why so many impossible premises? Let me give you a few 'ifs':

If Hannibal had defeated Scipio,
If Caesar had not crossed the Rubicon!
If Cromwell had not been a religious fanatic! (He probably would have accomplished what he did.)
If Joan of Arc had not been a dreamer! (Would France now be British soil?)
If Ferdinand and Isabella had not been avaricious,
They would have refused Columbus.
If Rousseau had not written 'The Social Contract',
If Marie Antoinette had not been with Mirabeau.
If Napoleon had remained at Corsica, or had not a few drops of rain fallen before Waterloo!
If there had been no Washington or Lincoln!
If Joffre had not said 'They shall not pass!"

Proudly do I announce that I am a self-made man. Did I not make a good job of it? Every man is the architect of his own misfortune.

Miss Clara Louise Leslie of Battle Creek writes that this department is very clever and in places real humorous, BUT that my argument that Christian Science is amusing from the standpoint of my total misconception of what C.S. is. She says:"It is the most beautiful thing I ever knew—how did I ever exist without it before?" I wish I could believe with her. The most I can see is an intoxication or exaltation of beautiful but incomprehensible words and phrases.

Christian Science and New Thought are useful doctrines. They are also economical doctrines. Think health and health is yours. No need to worry about germs, bacilli and things; no worry about your diet and sanitary habits; no troublesome bother about chewing your food and taking sufficient exercise; no petty annoyances about keeping out of draughts, no necessity of getting enough fresh air; all you have to do is to think health. Mind is boss of matter. The body is only matter. Keep your mind clean and your body will be immaculate. If the wicked doctors tell you that you have indigestion from overeating don't you believe them. If the occultist says you have astigmatism, tell him he is blind. If the cruel dentist tells you your teeth are decaying and need filling assure him that it is not your teeth, but his mind that is decayed and needs filling. All troubles, sorrows, pains and afflictions are only imaginary. Think them away by not thinking them. If you think you could soon perish, if your creditors think you—don't think of them, and your creditors will not think of you—they will think nothing of you.

Page Sixty-Nine
would be "giving employment to labor," Land booming has the same effect. A seventh cause of high prices is our complicated system of middlemen. While it is true that the jobber demand may be the secret of the prosperity. If combination of trade and commerce, because it is impossible for every producer to find a market for his product without putting it on sale thru a third person, yet there are too many middlemen, and each one adds to the price of the articles handled. An eighth cause of high prices is advertising. A ninth cause for high prices is our wasteful system of individual effort, in which there is an enormous amount of wasted energy. We are not yet properly organized. We do not yet realize the meaning of the inter-dependence of industries and of men, one upon the other, and therefore the importance of organization. The labor we expend, speaking collectively, is sufficient to produce at least twice the amount we now produce, if we were able to devise a system that would eliminate the present waste of energy,—misdirected energy. A tenth cause of high prices is personal extravagance. We all require too many luxuries. Every working man and farmer, every employer and employer, must needs that he must have a phonograph, a piano, a car, a phonograph, a piano, and an automobile, and many of them will place a third mortgage on their home at usurious interest in order to satisfy the demands of fashion and the love of novelty. A twelfth cause is the Great War, which took many millions of men and women from productive enterprises and set them to work in a colossal enterprise of destruction. Other causes could be given for high prices, but let the thirteenth and last suffice, which is the most important and influential of all; namely, the old and immutable law of supply and demand. When there are more articles in the market than there are persons who want that article, then the price of that article will go down; and when there are more persons wanting that article than there are articles in the market, the price of that article will go up. The same law is true when applied to wages; if the demand for labor is greater than the supply, wages go up, and vice versa. Now, every person is a consumer. Every person should also be a producer, but such is not the case. The foreman, the president, the director (if active), the organizer, the architect, and so on, are producers just as much as the man who wheels a barrow. Under our present arrangements, there are many more consumers than producers. Hence, the demand for food and for articles is greater than the supply. Farms have been converted into cities and into gentlemen's estates. The farmer boys have been flocking to the cities. Farm lands have been bought up by land speculators. A large percentage of our workers are digging holes and then filling them up again—to speak figuratively. A large proportion of us are engaging our energies on useless articles or luxuries. A small percentage of us are engaged in producing the necessities of life. The result is that some of us have to economize in the construction of necessities, in order to satisfy our desires for luxuries, otherwise, part of the world must starve. The supply of necessaries is smaller than the demand for them, because too few are engaged in producing necessaries. With the demand greater than the supply, prices must advance. If everybody now engaged in making automobiles, pianists, phonographs, safety razors, etc., etc., should at once turn their hands to producing potatoes, wheat, wool, cotton, meat, leather, and so on, the supply of these necessaries would soon be so great that the prices must fall, for the demand for them would be just as great as it is now.

Therefore, the question is, not the tariff, not the trusts, not capitalism, but a social system, how to readjust things so as to bring the producer and the consumer closer together, and how to make more producers, and how to diminish our love of novelties. We have too many idlers and not enough workers. We have too many luxuries and not enough necessaries.

Peaches and dates never come in the same basket but they are often observed in the same neighborhood.

I must respectfully deny Miss L. T. M. an answer. I do not deal in scandals and have no love for scandal mongers and gossips. Let the players play their lives alone, say I. They ought to keep their lives clean because they are public idols, but if they want or can't, that's their business. There may be gossips in this social world but they gossip only about the good things. Let us use the magnifying glass for the virtues of our friends, and a diminishing glass for their faults. If there is anything an angel has besides wings and a harp, it is toleration. Gossips would be a blessing if they gossiped only of the good things in others, but as it is they are like flies, which pass over our good parts only to light on our sores. A good gossip is generally a good liar, and thus it is that reputations, like mushrooms, spring up and crumble in a night.

