The Colorful and Romantic Story of William V. Taylor's Life

MOovie WEekly
March 25, 1922
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Stork Hovers over Bill Hart's Home

Mack Sennett Beauty
Mary's Trials

FOR some peculiar crook in the makeup of "us mortals," we gaze curiously, and yet quite impersonally, at the troubles of others. When, however, these troubles are attached to a favorite celebrity, our interest quickens twofold.

Mary Pickford and her trials attract us. She represents the champion trial-sufferer among the motion picture contingent. Two trials of long and enduring standing bob up continuously to agitate the otherwise peaceful rush of producing and starring in big specials.

The one we have in mind at this writing, especially, is the Mrs. Cora Wilkenning suit, charging that back in 1916, or thereabouts, she, an agent, was instrumental in having Adolph Zukor, President of Famous Players - Lasky Corporation, raise Mary's salary to the million dollar a year mark. In compensation for her services, charges Mrs. Wilkenning, she demanded the regular agent fee of ten per cent of Mary's salary at the time the raise became effective. But the demand has never been met.

Mary denies Mrs. Wilkenning had anything at all to do with her raise. So does her mother, Mrs. Pickford, who has been her business manager since Mary was a wee bit of a stage actress earning eight dollars a week.

Mrs. Wilkenning, finding the two adamant, march d into a lawyer's office and with his legal commando, fired her first lawsuit gun back in 1918 for the money she claims is due her for agent's services rendered.

Mary stoutly denied the charge, then, as she does today, and the two go to court every year or so to fight the battle to another decision. Neither permits a decision against herself to stand unchallenged. Therefore, one new trial of the old one follows another.

Mary fights for the principal of the thing. She has lost $108,000 twofold and probably even more from the expense of court totals and the loss of holding up production on her pictures. But to give in to a woman she and her mother allege to be absolutely without cause for demanding $108,000 would be next to making a dupe of herself for the agent's purposes.

The agent, Mrs. Wilkenning, on the other hand, believes herself to be in the right, so she stubbornly sticks to the cause.

Mary and Doug are now back in Hollywood, where Doug is working on his latest production, "Robin Hood," and Mary begins work soon on "Tess of the Storm Country." Mary is all broken up over the strain of the trial that has just ended. So she will rest up a bit before going in for strenuous work.

It's pretty hard sledding for Mary to look forward to first a trial in New York of the Wilkenning suit and then a trial in Reno, Nevada, for that ancient suit charging that her divorce from Owen Moore was void. Here, again, Mary is up against it, for the State Attorney of Nevada, who conducts warfare against Mary, is bent on making Mary suffer for her happiness in being divorced from Owen and married to Doug. Well, life seems to be just one darn trial after another for Mary.

Circumstances have lined up against her for stormy legal sessions and under the strain, Mary's health is waging a valiant fight for supremacy.

Mary Pickford is a great artist. She is a splendid executive. She works from eight to sixteen hours a day in the studio, planning, acting, supervising every little detail. It is a big job for a woman.

All her health reserve is called upon to buoy her up for the terrific amount of work she has set herself to accomplish. Figure out for yourself, then, if there are to be pestering trials that are dug up again and again simply because those on the losing end lack good sportsmanship and Mary's work is interrupted by legal worries and tribulations as well, after all, Mary is only human.

We wonder what our readers think of these heckling trials of Mary's.

WE CALL ATTENTION TO...

Again, we call our readers' attention to that remarkable story now running in "Movie Weekly." "The Colorful and Romantic Story of William D. Taylor's Life." This is the one authoritative account of this individual's adventurous life. The Editor feels that readers of "Movie Weekly" want to know the truth about Mr. Taylor. The writer was a personal friend of the slain director. Write and tell us what you think of this unusual story.
EDITORIAL NOTE: This is the second instalment of William D. Taylor's remarkable life story, recounting vividly the colorful story of his early boyhood days and the strange experiences he underwent in his early manhood days. This is the first time Mr. Taylor's story in detail has ever been published by any publication, and the accuracy of this narrative to detail and its faithful delineation of Taylor's real character and personality ranks it among the foremost of the "exclusive" stories published in "Movie Weekly."

You will recall that last week's instalment of Mr. Taylor's story found the boy on the stage, and dreading that his father asked him to abandon what he fondly believed to be the beginning of a dramatic career. Which proved to be true.

FOR a week Taylor entertained his father with the lore of the theatre; had him meet a number of the leading actors in London at that time—and conclusively proved that he was neither already married to an actress nor had any intention of being married to anyone "in the profession."

Admittedly, Maj. Tanner liked the life behind the scenes. He even went so far as to say that he could understand how his son happened to like it. Yet, in the next breath, he begged William to leave the footlights, to return to the quiet, paternal acres near Mallow—to "settle down and make a man of himself."

The young actor did not wish to oppose his father when he saw that there were tears in the elder man's eyes, but at the same time, his fascination for the stage had grown into a love for it. It was the turning point of his career. He begged his father's indulgence for the time being—until Hawtrey, at least, could rehearse another man in his part, but Maj. Tanner remained obdurate—parentally unreasonable—and spoke glowingly about the family honor and all that. Such talk failed to convince Taylor, and he spoke of going on tour with the Hawtrey company.

"Leave the stage—for your mother's sake," at length pleaded the father. "Since she heard the news that you are playing in the theatre she is heartbroken. She can think of nothing else, and the worry is injuring her health."

This reference to his mother moved the young actor where other arguments had failed. With sadness in his heart he handed in his resignation to Hawtrey and departed from London with his father.

The quietude of the old peat-bogs, the lazy, unprogressive life of the Mallow citizenry palled on Taylor soon after he returned to the homestead estate. He became restless and hinted that he was going to depart again for distant parts.

There was constant fear in the hearts of the Deane-Tanners that their scion would again play on the hated stage. Letters to Taylor from Hawtrey and other actors confirmed their suspicions that his theatrical desires were by no means dead.

News had reached England that a colony for remittance men—the impecunious sons of leading families—had been successfully established in America at Harper, Kansas. Maj. Tanner invested in acreage there, and offered it to his son.

There was a reason, however, why young Taylor did not then want to leave Mallow for America. It was unexpressed by him at that time—but when his father discovered it he became all the more determined that his son should do nothing unconventional to blot the family escutcheon.
As far as the father of William D. Taylor was concerned, everything stood in readiness for the departure of his son from the Deane-Tanner homestead at Mallow to enter the service of his family's announcing the remittance-men's colony at Harper, Kansas. But Major Deane-Tanner had not reckoned with the will and desires of the son who had so singularly "disgraced" his family by wanting to act on the stage, nor had he considered that, possibly, Taylor might be in love.

There was, therefore, a considerable surprise to the staid army officer when his son refused to accept evacuation orders from him.

On those days of his life, Taylor customarily gave his confidence to no one. During the time that he lived separate from his family in his caretaker's but he saw little of his relatives during his reclusion from them. However, it did not necessarily mean that he completely isolated himself entirely from the rest of the world, nor that he would prohibit himself the society of the gentler sex.

On the other hand, he turned romantic eyes in the direction of a certain young woman, and, not without the permission of his father, he took her with him for a brief visit to see Taylor again.

When he got there, however, he was to see the girl and her family and to forbid her to see Taylor again. But before he could get to the recruiting school, Taylor, disconsolate, dejected, returned to Mallow with the news that he had failed to pass the examination. With his father already in a surly mood his homecoming was unfortunate. Major Taylor met him with a scowl, and mocked him for his weakness.

"You are dishonorable in love," he railed, "a disgrace to your family and all that, but you aren't man enough to get into His Majesty's service. You couldn't be a man—and yet you are a Deane-Tanner!"

Mary Pickford was directed by William Taylor service. You couldn't be a man—and yet you are a Deane-Tanner!"

The insinuation stung Taylor. He could see, from the attitude of his family, that he was in disgrace to them. Even his mother's demeanor had changed, and he felt that he was merely being tolerated.

He determined to seek consolation in his sweet for the sake of words and belligerence to restore it. When he got there, however, he found that her family had moved and left no whereabouts—and he later learned that this was an act of his father's, Major Taylor had paid them to discourage him.

It was indeed fortunate for Taylor that he did not undertake the engagement, for the company failed to get the young woman out of the difficulty, and when he sat at the table he found that all he could get was dessert. In his calm, courteous manner he said, "As we are living in comparative poverty, we can't afford to be too particular. The idea of being a farmer was not enough to get into His Majesty's army, but he managed to get through the performance creditably, with the result that the show's manager offered him a permanent berth with the company, which was scheduled to go on tour through the provinces.

This offer, however, he did not accept, for he was offered a salary so small that when in the late 90's, it was impossible as a living wage. It was indeed fortunate for Taylor that he did not understand the engagement. He was offered a place in a tour company, which was scheduled to go on tour through the provinces.

Instead, Taylor started for Kansas. When he got there, however, he was disappointed in the English colony at Harper. The half-grown town was small and unattractive. A number of the remittance men—all well-born and well-bred, but incapable of actually supporting themselves by their own efforts—were living in comparative poverty. All were discouraged and longed to get back to Britain, but Taylor did not permit this to dampen his spirits.

His acquaintance with him for his father was improved. He ordered lumber and started the work of building himself a house. When he had done this, he named it for his sister's kitchen garden. Many nights he went to his bed with
The Stork hovers over Bill Hart's home

A Happy Couple and a Beautiful Home Life
By Grace Kingsley

I T'S all just like a Bill Hart Wild West romance, after Bill has repented of his badman deeds, hung his guns on the wall, and gone off and married the heroine.

In short, it's a very happy, beautiful home, that of William S. Hart and his wife—who used to be Winifred Westover—out in the Beverly Hills of California.

And now, as the finishing touch to their joy, the stork is expected!

It isn't to be for some time yet, however, this coming of the bird that promises so much happiness to the Hart home. But already Mrs. Hart and Bill's faithful and loving sister Mary are laying in a supply of wonderful little garments—fluffy, soft little garments that women love so much.

Bill Hart is probably about the happiest man in the world! He has always loved children, he is deeply devoted to his girl wife, and you may be sure that she is being protected from every chill blast as tenderly as though she were a queen expecting an heir.

The Harts spend a good deal of time at Hart's ranch. Here Winifred and Bill walk about the orchards and fields and pastures, hand in hand, or motor through the nearby hills. Both love the country and are happier out there than anywhere else in the world, they say. Pinto Ben, Bill's old horse, is pastured out there, and the notional old creatures has taken a great fancy to Bill's bride. Winifred sometimes mounts him and goes for a short ride, with Bill on a more spirited animal beside her.

Sister Mary is taking a special pride in fitting up a beautiful nursery in the Hart house, with all the comforts of home that a babe might naturally expect from such parents as a Harts' baby's are.

Now perhaps for the first time in his life Bill Hart is forgetful of the old tragedy of his life—the time the sister, just two years younger than himself, to whom he was deeply devoted, passed away. That was many years ago, but he fairly worshipped the girl, who was a delicate spiritual sort of little creature.

"Bill never got over her loss," Sister Mary told me once.

