The Comforts of the American Home

It is a well-known fact that, home for home, the American household has more comforts and conveniences than that of any other nation.

In foreign lands the modernized dwelling is found only in the better sections of the larger cities. Everywhere in America you find the piano, the vacuum cleaner, washing machines, up-to-date heating systems, telephones and numberless electrical appliances.

There is a well-kept look about residence, store or out-buildings, with an atmosphere of prosperity and content. Did you ever stop to realize why this is so; how this condition was brought about? It is largely due to advertising.

Stop and think how many of the foods you eat, the things you wear and other articles entering into your everyday life, you first heard of through advertisements. You will then realize what a part they do play, or should play, in your daily life.

Read the advertisements regularly and thoroughly, if you are not already doing so. They mean more to you than you can tell.
The First Watch Factory

For three centuries after the first "pocket clock," watchmaking remained a one-man industry. This made the cost prohibitive, except for the wealthy few.

But up in the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland—a modern manufacturing idea was stirring—the principle of specialized labor. By 1840 this idea had assumed factory proportions. The first factory building was a mere assembling plant—the real factory was the mountaineer's home. Here all hands specialized in shaping or finishing some one watch part, under the guidance of the manufacturer.

As everything was hand work, aided only by the fiddle-bow lathe, no two parts were precisely alike. A broken watch went back to the maker of the broken part for repair.

Not an ideal manufacturing situation—yet a long upward step toward the organized production of our day which has made possible those marvels of standardized, interchangeable construction—

Elgin Watches
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

are pleased to announce a

NEW MAGAZINE

Beauty

Beauty Secrets For Everywoman

AND, like Motion Picture, Classic and Shadowland, it will be a Beauty. She will be dressed in the finest clothes we can find. The paper and printing, cover design, engravings, paintings and text will be truly beautiful, and you will want it on your library table for that reason alone. But if there is a woman in your family, either daughter, mother, grandmother or aunt, you simply can't do without it. If one does not insist on it, the other will—probably all. The gentle art of

How To Be Beautiful

will be treated by the greatest authorities. Noted beauties will tell their Beauty Secrets. Beauty Parlor Experts will tell how to make the human face more beautiful and how to preserve Beauty. There will be an "Answer Man," who will answer all kinds of questions on how to powder, paint, cold-cream, bathe and treat the face; on how to manage the eyebrows, lips, hair, hands, etc., and on everything pertaining to beautifying the human face and form divine. Here is a list of some of our distinguished contributors:

Myrtle Kingston  Jeanne Jacques  Jules Latour
Elzie Ferguson  Norma Talmadge  Corinne Griffith
Katherine MacDonald  Corliss Palmer  Gladys Hall
Dorothy Donnell  Agnes Ayres  Ruth Roland
Constance Talmadge  Lillian Gish  Lillian Montanye
Dorothy Gish  Gloria Swanson  Anetha Getwell
Pauline Frederick  Alla Nazimova  and many others.

"I want to help you grow as beautiful as God
meant you to be when He thought of you first."

We want to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is, and then help her to preserve that beauty. We hold that it is the duty of every woman to be as beautiful as she can, and our duty to show her how. Just glance over a few of these titles:

Rouge and Lip Salve.  Pimples.
Those False Eye Lashes.  Freckles.
The Harmony of Colors.  Fresh Air and Beauty.
The Effect of Beauty on the Foundation Cream.
Senses.  Charm. How artificial means to add to it.
How to Train the Eyebrows.  Does Beauty appeal to man.
Making the Old Look Young.  more than personality.
Preparing for Bed. What must Expression. How make-up
my Lady do at Night for the can make or mar it.
Morrow?  That muddy complexion.
Massage.  Do Men admire the painted Girl.
Blackheads.

These few can give you but a vague idea of the plan and scope of this wonderful magazine. Every issue will contain an appropriate short story, good for anybody to read, but particularly interesting to women who want to beautify themselves. And don't forget that many well-known beauties will write on

Beauty Secrets For Everywoman

Surely, out of all this wonderful mass of material, you can find one or more items that will alone be worth the price of the magazine. The first issue will appear on the news stands about January 6th.

Place Your Order Now With Your Dealer!

There is always a rush for a new magazine. It will be a real scrimmage for this one, for we are printing only 100,000 copies to start with. If you wish to subscribe, the price is $.25 a year. Each number will contain several paintings worth that, suitable for framing. And you will get twelve numbers.

Don't Forget the Date, January 6th, 1922

BUY BEAUTY!
Expressing the Arts

The Magazine of Magazines

JANUARY, 1922

Important Features in this Issue:

LIES................................. Franz Molnar
A piquant study in sex adolescence, translated by Benjamin F. Glazer

CHRISTMAS IN THE SAHARA...... Charles Divine
A colorful study of a Yuletide spent upon the burning sands of the African desert

HOLLYWOOD: Its Morals and Manners
................................................ Theodore Dreiser
The third of the distinguished novelist's sensational articles, "The Beginner's Thousand-to-One Chance"

ARTHUR SYMONS.................. Frank Harris
Another absorbing contemporary portrait, this time of the artist-lover and master of poetry and criticism

VERLAINE: Epitome of Man...... Benjamín de Casseres
The poet who wandered the earth an outcast, yet who created a new art

CONFESSIONS OF A SCENARIO EDITOR
.............................................. Harry Carr
The amusing revelations of the former David Wark Griffith scenario editor

PICKING AMERICA'S PREMIER PEN-MASTERS
............................................ Oliver M. Sayler
Who are our forty leading writers? Mr. Sayler makes an interesting selection and comparison

THE RUSSIAN THEATER UNDER THE SOVET
........................................... Nikolai Yarovoff
The first word out of Russia on the actual stage conditions of the past year or two

BROADWAY INSTITUTIONS........ Louis Raymond Reid
What are the real landmarks of the metropolis? The Hippodrome is one, and Mr. Reid makes some other suggestions

I. MORTIMER BLOCK.............. Horace Brodzky
The story of another younger leader of our art

Interviews with interesting people of the Stage and Screen, and Departments devoted to Fashion and Beauty

Published Monthly by Brewster Publications, Inc., at Jamaica, N.Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N.Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.

Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief; Guy L. Harrington, Vice-President and Business Manager; L. G. Conlon, Treasurer; L. M. Heinemano, Secretary; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Associate Editor

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor.