The trouble with the cities is that there are too many people in them and they all seem to be in a hurry. Farmers, keep your boys home upon the farm and don't add to the congestion of our humming cities. But, alas, who can chain the young eagles to the eyries.

"I would go to the gates of Hell with a friend thrice thick and thin." The other said, as he bit a couch's end, "I would go in.

Never was the world so old, and consequently so wise; but it will be older, and consequently wiser, tomorrow.

Bet my hat that the next President will be a military hero. The world loves an Achilles better than a Narcissus, a Bonaparte better than a Beau Brummel, and a Roosevelt better than a Bryan. Remember!—Bryan's great lecture before and during the war was "The Prince of Peace." He was a pacifist. Some look on Bryan as a joke, others as a menace. Remember, once again, Bryan made the labor world echo with the words, "Thou shalt not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, thou shalt not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold" (meaning the money power). Remember, still again, that labor is now so well organized that it can strangle all industry and starve the country with one stroke of the pen. I say the laboring man is by far the most influential citizen in our nation to get into politics. If, perchance, labor should unite on Bryan (and what better man could they name for their purpose?), and, holding about three-fourths of the entire vote in the palm of their hand, what chance would a military hero have? The answer is that labor never has and never can unite in politics. The military man is too attractive.

"Young Blood" is informed that most of his questions were answered before. A long list of the accomplishments of old age was given, and still more are to follow. You are wrong about Plato and Aristotle—they did their best work in old age. So did Cervantes. Don Quixote could hardly have been conceived by a young man. Goethe was 80 when he finished Faust. Cicero was 60 at the time of the memorable speech. Lincoln, Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, and a host of others, as you shall see later. Old age for balance and wisdom, young men for brilliance, energy, and enthusiasm. However some fruits ripen fast and decay fast, while others live thru the season and can be preserved for later use.

If ignorance is bliss, there ought to be many more happy people in the world than there appears to be.

A man's a man for a' that, but lots of men are not even that.
Treasure Island

(Continued from page 63)

such menaces to this nirvana as Long John Silver and the casually murderous Black Dog. They, too, had come for treasure to Treasure Island.

Jim learnt patience on Treasure Island. He learnt that adventure, even desert islands containing buried treasure, is not all zestful thrill and nightmare, but shudderingly delicious activity. There are slower, surer lessons to be learnt. It took, for instance, quite some time for Jim to make Ben Gunn understand that there were three very good, very kind, very unbloodthirsty men on the island, named, respectively, the doctor, Squire Livesay and Captain Smollett. Ben seemed to be instinctively distrustful. Considering his own private and personal experiences with Pew and Black Dog, not to mention pale, thumping Long John, Jim did not wonder. He felt that he had comprehended poor, bluffed Ben Gunn.

After the distrust wore thru the little boy and the half-crazed, ancient pirate grew to be comrades, Ben Gunn admitted to a knowledge of the buried treasure. He intimated to Jim that he had, in the course of his long and lonely stay on the island, found a chart and a key to the mystery of Treasure Island. Jim, the squire, relievably. He had a rather sound belief that Long John Silver would have, by now, become possessor of the chart.

It would need searching for still, tho, Ben said. He was certain. Ben Gunn himself up to contemplating. He did not want to attempt the impossible and ruin this shining possibility as impersonated by Ben Gunn. Ben Gunn. Who could tell what disaster might befall if he should undertake to search for the treasure alone with Ben Gunn. The thing to do, he felt, was to find the doctor, the squire and Captain Smollett. Take Ben Gunn to them. They could question Ben. Together the great adventure might be achieved.

Ben Gunn gave Jim a sort of vicarious courage to augment the natural fund he had acquired. Then, too, there was the goad and spur of one who had, with his own hands, beheld the treasure and buried it, not once, but twice. It was no longer a gloriously storied thing such as had made fearful and resplendent the rafters of the old Admiral Benbow, but solid gold and glittering gems, hard as the earth from which they had been disemboweled, seen and touched by the hand of man.

There is no track of time on Treasure Island and Jim never reckoned just how long it took him and Ben Gunn to find the odd-looking stockade in which the squire, the doctor and Captain Smollett, with three good men and true, had entrenched themselves, mourning Jim, meanwhile, for lost and bewailing the news they would have to convey back to the Widow Hawkins in the old Benbow. Jim never was more royally received. He could have sworn he saw tears in the doctor's eyes; but then, the doctor was inclined to be mellow. He had, after all, a sentimental recollection, no doubt—of ushering Jim into a stormy world on a stormy night at the Admiral Benbow. He didn't forget that night, it would seem, nor the fearful and, so he acclaimed, cannibalsitic cries issued by young Jim.

There was, in the stockade, a great deal of rather excitable explaining. Jim listened, agape, to the frightful encounters his friends had had with the buccaneers, to, it seemed, the almost complete extinction of the mutineed men. Long John Silver, it seemed, had, almost alone, survived. He was still ugly, but, thought the squire, relenting inch by inch. “Long John,” he told Jim, “is a hard hand.”

Ben Gunn, on Jim's part, had to be explained. When he had done and a few questions put by Captain Smollett seemed established, the absolute reality of Ben Gunn, Jim was again acclaimed. It was conceded to him that he had done right to stow away on the Hispaniola. Without him, no doubt, the treasure of the defunct Flint would have been left within the breast of Treasure Island. Jim knew all this before; still it was reasonable and good to hear it affirmed by these worthy men and true. It inflated confidence.