Mrs. Hart has been entertaining her old Hollywood friends of late, and a few weeks ago developed a great desire to return to the screen. Her husband doesn't wish her to do so, ever, and now, of course, it isn't likely that she will.

Some day Bill and his wife are expecting to take a trip to Europe. But the arrival of an heir will put the trip off for a couple of years at least, because neither Hart nor Winifred is the sort of person to leave the baby's care to strangers.

The Hart home is the scene of many delightful social affairs of an informal nature. These two genuine souls care deeply for all their old friends: so Winifred's girlhood friends and Bill's old associates frequently drop in for dinner or for an evening's chat.

The house is a picturesque one inside and out. It is built against the hills, and there is a suggestion of hominess and warmth and friendliness that is exactly like Hart and his sister.

Inside, the Hart home is furnished throughout with skins, Indian rugs, Indian pottery, basketry, curious, bright-colored Indian clothing, and with pictures by famous Indian painters, including Frederick Remington and others almost as well-known. There is a picturesque den, cosily fitted with Indian rugs, blankets, skins, pipes, paintings, which is Hart's own. Even Winifred doesn't venture in when Bill is puffing his old Indian pipe and going over his business affairs.

In the meantime, he's a very happy Bill, as, indeed, he deserves to be.
An Intimate Story of the Gish

"We were rather late in joining the Biograph company," Lillian explained. "Biograph was reaching the end of its career and we played in a few of the productions there. Then Mary was engaged by Belasco to play opposite Ernest Truex in 'The Good Little Devil,' and I was engaged to play one of the fairies. I stayed with Mary until the spring, when I found the climate did not agree with me and we decided to go to the Coast to play in Mr. Griffith's Triangle stock company."

"But before I go on with that part of the story, I must tell you that neither Doug nor Mary have grown up a bit since those days. When Mary's picturization of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' opened in New York recently Doug was along, of course. We all went over to the theatre together before the performance to look things over," Lillian narrated. "Doug always acts like a twelve-year-old boy, and he got impatient with waiting, so he went down in the orchestra and amused himself by vaulting over the orchestra seats. Doug is the typical American, enthusiastic, boyish, and happy at all times. His greatest amusement is a circus parade and I think his idea of heaven is to ride on an elephant with the brass band just behind him."

Soon after Lillian's trip west, all paths led to the first of the spectacular productions which Mr. Griffith has made, the famous "Birth of a Nation." But Lillian had another long path to tread before she attained even this success, a success, which, by the way, she depreciates. "It was too big a part for me," she said. "I didn't know enough about acting. Of more importance to me was my work with Triangle. I photographed well and was fairly sure of myself as an actress, so whenever a new director broke in I was given to him. I played in the first productions of such well-known directors as Del Henderson, Eddie Dillon, William Christy Cabanne, and others I can't even remember at this moment. But this was splendid experience for me. These directors were anxious to make a good impression with their first picture. They didn't care a bit about me; and I was left to make the most of myself. Then Triangle began to lose its hold, and when 'The Birth of a Nation' was started, Mr. Griffith gave me a part in it. When I look at it now, I am always ashamed of my acting. I just didn't know any better. None of us girls, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper or myself, knew much about picture acting at that time, and whatever we did was the result of Mr. Griffith's direction."
"Do you know, you never realize how you become an actress," Dorothy remarked.

"That's just what I said when I spoke Sunday at the church in Washington Heights," said Lilian.

"Lilian spoke beautifully," Mrs. Klatch commented, her face beaming with pride.

"Yes, Lilian is getting to be a wonderful speaker," Dorothy added.

The minister asked me to speak. He told me that he was having difficulty in getting the young people to come to church and thought that perhaps I could help him a little. Wherever we have been, mamma always sent us to Sunday School and church when she could. So I told the congregation what part the church had played in my life. I couldn't very well tell them they needed the money badly, and we would have gone in person, if it had not been for another engagement which we could not break. So I sent him instead a print of 'Way Down East,' and the church raised that night as much money as it had during the entire year, doubling, in other words, its collections.

"But, returning to why we became actresses, just as I told those church folks the other night, we grew up and when we grew up we found we knew how to do nothing except acting, and so we became actresses. People always speak of the glamour of the stage and all that, but I fail to see any glamour about it. And I suppose people also wonder why anyone should choose such a strange career as that of an actress. As a matter of fact, we never chose to become actresses. It just happened to us."

"I wish I could speak as well as you can," Dorothy told her sister.

"I am studying voice now, and hope to do my speaking in public," Lilian replied.

Then I received a letter not long ago from our old pastor from home. He is now in a New England town and he asked us if we wouldn't appear personally at a church benefit. It seems they needed the money badly, and we would have gone in person, if it had not been for another engagement which we could not break. So I sent Lillian instead a print of 'Way Down East' and the church raised that night as much money as it had during the entire year.

"I certainly wish I could do something that was as interesting as a speech-making woman," Lilian laughed. "I had an opportunity last year of speaking before a Chautauqua in New York State, where there were to be eighteen thousand in the audience. And Harvard University has asked me to deliver a lecture on how motion pictures are made. But I think Mr. Griffith is the man who knows more about that than anyone else, so I am going to suggest that he makes the lecture instead of me. Besides, I want to stay at home part of the time, anyhow, and am trying to avoid as many trips out of town as possible.

"But to get back to the old days. I stayed out on the Coast making pictures while Mr. Griffith got the idea of producing 'Intolerance.' He had the germ of the modern story first, and the rest just grew. Do you know that he made the modern story of 'Intolerance,' the part that later was cut up and released as 'The Mother and the Law,' four times? He used the same cast in the Babylonian episode and started to work on that. It took two years in all, and by the time he had completed the Babylonian episode, he found more faults with the modern story and made it once more. Finally, when he had finished re-takes, he decided that the photography of the modern story was too old-fashioned, so he made it for a fourth time. He had no script, everything was in his own head. It is simply wonderful when you think of one man retaining in his own brain all the ideas and details of such a tremendous production as 'Intolerance.'"

"My part in 'Intolerance' was too slight to be noticed. The cradle-rocking scene in which I appeared was made in two hours one day. The others worked two years on the picture. The Los Angeles reviewers liked that shot, however, and
Charlie Chaplin's Find: Edna Purviance, Graduates to Star

By Carlyle Robinson

The new star cleans a car just as good as any wash-rack out, but the sad-eyed Bill, who is one of the pensioned canines from "A Day's Life," seems inclined to interrupt her work.

Edna Purviance on the studio lot.

TWENTY-THREE years ago, in a beautiful little place called Paradise Valley, Nevada, a baby girl first saw the light of day and about a week later the happy parents had the child christened Edna Olga Purviance.

Statistics of the State of Nevada at that time showed that not more than seven thousand of the entire population of the whole state had been born there and that Paradise Valley could not boast of more than twelve births. So with all of this information, the arrival of Edna Olga was some event.

A few years later the Purviance family was called to Lovelock, another small community in the Nevada state and as was the custom, the Chamber of Commerce acted as a reception committee and the brass band hailed the new arrivals as they stepped from the train.

Edna was at the time just finishing the cutting of her teeth. The neighbors watched the progress of Edna, year in and year out, until she at last blossomed forth into her youth. At that time she was one of the chief attractions of Lovelock because she seemed more clever than the ordinary child and accomplishments as an elocutionist, piano player and singer always drew her the headline space on the church program at every entertainment in the parish.

At last Edna outgrew the form of education they provided in Lovelock and the first thing that was known she was speeding eastward and then the local papers carried headlines about her entrance into Vassar.

Having finished with the learning that she sought, Edna returned to her home and set the town "dippy" with the polish of her manners, and the new out of her clothes caused much envy among the neighbors.

Then when Edna was almost eighteen years of age she took a little trip to San Francisco, the distance being just far enough for an over-night train ride, for the purpose of bolstering up her wardrobe, the main mission being a new Easter hat.

About the third night of her stay in San Francisco she happened along at a social function held in the ballroom of the St. Francis hotel. She had not been there long when three-quarters of the gathering made a dash for one corner of the ballroom and Edna wondered what it was all about.

Her curiosity was soon satisfied when one of the well-posted characters informed her that the great Charlie Chaplin had arrived and that he was going to lead the grand march.

Well, when it came time for the grand march it seems that Charlie was casting his eye about for a companion to walk in step with him when he suddenly saw a beautiful blonde young lady seated in a corner in a sort of lonesome attitude.

Anyhow this beautiful blonde young lady was the same and none other than the girl baby that awakened the statisticians of Paradise Valley some twenty-odd years ago.

Now, Charlie Chaplin always enjoyed good eyewatch. So when his two optics were focussed on Edna he at once realized that he would be positively unable to lead that grand march with anyone other than the beautiful blonde and he lost no time being properly introduced and soon the famous comedian and the young lady from Nevada were in deep conversation.

The next day Edna appeared at the Chaplin studios at Niles, Cal., and a few hours later she began her career before the camera. Ever since that time—and that's six years ago—Miss Purviance has held down the leading position among the members of the supporting company for Charlie. In all she has appeared in twenty-six pictures.

Then one day she was given even a greater opportunity to show her worth when Chaplin decided to make a picture called "The Kid." Edna had a bigger part to play and it called for some emotional work and she performed in such a manner as to cause glowing criticisms to be published about her.

Following all of this, thousands of letters started to pour into her mail bag from admirers everywhere who asked her to play in a picture where she would have a big part.

Motion picture producers started tempting Edna with contracts with all sorts of financial inducements included, but she still remained the leading woman for Charlie.

Charlie declared that Edna was indispensable to him just at the time, but hinted that it would not be long before she would undoubtedly star in her own productions.

So now comes the announcement by the Chaplin Studios, Inc., that Miss Edna Purviance has been graduated as leading woman for Charlie Chaplin and that there has been inaugurated the Edna Purviance Company.

Miss Purviance is now giving her attention to her wardrobe again, not for Easter hats, but for a whole car-load of classy things that she is going to droll herself up in when she starts out with her first starring production.

A story is being prepared for her and a director is about to be engaged and supporting members are being selected for the Edna Purviance Company and within a short time activities will be under way for the new star.

All of the Edna Purviance productions will be made right at the Charlie Chaplin plant in Hollywood, so even as a star Edna will be at home in the studio she knows so well.

So after all it is not such a bad thing to be born in a place like Paradise Valley and the State of Nevada can produce things just as valuable as gold.
WHERE DO YOU MEET YOUR SWEETHEART?

Certain trysting-places have good and bad influences on your love affairs. If you feel uneasy in meeting your lover at a deep, sluggish river—you can trust your instinct, and take it as a warning of illomen. Avoid making appointments there yourself.

It is said that to meet on a high road, or a broad, crowded thoroughfare, is unlucky.

Where four ways meet is always an unlucky spot, and one to be shunned, especially at night. A lane should be avoided if scentless wild roses or dog violets grow in its hedges.

In most instances woods are lucky to lovers, but poplar trees should be avoided, and deep hollows or ravines where trees grow very thickly are not lucky.

Ponds or canals or slowly-flowing streams had better be avoided. It is a widespread belief that stagnant or sluggish water attracts sorrows, and these will especially affect people after nightfall.