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

Copyright, 1921, by Brewster Publications, Inc., in the United States and Great Britain.
OUR COLOR PLATES:

Anna Ludmila
The Interesting Classic Dancer Now Appearing in Musical Comedy

Mary Thurman
An Unusual Personality of the Cinema

Helene Chadwick
Whose Screen Work Recently Has Shown a Decided Advance

Irene Gourley
Another Attractive Dance Personality

and

Two pages of Wynn's fashion drawings from Paris, reproduced in full colors; a striking water-color poster, "Boudoir," by Agnes Lee; and color engravings of two characteristic I. Mortimer Block canvases, "Mother and Child" and "Rocks of Wisdom."
Painted from photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

[Signature]
Painted from photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Helene Blauwrick
BOUDOIR

Water-Color Poster by Agnes Lee
LA VIERGE CONSOLATRICE

Bouguereau’s painting, posed by Lady John Lavery, wife of the well-known British painter, and formerly Miss Hazel Martin, of Chicago. Lady Lavery is herself an artist, and she has acted as a model for many of his paintings.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe, of London.
Almost within the year, Gloria Swanson has advanced to a distinctive position in the world of the cinema. In that time, she achieved stardom with Paramount Pictures. But she has won more than stardom. There is a glamorous and piquant color to her film acting which lifts her silversheet creations above the average.
The Glamorous Gloria

Special Photographic Studies for SHADOWLAND by Maurice Goldberg

The cinema has been a goddess of fortune to Gloria Swanson. Only a short time ago she was merely a bathing girl in film comedies. Then, via the silken boudoir photoplay products of Cecil de Mille, she stepped to prominence. The future? It may spell many things for Miss Swanson.
SIGRID HOLMQUIST

The Swedish motion picture star, who is appearing on the American screen in Selznick Pictures
Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston
JOCELYN LEIGH

A new camera Study of the Revue Beauty

By Edward Thayer Monroe
FIGURE STUDY
Photograph by Ichiro E. Hori
EXILES

Dance Study, posed by Cecile D'Andrea and Harry Waters, of "The Merry Widow"

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg
An interesting study of an unusual real-life character. Blondel is the German minstrel who plays his way thru the European capitals after the fashion of the troubadours of old.

Study by E. O. Hoppe, of London.
Painted from photograph by Hixon Connolly Studio

Irene Gourley
FANTAISIE
MUSCOVITE
One is forced to give attention to this creation by Maggie and Therese. It shows the Spanish influence that has crept into the world of fashion. It was made for La Baronne de Sous-Sol for wear at Bovine-sur-Mer.

VELOUTE DE LA RIVIERA
The renowned tailleur, Lady Guff-Borden, presents this bathing costume of tulle overlaid with mauve homespun. It created considerable comment upon the beach at Feline-sur-Seine.

COQUILLES CHOCOLAT CHANTILLY
And here is a creation from that tres chic Maison Lizzie. It is a network of plaid jag-goting over an organdie of yellow broadcloth.

LAITUES AU GRATIN
One cannot fail to grasp the ultraness of this embroidered robe of Irish tweed. It excited great admiration when worn by Mme. la Duchesse d'Autrefois at Shortchamp.

FANTAISIE MUSCOVITE
One is forced to give attention to this creation by Maggie and Therese. It shows the Spanish influence that has crept into the world of fashion. It was made for La Baronne de Sous-Sol for wear at Bovine-sur-Mer.

BOMBE ISABELLE
The famous couturier, M. Armand Cohen, presents this simple school frock of old rose worsted. It is trimmed with a fichu of grey flannel.
HARICOTS VERTS
A LA TURQUE
Observe, then, Mademoiselle in her so chic walking-suit of mauve fichu. Is it not of a smartness smart?

CHAMPIGNONS
DU JESSE
Regard, if you please, this opera gown of a charm superlative. It has a bias hem-stitching and is edged with tulle-de-sac. The bodice is of green plush, backed with a broadcloth guimpe.

FONDS D'ARTICHAUTS
BEARNAISE
And from the so smart establishment of McGinnis Frères comes this delightful wrap of blue chiffon with a border of purple tricotin.
Two interesting examples of the work of I. Mortimer Block are presented on this page. His "Mother and Child" is one of his best efforts. "Of course, you see the hands first," Mr. Block explains. "They are the point of concentration. No, they are not anatomically correct, but they do suggest a mother's capable hands. They are the hands of future generations of mothers."

At the right is Mr. Block's "Rocks of Wisdom," in many ways a new departure of the artist. "My idea of this picture is to symbolize the great intellects of today," says Mr. Block. "You will notice that every form has a human semblance, suggesting that thought and nature are one."
I. Mortimer Block
By Horace Brodzky

THE majority of people who look at paintings and sculpture, especially if those works depict the human form, still approach them with a scientific mind. They know what their bodies look like. Perhaps they have at some time seen themselves full length in a mirror, and so they judge paintings and sculpture of the nude in so far as it resembles themselves.

A knowledge of anatomy will not help one in the least to appreciate a work of art—not unless one can for the moment get rid of this knowledge of bones and muscles. The same applies to color as it does to form. If the coloring is not just so, or as the spectator thinks it ought to be, he damns it. I remember an artist who used green flesh shadows in a certain painting, and on being severely censured by an acquaintance, asked, "What color would you have used?" To this very pointed question no answer was forthcoming. These self-appointed critics can never supply a substitute for their objections.

Frequenters of art galleries are slowly and gradually emerging from the scientific stage. No doubt in a few years they will be able to approach a work of art without any preconceived ideas of how things should be painted. They must learn to appreciate it for itself. Recent exhibitions would indicate that the change is coming soon.

The historic exhibition of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art this past summer did much in guiding the public in a thinking direction. The catalog itself was educational, and no doubt helped many in the understanding of pictures, and particularly those of the big art movement of today.

The public is just beginning to realize that art is an affair of the emotions, and that it has nothing to do with science, or any of the sister arts. They will have to understand that the human figure need not necessarily be as it is in nature, but may be distorted; that the laws of perspective may be

(Continued on page 75)
ALICE CALHOUN
Kenneth Alexander's Study of the Vitagraph Star, taken exclusively for SHADOWLAND
Gilding the Lily

Special Photographs by Abbe

"They toil not, neither do they spin," or words to that effect, said the Biblical chronicler in commenting upon lilies of the field. The lilies of William Hurlbut's new play, "Lilies of the Field," are Broadway "gold diggers" of New York's slanty outer fringes of society. The prettiest and youngest of the lilies is Pauline Garon, who just now is dividing her time between films and the stage.
Altho "The Love Letter" enjoyed but a brief New York run, it had many pleasant operatic features. The libretto was based upon a Franz Molnar play and the music was by Victor Jacobi. "The Love Letter" had a certain romantic grace—and the vocally delightful John Charles Thomas in the principal rôle of Philip Delma.
"The Love Letter" Arrives

Special Photographs by Abbe

Top, the vivacious Marjorie Gateson as the dashing Countess Irma in "The Love Letter," and left, the lively dancing Astaires—Fred and Adele—in a brisk terpsichorean moment of the operetta.
EVA BRADY
A new Study of the Musical Comedy Beauty
by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Fulfilment
By Adele Whitely Fletcher

It all began, to be quite exact, a couple of generations ago. It was in England that two very young daughters of respected families found in the fingered pages of their Shakespeare the great romance for which they hungered. They dreamed dreams—and always they were Desdemona, Ophelia or Portia.

But there were the mellow traditions of both houses to be considered. So the dreams the girls dreamed never came true. Both married and if they still cherished images of Desdemona and Portia no one was ever the wiser.

To one of these girls was born a daughter.

To the other girl was born a son.

And the son of the one and the daughter of the other married. Today there is another family. Estelle Winwood is among its numbers.

It was she who was telling me of that which had gone before. We were in her dressing-room at the Selwyn Theater after a matinee of "The Circle."

"You see," she went on, "my mother knew of the unfulfilled hopes of my two grandmammas. At an early age she found that I had a passion for writing plays. And she felt that the desire had come down to me."

Miss Winwood smiled the shadow of a smile.

"Those plays! Always I was a princess with long golden hair. My brothers, poor things, were the pages and I would warn them, 'Careful, forsooth, that you do not step upon my tresses.' You see my own hair has always been pitifully short.