Ben Gunn gave rather more explicit directions to the doctor than he had to Jim. He told the doctor, too, that he had been with Flint on his last voyage and had been marooned there by him that no word of the hidden treasure might ever reach the outer world. His mates had died, one by one, or been killed in the last mutiny. He alone had survived. He told, too, how he had disinterred the treasure from its charted spot so that, if any one of the former expedition should return, he would never find the loot where they had put it. He alone knew the secret of Treasure Island. And to the lad, here, and the kind men he would show the way.

The sun shone high and bright on the morning following Jim's arrival at the stockade. It was a tremendous day. There was, to Jim, at least, a sort of hard, bright scintillation to it. A culmination of his little-boy, manifold dreams was coming true. Best of all, it was coming true partly thru himself, his own courage, his own personal adventure. He had discovered the perfidy of Long John Silver and saved them all from death. He had discovered Ben Gunn, within whose muddled brain the secret lay and had been, mostly by him, ferreted forth and given to the light of day. Back of all that, he had made friends with poor Billy Bones and caught the first intimation of Treasure Island.

The digging of the treasure was the denouement. The oaths, the exclamations of amazement and almost incredulity from the doctor, the squire and Captain Smollett were music to Jim's ears. The casks, the gold and silver, the English, French, Portuguese and Spanish doubloons, guineas, mooldors and sequins. The strange Oriental pieces, richly yellow, the handfuls of jewels, emeralds and rubies and opals and sapphires, round pieces of money and square and oblong, drifting thru the fingers of the searchers like so many multi-hued autumn leaves, the pictures of ancient kings stamped upon them; the brocadies, the tapestries, the pillow of the largesse of all the kingdoms of the earth.

“Trey is enough here,” said the squire, nipping his sweaty brow, “to make paupers kings and kings mad sybarites.”

“There is enough here,” said the doctor, “to make want forever unknown among such people as we all here frequent.”

“And to give the Widow Hawkins a rich ease as they had never dreamed of.”

“Most of it must go to Jim,” said the squire.

“Aye to that,” concurred the others, and...

“Oh, no!” said Jim; “the adventure has been the best part of it all.”

Two days later, heavily laden, the Hispaniola sailed back for the rocky coast and the old Admiral Benbow Inn.

Jim, triumphant, sat astern and held distinguished confab with a subdued and highly docile Long John Silver. He promised him, the doctor overheard, a fortune that he might forsake the evil of his ways.

“That he want do,” the doctor said and laughed, “but we're cheaply rid of him, any way.”

At the Admiral Benbow the fortune was divided up among them, and some spent wisely and some spent foolishly each according to his way, but the fraught richness of the dream of Treasure Island stayed with Jim Hawkins long after boyhood was itself bygone and a dream.
The Lost Art of Recitation

By Henry Gaines Hawn

Chapter II—(Continued)

The interpreter, if a beginner, must ask himself each of these questions and ponder upon it. As he becomes more and more expert, they can be sensed almost at a glance, just as many professional singers at the first reading of a score, get more or less proficient in reading the score and the words to be sung thereto, at sight. Each one of these questions is of vital import. Let us reflect upon them for a moment.

The first question, “Who is speaking?” may seem of itself all inclusive, but to make sure that we do not go astray in arriving at our conclusion as to how the text should be delivered, we elaborate this question into some detail as to age, sex, etc. If there is nothing in a text which calls for impersonation, direct and complete, use your own voice and manner. The law is to do this always where legitimate. For instance, in most descriptive passages, impersonation, character work is not called for, but may be delivered in your own person; in fact, never assume a character other than your own unless the text demands it. The great sonnets in our literature, most of its lyric poetry, may be used in the first person, as if you were the author of the texts.

The questions, “Education” and “Environment,” if answered with reference to their bearing upon a piece of literature, may have a material influence upon its proper interpretation. We know as a general law that the passion of anger quickens the heart action and consequently quickens the speech; but the character talking may be a man or woman of such good breeding that the anger may be delivered quite differently than if spoken by a person lacking culture, such as a groomsman or stable boy.

On the contrary a refined manner of speech when the character is that of a Tommy Atkins, as in Kipling’s “Barrack Room Ballads,” is not only out of key, but most offensive. In literature of this caliber we expect a gracefulness and abruptness of speech as befitting the roughness of the substance to be delivered; in fact, this coarseness of utterance is demanded, not only to make the character seem normal, life-like, but to refine its very vulgarity. This is dependent upon the great law underlying all art, which is “like unto like.” In life we should find an oath in the mouth of a clergyman extremely offensive, but we do not wince over it when uttered by a rough character such as a miner or a stevedore.

The correct answer to sex and age naturally furnishes a key to the character which you are to assume. Nationality is of great import; it determines temperament to a large extent as indicating the volatile or phlegmatic. A call is a most vital question to properly weigh.

Indeed mood is the full essence of dramatic art. Every word that is spoken and every action on the part of the interpreter should interpret mood. Naturally the degree of that mood must be considered.

“Language” is, of course, to be determined upon, and the degree of correctness or incorrectness of utterance to be considered.

To whom speaking,” must be shown in every line of the interpretation. “Where speaking,” may mean where are you, the reciter, actually speaking, or where are you supposed to be speaking? If in private, your tones and manner must be made to seem colloquial; if, on the contrary, you are giving Anthony’s Speech to the Roman citizens, even though you, the interpreter, are standing in a small auditorium, you must re-create the idea to your audience that you are speaking in the Forum.