Switly flowing water, such as a rapid stream or a waterfall, is supposed to inspire all who linger near it with a longing to travel and to see the world.

Bridges are said to be connected with tears and disappointments, though they lead to happy endings. No one can say how this superstition arose, but it is extremely ancient.

The edge of a steep precipice or the top of a flight of steep steps is not considered a fortunate place at which to linger, as poverty will come to those who wait there long. If you have made the appointment for such a spot, you should both be punctual, then all will be well.

Sand, or a stretch of sandy shore is rather a good place to meet, for most things, but it may be taken as a sign that one of the two lovers will have to go away for a time.

The top of a hill is the best place for lovers' meetings, especially if no trees are near and the hill looks out on open country. All superstitions declare this is a spot for good luck.

WHEN YOU WRITE A LOVE LETTER

Be sure not to use any colored ink or pencil which may be unlucky to yourself or your sweetheart. It has been said that green or red ink is unlucky in every case, but that is not so. If green or red is the lucky color of the one to whom the letter is written, all will be well.

When your letter is written, sealed and addressed, if it should drop to the ground you may expect a disappointment concerning something written in what you have written.

Never post a love letter on Christmas Day, the 1st of September, or February 29th. The 8th or the 17th of any month are also given as unlucky dates sometimes, but they will be all right if 8 is your lucky number or that of your sweetheart.

Never cross a letter—that is, first write a page full in the ordinary way, and then turn it to start writing along the margin.

If 2 or 3 is your lucky number it is better to put that number of stamps on your love letters.
First Instalment

On the other side of the shrubbery was a wide, smooth stretch of grass, and bordering that a walkway. Doris walked straight across the grass and paused when she came to the road. There were two benches there. One faced east, straight toward the sun; the other looked westward into cool, shady vistas. But the second bench was occupied—as the best benches in New York. Only about his business and glanced toward her. Doris looked at the man speculatively. He was young, and he had on a blue serge suit, and a yellow shirt and tan shoes. His black hair was knotted nicely and his hose were black silk, and the soft hat pulled well over his eyes was a very good hat. Stetson probably. He had hair that was thick and a nice, fine figure of a face, and he was worried about something. All this in one sweeping glance! Doris sat down beside the man. He came out of his brown study and glanced toward her. Then his eyes grew wider and bluer, which was explain. But lee~s! said, "just rom looking at you. And you make me feel very frivol-" Tap! Tapr' "I And you're of his brown study and glanced toward his blue eyes hold-

28x436], afternoons, on Long Island? on the grass, where he was joined by the villain me. Is it a girl?"' "she urged. "About myself," he confessed., withered away! Hundreds of them, thousands of job. Then you'l marry a cave-lady and have'" He broke off, scowling'down at her. face re-
dimples at large I He broke off, scowling'down at her. car or a mother or even a nurse. "When

100ki It's a job ous and useless. As he sends. But Petsie wasn't that knotted nicely and his hose were "Nothing half so good as any of them. They're man-size jobs. I was a chorus boy?"

"A chorus boy? Really?" "Yes, really. Of course I had aspirations. Thought I was going to be a star—concerts, grand opera, all that sort of thing. I was doing the up-from-the-bottom stuff. Lord, think of it!" At the utter disgust of his face and tone she melted into laughter, but no line of his face re-

"But if you really have a voice," she urged. "After all, folks need amusement, and hope you find a regular cave-man sort

"It is! It's—oh, well, there's no use trying to explain. But if you think a man who has gone through life would do that, you've been a patient listener. Thank you!" Doris was still looking at her, half-naked little fools, to amuse a lot of vulgar, degraded men. He
didn't want it!" It's--oh, I can't hear you!" "No. But you don't need it. And it's a man," said Doris calmly. "Doris cringed and sobbed, or she might have opened her dimples came dancing out, half-naked little fools, to amuse a lot of vulgar, degraded men. He didn't want it!" It's--oh, I can't hear you!"

"Oh-oh!" "She threw a laughing glance at his

"Yes, really! Of course I had aspirations. Thought I was going to be a star—concerts, grand opera, all that sort of thing. I was doing the up-from-the-bottom stuff. Lord, think of it!"

"But I'm not tired. Only it seems too bad for you to waste your voice and your talent and your good looks," her eyes were shining having him appraisingly, "After all, folks need amusement, you know. The world needs happiness!"

"Not so much as it needs job. Then you'l marry a cave-lady and have'"

"Men do not worry about themselves exclu-

"If you think a man who has gone through life would do that, you've been a patient listener. Thank you!"

"Why not?" "Of course, smiled Doris.

Doris sat down beside the man. He came out urged. "After all, a chorus job isn't a disgrace I"

"As I told you before, in plain, clear, painstak-

"Good Lord, Peteis, what kind of a party do you think this is?" "You girls aren't the limit! Did it ever occur to you to take a minute off and listen when you told me to be ready ahead? I told you what was comin' on first thing this morning. Have you any ears concealed under your hair, or haven't you?"

"Well, what's the matter now?" asked Peteis patiently.

Tony Valentine might have given vent to his perfectly justifiable exasperation in a flood of lurid phrases. But Tony wasn't that kind of director. They aren't all like that. Patricia Peterson, commonly known as Peteis, might have cringed and sobbed, or she might have opened her exceedingly red lips and let out a stream of the sort of repartee which is known as giving him back as good as he sends. But Peteis wasn't that kind of ingenuity. They aren't all like that, either. So Tony Valentine drew a long breath and began again:

"As I told you before, in plain, clear, painstak-

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Tony Valentine might have given vent to his perfectly justifiable exasperation in a flood of lurid phrases. But Tony wasn't that kind of director. They aren't all like that. Patricia Peterson, commonly known as Peteis, might have cringed and sobbed, or she might have opened her exceedingly red lips and let out a stream of the sort of repartee which is known as giving him back as good as he sends. But Peteis wasn't that kind of ingenuity. They aren't all like that, either. So Tony Valentine drew a long breath and began again:

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VI. Keep A Diary!

I'm going to chat about my hobby this time, because I think it is a valuable hobby. I'm going to urge you to do something which your mothers probably have already urged you to do—write a diary.

I suppose all of us have been presented with diaries when we were young. They are the inevitable Christmas or birthday gift. We usually start out well with them and wish that more space had been allotted to each day, as we have so much to say. And why is it that so much space was allotted when every day is just like the one preceding. And finally, along about the second month, we give it up.

Yet there must be value in diary-keeping, otherwise the darned books wouldn't have been invented and parents wouldn't be urging them upon your youthful selves.

A young scenario writer of my acquaintance always was toting a diary with her. And nearly every time I met her she would jot down something in her little book.

"Now what are you writing?" I would demand.

"Oh, just jotting down what you said," she would reply. "You pulled a good line, and I may want to use it for a sub-title or something."

That gave me an idea. If a scenario writer who gets ideas from everybody and everything, why not an actress?

Then, too, I read a great deal, and I like to remember what I read. In fact, I have a special contempt for people who can't remember what they read. It shows a lack of appreciation or concentration. And you need both if you are to be an artist or an educated human being.

When I go to see one of my pictures I take note of what gets over and what fails to get the proper effect. Like a writer who reads his own work after it has been printed in order to get a clear, fresh perspective on its value, a star needs to see her picture in a theatre in order to gauge its effect.

Since the memory is the treasury of the mind you should stock it well whether you are to be a motion picture actress or a good housewife. One of the best memory aids in the world is the notebook.

In speaking of a diary I do not mean the sort that foolish school girls keep and into which they pour their transient heart-burnings. A diary may be so impersonal that all might read it without noticing anything concerning the keeper's private affairs.

It is a waste of time to keep one of those in which you say, "Went to lunch today with Sally, met Joe, got a Crush, crazy about Dolly's new hat, going to copy it, etc., etc." That's nonsense.

But it is worth while setting down observations of books, plays, clothes, paintings, music and incidents that furnish you with ideas. A notebook is a means of self-expression. It disciplines the mind in formulating thought into concise and definite ideas.

An excellent model for a writer is Chekov's notebook, into which the great Russian writer poured random impressions, phrases that occurred to him as vivid, experiences that suggested stories or mental images.

Because it is an actress' work to portray characters realistically it is necessary for her to observe all sorts of characters and to remember how they appeared.

When in New York I often go down in the tenement district of the East Side in order to observe the people live and work and act in that strange melting pot. I note the women gossiping at the corner, their manner of dress, their walk, their gestures. I note the woman selling fruit and fish from a push cart, the way she attracts attention, the way she bargain and the way she arranges her goods. Perhaps I see a character that strikes me as funny, either in deportment or way of dressing. Perhaps I can copy her costume or some of her odd gestures at a later date, when I'm working in a picture. At least, they are worth remembering.

My costume for "Molly-O" is almost a duplication of one worn by a girl I saw on the East Side; it appealed to me as a ludicrous yet pathetic attempt toward style, just the sort of dress which I knew wanted for the characterization of "Molly-O."

It is very easy to originate funny clothes and manners for pictures, but unless they have their counterpart in life and seem natural they are only fit for burlesque. One may exaggerate so easily and spoil a character, for there is a very fine line between human comedy and slapstick burlesque.

You may wonder what all this has to do with keeping a diary.

The Author

Breaking into the movies.

As I said in a previous chat, too few girls aim at becoming film actresses. They often decide to go into pictures because it looks easier than working! They think that all one needs to do is make pretty faces and dress fashionably until the critics discover the girls who drift about Hollywood for a year or two and then disappear or find the easy way of livelihood which they errantly supposed offered for the taking.

I know a young man who came out here some time ago and broke in almost immediately. He probably could have tried harder or that wasn't the reason the producer preferred him to actors of experience.

"He has breeding," said the director. "He doesn't have to act as a gentleman; he is a gentleman."

Old standards are rapidly giving way to new. The pretty face has been tried and found wanting. More and more is culture required, at least an education that embraces an understanding of people. Of a young girl who flashed for a moment into prominence and then disappeared, I heard a director remark:

"Yes, she is a beauty—but what a dumbbell!"

I don't pretend to claim that an actress must know scientific and algebraic formulas or other subjects of the higher education. I only say that she should have an expanding mind that can grasp the information which she requires and adapt it to her work.

Furthermore, a girl who is proficient in a number of things has alternatives in the event that she does not find herself suited to screen work.

I know a very charming young girl who appeared to have screen talent. She played a part in a Douglas Fairbanks picture, but did not make a photograph as well as had been expected. She might have struggled on and played more or less regularly in minor parts, but she very sensibly saw her own shortcomings and decided that her métier was not acting. She decided to write. She set about an intensive study of scenario writing and finally obtained a seventy-five dollar a week salary.

Two years later she was receiving two hundred a week. I'm sure she derives far more satisfaction out of being a successful scenarist than she would have derived from being a mediocre actress.

Keeping a diary is only a means of disciplining the eye and the mind.

If each night you sit down and record the most interesting things of the day you will soon find that you are observing interesting things more closely and that you are retaining ideas and impressions more accurately.

At college a girl always carries a notebook to lectures. Why not carry a notebook, then, when you are attending the school of life? I do not mean that you must go about scribbling on a pad as though you were a sanitation inspector; just keep one at home and use it as a confessional at night.