"My mother thought all of this a sign and, at seven years of age, I was playing a child's rôle with Sir John Hare. Always I have been on the stage you might say, then. And always I have loved it. I belong to it. When I came to America I played in 'Hush,' 'The Little Journey,' 'Why Marry?' and later in 'The Successful Calamity' with William Gillette. Then I was starred with Henry Miller and last year I did 'Too Many Husbands,' remember?"

"The Circle,' we prompted. "what of it?"

"It is life. It could be no more. It has poignant drama interspersed at random with delicious comedy and there is a note of pathos intermingling the two. To know that W. Somerset Maugham has penned your lines! It lessens the responsibility. No matter how you say them, they will be clever and interesting, don't you know. Then there's the cast. Mr. John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter are charming to play with. I have found always that it is the artists who are worth while. They need no pose, for they are sure of themselves."

In "The Circle" two of the older generation have dared the world and its wife that they might steal away with their love. They did not find the heights and we asked Miss Winwood if she thought the young lovers would fare differently.

Her face grew thoughtful. Her eyes were even a deeper blue and her flowing English accent reflected her intensity. "Yes, I think they would make a go of it," she told us. "Teddy and Elizabeth belong to another generation. Women know men better today. And they were not going to Monte Carlo—to a luxurious and empty life. They were not going to a Renaissance castle where they would be forced to find the friends among the déclassé nobility. Teddy and Elizabeth were going to a life in the open where they would build their happiness on normal and worthy things. They were sportsmen, both of them, and would have played the game fairly and squarely. That would have given them respect for one another and respect is a fount of love. She would have had babies, perhaps.

(Continued on page 77)
Consuelo Flowerton

One of the prettiest of New York's show girls is Consuelo Flowerton, who has graced several recent revues with her charming presence. She was last seen in the Ziegfeld "Follies," and is now appearing in "Good Morning, Dearie."
CLARA BOW
The lucky sixteen-year-old winner of the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest
Fate kindly preserved young Frank Crumit from any vocal imper- 
resario who might have fanned the flames of operatic aspirations in his youthful breast, 
and ruined his voice trying to attain them. His first and only 
teacher was a tall, gaunt, red-headed, se-
rious-minded Welshman by the name of 
Jones, who taught pitch and tempo with the pipe and baton above 
mentioned: inculcated correct phrasing by 
good example—and let Nature take its 
way. Such things as "breath-
ing exercises" were un-
heard of! A would-be 
singer was supposed to 
have enough sense to take sufficient breath 
to carry him thru a phrase, and, if he fail-
ed, he was stimulated 
with the baton afore-
said to do better the 
next time. I am sure the 
Rev. Mr. Jones 
would have considered 
even mention of the 
diaphragm and "con-

control of the abdominal 
hist muscles" as highly indecent. He confined his physical 
corrections to the cranium, apparently thinking that a few 
bumps, more or less, would not be noticeable on a tenor's head—considering the general bumptiousness of the breed. But apparently young Crumit was a very apt pupil, since his head has always been normal, and even Broad-
way success has developed no symptoms of megacephal-
osity. And it is quite possible that he inherited a hard head 
from his ancestors.

For Frank Crumit was born of the best blood in Jack-
son County. His paternal grandfather was a surgeon in 
the Civil War, and a fine, upstanding gentleman of the old school, with white hair, military mustache and im-
perial, which won him the sobriquet of "The Grey Eagle." 
Frank Crumit, sr., the sire of our hero, was clerk of the 
Court of Common Pleas. The death of his mother caused 
Frank to inherit his Aunt Patsy as substitute mother. From her he acquired his sense of humor. She had a lazy 
nasal drawl, something like that of Mark Twain, which 
heightened the humorous effect of any story she told, and 
she knew how to tell a story as well as Uncle Remus. She 
could chant darky songs in style to discount the darkies 
themselves, and imitate the camp-meeting "exhorters" in 

a manner that the colored cook called "scandalous funny."

When I listen to Frank Crumit crooning a coon song to 
the sketchy accompaniment of a guitar or ukulele, I can

(Continued on page 73)
The pretty girls of Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue" are among the reasons why the entertainment is the outstanding musical hit of the season. Two comely chorines—Helen Lyons and Helen Rich—appear above. At the right is petite Emma Haig, with her dancing partner, Richard W. Keene. Miss Haig is one of the dancing hits of the revue, along with Mlle. Marguerite and Rose Rolanda.
Abbe's study of the Screen Star in her newest film vehicle, "Smilin' Through"
LIONEL BARRYMORE AND "THE CLAW"

Henri Bernstein's "The Claw" is a story of French politics, journalism and intrigue, with Mr. Barrymore as the editor, Achille Cortelon, who collapses before the wiles of his wife, played by Irene Fenwick. Mr. Barrymore does some of the best work of his career in "The Claw"
ROSE
ROLANDA

Personifying a pleasant smoke in the new and highly popular "Music Box Revue"

Photograph by Nicholas Muray
HELEN McClure
Maurice Goldberg's new Study of the Dancer
[Late afternoon in February. A Budapest park. All day the sun has been shining warmly, but now it is setting and a bleak wind is whistling thru the leafless branches under which a boy and girl walk arm in arm. The boy is nineteen; the girl is fifteen. A pair of skates on a strap dangle from her disengaged arm. Nearby a clock strikes once.]

The Girl:
Good gracious, it's half past seven! (She tries to withdraw her arm.)

The Boy:
No, don't go yet.

The Girl:
I must. Let me go. I'll get a scolding if I'm late for supper.

The Boy:
What time do you have supper?

The Girl:
Let me go . . . . At eight. And it's half past seven now.

The Boy:
Aren't you going to kiss me before you go?

The Girl:
(Very earnestly.) I mustn't kiss you.

Then I'll kiss you.

The Boy:
No . . . . please.

The Girl:
Hasn't anyone ever kissed you before?

The Boy:
No.

Then I shall be the first.

The Girl:
No, no . . . . you shan't . . . . (But when his lips are on hers, she does not resist.)

The Boy:
Do you love me, Paula?

The Girl:
Yes, I love you, Niklos . . . . I feel as if I could give my life for you, I love you so . . . . Niklos. (They kiss again, more ardently.)

Then let me go . . . . I really must go.

The Boy:
I'll take you home.

The Girl:
Not all the way. Only as far as Ferencz Square.

The Boy:
Just as you say, darling. (They start for home.)

The Girl:
(As they walk.) Do you love me, Niklos?

The Boy:
I told you I did.

The Girl:
Say it again. I like to hear you say it. I wish you would never, never say anything else.

The Boy:
I love you; I love you; I love you; I love you . . . . (He keeps on saying it until they reach Vorosmarty Street.)

The Girl:
I'm afraid I will get a scolding, it's so late.

The Boy:
No you won't. God couldn't let you suffer on my account.

The Girl:
Oh . . . . God . . . . I wonder He doesn't get angry with us. If I were in His place, and I saw that people thought of me only when they were in trouble, I'd say: "Now you want me, don't you?" . . . . And I'd turn my head away and walk out into the kitchen.

The Boy:
(Gravely.) God is just and merciful. If you have faith in Him, no harm can befall you. (He is rather pleased with himself, having successfully uttered such a high-sounding sentiment.)

The Girl:
(Impressed.) You are so noble, Niklos.