“Speaking,” if justly reflected upon, will have an influence upon your delivery; it may be to persuade, to arouse, to supplicate, to amuse, etc.

In what relationship to story?; are you the reciter or the character you are assuming? If the story deals with yourself, you would naturally manifest more emotion than if it concerned someone else.

In what relationship to other characters” is of deep moment. A great illustration of this is in T. B. Aldrich’s poem, “The Tragedy.” There is nothing in the text to indicate that there was any intimate relation between you, the speaker (who had the experience of seeing this woman in the theater) and her in the past. Had you ever been friends, your distress in recognizing her in the after years as an impostor would have been very great; but as it is, being mere casual acquaintances, your emotion is lessened. Had she been a daughter or sister, your emotion would be positively tragic in its intensity.

In what literary form” clearly means whether the text comes under the category of prose or poetry; or to which subdivision of these two it belongs. Let me say right here that the sole duty of the interpreter is to interpret the meaning of a text in thought and emotion, and not to glaze over any fault in construction on the part of the author, nor to make yourself ridiculous by calling attention to strained rhymes, nor even to emphasize with reference to meter, unless the sense emphasis is synchronous with the rhythm accent. I should abandon meter and rhyme in every instance if reading with reference to sense destroys either. This does not mean that poetry is to be delivered in the same way that you interpret prose, for poetry has its scansion and where it is good poetry, sense and meter are in accord. For instance:

“No offering of my own I have, 
Nor faith my works to prove; 
I can but give the gifts he gave 
And pledge his love for love.”

Here the accent falls on every other syllable. To say “And pledge his love for love” is not forceful if given with the “beat” which the poet indicates. But to read it

(Continued on page 74)
The big thing that Paramount Pictures have done for you is to take the gamble out of choosing motion picture entertainment.

Time was when you took a chance every time you paid your money—every fan remembers it. And even now it isn't everybody who knows how to avoid taking chances.

Pleasure-time is not so plentiful that it can be wasted anyhow.

But note this: Wherever you see the name Paramount you can bank on a good show.

It is not a question of taking anybody's word, it's simply a question of reading the announcements of the better theatres everywhere, checking up the brand names of the pictures, and choosing the Paramount-Artcraft features, Paramount Comedies and Paramount short subjects.

Go by the name and you're in line for something good.
moment that the country at large is not represented in the stage managers' rosters. Chorus girls drift to the metropolis from all parts of the United States—the mill towns of New England, Middle Western farms, from Eastern factories as well as Eastern colleges, from the shops of the Pacific Coast and the South. When their hegira is not independent it is directed by the scouts of girl-and-music show producers, who are constantly on the search for youth and beauty.

Quick to realize in their peculiarly expressive language that theirs was a great life if they didn't weaken, they have come, they have seen and they have conquered. Particularly have they conquered. An enduring legend has grown up around the chorus girl that she is the epitome of bacchanalian gaiety, that she is a glorious combination of unsurpassed seductiveness and charm and youthful pep. She receives the homage of all ages. Because she appeals to the boy in every man. Because she appeals to his predatory and polygamous instincts. Because, in a nobler fashion, she appeals to his love of youth and beauty.

Various iconoclasts of the pulpit have denounced the girl-and-music show because it makes a play, they argue, to the baser emotions of man. Dress the chorus girl and she will not attract the masculine patronage, they say. Then along comes Elizabeth Marbury and proves to the contrary. The Marbury period of musical comedy was wholly a decorative one. Her girls were always dressed in full-length frocks. She struck for a note of country-home smartness and refinement. And she got it. Her productions were enormously successful. And they attracted men in droves.

But what Miss Marbury accomplished in one direction, Messrs. Ziegfeld and Shubert have accomplished in another. And before them such men as Edward F. Rice, the Kiralfys and George Edwardes. They brought out the physical charms of chorus girls. They believed with the Greeks that artistic beauty was best expressed in curves. They established a democracy of lights. And when this democracy showed signs of becoming unpopular—such an event would have been impossible had there been an aristocracy instead, had there been displayed greater discrimination in the selection of the wearers of lights—bare flesh adjacent to the knee was exhibited to restore the old exclusiveness. Runways were erected thru the auditorium which would bring the knees into the closer surveillance of palpitating patrons. And costume designers were instructed to spare no expense in giving appropriate decorative appeal to the members of the ensemble.

Their productions likewise were enormously successful. They also attracted men in droves. But did the character of man become debased as a result? Not so the prisons and the hospitals could notice it. Neither Broadway nor Bangor has had a fall. Both still reflect the vigor and wholesomeness of America in their own way.

Both welcome—and always will welcome—the chorus girl whether she is overdressed or underdressed. They admit—and always will admit—that she is the mainstay of musical comedy. And for two reasons.

One is right and the other is left.

The Lost Art of Recitation

(Continued from page 72)

"And pledge his love "For love" brings out the real meaning of the line, which is "I can give only love in exchange for love." In Shakespearean texts the question oft arises as to whether you shall preserve the meter or pronounce so normally that no attention on the part of the audience is directed to distorted pronunciations. To say re-ven-ue, accenting "ven," is to preserve the meter, but it does more, it seems pedantic on the part of the interpreter and directs the attention of the audience upon some non-essential detail.