You may want to make some notes about Hollywood conditions, of which I shall chat in the next instalment.

SECRET OF THE MOVIES

Those Queer Lookers

Those queer looking people in the movies don't just happen. The director doesn't walk out into the street and say to a bunch of people, "Get in line and stand in a picture." No. Instead they are all hand-picked.

Characters, are being picked more and more by the agency girls. If a scene is laid on the desert a call is sent to an employment agency. The agency has listed with it hundreds of would-be actors of every class and description, from dwarfs to Texas giants. On a card is filed their name, description, age, experience, nationality, specialties and so on, while in folders are their pictures, sometimes "straight," and sometimes in makeup.

The agency goes over its list, telephones the people that seem to fit in and then sends word to the picture company that it will have forty Bedouins on the lot at nine o'clock in the morning.

The casting director combs the bunch, the assistant director goes over them again and finally the director himself makes the final selections. Many of them are real Bedouins, for around a studio city live thousands of people from all parts of the world, from Eskimos to South Sea Islanders, ready to look at a camera in the eye. They are all "camera broke," so that when they are dying they will not up and rub rubber into the "box."

The scenes, however, are a thousand Bedouins. The ten or twelve real ones are put in front, while people of other strange races and minorities make up the rest. Finally the crowd is tapered off with ordinary every day superns in makeup. When the camera is trained on one of the real Egyptians with an unusual face the audience thinks that he was just accidentally picked out, when as a matter of fact that closeup had been planned from the first.

An Indian or Patagonian or Zulu with an unusual face can make a good living off it.
In my last week's article, I spoke at length on the subject of personal efficiency and normal weight. I mentioned several methods of securing bodily freedom and assuring yourself of a good night's rest, leading up to an all-round system of physical culture that will build one up to normal weight, especially as proven by the experience of the United States Army.

If you are devitalized and much emaciated, the exercises to be employed will be of a different type than those practised for the purpose of losing weight.

Reducing weight requires plenty of "endurance" exercise, particularly of the fast, light variety such as will consume or "burn up" fatty tissue.

On the other hand, the thin person usually lacks energy and cannot afford to expend much. He must conserve it. Therefore the ideal form of exercise to overcome emaciation is one that builds muscular tissue with the least expenditure of energy. One should improve the circulation and secure the general physiological benefits of exercise without exhausting herself. The ideal form of exercise for this purpose is the practice of stretching.

Stretching movements give one flexibility when applied to the torso. They stretch and bend the spine.
They wake up the vital organs. They stretch, twist and massage the internal organs and generally give one most of the physiological benefits of exercise, everything except endurance.

We suggest the following as "stretching exercises," a few times each morning—not half-heartedly, but vigorously:

Clasp the hands behind the head, then bend backwards. Raise arms straight up, then lower. Raise the right arm up and bend to the side; repeat with left arm. Swing arms backward, then lower at sides.

Legs spread, bend low, keeping the knees straight. Swing arms backward and raise left leg; repeat with right.

Next in importance, in gaining necessary weight, is food. A milk diet is excellent, but for those in business who may not find the exclusive milk diet convenient or possible, the use of milk in addition to ordinary foods is recommended. If you can use from two or three quarts of milk or buttermilk a day in addition to your regular meals, it will give you such a supply of nutrition that you simply cannot help but gain in weight and vitality.

The answer to this question of weight is that you can gain normal weight usually in a few months if you remember that it is not merely a question of food, but a question of establishing that condition of bodily vigor and health that will enable you first to relish and then to digest and assimilate your food.
The Thrilling Story of Agnes the Telephone Girl

A tragic moment in learning how to 'plug in.' Agnes Olney, our fair heroine, will conquer yet.

Behold our plucky heroine getting ready to 'plug in' a couple of movie stars.

Along comes Bebe Daniels after Wallie has told her about his phone experience and she goes about getting Agnes with villainous men.

Lordy, lordy just look at Wallie after the daring Agnes has told him what she thinks of him for cussing her because she gave him the wrong number five times.

And just take a slant at Walter Hiers' agonized face. Oh, Agnes how could you!

But — Agnes looks 'em all. She gets her graduation papers, then returns to the Lasky Studio to play the operator in William DeMille's latest.
The Cursed Phone

At this minute the phone rang. Business of making an immediate appointment and hanging up. "That's my wife," he explained. "I'm going to help her buy some hats." And then in that whimsical, humorous way of his, he quizzically said: "I usually call my wife, Mother."

Vesuvius Washed Good

Fitzmaurice said it rained so hard and so steadily that Vesuvius, Italy's champion lava shooter, was rid of a goodly supply of lava.

"The streets," recounted Director Fitz, "were covered with some fourteen feet of lava. In some places it was piled as high as the second story windows of houses. The people were kept busy making the streets traversable.

The German and the Villa

SOMETIMES," he narrated, "it is difficult for American producers to get the necessary co-operation from the local officials to take pictures in the selected locales. I was fortunate in having several friends in Rome who were of invaluable assistance to me.

"I wanted to take some scenes at former Kaiser Wilhelm's beautiful villa, chuckled Fitzmaurice, as the story came to him in all its humorous detail. "I received written permission from the Minister of Fine Arts, but when we arrived at the villa, the German in charge flatly refused to permit us to enter.

"I reported the situation to the Minister, who countered by making another appointment the next day at the villa.

"Well, we were there at the designated hour. To my amazement, there was a group of cavalrymen waiting for us. We went in. The German was bundled out with his cameras amidst beautiful surroundings. I was happy; the Italians were happy, for was not the German exiled? Perhaps they had been bidding their time for just such a situation to arise, before using force to eject the German."

Welcome Back to Fitzmaurice

FRESH from several months of active picture production in London and on the Continent, George Fitzmaurice, featured Paramount director, returns to New York and to Hollywood where he begins work immediately on another special.

We rambled over to Famous Players' New York office to see Fitzmaurice before he left for an indefinite stay on the Coast. It occurred to us that perhaps our "rambler fans" would be interested in how pictures are made on the other side. Indeed, George Fitzmaurice agreed to tell us.

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Bucking into the Movies

Editor's Note: Sophie Potts has returned to "Movie Weekly," following a temporary departure from the silver screen for a tempestuous absence from the realm of the portable typewriter. Ye Editor sent out several tractors for a "find the hard-"em-up" things necessary to excavate a last celebrity, but reports continued to disappoint. No discovery of Sophie Potts, whatsoever.

Finally, without any warning whatsoever, Sophie Potts sends us the following missive. She gives no explanation for her long silence. She just pops up with the same impudence with which she disappeared the same gregarious, cherub-faced individual.

We were so happy to hear from the happy-go-lucky one that we find no harsh words in our heart to sing in her direction. It is "Movie Weekly," Sophie Potts. Do our readers join us with us?

If you have any questions to ask about the movies, send them to Sophie Potts, c/o the Editor. She'll answer them in her weekly article. At least we suppose she will. We hesitate to say positively, for you know how those temperamentul "celebs" conduct themselves now and then.

Hollywood. 1922.

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

Dear Man and Sibbs,

Yours of the 13th inspib received and read with the usual interest, and in particular, that chart prepared by "The Sheik," Tad Fation and the Maple twins had run away from home the next morning and headed for Arabia, La Jolla, and Compiegne. I was a little exhibitions, Sophie Potts, when they played in Hog Run last summer. Which same consisted of me and Betty Compson and a first class prize-fight was that there not accustomed to repressing the same swagger, cheery, merry spirit of the thing that counts, or "Homo sapiens," the national flower of Apache, Paris. The men and women was supposed to play the part of Sophie Polts. Honest, folks, if I have ever been act-

So I did, and believe me, maw, he did! The only difference between what ensued immediately thereafter and the first class performances of Sophie Polts, Paris, was that the direction didn't wait any breathing space between rounds, and nothing was barred except hiring in the climes. He opened hostilities right off the bat by clamping a strangle hold on my neck with both hands and doing his best to implicate me in being the very kind of volunteerized by kicking him violently in the shin.

Which must of made him mad or something, because he佣金med me up and threw me bodily over a couple of nearby tables, after which I made a neat hill, and was visible for 200 miles as I crawled up into the building. Moreover, it this is supposed to be Paris, not Arizona! Your partner and I were both customers of a "dance," then no wonder make interiors. We had enough film for 'Hearts of the World,' and for two other programs which Mr. Griffith made subsequently, but "Dog and Pony Shows," when they 'played in Hog Run last year. Which same consisted of me and Betty Compson and a first class prize-fight was that there not accustomed to repressing the same swagger, cheery, merry spirit of the thing that counts, or "Homo sapiens," the national flower of Apache, Paris. The men and women was supposed to play the part of Sophie Polts. Honest, folks, if I have ever been act-

"What's the idea?" yelped the director, when I declared our intention for anything. "Why don't you go on with the dance?"

"Dance, me eye?" I retorted. "If that big pig-driver still crevas a dancing partner, get Dempsey to play with him! I'm through!"

Which I guess will be all for this time, only if the man I essayed a strangle hold on my neck with both hands and threw me bodily over a couple of nearby tables, after which I made a neat hill, and was visible for 200 miles as I crawled up into the building. Moreover, it this is supposed to be Paris, not Arizona! Your partner and I were both customers of a "dance," then no wonder make interiors. We had enough film for 'Hearts of the World,' and for two other programs which Mr. Griffith made subsequently, but "Dog and Pony Shows," when they 'played in Hog Run last year. Which same consisted of me and Betty Compson and a first class prize-fight was that there not accustomed to repressing the same swagger, cheery, merry spirit of the thing that counts, or "Homo sapiens," the national flower of Apache, Paris. The men and women was supposed to play the part of Sophie Polts. Honest, folks, if I have ever been act-

The picture today was one which Mr. Lasky was making, with the help of me and Betty Compson and a few other lesser artists, and was originally called "The Noose." But I guess the title must of aroused unpleasant memories in the minds of some of the members of the cast who had had horse-stealing ancestors who had died of acute sore throat, or something, because it wasn't very long before they rechristened the piece "The Green Temptation." Which same is an ideal movie title, inasmuch as it has nothing whatever to do with the story, and wouldn't mean anything if it did.

Well, anyway, me and a flock of murderous looking homles and wild women was supposed to play the part of Parisian Aphicans. This isn't the kind of Apache, Paris, where the big wig feather bonnets and close hair-cuts, but is a European variety whose tastes incline toward mildler pastimes, such as around the animated lyric they are known as inhabitants of the underworld, because their usual habitat was the crematorium, and the home originally made famous by Mr. Volstead.

There was a flock of about thirty of us altogether and, judging from the variegated hues of our costumes, I would say at a guess that the rainbow must be the national flower of Apache, Paris. The men wore a three-crop of whiskers, jersey sweaters, red sashes around the waist, and neckties and pants which would of driven an Alabama negro delirious with envy. The women, including me and Betty Compson sported jerecy also, and was conspicuous in addition for wearing wild facial expressions and log-needled Tamo-shanties. Honest, maw, beside of me and Betty Compson, the assistent is supposed to play the part of Sophie Polts, Paris. The men and women was supposed to play the part of Sophie Polts, Paris. Honest, folks, if I have ever been act-

"The Gish Girls' Triumphant Careers (Continued from page 7)

Mr. Griffith so, with the result that he used it. His work was not yet credited for that little bit. Dorothy was just on the fringe of the picture.