The Boy:
(Deprecatingly.) Not at all. It's only that I have a good heart. I couldn't bear to have you suffer on my account, in case they should find out you were with me . . . . Still, when you are my wife, I'll make it up to you. You shall be the happiest woman on earth. I'll lay the stars at your feet . . . . the . . . . the . . . . (finds he has begun too high, finishes less ecstatically) . . . . everything your heart desires . . . . a car . . . . a house . . . . horses . . . .

The Girl:
And will you love me as much as you do now?

(Continued on page 69)

Page Thirty-Nine
map-makers’ colors, the equipment was of less avail than winter underwear and blankets; a disillusionment that
ever fell to the lot of two Frenchmen, fleeing from Paris
certain of a burning clime in their Algerian colony, ar-
ving at the Atlas in straw hats and white flannels, on a
day when snow was falling!

Trembling, whining, the train crept down from the
mountains to a halt, where it shook itself like a dog out of
water and stood panting beside the lone lantern of a sta-
tion. A plunge into a maelstrom of unseen shapes, the
walk across the sandy plain to the village was a stumbling
progress, rubbing elbows with burrooose-clad phantoms
who voiced guttural cries in Arabic, like threats of disem-
bodied ghosts.

Beni-Ounif had no street lamps. It depended on the
stars. Luckily, the system functioned, illumining a cluster
of flat roofs and eery streets where a raw wind swept
and still pursued the shuffling native who, like a cutthroat
playing chambermaid, led the way around obscure cor-
ers to a door in a one-storied building facing the plain
and the wind’s frontier. In this lonely room of plastered
walls, far removed from the bureau of the hotel, a guest
might be murdered in his bed.

The wind swirled across the chilly stone floor and blew
out the candle, like a clap of gloom; while among the
rafters overhead, a strange noise floundered in the dark,
resolving itself into the rustling and roo-coo-cooing of
pigeons. A dog howled from afar. Suddenly a shot
rang out; a sentinel in front of the barracks had fired at
a shadow.

On the morrow the fantastic night vanished in the spell
of a sunlit day. Beyond the ksar, or native village, rose
Djebel Zenaga, a henna mountain against a sapphire sky,
and that way lay the goal of the wanderlust and the gold
of a paradise-hunter seeking the picturesque—the marvel-
ous oasis of Figign.

But, first, a companion. In a dirt-floored hovel with a
fire of twigs in the middle, Mohammed stood up and
lifted his fingers to his lips in the native sequel to a hand-
Two women crouched over the stench of the fire, stretching their bony fingers to its meagre blaze; the one a withered grandmother who coughed, blinded by the smoke, the other a mother whose bare wrists tinkled with silver bracelets as she picked up a handful of rags out of the dirt. The rags made a noise. It was a baby.

Mohammed led the way past Djebel Zenza, where the sun grew as hot as a Manhattan summer and Figuig unfolded its vast amphitheater of plain, garden, and village: mile upon mile, green palm trees and golden roof-tops, all enclosed in the hills' purple frame that completely surrounds Figuig and makes it a sheltered group of oases among the Saharan mountains. In this immense depression trickled the river Zouzfana, and under the veritable seas of palm trees flowed an intricate system of canals; centuries old, while, hidden among the towering palms, the tallest and most graceful in Africa, were the seven villages or ksour—the plural of ksour.

We came to the capacious, black-striped tents of nomads, who had traveled from the interior of Morocco by caravan and whose camels were off feeding on the pasturage of alfà. A few days rest for man and beast, and the boss-footed caravan would return, but in the meanwhile the camel-drivers were loitering in coffee-houses, their women folk and children sprawling at case under tent flaps, and the goats tied to the stakes outside. At our approach the women crawled farther into the tents and hid their faces, and the dogs rushed out and bared their teeth. Even Mohammed, gold-skinned and turbaned, was not immune from their attacks.

"They know I live in a house, sidi."

His words recalled the little love wasted between Bedouin and city dweller, each of whom thanked Allah that he was not as his brother was.

Drawing near the first plantation of palm trees, the bordj, or watch towers, loomed up at frequent intervals in the dirt walls, partitioning garden from garden. These ruined turrets were the ancient citadels from which owners overlooked their palm trees, watching the harvest during the autumn days and nights when dates ripen and thieves mature. Also pinnacles of surveillance during troublous times, the bordj served in the warfare of Bedouin against villager, tribe against tribe, often over the distribution of the precious water flowing in the canals. (Continued on page 68)
A GRECIAN AFTERNOON
Posed by the Marian Morgan Dancers
Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

III. The Beginner's Thousand-to-One Chance

By Theodore Dreiser

[This is the third of Mr. Dreiser's series of articles dealing with conditions in the Western capital of motion pictures. The fourth article of the sensational series will appear next month.]

We will suppose that you are a beginner and that, aside from a very little money that you have brought with you, and in the face of very steady overhead expenses which do not concern dependents, you have only your luck as a movie beginner to depend on. One of the hardest phases of the work, as you will discover then, is that scarcely anywhere, in the production end at least, is there any such thing as a steady job, not even for the stars, tho', of course, there is such a thing as a contract and a steady salary while the same runs.

As a rule, casting directors, some of the more important directors, a few of the assistant directors, camera men and, here and there, an actor or actress who is especially good as a "heavy" or "second lead," may have a contract which runs for a year or two—rarely if any longer. In movieland he is a person, indeed, for he can see clearly where his next year's rent and car are coming from. As for the others, they literally lead a hand to mouth existence, and no mistake.

Once they prove efficient, of course, and become fairly well known as interpreters of a given type of character or rôle, and by some trick of personality have managed to enlist the favor of certain directors, casting directors, stars and, on occasions, the heads of the great movie concerns—the president or vice-presidents of the same, they may count on a certain number of calls or engagements per season, which will net them an annual income of no small size. But as for the humble beginner, he or she who has risen to the rank of, say "ingenue lead," or "bit-part" worker, or a player of minor vamp roles, or comedy or emotional bits—what an uncertain life.

One day, in an agent's office, where they were considering a number of screen workers or "artists," as the vouchers read, for a small vamp part to last at the most two days, and the rate of pay for which was to be fifteen dollars a day, no more, I heard a girl, who was one of twenty being looked over by those in authority and who was already very favorably known about the studios as an interpreter of small vamp parts, exclaim, "Gee, I wonder, sometimes, what I come for. I get calls and calls to compete with a lot of others for a place, but I never seem to get the place or anything of late. I haven't worked for so long that I scarcely know how it would feel to work again." And she had been in so-called "active" movie work for over two years. You may have seen her face, for a few moments at least, in a number of the most important screen productions of the two years past. Yet she was out of work, had recently been compelled to lower her rate from what it had been, thirty-live a day, to, for the time being at least, fifteen, and was getting very little to do at that.

But even in flush times, which invariably increase the number of aspirants by hundreds and thousands, the number who are out of work is always very large. On any set on which you may chance to appear will be scores who will admit, assuming that you know them well enough for them to be able to tell you the truth, that they have not worked for months and that it is difficult to get anything more than the briefest of bits at any time. In this realm you can always tell the last important engagement any worker has had by the manner in which he or she will refer to it—will recapitulate the important points and incidents of the same. Toward the end of every production—the screening of the same, on the set—and in connection with the actors who have been carried thru a period of weeks, say so many as five or ten, a certain glumness or depression becomes apparent. The end of this fine job is now very near. In a day or two, at best, it will be over and then all who are here so gaily disporting themselves and congratulating themselves on so good an engagement, will be out looking for another place. And where will they find it? Will some casting director or office call them at once or will they be waiting around for weeks as they were, just before they secured this particular place? Who can say.