"In what dramatic form." This is perhaps the most important question to be answered. As recitation is a dramatic form of art, everything is awry if the delivery is not in keeping with the form demanded by the text. This question properly pondered will enable you to clearly define soliloquy, conversation, prayer, letter-reading, monolog, impersonation, description, narrative, etc., etc. In no other art is there any danger of confusing forms. The painter does not use oil and water colors in the same picture, nor does the etcher employ colors. In no other one way does the reciter fail so ingloriously as in this mixing of the forms of interpretation.

What a Woman Should Know

(Continued from page 53)

tortoise-shell carvings. Among the most notable of the exclusive designs are the carved ivory handles, which are at least three inches wide and from one and a half to two inches thick.

The indications are that fashion has tired of the beaded bag and is now going in for more exclusive novelties, Oriental in type. One is in pouch form, hanging from a silver chain and closing with a hinged cover set into a corresponding ring, the two being held together with a clasp. A bag for evening wear is of gold cloth, ornamented with bead and metal embroidery and metal pendant ornaments.

The sidekicks patent leather and soft, pliable white kid are in high favor as trimmings on both utility and dressy frocks. A new trimming which looks very much like braid is simply rows of hemstitching placed closely together to form a strip about half an inch wide. This is used on cloth dresses as well as on lightweight silk. For instance, a white frock is trimmed with these bands of stitching done in dull bronze thread.

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920

(Continued from page 66)

expected to find anything worth while in small or unsatisfactory pictures. So to do yourself justice you must submit artistic and truthful portraits.

If your first attempt is unsuccessful, why not try again? Your first picture may not have done justice to you in such a widespread competition.

A little stage or screen experience is allowable and even desirable, since thereby you should know wherein your strong or weak points lie. Also it would be of aid to you if you win a place among the cast of our five-reel play. But no one who has played many or prominent parts may enter. Otherwise there are no restrictions: age, sex, nationality, financial conditions—you are not barred in any of these respects.

"We cannot answer any letters of inquiry in regard to the contest. Nor can we, under any circumstances, return photographs. All rules regarding the contest will be found in the announcements in the Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland.

Once more we feel constrained to call your attention to the contests to be run by the local theaters in connection with the showing of "A Dream of Fair Women." From this picture you will gain a definite idea as to how well-ordered is the machinery governing our part of the competition. And thru the local contests your own talented and beautiful acquaintances will receive prime consideration in our great campaign. If your manager has not heard of these things show him our announcements; or, better still, ask him to communicate with Murray W. Garson, Foundation Film Corporation, 1600 Broadway, New York City, who is in charge of the distribution of our film, and will arrange the details of the local matches.
The selection of soap for the toilet or bath is a matter of importance if the skin is to be kept clean and healthy. That is why the discriminating woman places RESINOL SOAP first on her shopping list.

Most any soap will remove dust or dirt, but Resinol Soap does more—it refreshes and stimulates while it cleanses, getting right at the root of the complexion trouble. Yet it contains no harsh drying alkali or artificial coloring, and can be used with confidence on the most delicate skin. It is pure, mild and cleansing.

Its generous lather helps to overcome roughness, redness, clogged pores, blotches and other skin defects, because it contains the well-known soothing, healing Resinol properties.

For baby's bath Resinol Soap cannot be excelled, as it tends to prevent chafing and to keep the delicate skin healthy.
pedantic tones, "of offering advice on personal matters, but, Jekyll, what can a man like you have in common with—a person like this Hyde? I have seen him—one day at your laboratory when we were out, and I give you my word, I never saw a face of more incarnate evil on a human being. There must be some secret— somehow you—a man whom the whole world revives for your goodness and spirituality, should tolerate, let alone make an intimate of a degradation wretched like that. If it is a matter of money—if you are in debt—"

...But the doctor shook his head warily. "There is nothing you can do for me, Mr. Hyde. I cannot tell you— one can do, unless—" He did not finish the sentence, but a mane flashed into the dark despair of his brain that was more vivid, more pure, more powerful; perhaps once and for all he could force himself to destroy that devil's brew that alone gave him access to the world. Buoyed up by this hope, Dr. Jekyll went to the girl and very humbly told her of his hatred for his own face, with her for his wife. The blush that swept the lovely face answered him before her quivering, happy lips. "I have loved you," Millicent told him, brave with her new joy, "always, I think, but you are so good, so wise and splendid that I was afraid you would never even think of me."

"You should," Jekyll said, and stooped to touch her fingers with his lips, "you are my better self. If I should ever do aught to bring a shadow over your dear face I should deserve never to see it again.

That night he took out the beaker that glowed dull scarlet under the lamps and carried it to the hearth to break it into bits against the stones. There was but a little left, he noted, still it would be better to destroy what there was. He lifted it up and poured out half the contents into the tumbler on the mantel. It was as though his hands obeyed not himself, but some other, implacable, strong—

A week went by and Millicent had no word from her lover. Her growing uneasiness sent her to her father, who promised to go to his rooms and find him. "Tho, if you're going to marry a scientist, Milly," he said, cynically, "you may as well make up your mind to being forgotten at least half the time."

Sir George found the doctor's rooms locked. To his repeated pounding there was no reply, but as he turned to go, the dreadful figure of Hyde, twisted, cringing, passed him, and he heard the click of a key in the lock. For a moment he paused, with a sudden, horrid suspicion stirring at the roots of his hair. What if that fiendish shape were Jekyll?

He looked quite capable of it, damned if he didn't. Had a regular gallows face. But he did not return to investigate.