During the period of experience which I shall never forget and which was worth more to me than any other in my life, Mr. Griffith wanted to make a war picture and the British and French Governments had the assistent is supposed to play the part of Sophie Polts, Paris. The men and women was supposed to play the part of Sophie Polts, Paris. Honest, folks, if I have ever been act-

We talked over the matter with my mamma and decided to go to Europe with Mr. Griffith. We were over there six months, part of the time in London and part of the time in France behind the lines, around Compiegne. The worst part of our experience was in London. Our hotel was near a floor that was from which the Anti-Aircraft Defense was located. The adjacent building was the center of London's protection against Zeppelin raids by the German aeroplane assassins, and whenever the Germans came flying over London the anti-aircraft guns would go off and rock our building.

Moreover, it was during the blackest part of the war that we stayed in London. The streets were filled with horribly wounded men and it was a perfectly normal matter for a woman, even to walk down the streets and to see those poor, mutilated soldiers. Air raids were frequent, bombings were a near daily occurrence and we were in a continual condition of suspense.

"But we were able to learn how to portray such emotions as we shall never again have the opportunity of experiencing. We had been acting with repression, doing scenes quietly, but we learned over there that in real life people are not kept in one condition of suspense. We learned emotions that surge over them. When a German bomb struck the schoolhouse in Whitechapel, killing nearly a hundred children, we were on the scene half an hour after the explosion. We saw the poor mothers searching for their children, their hysterics and terrible grief, and we learned what most modern war is like, really is like, in time comparing.

"Then we went to France.

The best part of our experience was that we saw the real closeness that hurt mamma most of all. She has never been well since that time and her present illness is more than likely due to the closeness that the war evoked. The guns in the building next to our London hotel. If it weren't for her illness, I would say that my experience over there was worth fifty years of life, and that if I should live to be a hundred in this country I should never acquire what Mr. Griffith did to me. Moreover, it this is supposed to be Paris, not Arizona! Your partner and I were both customers of a "dance," then no wonder make interiors. We had enough film for 'Hearts of the World,' and for two other programs which Mr. Griffith made subsequently, but "Dog and Pony Shows," when they 'played in Hog Run last year. Which same consisted of me and Betty Compson and a first class prize-fight was that there not accustomed to repressing the same swagger, cheery, merry spirit of the thing that counts, or "Homo sapiens," the national flower of Apache, Paris. The men and women was supposed to play the part of Sophie Polts. Honest, folks, if I have ever been act-

The third article of this story will deal with the making of "Broken Blossoms," with Lilian Gish in the role of "Irene," and "Re-modeling a Husband," with the making of the thrilling ice scenes in "Way Down East," and the co-starring roles the two sisters play in "Orphans of the Storm," as well as with some of their ideas on present day picture problems.
GOODNESS, but that Oriental! I gave my order to certainly has a face like a hot-water bag!

Irma, the Ingenue rustled cosily among the silken cushions in the Oriental tea-garden, and handed me a handle-less cup of tea.

"What about the movies?" I asked. "Working?"

"Goodness, yes! Things are picking up like everything. I suppose those tiresome men back in Wall Street have decided to capitalize the companies, or whatever it is they do. Perfectly poisonous of them, holding out. I think, don't you? When so many of us need limousines and things!

"Which reminds me that some perfectly lamb person has started King Vidor going again. I'm so glad. He's just commenced work with Florence Vidor, his wife, in a new picture. Dear me, they are the most monotonously angelic couple in the film colony! Not a breath about either of them, ever. Both are such hard workers, I suppose is maybe one reason.

"Ever hear how they came to California? Well, they came in a Ford! Yes, sir, all the way. I think Henry Ford ought to know about that. Maybe he'd give 'em something—a couple of Fords, perhaps. They used to buy vegetables and meat, and camp out along the way. They got into a bad storm up in the Nevada mountains, and had to camp in the school house. Another time their Ford got stuck at the foot of a mountain and they had to push it to the top. But it's a regular ad for the Ford that they could push it. Isn't it?

"Speaking of the mountains reminds me. Ruth Roland is up at Truckee with her company, and everyone of them except herself, is sick with the flu. It's awful in those little cabins where they live, they say, and Ruthie is acting as nurse.

"Here, waiter, a little hot water! They think we can just drink the demon tea as strong as prohibition whiskey, don't they?"

Irma paused to sip her tea to see if it was of the right strength and sweetness, and went on:

"What luck some girls do have with their husbands! Take Billie Rhodes, now. Poor Mr. Parsons passed away, but like a lamb person he left her a lot of money. I don't know whether she still has it or not. She was married a second time, but now she's divorced, and is going back to work in pictures. She was never a wild success, but maybe all her sufferings have made her a better actress, the way they say, but dear me, who wants to have a poisonous time just for that, when you can be an ingenue, if having good teeth and hair, and never have any troubles at all.

"How vampires have decreased in value, haven't they? And they don't come with tiger skins any more, either. Take 'A Fool There Was,' for instance, which Fox is going to make over again. The office was just crowded with vampires, the other day when I went over there. You could get any kind of plain or fancy vamp you wanted at a reasonable rate. Fox took a long time to decide. Finally they selected Estelle Taylor, Which reminds me:

"George Walsh and Seena Owen aren't divorced after all, though they haven't lived together for four years, and everybody thought that they were, and that George was going to marry Estelle. Now he says that Miss Taylor is just his leading lady, that's all.

"I'm just as glad as I can be about Alice Lake. She's so clever! When Metro slowed down, she had an invitation from Dorothy Wallace, who used to be a great friend of Roscoe Arbuckle's, but who has gone to Honolulu, to visit her there. But Alice decided she must stick to her profession while she's young, so she stayed in Los Angeles. She has just been signed by Eddie Carewe to play a lead in his picture.

"Everybody is wondering and wondering what Mary Miles Minter is going to do. Her contract is up in June, with Realart, and they do say that Miss Minter expects to leave. She has been feeling terrible, of course, over the death of William D. Taylor, and it seems likely that she may not work any more at all under her contract. She was given two months' vacation just before the murder, but heaven knows she never expected to spend it in mourning for a dear friend! But such is life, as the pollywog said when he turned into a leaping frog.

"Who do you think is the latest star? Bull Montana! Bull is going to be starred in two-reel comedies. Of course I don't exactly know him yet, but now that he's a star I think one might cultivate him, don't you?

"Oh, the funniest bit of news! Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron are at outs! The reason is because Marjorie has been all taken up lately with Dana Todd. Dana Todd used to be her sorriest and most attentive to Elinor Glyn, you know, but I hear that Marjorie has taken him away from her. Elinor just can't see a man over thirty, you know.

"And Helen Ferguson is all at outs with the high brown ones. It's very funny. You know Helen is such a genuine girl. She just can't stand these people who talk as if they had adenoids both inside their noses and higher up in their heads. She got among a bunch of them the other evening. They were all talking in excited tones about a new book called 'The Career of an Egg.' Oh, exclaimed Helen in wide-eyed innocence, I suppose that must be a sequel to White's Cook Book — 'A Thousand Ways to Cook an Egg!' They all looked at her in astonishment. Then they got her. And nobody spoke to her for the rest of the evening, but they veered off into a discussion of 'If Winter Comes.'

"Poor Eddie! He couldn't go down to the train to meet May McAvoy, the day she came home from New York to Hollywood! In fact, talk about the irony of fate—that was Eddie's second name. You know he adores Miss McAvoy, and the only reason they aren't engaged—sh! I don't say I told you—is because Eddie is so honorable he doesn't feel he has a right to be until he becomes a star, too—where was I? Oh, yes, the irony-of-fate stuff! Just as Miss McAvoy was alighting from the train at 2:45 p.m., at that very second, Eddie was ardently kissing Agnes Ayres.

"Going so soon? Well, I think I'll go, too. Have to go and look for some new clothes for Aggie. Who's Aggie? Why, she's the girl I play in my next picture. So long! You're a perfect pet lamb person to listen to me so long!

"And Irma, the Ingenue, glided out to her limousine and rolled away, waving good-bye to me.
In spite of all my protests, I still get letters every day asking for an answers in the next issue. Pity the poor Colonel getting at least two hundred letters a week to be answered! I often think when they aren't room for more than thirty. If you're in a hurry, I'm always glad to send you a prompt reply by mail if you must see your answer in the magazine, remember that it takes a month at least, probably two.

TUBY—Get ready to think, you worry me. Now really, that isn't a bit flattering. Do you imagine that I have to stand on my head or go through some elaborate performance before I can think? Yes, Dick Hendrick is a very pretty child. His parents are not in the movies to my knowledge. Wallace Reid's hobby is swimming and making sounds on musical instruments. I have a neighbor who does that, too, but I hope Wallie can really play. The little girl who travelled with Doug and Mary is Mary Rupp. Lottie Pickford's daughter, named after her famous aunt.

L. F.—Rodolph again! Well, it's all in my day's work, I suppose. His hobbies are horseback riding and dancing. He has been in movies about four years; he will next appear in "Beyond the Rocks."

BETTY—if you wrote to Constance, maybe, her secretary would probably answer your letter. Connie has been out pictures so long, I'm afraid she'll not answer. She's been in New York trying to eat pictures and sleep. Constance Binney is five feet two; her age—ah ha, now that's the puzzle. She is Mrs. George Wahlen, Betty Blythe is five feet eight, and Clara Kimball Young two inches shorter. The latter's address is 1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Yes, Bebe is still in movies; she and Rodolph and May McAvoy are to make a picture together, "Blood and Sand."


CURLY—if your hair's that curly, I suppose all the girls envy you. Eddie Hearn played opposite Ruth Roland in "The Avenging Arrow." Eddie Polo has not announced his next serial.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW—are you the same "Anxious to Know" who wrote me last week? And the worst of it is, you'll have to stay anxious, as I don't know what Tyrone Power has been doing since "Dream Street" not where you can reach him just now.

BLUE EYED SUSAN and SWEET SIXTEEN—What are you trying to do, have me guess the answer to your contest? No fair girls!

M. L.—Ah ha, I see you like pink stationery! Tom Mix lives at 3641 Carlton Way, Hollywood. He has a daughter, ThomaSina, six years old. His hobbies are riding and swimming. He is now at work on "Free Range Lancing.""EDITH MAE—And you want me to get Wallace Reid to come to Detroit? If I told him where to go, he'd probably tell me where to go; and I might not want to go there. He has blond hair and blue eyes. Richard Dix has brown hair and blue eyes. He is starring at Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif. I suppose you saw Rodolph's picture in the March 4th issue of this magazine. We probably be in soon. We also published it last June 11th.

EDITH MAE—And you want me to get Wallace Reid to come to Detroit? If I told him where to go, he'd probably tell me where to go; and I might not want to go there. He has blond hair and blue eyes. Richard Dix has brown hair and blue eyes. He is starring at Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif. I suppose you saw Rodolph's picture in the March 4th issue of this magazine. We probably be in soon. We also published it last June 11th.