Perhaps they will (Cont'd on page 67)
Dora Kaiser, at the left, divides her time between the Vienna opera, where she is one of the principal dancers, and the motion picture studios. She is here presented as a Sir Joshua Reynolds heroine.

At the right is another study of Miss Kaiser, the danseuse-cinema star and all-round idol of blasé Vienna.

Just above is Zerline Balten, who sometimes appears in the films, but is best known as a star of the Vienna cabarets. Miss Balten is famous in the Continental art studios for the beauty of her hands and—er—pedal extremities.
Possibly the best known of all the Viennese film favorites is Anita Berber. Two interesting studies of Miss Berber are presented on this page. Before the cinema came along, she was famous as a dancer. Indeed, she still appears on the stage in terpsichorean guise.
RUTH RICKOBY

A leading member of the always interesting Provincetown Players
Photograph by Maurice Goldberg
Arthur Symons
By Frank Harris

[Next month Mr. Harris will have Viscount Bryce as the subject of his contemporary portrait.]

"Night, and the down by the sea,
And the veil of rain on the down;
And she came thru the mist and the rain to me
From the safe, warm lights of the town."

Among the young men of the Nineties in London, the most talented was undoubtedly Arthur Symons; he wrote excellent prose—too facile perhaps and too self-conscious; but extraordinarily lucid and rhythmic like the French prose, say of Catulle Mendes.

And Symons was also a poet, a master of simple, supple, melodious verse; a little derivative, perhaps, showing cadences of Milton, echoes of Arnold or Davidson; but nevertheless pleasing sweet of uncommon accomplishment.

When I met him he charmed me; a young man of twenty-six or seven, some five feet nine or so in height, straight and slight, with rosy cheeks, thick, light-brown hair and good, bold features. When he uncovered, the breadth of forehead struck one; the chief impression—one of intelligence and health—delicate health.

At our first meeting he professed himself an admirer of the music halls, then just beginning to be popular in London; declared with an air of finality that dancing was the highest of all the arts, that it alone could convey passionate desire in every phase from coquetry to abandonment, and that was the deepest impulse of the human heart.

"What are we," he cried, "but seekers after love? That is our quest from the cradle to the grave. Love is our Divinity. Love our Holy Grail."

Symons was born in Wales, of Cornish-Celtic descent, went to private schools and later lived for some years in France. He writes French almost as well as English, indeed, his English is French in character, too adaptable, I mean taking color and rhythm from every fleeting emotion; we Saxons have a stiffer backbone and want something more solid, more virile.

When talking with him, I soon noticed that he gave up his own theories and adopted yours with Celtic or youthful agility; his views fluid like his prose and verse; but his frankness, his enthusiasm, his love of sweeping generalizations, went with his brilliant youth and set it off attractively.

Was it his "Amoris Victima" or a talk we had that made me see Symons as one of the band of "very gentle, perfect lovers," who find the same golden gate into life and into heaven? As soon as you came to know him, he made no bones of avowing his Celt-like cult of love, Venus Callipyge, the queen of his idolatry.

"Have you ever read 'Casanova?'" he asked me one day as we were crossing Grosvenor Square, in a curious, challenging way, born, I guessed, of a remnant of shyness with an older man.

"I should hope so," I replied. "A great book and a great man."

"I'm delighted to hear you say that," he went on. "Most Englishmen look at him askance, and you're the first I ever heard call him 'great.'"

"There is a volume of his 'Memoirs' always at my bedside," I replied, "and his meeting with Frederick the Great stamps him. They talked on an equal footing, I think I've learned more history from Casanova than from any one. His gambolings and swindlings, love affairs and journeyings, paint that eighteenth century as no one else has painted it. He's not only a great lover, but a great adventurer. I profess myself an ardant admirer of Signor de Seingalt."

"And I too," he cried. "I intend one of these days to find that last volume of his they're always talking of. What a thing it would be to get out a really complete edition of his 'Life!' We all want the last chapters."

"Go to it," I exclaimed. "I wish you all success, tho I much fear Casanova's end will be miserably unhappy. Those who live for the sense-pleasures have a bad time of it when the senses decay."

"I don't know about that," countered Symons. "Casanova had always thought to console him, and I suspect he was a good poet as well as a good Latinist. Perhaps I'll find some of his verses. What fun!"

"All luck," I encouraged. "I always see him in Venice, hastening in a gondola to that (Cont'd on page 66)
FEODOR IVANITCH CHALIAPINE

The famous Russian singer who has come out of his disordered homeland to sing in America

Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe of London
Verlaine: Epitome of Man

By Benjamin de Casseres

In the Nietzschean philosophy, culture is either Apollonian or Dionysian: Apollo typifies Science; Dionysus Art. Apollo is contemplative. Dionysus is ecstatic, creative, eternally burgeoning. Apollo is the Sun. Dionysus is the Earth. Apollo is the brain. Dionysus is the blood.

They are not at war. They are complementary. A genius may be both in turns. Nietzsche himself was Apollonian in his private life, Dionysian in his philosophy. Psychoanalysis will reveal the frenzied poetry of Zarathustra as the explosion of the congested desires of a contemplative invalid. Whatever is, is a paradox of itself. In great artists the apparent paradox of their natures, set so glaringly before the world, is called contradictions. But there are no contradictions in nature or life. Everything gives birth to its opposite to make it whole.

The lives of Poe, Baudelaire, Swinburne, Hugo, De Musset, Whitman, Villon, Rimbaud, Laforgue, Goethe, D'Annunzio, Dowson, Verlaine, Wilde, Byron, Shelley, Blake, Francis Thompson and Shakespeare are called "masses of contradiction." This is the judgment of moralists. thumb-and-rule critics and Euclidean Woodrows. It is the judgment of chanticleer on the wild gyrations, the frenzied swoops, and the sun-storming eagle. Psychically, great poetic genius is perfect in its own being.

It may fail artistically, but the lives of geniuses are perfect, for perfection is self-expression of one's whole self-regardless of consequences. moral standards or the condition of the mental servitude of critical Babbitts and Mores.

Byron said his genius was based in his "vices," not in his "virtues." Every great poet, from Homer to Whitman, could put a solemn "yea" on this dictum. It was the Beau

Photograph by Nicholas Murray

MISSES HANSEN AND ALBERTINA

Now appearing in the Fokine Ballet at the Hippodrome

Page Forty-Nine
The Ellen Fels Ballet is at present touring the Continent, and very recently appeared in Vienna and Berlin, attracting much popular attention, as well as the approval of the artistic circles. Above, a study of Mme. Ellen Fels in a Pierrette costume designed by Poiret. Mme. Fels is a Russian. At the right is a study of two members of the Fels Ballet.

The Spirit of the Dance

Photographs by D'Ora

of Vienna
Above, a young member of the Ellen Fels Ballet in a Russian war-dance interlude
ROSHANARA
A new camera study of the brilliant young interpreter of native Burmese and Indian dances
The Confessions of a Scenario Editor
By Harry Carr

"I am a little girl, eleven years old, and this is my first scenario. I hope Mr. Griffith will buy it and make a picture from it." So she wrote in a queer little scrawling hand. And this was the title of her scenario:

"Should a Wife Forgive!"