...Late that evening a messenger brought Millicent a note in the doctor's handwriting, the almost unrecognizable blotted and tremulous. "Forgive me," it said: "save me by loving me—if love may save."

Thoroughly terrified, she took it to her father. "Something has happened," she said, wildly. "Father—I know it. I have felt it all day—a cloud—threatening. You must go to him. Now! At once!"

Her fear had its way, and again Sir George rang the bell of Jekyll's rooms. Some one stirred inside, there was the sound of shattered glass, and the doctor's voice raised in wild triumph. "Now, you bend incarnate! Now you shall never return again. I have done with you at last! At last—ah, God!"

And then, chilling the marrow of the bones, a shriek of horror, prolonged and despairing. Shoulder set against the door, Sir George wrenched it open and plunged headlong into the study. Before him, amid the fragments of a beaker of some reddish liquid, stood Dr. Jekyll in an attitude of terrible expectancy—or was it Jekyll? For even as he looked he seemed to shrink and twist into the reptile figure of Hyde. The beautiful face became a devil's; the sensitives who hands grew thick and coarse and shaggy with black hair...

"You see I came!" Hyde cried, with a shrill, triumphant laughter. "I don't need your beard now, my dear Jekyll—or you! I'm stronger than you are, much stronger!"

He glared upon the dazed man before him, and a spasm of hate twisted his malign features. "It was you who were responsible—you!" he shrieked, and, catching a glimpse, he turned on Sir George and struck with the ferocity of a mad gorilla, again and again, until the thing that lay upon the floor was unrecognizable, a featureless mass of dead clay.

Millicent awaited her father's return, becoming more and more uneasy with the passage of the long afternoon. She had carried the body of Sir George into the laboratory. He had declared upon flight—flight from the country, to Paris, perhaps, where, in the countless rabble warrens of crime in the Latin Quarter, he could hide himself safely. But before he went there was another thing to be done. Once and for all he must destroy the whole of Jekyll, who wished to rob him of existence. He held the other beaker now between his hideous, muscular hands. At sight of it he fell to the hearth and was shattered into a thousand fragments. The thick, pendulous lips drew back over his teeth in a grin of delight. There was that in his eyes that chilled her with unknown dread. She drew back, trembling, as he stepped slowly forward, hairy hands going out gleatingly toward her white loveliness. A scream rose to her lips, but died unuttered in the passing moments, until it seemed to bound the twisted form was upon her.

Then, with the great hands already poised above her, Hyde staggered back, as though under the impact of an unseen blow. The look of baffled greed on the hideous features changed to one of black fury. He writhed and twisted in dreadful struggle with something that slowly but surely overcame him. "You!" came from between the blackened lips, venomously. "You! How can you come back—you shant have her—" Then curses, dying into a great gasp as the man swayed forward to his knees.

(Continued on page 91)
Haven't You Always Admired Viola Dana's Lovely Eyelashes?

How wonderfully they bring out that deep, soulful expression of her eyes!

You, too, can have lovely Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows, if you will do what so many stars of the stage and screen, as well as women everywhere prominent in society are doing, apply a little Lash-Brow-Ine nightly. Results will amaze as well as delight you. "LASH-BROW-INe" is a pure, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes their growth, making them long, silky and luxuriant, thus giving them beauty and soulful expression to the eye, which are truly the "Windows of the Soul."

Hundreds of thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use, why not you?

SATISFACTION ASSURED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Generous size 50c. At your dealers or sent direct, prepaid upon receipt of price. Substitutes are simply an annoyance. Be certain you are getting the genuine "LASH-BROW-INe," which you can easily identify by the picture of the "Lash-Brow-Ine Girl," same as shown in small oval at the right, which adorns every box of the genuine.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4503-95 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO
Good-By to the Movies for a While

(Continued from page 45)

gas-mask to a comrade and his sacrifice had rendered him blind. Gloria, realizing what this meant, began to think about things. His helplessness and loneliness awakened a quality in her which had hitherto been dormant. Of course, she married him because she had found real love. To my mind, this was one of the best stories I ever read, and I could feel the ring of truth through the making of the production.

In "The Avalanche" I played two roles, that of a mother and a daughter. Here I had an opportunity to interpret a mother's devotion and self-abnegation in an unselfish way. The characters, which were really interesting, the story itself was replete with color and romance.

To be sure it is not always easy to find the stories one likes, and it is not well to portray only one type of character, but the mostactory story to feel the sincerity of the story, judging from the letters I receive from strangers who have seen my productions, I should say that the average person likes romance and strong realism combined in character delineations.

For instance, in "The Society Exile," I portrayed the role of a woman who had been grossly wronged and accused. It was not a sympathetic character, because she really felt very sorry for herself. However, it was not her fault; she was a victim of circumstances, but, nevertheless, I did not like to depict a character who shed tears over her own plight. It is always so trivial and weak for one to be sorry for one's self. I believe that the war has taught us a great lesson in this respect, and we have little patience with a character who weeps over his or her own misfortune. However much one has been wronged, there is always some way to build up the broken structure and start afresh. Weeping over one's plight never mended matters. It was somewhat different in "The Witness for the Defense," because the woman did not display weakness even when she was abused by the man she married. She tried to get away from him and, when she failed, she decided to take her own life. Of course, that was not courageous, but she had been driven to desperate measures. She displayed strength when she returned to her old home and faced the gossip which she knew awaited her. Only a great love could have borne up under such circumstances, and in the end she was rewarded by the love of the man she had never ceased caring about.