CANADIAN MAID—Sorry to keep you waiting so long, but I answer letters, "first come, first served." "Movie Weekly" has stopped publishing poems for the present. Your poem was very good. Thomas Meighan's picture was in the centre of our issue of April 30, 1921, and Gloria's in the January 7th number of this issue. Joseph Schillerstein of "Orphans of the Storm:" we have seen quite a few of the stars in person. I don't know whether your favorites will accept Canadian money or not. Won't your bank charge it for you? Or can't you send a money order?

SUNSHINE SMILES—What a lovely sentence to read on a cloudy day. You bet I rest at night when I go to bed. If the man next door doesn't play his saxophone too late, Theda Bara is going to make movies again; aren't you glad? She has made since "The lure of Ambition." Mary Pickford is 28; William S. Hart is between forty and fifty, nobody knows exactly. Rodolph is Italian and Eddie Polo was born in Frisco of Italian parents. Eddie is the widow of Clara Kaufman. Jean Acker is a brunette with hazel eyes and Gloria Swanson has almost-black hair and blue eyes.

P. D. O. HARRIGAN—So you think that Larry Semen has the taste in selecting Lucille Carlyle as his leading lady? He knew you think so, because she is to be his leading lady for life. Yes, really, you're much of a writer. Her picture appeared in "Movie Weekly"; I'm sorry I have no personal description of her. My readers haven't known the announcement of the winners of the Head and Shoulder Contest in the issue of February 4th.

DEARIE—Yes, my dreams are happy, thank you; in them no one asks me if Rodolph is really good. I'm flattered. McDow Bellamy gives his age. June Elvidge was on the stage for awhile, but now she is back in movies and will be seen in "Beyond the Rocks," in which Gloria and Rodolph are the stars. I don't know much about Louise Lorraine; she is now at work for her at the Universal Studio, Universal City.

G. E. DUNLOP—No, G. E., the boy in "Exit the Vamp" is not Ethel Clayton's son, but Mickey Moore. Ethel is going to take a look at Europe, now that her Lasky contract has expired.

MABEL—You are modest, Mabel, wondering if you ask too much, you ought to see some of the lists of questions I get. Bebe Daniels and Gloria can both be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Neither gives her home address.

A BROKEN-HEARTED FAN—Do try not to take things so seriously. If everybody who wants to get into the movies broke his heart over it, there'd be no one left to make pictures. Charlie Chapman. Eddie Polo was born in San Francisco, of Italian parents. Art Acord's picture was in the centre of our issue of April 30, 1921, and Gloria's in the January 7th number of this issue. Joseph Schillerstein of "Orphans of the Storm:" we have seen quite a few of the stars in person. I don't know whether your favorites will accept Canadian money or not. Won't your bank charge it for you? Or can't you send a money order?

HELEN TALMAGE—You ask me for a lot of addresses, so I'll tell you one yours. I don't know where you can reach her unless you would forward his letter to Universal Studio, Universal City.

FLORENCE COOK—I don't know why you don't hear more of Lloyd Hughes; he will soon be seen in "The Brotherhood of Hate," a Thomas H. Ince feature.

RED VAMP—So you saved the other half of the paper for next time; with such a frivolal nature, you'll be rich some day. Maybe Pola Negri would not like to be called a "vamp." Yes, she has had rather an assortment of husbands. Don't you mean Wallace Beery rather than Beers? He lives at 1346 Harper Ave., Los Angeles.

MISS IMA GIRL—I'd know your girl by her pinky nail polish and stationery. Wanda Hawley is 5 feet 3, weighs 110, and has blond hair and hazel eyes. She is in "The Woman That Walked Alone." You bet I like your way of asking questions.

FRANKIE—"It's me," you say (ungrammatically, Frankie). The Chinaman in "Dream Street," was played by Charlie Chapman. McDow Bellamy was the leading lady in "The Call of the North."

ROSEMARY—I appreciate your thoughtfulness in telling me to take my time; some of my readers are not so considerate. Harold Lloyd lives at 369 S. Hoover St., Los Angeles, and Charles Ray's address is 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles. Martin is now playing at the Nora Bays Theatre, 44th St., New York, where you can write her. Hallam Coley played opposite Doris May in "The Foolish Heart." pola Negri is three years older than Shirley. No, I don't think Charlie Chaplin has to worry over any rivalry. Write me again some time.

FRENCHY—Are you really? Yes, Charlie Chaplin is still making pictures; his next one will be "Pay Day"—but I suppose all his movies mean pay day for him. Write me at 1416 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. Yes, I'm afraid his secretary answers his mail; Charlie has to have some time to sleep, you know. Jack Mulhall lives at 8537 Harold Way, Hollywood. He is listed in "Molly-O."

E. T. NORRIS—Hope Hampton is quite a popular star, with her own company, releasing pictures through First National. Address her at 1540 Broadway, New York City. Her latest is "The Light and the Dust" and "The Light in the Dark.""""MAY E—Of course I won't let you look in vain for your answer unless you looked too soon. Yes, Belle Bennett was in several pictures during 1918-19. One of them was "The Mayor of Filbert." Ann Pennington was on the screen for a short while, I believe.

MOHEA—The Wallie Reids have only one child, Bill, who is four. I believe Dorothy Davenport is a brunette. No, the stork doesn't include Pickford in his plans.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—I see you've been reading Dickens! Ben Wilson is a producer now and Nava Gerber is starting in some of his productions. Grace Cunard is the only one I haven't heard of. Kathleen Clifford lately. I don't agree with you about Doug and Mary. I don't think they are still among my favorites.

K. LANAGAN—Gail Kane has not been making pictures lately; she is on the stage. I don't know what Aline Presty has been doing since she appeared in "Life." I think you are mistaken in saying that Maxine Elliott played in some of Mae Marsh's pictures; Maxine is a bigger star, than Mae is.
His Acting Seemed Real

James Kirkwood always knew that Jose Ruben was a good actor, and now he is surer of it than ever. The only trouble is, Jose is a little too good.

Suspected of his wife's murder in the story, "The Man From Home," Jose, half demented with fear and grief, throws himself on the protection of James Kirkwood, in the title role. Jose's acting is nothing if not thorough, and Kirkwood almost wondered whether Ruben didn't have a real life grudge against him.

After the scene was over, Kirkwood quietly approached Director George Fitzmaurice, and asked if he wanted a retake.

"Because if you do," he said casually, "we'll have to add a button for repairs. Ruben has torn every button off my coat and nearly fractured his knee-cap. And I need a little time to get into the proper frame of mind." He gave me such a shake-up that I began to think I'd done the murder myself.

No Peroxide Needed

At the Paramount West Coast studio they had a blonde day not long ago. First came Dorothy Dalton wearing a blonde wig for her part in "The Woman That Walked Alone." Then with her was Wanda Hawley, a decided blonde. Agnes Ayres was ready for the part of "Tilly Toast," so her golden hair appeared on the lot. Edna Murphy, with her pale tresses, was present also for her part in the same picture.

"Well," said one of the cameramen, "I couldn't sell peroxide to any of this crowd. They don't need it."

An Inspiration From Volstead

Allan Meyers is one man who has a good word to say for Volstead. For the Volstead law gave Allan an idea. Mr. Meyers, you see, makes his living by distributing advertising leaflets among apartment houses and homes.

Now he has a new method of making his wares dramatic. He waits until he is in a conspicuous place where lots of people are passing about. Then he begins to look about cautiously and take hasty but stealthy steps.

Suddenly a shout. Meyers halt.

"Open that suitcase," demands a plain-clothes man.

"Let's see if you've got hooch in it,"

Meyers pales; he appeals to the crowd.

As the people surer closer to see the excitement, the suitcase is opened. Out flutter innumerable heralds for 'Orphans of the Storm.'

An Argument for Bobbed Hair

Mlle. Andree Peyre, the French aviatist who is playing a society girl in Reginald Denney's "The Leather Pushers" was observed in close study of the newspaper. Suddenly she jumped up as if a great thought had struck her.

"Monsieur Denney," she exclaimed, "it say in ze paper bow a lady is combine her hair, when she reach back and break her neck. Where is the nearest coiffeuse, Monsieur? My hair shall be Robert—what you call 'bobbed'."

Pipe This:

"Keep this for me," said Mrs. Frank Borrazo to her husband, the director. She handed him a dainty handkerchief, all perfumed and lacy, to put in his pocket.

Hobby carelessly dropped the handkerchief into his pocket—the same one in which was his tobacco. An hour later he decided to have a smoke.

"Huh," said the man beside him, sniffing sussciously, "don't tell me you smoke a perfumed pipe!"
A Philanthropic Bank Burglar
by John W. Grey

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of the Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new explosive with which he proposes to burglarize the Arlington National Bank.

In the police department, Captain Henry Haberly the noted neuro-pathologist, visits the president of the bank and makes arrangements with him for the promotion of science.

The president of the department store watchman gave him another idea. The presence of the department store watchman was well, that his coming to the bank with one of the officers on this beat, spend any time in the bank at nights?

"Good evening, Captain."

"Hello, Mr. Blackey," replied Blackey.

"Good night, Tom," Kelly said to his friend, who passed out of the bank as Blackey and Jimmy had entered.

This party's presence started Blackey thinking: he had an idea that Kelly had told him something about the contemplated bank robbery. If he had done this thing, he was highly probable that he in turn would say something to some friend of his and before the information had gone very much further it would get to the police and then there would be the deuce to pay for sure.

Blackey was considerably worried about the whole affairs and was afraid of the result of his being told to leave the bank right then. "Maybe I'm all wrong," he thought to himself. "I'll shoot a few questions at this night watchman and find out just how far he has got." But it was the only thing to do, he thought.

"Who's your friend Tom, Mr. Kelly?"

"He's a watchman across the street in the department store.

"Does he visit you frequently?"

"Yes," he replied, "he comes over every night about this time for a smoke and a talk."

"You didn't say anything to him about this matter tonight, did you?"

"No color," replied Blackey, "and there was a ring of conviction in his voice when he said:

"No, sir, Captain, I did not."

"Sure about that, are you?" demanded Blackey as he looked the ex-watchman straight in the eye.

"Absolutely!" replied the watchman. "I haven't said a word to anybody."

"I'm glad to hear that," snapped Blackey, "because if this information were to leak out it might upset my plans for capturing these bank burglars and on the other hand somebody might lose his life."

"I said nothing to nobody," repeated the watchman.

"Does Mr. Barker know anything about your letting your friends in the bank at night?"

This question worried Kelly, for he knew that he was violating departmental regulations when he opened the bank door to let anybody in after banking hours. Mr. Barker had cautioned him many times about that particular thing, and his voice was rather feeble and unsure when he answered Blackey, saying:

"No, sir, Captain, he doesn't."

"Has he ever told you that you shouldn't let anybody in the bank at night?"

"Yes, sir, Captain, he has."

"Don't disobey the instructions of your boss, ordered Blackey, the departmental directive to punish men for such things as that and if an officer does it the second time he can go. You shouldn't let him in the bank after hours unless you have the president's permission to do so. It's bad business and I advise you to stop it right away."