And to be honest about it, her script wasn't much worse than the others. Of all the forlorn, forsaken, babes-in-the-woods... of all the pathetic little lost sheep... give me the people who write scenarios and send them with hopeful letters to the studios.

Before I became a scenario editor at the Griffith studio, I had been the political editor on a newspaper long enough really to enjoy tearing the reputations of my best friends to shreds. I had been a case-hardened dramatic editor long enough to find sweet music in the agonized and tearful protests of the refined young lady stars, begging not to be subjected to the ling chee—the death of a thousand cuts—and scattered to the winds. But two years as a scenario editor was too much for my toughened conscience. I couldn't stand any more. It was too harrowing. I shudder to think back to the fond dreams I have shattered for ambitious authors. I have made a grand frappe of more air castles than anybody ought to—and live to tell about.

I suppose in the Griffith studio we were special targets. On an average I received about thirty masterpieces of dramatic fiction a day. They came from all kinds and conditions of people, all over the world. They had one point in common. They all were rotten.

About one scenario in fifty was the work of a professional writer. The others were by reeking amateurs. Accompanying each magnum opus would come a letter. Usually the writer, as tho to stagger us by surprise, announced in a most confidential manner that she (most often it was she) was not an experienced writer. She said she knew she couldn't write well enough to sell a story to a magazine. She felt that all she could do was to trill off a mere trifle upon which she expected some motion picture company to spend half a million dollars. The author invariably added that we could change her story around some if we bought it: she always professed to be broad minded. And I never remembered to have encountered one author who did not sweetly offer to come to New York from Oklahoma or somewhere and help Mr. Griffith make the picture.

As a special inducement, they often used to mention brightly the fact that they knew where there were a lot of nice roads and scenery where Mr. Griffith could make the picture.

I could always see the tragedy in these funny scripts. I suppose these hopeful authors went to bed the night they mailed the scenario, with all sorts of dreams about Mr. Griffith stopping the camera in the middle of the scene where the poor working girl deles the millionaire looking anxiously around the set to say, "I simply can't go any further until Mrs. Whoisit, the author, is here. That woman is such an inspiration!"

I might mention, parenthetically, that I have been on the author end too: and I have discovered to my pain that the author of the play is about as welcome to a director on a set as an income tax collector.

The worldly worm that crawls around, trying to dodge the early bird, is an important and honored figure compared with the man who wrote the play.

And to be frank about it, they are an infernal nuisance. They stand around with looks of tragic dismay. Once in a while when the power of speech comes back to them, they inquire in a hoarse, stricken whisper, "Where is my scene between the lost child and the collie dog?"

The scene of course is gone. All the scenes are gone. They are always gone.

Among other things I have been a continuity writer. As a matter of honor we never left in any of the scenes. Authors have to be kept in their places.

I remember one play that we bought (not in the Griffith studio, however). The director swore it was a great story because of one great scene. He didn't think much of the other scenes. When we actually got down to writing the continuity, that was the first scene we rooted out.

At least a third of all the avalanche of scenarios that came (Cont'd on page 64)
MADLYN MORRISSEY
One of the beauties of the Ziegfeld "Follies"
Portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe
The Russian Theater Under the Soviet
By Nikolai Yarovoff

[Thru the courtesy of Oliver M. Sayler, Shadowland was able to obtain this first-hand glimpse of theatrical activities in Russia, the first words coming out of that torn and starving land in many months. Nikolai Yarovoff is a distinguished critic and artist of Moscow.]

It is difficult for me to construct a retrospective view of what has happened in the theatrical life of Moscow. We don't live by clock work but by secondometer. Current events are in such a whirlpool that we have only time left to look forward, and what happened just a few weeks ago seems to be something plusquam perfectum.

Since the revolution our theaters, deeply rooted in the life of the nation, could not help suffering. This was only natural when everything around them was turned topsy-turvy. The first year or two passed calmly enough for the theaters. They continued their life as before the revolution, put on the same repertory, and proceeded under the old management. A few new music halls were opened, some good and some bad, and they had a measure of success. Among the “enterprising” newcomers were individuals who understood liberty in a very original sense and who opened theaters with a shockingly pornographic repertory.

For one of these theaters, a well-known journalist, Anatole Kanyevsky, made from his own novel, “Leda,” a grossly indecent play. The heroine, an “emancipated” woman, declared from the stage, in egotistic love of her body, that it was not shameful to disclose the naked female figure to strangers, and she therefore revealed herself to her guests in the apparel of Eve. The management of this theater was hard put to find someone for the chief role in this play who was a real actress and at the same time possessed both a good figure and an absence of shame. There were many changes and none of those who played the part dared to do so under her own stage-name until the directors discovered a kinospic, Mary Rutz, who possessed not only a good form well known to frequenters of the movies, but also the other necessary qualifications.

Another disgusting production at this theater was that of Arthur Schnitzler’s “The Round Dance.” The theater was situated in the Tverskoi Boulevard, always a crowded thoroughfare, and it had, therefore, many casual spectators. The house, which was always full at the beginning, was vacated a few minutes after the curtain rose. Some young people were so shocked that they left their seats in the course of the action. I went there alone, thanks to God, and once only. The press refused to tolerate this indecency and the theater had to close its doors after a few weeks.

It was not long until the government recognized the theaters as a powerful weapon for the propaganda of socialism. It desired to create a new proletarian repertory and to put that repertory on in its own theaters, played by its own proletarian actors, etc. And it actually tried to carry out this program. The Moscow Art Theater, the Small State, the Kamerny and some other theaters were declared undesirable houses. Their actors were charged with being typical bourgeoise and their classical repertory was called out of date. In the commissariat of education, a theatrical section was established with full power to reorganize all the theaters in Russia in the light of the country’s new life and problems.

This reorganization began about two years after the November of Bolshevist revolution, or in the fall of 1919. Since that time, the theaters have labored under great difficulties. The Moscow Art Theater, the Theater Korsha, the Theater of Operetta, and the Theater Nezlobina continued to play their old repertory, expecting momentarily to be closed. The Theater of Operetta had to suffer the most aggravating interferences, and after a few warnings and suggestions that the program be changed to a purer and more classic style it was closed. The Theater Korsha put on some new plays suitable to the times, such as Rolland’s “Danton,” and Shelley’s “The Cenci,” while the Zon Theater produced “William Tell.” The government press did not approve of them and insisted on the creation of special proletarian plays. Where could they be (Cont’d on page 61).
HELEN MacKELLAR

Appearing this season in Fannie Hurst's play, "Back Pay"

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg
WHETHER winter evenings are long or summer shade alluring, or even when spring is stirring or the scent of burning leaves is in the air, one of the perennial hobbies of restless souls is to make a list. Of the making of lists, just as of books, there is no end. Probably the Babylonian connoisseurs compiled cuneiform catalogs of the baked-brick best sellers of their day. At any rate, ever since Sir John Lubbock started Victorian tongues wagging over his list of the Hundred Best Books, disclosed during a lecture at the Workingmen's College in London in 1886, the list-lover has charted every obscure byway of art and letters, from the Pigsink Library of Roosevelt to the Five Foot Shelf of Dr. Eliot, with annual anthologies of verse and short story, monthly magazine compilations of best sellers and best circulators and even weekly newspaper memoranda of the phonograph records and sheet music on most urgent call in the shops.