The play I have chosen for my first dramatic appearance, after an absence from the legitimate stage of several years, is one of perhaps a hundred or more plays I have read. I think my reasons for choosing it were perhaps the exact reasons I have illustrated in the choice of several photoplays I have mentioned. First, the play appealed to me because it was well constructed technically and interesting from a dramatic standpoint. It contained no great emotional scenes to speak of, and no sex problems, no profound ideas, and not even the popular "triangle" for a theme. It did not boast of a baffling mystery to be solved in the climaxes and carried with it none of the surprises that an audience can look for to the nth point. It is a simple story, romantically conceived. The characterization of Carlotta fascinated me because of her naturalness. As I read the play I could not help feeling the convincing qualities portrayed in this human and wholly interesting type of womanhood.

One of the situations which develop in the drama is so humanly genuine that it seemed to me like a page torn from life. Had Carlotta been an imaginative character instead of a human being, she would not have been so passionate as she did, making the most out of what might have been a tragedy. To her, the greatest love in her life became an instrument of inspiration and achievement, rather than a pitfall. Her courage to face a critical situation in a sane, resourceful way, lifted her above the maudlin, hysterical type of womanhood which pities itself and slumps down into a helpless drab. Her sheer force and wholesome naturalness led her on to accomplish a talented career.

Later in life she again displays supreme courage and human impulses, and picks up the thread of romance which was so abruptly snapped and weaves it into a perfect whole. The theme of this story is not particularly new, but the character of Carlotta is refreshing because she never either in gesture or spoken word betrays any phase of self-pity.

Character analysis is an interesting study, both in real life and in the theater. In order to get the most out of a part, one must really feel it and live it, with mind, soul and body.

A WOMAN'S FACE

By Charlotte Becker

A woman's face—I see it still
With just the same strange, sudden thrill
As when I chanced to peer behind
One night—a half unsubmerged blind,
And saw her at the window-sill.

In vain I pace the streets until
The stars grow dim, and dawn comes
chill—
The shades are drawn—I may not find
A woman's face.

And yet, her eyes the darkness fill
With questionings of good or ill,
Like that erosive, undefined,
Strange smile which Leonardo signed,
And all my dreams evoke at will
A woman's face.
PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair.

It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub in it. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children
THE R. L. WATKINS CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Be SURE it's
WATKINS
If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"
McKay Morris

(Continued from page 15)

manager in town to be his leading man. But none lend enticement, as the juvenile roles offered on Broadway seem to him most void and drab after Dunsany. Not only lack of color, lack of costume, but they have not even imagery. He is anxious, tho, for one big chance to come that will enable him to work out the evolution of a character. He feels that a genuine study of human nature is huge enough, but an arrow-collar-hart- schaffner-and-marsh hero! Where does the fun come in?

"Perhaps the parts are lacking because the producers are," he said. There is only one Belasco, one Walker, one Hopkins, and the stage needs more men like these. The theater is in great want of fantasy and illusion."

"Abraham Lincoln" drifted into the conversation, and all dirges were swept away. Up once more flew Morris' ginger. "There!" said Morris, "that's a new young producer for you who is worth while. Billy Harris' presentation made me sob out loud, and I'm proud of it.

"Mrs. Fiske in 'Miss Nelly of N Orleans' made me feel the same way about knowing nothing. All I did was say to myself for days after I had seen her perform. "Please, let me wake up and find myself a shame. Please, God, am I genuine? Oh, she made me feel so far down, before even the first rung of the ladder."

His admiration for Mrs. Fiske as Miss Nelly is no warmer than his adoration of N. Orleanse; where he first opened his eyes to be or not to be. "I love the South! Of course, I'm not prejudiced. What I guess I really mean is that I love Southern people. They're so spontaneous and sincere. I can't stand artificiality, and, oh—all high-brow!"

McKay Morris need not worry about living up to the standard of being a high-low-brow. One whose obesinace to the Dooleys, Jimmie Watts, and Ted Lewis' saxophone is as faithful as reverence for Ro-shambo, Fay Bainter and Kay Nielsen, is indeed amicable in balance.

Morris loves the open—and exercise. He would forfeit a crown for a tennis tournament and, as has been writ in slabs of marble long ere this, a kingdom—for a sprightly canter in the park. No sleeping actor is he. Sunday mornings find him out holidaying beyond the city limits at about the time others of the profession are propping up their pillows, making way to cosily delve into the theatrical papers.

Were Morris a boy of seventeen, one could very well understand his restlessness. But, as he is not, one must attribute it to a vast enthusiasm in life. Morris, indeed, is young Greece in 1920, invaded by the "shimmie"—and liking it.

The April-May Classic

Want to escape from business? Bored by the routine of Everyday? Very sure the world is a dull old place? Lost your faith in love? Lost your ability to dream? Lost your joy in living? Feeling old?

But the Motion Picture Classic! It is good for your soul, as the sulphur and molasses Mother gave you in the spring, years ago, was good for your blood. It will make you think, but first it will make you dream. It will rebuild those shattered castles in Spain. Its beauty and its charm will gladden your heart and make you young again.

A clever interview with Clairene Seymour, the "Cutie Beautiful" of the screen, by James Frederick Smith.

An intimate chat with "Micky" Neilan by Elizabeth Peltret.

Also chats with Frances Bilington, Pauline Starke and Mary MacLaren.

There will be beautiful pictures, charming novelizations.