"You're right. Captain. I'll never do it again."

"Please don't say anything to Mr. Barker about it: I didn't think I was doing any harm."

"All right, it's out."

Blackey had two reasons for carrying on this conversation with the watchman. First he wanted to remove all suspicion from the watchman and any possibility of suspicion that might have been aroused by his coming into the bank with only one man after hours.

If you don't tell me the truth about these things, Kelly, I shall see that the president is advised about your letting people in the bank at night, then you'll be looking for another job.

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Susan strapped his hands behind his back, and was almost on the verge of deciding to leave for several reasons for carrying on this conversation with the watchman. First he wanted to remove all suspicion from the watchman and any possibility of suspicion that might have been aroused by his coming into the bank with only one man after hours.

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"Shut up! Shut up!" exclaimed Jimmy as he struck a gash in his mouth. They carried him out of the directors' room into the office of the president, which was ten or fifteen feet to the left of the vault and could not be seen from the street. The time clock wasn't punched every hour the burglar alarm people would have their men on the scene. Every time a bank was broken into, the police automatically registered in the office of an electric protective company, and among the hundreds of the clocks are watched and if the rings don't come in on time, that is, within ten or twenty minutes after the watchman announces that the bank is ringing, that company immediately dispatches men to the bank to investigate.

"Get the gash out of his mouth, quick," said Blackey. "Untie his feet, but keep his hands tied. Look him square in the eye. If those posts are see and that every post is rung. Hurry!"

After the operation, Blackey went to the president's desk that showed where the posts were located, five, one in the president's office, in the directors' room into the vault, and one in the lobby in the front of the bank.

Blackey pulled off his coat, adjusted his drill in the brace and began to drill the vault door combination lock. Jimmy turned his head to admire as he worked on the vault door. He was fascinated and said to himself, "I'm able to dig into these 'V's and 'petes. ('V's in the vernacular of the underworld mean vaults; 'petes, safes.)"

Blackey inserted the fuse and cap in the drilled hole, struck a match, lit the fuse and then stepped away from the door to await the explosion.

Jimmy had never heard an explosion and he was wondering all the time what the sound was going to be like. He could only hold up his head, but he kept going.

The bank clock tolled the midnight hour as he got ready to load up the last shot.

"Well," remarked Jimmy, "twelve bells; that means I've got to do something with that guy's clock again."

"I'll be derned," murmured Blackey, "if you can take this chart of the location of the posts. Remember, if you should miss one, that the burglar alarm company immediately dispatches men to the bank to investigate.

"I got 'y t. I won't miss 'em. I'll get 'em all.

Within a minute after Jimmy had left, the telephone rang in the office where the watchman lay on the floor.

"Hello, Mr. Barker," said Blackey.

"Yes," answered automatically, his voice quivering, "they came in about twenty minutes ago. My men have just finished putting the handcuffs on the bank opened up at ten in the morning. By God! That's fine work, Captain. Fine work. How many of them did you capture?"

"Three. One of them was a rivet had jams, and then called to Jimmy: "You're Johnny on the spot. Hand it to 'er Quick," replied Jimmy, "and let's give it to 'er Quick," replied Jimmy.

Jimmy stood by and gazed at Blackey with admiration in his eyes. As he worked on the vault door, the chest known in the vernacular of the cracksmen as the "kiester". The "kiester" is usually the hardest part of the safe, for while it only required five minutes to load the "kiester" for the last shot.

"Young boy," said Blackey, "you're going to be some guy when I'm able to dig into these 'V's and 'petes. ('V's in the vernacular of the underworld mean vaults; 'petes, safes.)"

Blackey, too, was very sick. The fumes from the explosives were so thick that he could not stand there and watch the fuse flicker and spurt little balls of flame. While the second fuse was laced with a smaller and smaller and nearer and nearer to the vault door and the lock box on the inside. Suddenly the fuse ceased to burn and he had only one chance. It had passed into the inside of the door, and almost instantaneously the other fuse had been lighted and illuminated the bank for a second, followed by the explosion, which was very light, sharp and quick, and was over in an instant.

The detonation was not half as loud as that of a twenty-three caliber revolver. If anybody had been passing the bank and heard it they would have never thought it was an explosion. The combination lock box which was blown off made more noise when it fell to the floor.

The inside doors of the vault were unlocked, and the inside vault was opened to the other side of the vault. Blackey pushed them open—and there before him stood the most vaunted and the most feared man in the whole underworld. The friend Biddle had told him would make the robbery of banks a thing of the past. He had looked at it and smiled and then called to Jimmy: "Come! quick! switch on that light and give me a hand here!"

"Let's give it to 'er quick," replied Jimmy, "and get out of here. I'm sick as a dog."

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Jimmy responded like a flash.

A CLOSE CALL

BLACKEY, down on his knees, hatless and with his sleeves rolled up, worked on the time lock safe until the vault poured down his face in the shape of a fume, finding space to confine the "juice" on the first (sho't) (explosion). The time locker was certainly a well-built watchman. Biddle's friend said Blackey had told him would make the robbery of banks a thing of the past. He had looked at it and smiled and then called to Jimmy: "Come! quick! switch on that light and give me a hand here!"

Jimmy responded like a flash.

He was certainly working fast, too fast in fact, because before he and Jimmy could get out of the vault the explosions were so staggering he could hardly hold his head up. He was having trouble. He was certainly working fast, too fast in fact, because before he and Jimmy could get out of the vault the explosions were so staggering he could hardly hold his head up. He was having trouble. He was certainly working fast, too fast in fact, because before he and Jimmy could get out of the vault the explosions were so staggering he could hardly hold his head up. He was having trouble. He was certainly working fast, too fast in fact, because before he and Jimmy could get out of the vault the explosions were so staggering he could hardly hold his head up. He was having trouble.
**Scenario Note:** Our readers are invited to write on suggestions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please address and forward.

**The "Picture Angle."**

Possibly the greatest difficulty that the beginning writer of playlets encounters is the necessity of expressing his story in terms of action. For that matter, the experience of the other writers, as well as the originator of the field of screen drama, is generally puzzled by this rigid requirement.

It is, however, a lesson that every playlet writer must learn, and the sooner the better. Fine writing, beautiful descriptions, clever witticisms—assuming that they may tend to build up characterization—are thrown away in the writing of photo-dramas. Only that which can be transferred to celluloid through the eye of the camera will find its way to the screen; and where, then, excepting for a few brief subtitles, do the poetic rhapsodies over the sinking sun, the lengthy account of the star's eyes, the detailed description of the thoughts that surge through the handsome hero's mind come in?

I am not, however, one of those machine-like, studio-hardened persons, who would abolish everything but a bare skeleton of the action plot. That would be to fatal to the screen writer's story as to "paro" it. Enough description and characterization must be worked into a photo-play to give it life and an appeal to the readers—why are they there, after all?—and the bare plot would often fall short, in that it failed to impress itself forcibly enough upon the editor's brain. But practice and study will inculcate in the mind of the scenario writer the subtle ability to "put over" what is known in the studios as "picture stuff," without wasting words and without making it look unworldly.

The picture angle comes natural to many writers. Others must acquire it. Many noted fiction authors have in the past the picture rights to their books, merely because they possessed this peculiar quality, and, almost unconsciously, had written their books and stories from the screenwriter's point of view. The writers interpret word pictures to their readers—what they themselves, convey a picture to the mind of the reader. Other authors, equally as well-known, have been able to sell picture rights only when their novels, or other works, have been so well known that it was good enough, in the part of the studios—from an advertising standpoint—to buy the name, and to build a real screen story around the plot.

The person who approaches the motion pictures with the idea of taking a novel and making an actual motion picture, will find it hard to set scenes as they are. He will find it hard to write to the camera. The writer who is a master of the art can, and should, use the camera to the fullest extent. Of course, there are exceptions. The ideal that is put forward, keeping the various threads parallel. The technique of filming, cutting, and assembling a motion picture is one of the most complicated imaginable. Contrary to widespread belief, directors do not go from set to set, or from location to location, filming their story exactly as they visualized it. Large for financial reasons, they group all scenes occurring in a certain set, or location, and not individually. This, indeed, is an indication of what part of their experience was undoubtedly a detriment.

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Visiting the Studios

Without doubt a large percentage of scenario writers believe that their inability to visit the big studios and to watch the actual filming of motion pictures is a hindrance to the development of their work. This is as a matter of fact, could be farther from the truth. Many of the great authors who were previously to a studio study or continuity, their writing on the "ground," were utterly confused for several weeks by their glimpse into filmland; and instead of being an aid to them, part of their experience was undoubtedly a detriment.

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FORTUNES ARE GOING BEGGING

Photoplay producers ready to pay big sums for stories but can't get them. One big corporation offers a novel test which is open to anyone without charge. Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire and test yourself in your own home.

A SHORT time ago a Montana housewife received a handsome check for a motion picture scenario. Six months before she had never had the remotest idea of writing for the screen. She did not seek the opportunity. It was thrust on her. She was literally hunted out by a photoplay corporation which is combing the country for men and women with story-telling ability.

This single incident gives some idea of the desperate situation of the motion picture companies. With millions of capital to work with, with magnificent mechanical equipment, the industry is in danger of complete paralysis because the public demands better stories—and the number of people who can write those stories are only a handful. It is no longer a case of inviting new writers; the motion picture industry is literally reaching out in every direction. It offers to every intelligent man and woman—to you—the home test which revealed unsuspected talent in this Montana housewife. And it has a fortune to give you if you succeed.

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, is responsible for the invention of the novel questionnaire which has uncovered hidden photodramatists in all walks of life. With Malcolm McLean, formerly professor of short-story writing at Northwestern University, he hit upon the happy idea of adapting the tests which were used in the United States Army, and applying them to this search for story-telling ability.

The experiment has gone far enough to prove conclusively (1) that many people who do not at all suspect their ability can write scenarios; and that (2) this free questionnaire does prove to the man or woman who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

There are the leaders behind the search for screen-writing talent. They form the Advisory Council of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

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<th>THOMAS H. INCE</th>
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<td>ROB WAGNER</td>
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<td>Director of &quot;The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse&quot;</td>
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<td>C. GARDNER SULLIVAN</td>
<td>JAMES R. QUIRK</td>
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<td>Author and Producer</td>
<td>Editor and Publisher Photoplay Magazine</td>
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An evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation offers you this free test because

Scores of Screen Stories are needed by producers

Scores of good stories could be sold at once, if they were available. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays to producers. Its Educational Department was organized for one purpose and one only—to develop screen writers whose stories it can sell.

Look over the list of leaders in the motion picture industry who form its advisory council. These leaders realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that writing ability and story-telling ability are two entirely different gifts. Only a few can write; many can tell a story, and, with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these storytellers in homes and offices all over the land.

You are invited to try; clip the coupon

The whole purpose of this advertisement is to invite readers of "Movie Weekly" to take the Van Loan Questionnaire test. If you have read this page up to this point, your interest is sufficient to warrant addressing the invitation to you directly. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation extends you its cordial invitation to try. Who can tell what the reward may be in your case?