Playing shrewdly on this universal human weakness, a London literary journal recently conducted a canvass among its readers to determine by popular vote the forty writers most worthy of a place in a possible British Academy of Letters. The result, in the order of merit thus established, is tabulated in another column. Taking his cue from overseas, the editor of the Publishers' Weekly has just completed a roster of America's premier pen-masters from ballots returned by representative booksellers throughout the country. Just why the vendors of the products of our pens and typewriters were chosen as judge and jury is not particularly important. The fact is, they are usually men of taste; they haven't any favorites to play as publishers might have; and their profession requires a wider experience and observation of books and writers than any but the most unusual connoisseurs can possess in our busy age. Their resultant verdict, also printed adjoining, is as typical as any that might be made, and it throws the ball in the air for a discussion that should whet the interest in our native authorship, turn the eye forward toward unheard and unhearing names, as well as backward toward those that are slipping into oblivion, and pass many an idle hour in the matching of personal preferences.

Any composite list of this kind is likely to reveal strange bedfellows. The most unreason radical creeps in between austere masters of a passing generation. I wonder how Henry L. Mencken, the Peck's Bad Boy of our criticism, enjoys being flanked by an old sentimentalist like Irving Bacheller and a sedate and proper practitioner of his own profession like Agnes Repplier! The most ephemeral teller on the wave of the moment bobs up alongside those who are sure to live well beyond the present day. Witness the cleverly superficial Mary Roberts Rinehart as next door neighbor to Vachel Lindsay, the mad but masterful troubadour of our new era. Or the prettified Gene Stratton Porter atvarth the dignity of Thomas Nelson Page.

On the whole, tho, the ballot has given unusual credit to newer and more vigorous writers, while extending the hand of respectful memory in rescue of men and women of sound accomplishment who, tho still living, are seldom productive any more. The natural conservatism of any jury that hadn't been hand-picked might have been expected to exclude such newer prophets as Joseph Hergesheimer. Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, James Branch Cabell and Sinclair Lewis from the first ten. But there they are. And Robert Frost, Theodore Dreiser and Edwin Arlington Robinson are not far away, tho there will be bitter resentment among the younger generation at the comparative neglect of Vachel Lindsay, Eugene G. O'Neill and Carl Sandburg, and at the complete disregard of Sherwood Anderson, Sara Teasdale, Floyd Dell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Ezra Pound, Alfred Kreymborg and Susan Glaspell.

And the percentage of idols of the mob is surprisingly small. A few of them crept in—Lincoln and Bacheller, Mrs. Rinehart, Mrs. Norris and Mrs. Porter. I wonder whether the men who have sold two million copies of Lincoln's amiable trifles of Cape Cod will be proud, a score of years from now, at having placed him fifteen rounds higher on the ladder than that other and more severe but more revealing chronicle of the Cape and its seafaring folk, Eugene O'Neill! Still, the case for complaint is thin. You have to scan far down in the (Cont'd on page 63)
Broadway Institutions
By Louis Raymond Reid

To define a Broadway institution is a task peculiarly easy to the theatrical press agent. For anyone else it is monumental. Consult any adjective dealer along the Main Street of Manhattan and he will grandiloquently inform you that the attraction he represents, be it play, player, playhouse or his own proud person, is a Broadway institution—and moreover, has always been one. The words will flow out of his mouth, “Why the big idea? Why the ridiculous innocence?”

And you, in your painstaking search for truth, would have to admit for the sake of your own peace of mind, that he was right—that you were ridiculously innocent not to be informed of the fact that this Bryan of the miniature was representing a Broadway institution.

But your quest for knowledge may be of the undying kind. The waxworks of the Big Path, thus, will not do. You seek more reliable authority. You interview the hotel desk, the newsboy, the taxi pirate, the gold-digger, the reportant, the squatter in Peacock Alley, the traffic cop, the man who buys the racing forms, the lounge lizard, the waiter, the booking agent, the theatrical manager, the sophomore from Yale, the playwright, the actor and the man from home. You faithfully record their answers. You find the mean average in the replies. You grow conscious of revelation.

At last you have arrived at information that is as correct as any that can be found in a nation that cannot boast an H. G. Wells. Here again the accident of birth favors England. If England were looking for Piccadilly institutions, she would not be forced to scurry up and down the highways where the wise- acres dwell. She would go straight to Wells. He would know.

Alas! America, the “dear crude America” of Theodore Dreiser, enjoys no professional encyclopedist who writes with zest. She must grope in the dark.

Thus the assignment of defining definitely Broadway institutions is difficult. Many, many persons must be consulted and bias and prejudice taken into account. The immense area of the land increases the burden. Deacons of Ohio, politicians of Oklahoma, members of culture clubs of North Dakota, owners of flivvers in Oregon, all of whom know their Broadway—or pretend to know—have something to say on the matter. Therefore, it is obvious, patience and a clear head must be possessed, else the investigator will be confounded.

It is certain that the jury would agree on three Broadway institutions: the Winter Garden, the Ziegfeld Follies and the Hippodrome—at least until recently when the Winter Garden became a vaudeville house. “Lightnin’” was almost a Broadway institution. The late Oscar Hammerstein was undoubtedly a Broadway institution. Many of those qualified to judge would declare Kelcey Allen to be one. Scattering votes might also be counted for Walter J. Kingsley, Frank J. Wilstach, Frankie Bailey, Weber and Fields, George M. Cohen and J. Ranken Towe.

Mr. Towe might express himself most vehemently against inclusion in the Broadway gallery. But the evidence he could bring to bear would not be convincing. Has he not written a book “Sixty Years in the Theater”? And sixty years in the theater must be sixty years on Broadway—more or less. George M. Cohan would be unanimously declared a Broadway institution—except for the actor who belongs to the Equity Association. Of the other individual candidates, Weber and Fields, for the unique entertainment they provided New York during a generation, and Frankie Bailey, for the superlative understanding which she gave to the Broadway stage, are absolutely and unequivocally Broadway institutions.

Messrs. Kingsley and Wilstach have their supporters; the Kingsley battalion being particularly voluminous in their enthusiasm. Kingsley himself admits that his zone of activity lies entirely between Columbus Circle and 34th Street and Eighth Avenue and Fifth Avenue. He will tell the world with all the force of adjectives he can employ that he is of, for, and by Broadway.

It may be unfair to a large number of people and landmarks that the term “Broadway institution” exclusively belongs to the theater. Big “Babe” Macdonald, the traffic cop, who has directed the Passing Show in Times Square (Cont’d on page 80)
PARIS is again radiant with rainbow tints, shimmering metals, silver linings in clouds of transparent meshes—and America, weary of the craze for black and somber material, is responding to the word from across the sea. This Christmas eve is the eve of a season of renewed gaiety. The wardrobes of society leaders and their followers reveal a maze of unexpected contours, color of decoration, and kind of fabric that interests, bewilders and fascinates.

Colors are vivid, contrasts are strong. Properties of costuming have been flung to the winds. Creators of fashion have evolved different things with new appeal, and, in so doing,
have resorted to marked exaggeration. Sleeves, for instance; slendering lines, longer skirts, lowered belts. Materials are more gorgeous than ever before. Vivid velvets, sumptuous cloaks of brocades and fur, evening dresses of silver lace and cloth, of colored sequins and beads wrought on net; indoor dresses varied in cut and treatment. Such infinite variety of mode and treatment that one wonders if they are products of one and the same year.