The cover is symbolic of Easter tide from a beautiful painting by Dolores Cassellani.
They Were Not So Slow in the Good Old Days
(Continued from page 56)

portray human passions in terms of violence.
An actor who "rants" can never be a good actor; he could have been a good actor no more in Booth's time than in Forrest's. The mistake often made lies in the false respect accorded an old-time actor who comes down to our own day surrounded with the traditions that clustered about some famous tragedian. Because he once upon a time acted in a company of a great artist, it is erroneously assumed that he reflects correctly the style of his contemporary, when in truth he liberates him by his own clumsy methods. The rule is, however, that few actors have learnt their profession so well as those who enjoyed the association of great artists of their time, and among the vanishing few there are still some on our present-day stage who acted with Booth and Davenport, and whose places it would be hard to fill when it shall be their time to vanish, too.

Acting, after all, is not an art unless it is associated with heaven-born genius. A Forrest, a Booth, a Salvini is born but once in a generation. To have seen Janauschek in the sleep-walking scene of "Macbeth" is to carry a memory thru life that never fades, to have a remembrance vivid, thrilling and imperishable.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
(Continued from page 76)

Millicent clutched the door lintel. Thru the whirling of the world she saw her lover's face looking up from that huddled, crushed, beaten form, the face of Howard Jekyll, white unto death, but with the light of supreme victory in his eyes. "I have killed him!" cried the doctor, in a tone that rang clarion-like a moment, then sank to a whisper. "I could not have done it but for my love—it made me strong, it is stronger than evil—"

He fell back upon the floor at her feet, arms outstretched. He had overcome his evil self at last, but it had been a struggle to the death. Once again his lips moved. "Millicent—love—forgive—"

He was dead, but on the upturned face was the old look of gentleness and tenderness and love that had always made those who looked at Dr. Jekyll think of something they had seen somewhere before—perhaps in some ancient painting of the Man who had struggled with the evil of the world to save others, tho Himself He could not save.

Birds of a feather flock together—on an Easter bonnet.
Be sure ahead, then go right—away.
Dont go among doers if you dont want to be di'd.

The Biggest Novelty-Special Ever Produced!

To the Motion Picture Public of the World:
DO YOU KNOW HOW STARS ARE MADE? COULD YOU BE A SCREEN STAR? DO YOU WANT TO BE A SCREEN STAR?

If So—SEE

“A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN”——

Produced by the M. P. Publishing Co.
under the auspices of

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND

This picture shows the types wanted, as selected from the 1919 contest, and coincident with the running of the picture your exhibitor will conduct a local contest, the winner of which will be placed on the honor roll of the 1920 contest.

Tell your exhibitor to get in touch with his exchangeman, or with Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York City, regarding this film and the local contest.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
1920 BIGGER and BETTER
FAME and FORTUNE CONTEST

The 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest revealed the fact that BEAUTY, like gold, lies hidden in various parts of the country and in order to find it, it must be searched, tried and tested before its real value is known. The winners and Honor Roll girls appeared in a two-reel feature, “A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN,” which is now being shown throughout the country. Your local theater man is going to run this film and you will want to see it. He is going to unite with us in finding the 1920 winners. That means a local contest in your own home town. The winners in these contests will be sent to us and placed on the Honor Roll, and their photos appear in our magazine. Ask your theater man if he has already secured this film, and if not tell him to get in touch with Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York, who is our distribution representative.

A Five Reel Feature Drama

is already selected for the 1920 contest. The story is a strong and original one. We are searching for suitable material, both male and female, to fill several character types. This does not mean only youth and beauty. There may be in you just what we are looking for to fill these parts. This feature play will be started at once and continue until late in the fall. Included in this will be the scenes of the Honor Roll Beauties, which will be taken at Roslyn, N. Y. You will want a part in this picture. Send in your photograph at once, and on the entrance coupon to be pasted on the back, state if you would like to take a part in the Five Reel Feature. If we find you suitable for a place in this picture we will communicate with you.

CONTEST OPEN TO ALL

The contest is open to everybody—ladies and gentlemen. It doesn’t matter where you live, how old or how young you are, married or single, fat or thin, nor what your nationality is. You may possess some unusual charm, some distinct type, a rare personality or beauty that the motion picture lovers are eagerly looking forward to with interest. Have you that something in you? Send in your photo and let us be the judge. Read all the rules carefully, as pictures sent in that don’t comply with our rules will not be entered.

RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from either The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic or Shadowland, or a similar coupon of your own making.
Postal card pictures and snap-shots not accepted. Tinted photos cannot be reproduced in magazine.
Photos will not be returned to the owner.
Contestants should not write a letter accompanying photo, requiring a reply. Thousands of photos will be received and it will be impossible to answer each one. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.
Photos should be mailed to Contest Manager, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.
The contest is open to every man or woman except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.
Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920

SHADOWLAND ENTRANCE COUPON

Name
Address
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any
When born
Birthplace
Hair (color)
Complexion
Eyes (color)
Would you like to take part in the Five Reel Feature Drama?
Lady Mary
The fashionable fragrance

Fashionable—because its fragrance is in delightful evidence wherever beauty gathers.

Send 15¢ to Vivaudou, Times Building, New York, for a sample of Lady Mary Perfume.
Conspicuous Nose Pores
How to reduce them

COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. On the nose especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores. These pores, if not properly stimulate and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce them: wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Notice the improvement the very first treatment makes—a promise of what the steady use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will do. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect. Use this treatment persistently. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and make them inconspicuous.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25c cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap and booklet of famous treatments for 6c

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or 10 days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of famous skin treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Write today to the Andrew Jergens Company, 1311 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.
If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Company Limited, 1311 Sherbrooke Street, West, Ontario.