For your convenience the coupon is printed on this page. The questionnaire is free and your request for it incurs no obligation on your part.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, 124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

NAME
ADDRESS

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Courses and Service.
A FIERY ROMANCE OF LOVE

(Continued from page Twenty-six)

good-bye and thank you again, Miss—Miss—" He finished the last word, thrust his hand out, and her hair down to her little slippers again. "Miss Rose Girl," he finished.

He started at the absurd little watch and she whirled and ran lightly across the smooth green space, where she had her eyes into the corners. There was no best things Doris Dympleid did was run. They managed some way to work it into every picture. But she was a little gray and she turned and little good-bye before the thick leaves swallowed her. The man seemed again and far back in his eyes burned a little blinded by affection. I'm a kind eyes that lighted with pride whenever hidden is."

"What a girl," he soliloquized. "Sweet, fresh and clear-eyed. A raving beauty and doesn't know it! I need to see the eyes of the fair. She looks sometimes conscious. Mamma was waiting back there, all right! She's the kind that fever is allowed out alone. Thor-oughly tired to the bone and the money that goes into the making of a girl like hers.

"But that's not all. If things were as they used to be—but they're not!"

He squared his shoulders and rose, ready to take up his job again, for a job. He smiled a little, remembering the girl's shrewd commentary on his bench hoisting. Resolutely he turned his face away from the shabby where she had disappeared. He would not follow her, of course. It wouldn't be cricket! What would be the use? It made no differ-ence where she lived, nor who she was, nor whether the car that he pictured had driven her anywhere at all. She had disappeared.

All these things the brain of Jerry Griswold to, and the eyes of Jerry Griswold, being so far removed from his brain, seemed not to hear its admonitions at all. Relent-lessly they obeyed his voice that urged them on, the green stretch toward the cool, beckoning branches.

"She's gone by this time, anyhow," he told him-self as he walked on. He could not even con-vinced himself that he was walking in that direction because it was the road where Miss Rose Girl had covered with a strolling Indian, in Belgium and France. Mud, rain, wind, refugees! Clay, blood, ash, refugees! Always more and more refugees! Always more mud and more refugees! Well, it had cured him of choring-away, anyhow!

He came up to the spot where the girl had turned to wave good-bye. What was back of the encircling stretch of trees and the car which had interrupted the view of the open was something that brought him to a halt, petrified, staring.

"Kidnamed!" gasped Jerry.

It had all happened in one crowded, breathless instant. But crowds and, on this occasion, aggre-gencies were not new in Jerry Griswold's life. With two bounds he was back to the motor cycle, astride it, and off, a straight, snorting line' of red, cutting the "Steady, child," he said. "Your family would be with you use any?"

"I'm not offended you," he asked," Or_.

She hastened on, breathless, "I'm not offended you, but—"

"It's an antidote for a lot of the wrong?", And he turned his face away rotten stuff that's made. But just the same, little Doris, what you do isn't silly. It's sweet and young IIB1d and sweet,"

"You're herself," she said. "You're herself and sweet," she said. "You're herself and she, if

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She glanced at the road running off to 'the right

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I t was from one of the nurses, Miss Casson, and shorter than usual.

"Miss Bond is physically in perfect health, but yesterday we noted a rather startling change in her mental condition. There were, during the afternoon, moments when she seemed perfectly lucid. Once she spoke of Miss Bond as 'the other nurse,' as though she realized something of the condition of the others, and at first the news staggered him, leaving him apparently no immediate incentive for securing her freedom.

But when the white knight, as he preferred to himself, discovered why his name was Hallam: spoke rather peremptorily and firmly, gave no business address. He was the usual Long Island depot-wagon, on runners instead of wheels.

"I didn't want to go to the Willow Villa," said Ruthven. "I want you to drive me past it.

"But Ruthven was totally unprepared for the report brought him by a private agency to the effect that Miss Ruthven was apparently in perfect health, and that the police were on the lookout for her. They were attorneys for Jack Ruthven; he had the best case, on any harm with it, but wants us to secure it at the telephone and rang him promptly that he had found what he wanted, he went out to the station and asked him.

"If you'd rather come back with me on this train, come back. It isn't unoffendingly clear that you can make a personal inspection now; only that fellow Selwyn is not here to-day, and I thought if you could be induced to do it this afternoon without chance of running into him and starting the whole mess boiling.

"Can Selwyn in town?" asked Ruthven, redoubling his urgency.

"Yes; an agency man telephoned me that he's just back from Sandy Hook-

"The Willow Villa?" demanded Ruthven.

"Willer Viller, sir? Yes, sir. Step right this way, sir."

"Do you know the Willow Villa?" demanded Ruthven.

"It's just as you like," he said. "If you'd rather come back with me on this train, come back. It isn't unoffendingly clear that you can make a personal inspection now; only that fellow Selwyn is not here to-day, and I thought if you could be induced to do it this afternoon without chance of running into him and starting the whole mess boiling.

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possessed him to see his wife once more before he discarded her; see what she looked like, whether she appeared normal and in possession of the small amount of sense he had to credit her with.

Besides, here was a safe chance to see her. Selwyn was in New York, and the absolute certainty of his personal safety was an essential condition of his present latent tyranny in his meagre soul.

Probabilities, perhaps, that he understood the legal requirements of the matter, and whether or not it was necessary for him personally to see this place where Selwyn might have been in the future. The law would be obliged to come here again with far less certainty of bringing forth the evidence. In the future visit might even be avoided if he took this opportunity to investigate. Whether it was the half-measuring curiosity that he had, or whether something in his now, which, by the daw, he need not do later—whether it was either of those that moved him to the impulse, is not quite clear.

He said to the hackman, "You wait here. I'm going over for a few minutes. Then I'll want you to drive me back to the station in time for that four o'clock train." The man said he understood, and Ruthven, bundling in his fur coat, picked his way across the crust, through a gap in the locust, and came out before a house on the low crest of a hill.

There were setting of evergreens out, tall cedars, a bit of bushy foreground, and a stretch of snow. And across this open space of a snow a young girl was moving, followed by a dog. Once he had a sight of them, he lingered, looked curiously around her. Ruthven, hiding behind a bush, saw her thrust her face close to the wall.

The lane presently disclosed itself as an avenue, now doubly lined with tall trees; this avenue he continued to follow, passing through a grove of locusts, and came out before a house on the low crest of a hill.

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The Colorful Story of
Wm. D. Taylor’s Life
(Continued from page 4)
blistered hands and aching, tired muscles—but after several weeks, the garden was finally planted and Taylor settled down to note its growth.

The extensive knowledge that he had of literature, of art, of culture in general, stood him in good stead. He found that he could augment his allowance from home by making speeches and delivering lectures, and finally he began to enjoy the society of the Harperites, meager as it was.

Just as he was on the verge of harvesting his first season’s crop, however, something happened which came as a decided set-back. He had already arranged for the disposal of the greater portion of his garden produce and would shortly make a delivery. Came a drought, however, and he was forced to sit by—together with other unfortunate farmers—and watch his produce shrivel and dry, but he took the matter philosophically and started in once again to replant his acreage. Other Englishmen, his neighbors, were becoming discouraged. Several returned to their native hearths. Others drifted away and were not heard of again.

Perhaps, in his heart, Taylor wished that he, likewise, could leave Harper never to return, but his bank account was small and he determined not to write home for more money. He was sowing his crop and waiting to harvest it, not knowing whether or not his slender finances would pull him through until the harvest time. He looked as if they would not, and he was beginning to worry.

His entire life has been marked, it seems, by the hand of Fate. Whenever he did not appear to know where to turn for help it would invariably come. And when he needed it most he was sown with mechanical moves to ward an end; Selwyn, with his arm through Gerald’s, walked to the railing and looked out across the fragrant starlit waste. And while they heard the sea intoning the hymns of the four winds.

Then the elder man withdrew his arm and stood apart for a while. A little later he descended to the lawn, crossed it, and walked straight out into the waste.

He halted to listen; he looked long and steadily into the darkness around him. Suddenly he saw her—a pale blur in the dusk.

“Eileen?”

“Is it you, Philip?”

She stood waiting as he came up through the purple gloom of the meadow, the stars’ brilliancy silencing her—and waiting—yielding in pallid silence to his arms, crushed in them, looking into his eyes, dumb, worldless.

Then slowly the pale sacrament changed as the wild-rose tint crept into her face; her arms clung to his shoulders, higher, tightened around his neck. And from her lips she gave into his keeping soul and body, guiltless as God gave it, to have and to hold beyond such incidents as death and the eternity that no man clings to save in the arms of such as she.

THE END

AN INVITATION TO OUR READERS

“Movie Weekly” wants to know what picture during the month of March our readers enjoyed the most. Just fill out the attached coupon and mail it to the Editor with the title of what, in your opinion, is the best picture you saw last month.

In an early issue of the magazine, we will publish the titles of the ten pictures receiving the greatest number of votes.

Let us be each other’s guide in the criticism of pictures. “Movie Weekly” will gladly lend space for such worthy purposes.

Send in your vote without delay, using coupon below.

EDITOR, “Movie Weekly.”
113-119 West 40th St., New York City.

The best picture I saw last month was

(Signed) Name

(Continued next week)

Bebe Daniels ~
PRIZE WINNERS

It gives us pleasure to announce that our readers have selected the two young ladies who most nearly resemble BEBE DANIELS, and whose pictures we are re-printing from the Bebe Daniels page of February 11th.

MISS HAZEL SONNER of Alexandria, Virginia, is the LUCKY GIRL who wins the $25.00 first prize with 165 votes. Her picture was No. 6.

MISS MADELEINE DELMORE of New London, Connecticut, whose picture was No. 1, had 148 votes, entitled her to two subscriptions to the “Movie Weekly.”

One other young ladies who were contestans received votes giving them the following places:

| Marjorie Lee (No. 7) | 3rd Place |
| Nell Ware (No. 2) | 4th |
| Betty West (No. 9) | 5th |
| Helen Carbonella (No. 3) | 6th |
| Nellie Underwood (No. 4) | 7th |
| Erma Kunze (No. 8) | 9th |
| Hatton Hoosman (No. 5) | 9th |

We thank the girls who have taken part in this interesting contest and our readers who, as the final judges, have made the above decisions.
There are facts you may want to know for sure and one of them is whether or not I live up to my own prescription. I do and it's easy! I have kept myself happy and well through keeping my physical department in first class order. If that had been left to take care of itself I would surely have fallen by the wayside in other departments. Once we sit down in security the world seems to hand us things we do not need.

Fresh air is my intoxicant—and it keeps me in high spirits. My system doesn't crave artificial stimulation because my daily exercise circulates the blood sufficiently. Then, too, I always keep busy. That's the real elixir—activity.

---

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Is there anything in the world wetter than a movie rain? What if the nations disarm? We still have Bill Hart.

Buster Keaton is known as the comedian who never smiles. Even before he was married, he never smiled.

The people of Los Angeles say that when Cecil B. De Mille named his new picture, "Foot's Paradise," he had San Francisco in mind.

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- Cancer
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- Insanity
- Ear Ailments
- Worms
- Mumps
- Tuberculosis
- Constipation
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- Labored Breathing
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- Divorce
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