Everyone admits—at least, theoretically—that skirts will be longer. But the shops, the fashion show models, the stage, smartly dressed women everywhere still cling to the abbreviated skirt. We would not have believed, a few years ago, that a skirt reaching to the ankles would attract undue attention. Yet such was the case, one day recently, when an attractive young woman appeared on the Avenue wearing a beautifully tailored suit, with collar, cuffs and pockets of astrakhan, and a scarlet hat over which was thrown a black veil edged with vivid red. But it was not the vivid hat nor the unusual veil that made her the cynosure of all eyes. (Continued on page 62)

Both photographs by Fab, N. Y.

Top, Katherine Martin, the popular English beauty, now appearing in "Sally." Right, Hope Hampton, the screen star, in Worth model of navy duvetyn with squirrel trimming.
obtained? The proletarian playwrights and dramatists never wrote their plays with purely propagandist intentions or especially to be interpreted for workers. Of course, we had some specialists who could write plays on any given themes. But these plays were not approved even by the Soviet press.

Finally, some proletarian plays were written, but, alas, not by proletarian dramatists. Most of them met with no success, but the press recognized some good features in them and it was decided to follow up the line thus opened.

It was about this time that the government undertook to present in the requisitioned Theater of Operetta in the Nikitskaya some popular, gay quasi-operettas written especially for propaganda purposes. The venture proved to be a financial success and the result from the government's point of view was more than favorable. The public enjoyed some decent music, dancing, and singing, and the plays on propaganda themes were the in tension in mind of planting the communistic ideas more deeply and securely in the brains of the masses. The theater was especially protected with ample funds and privileges and therefore kept up a good orchestra, attracting to its ranks the remnants of the singers and dancers of operetta and also good dramatic actors. I have been there several times and I can only say that I passed the time without yawning. The repertory treated many themes: the relation between the worker and business and the superiority of communism over other isms. It made fun of the laughable sides of our enemies—Generals Koltchak, Denikin, Yudenitch, etc.; and praised good comradeship among communists, good work and the like. This idea of carrying on the propaganda of communism by means of popular, entertaining, easily comprehensible theatrical performance is, you will admit, a rather original notion.

Your old acquaintance, Tovarishch Vassily Kamensky, of the Futurist Cafe, poet, by the grace of God, wrote a play under the name of "Stenka Razin" about a bandit leader of ancient times, which was greatly approved by the government; it was produced in Petrograd as a part of the third annual festival in celebration of the November Revolution. Notice, please, a new idea; it was presented, not in a theater, but at a street crossing under the open sky. The spectators themselves played the roles of the bandit's gang. The press said it was very true to life and a magnificent performance. The same play was also presented on stage at the very scene in the Great State Theater and thereafter in various towns in Russia and Siberia.

About last March or April, 1920, in Nastasinsky Pereluk a communistic theater was opened under the name of "Moscomdram." We like Americanized words now, you see. It meant "The Moscow Theater of the Commumistic Drama." These communistic dramas should first have been written to order, for after a few plays had been given in Moscow and the Provinces, we heard no more of it. The company was made up for the most part of unemployed actors and actresses, drafted under compulsion of the Workers' Exchange with a few well-known names added. My wife, an actress, was a member of the company.

By 1920, too, a special theater for children was opened. It took over the premises of a music hall in Mamonovsky Pereluk, just off the Tverskaya, and its repertory consisted mostly of fairy tales. The children seemed to enjoy it immensely. I cannot pass unnoticed, either, the opening of a Jewish Kamenny Theater. The sponsors for it seem to have had plenty of money, for they took over a private house in Tchernishchevsky Pereluk, near the Nikitskaya, remodeled it into a theater and commanded the services of a talented Jewish artist, painter and decorator, Mark Shagal, who executed murals for the foyer. It was opened in the spring of 1921 and the public was invited to see the decorations, but I missed them as I was out of town. Artists say they are interesting. The theater's repertory is purely Jewish and national and the plays are presented in Yiddish.

Last season's most talked-of production was "Mystery-Bouffe" by the futurist poet, Vladimir Mayakovsky, whom you met at the Futurist Cafe. Vsevolod Meyerhold and V. Bubttoff produced it. The enormous stage of the Theater Zon, as it was customarily used, was not large enough for the setting, and it was necessary to remove four or five rows of seats in the orchestra, to do away with the curtain and to extend the proscenium up to the ceiling. The theme deals with the Flood, with the whole world washed away by the waters. Only the North Pole is left exposed and to it, two by two, come seven pairs of the pure, (proletarians), and seven pairs of the impure, (bourgeoisie). The play begins with the mutual agreement of all to save their lives by building an ark. The ark is fin ished in short order and immediately the impure begin to scheme how to take the power into their own hands. After the king has been drowned and a national assembly has been elected and dispersed, the pure, convinced that nobody will heal them but themselves, set out in search of the "promised land." On the way they arrive at Hell and destroy it, and at Heaven, where they expel all its inhabit ants. Later on, they decide to create a land of their own, the land of work. Consequently, they begin their work, repairing locomotives and steamers, etc., and, as the play comes to a close, the promised land of the electrified state is visible close at hand.

This play had its premiere on May 1, now a great feast day in Russia, and all the members of the Soviet and many of our greatest Commissars attended. The production cost enormous sums of money. My opinion was that the play was good, and it was certainly effective from the communistic point of view. The press, however, did not like it. The same play was given in German in Solomon'ssky's Circus a little later, in honor of the guests of the International Communist Congress in Moscow. The Russian version was repeated about a hundred times from day to day, but the German one was given only three or four times. It was impossible in the press to procure material for a new curtain for the Zon Theater and so the play went on without a curtain. I was invited to photograph the production but I was unable to do so thru lack of sufficient Jupiter lamps. The full equipment for lighting the stage consisted of the usual foot and border lights, strengthened by two marine projectors and six or seven Jupiter lamps. Even with this powerful illumination, the stage was so large that objects on it were only faintly visible.

To complete the chronicle of last year's life in the theater, I must record also the opening of the Ukraina Theater. It was born in hard times when money was short—when money could buy nothing, for nothing was obtainable. In spite of that, the theater was built and its doors were opened on a pure Little Russian repertory of classical type. This is a theater of a so-called "national minority," and it is amply protected and supported by the government.

The past years must be considered extremely difficult for the theaters. None of them could dispose of their tickets directly to the public. All of them had to send their seat coupons to a special government distribution office, whence they were sent to factories, Soviet offices and military establishments. The highest priced tickets cost two hundred and fifty rubles. Actors received their salary from the government, but the monthly salary was insufficient to purchase a single day's living. And so the actors organized a number of movable or traveling theaters and played in the factories and the regimental caserns in the suburbs of Moscow, where they received their pay and cared for their living in "natura"—flour, sugar, meat, etc. The dresses of the actors became shabby.

(Continued on page 62)
Shadowland

My Lady Fashion
(Continued from page 60)

It was the skirt of her tailored suit which reached quite to her ankles. However, despite the bravery of the few who dare prefer and wear longer skirts—they are not as yet popular with the tailleur. And the comfort and smartness of the short skirt commend it to the majority of women for street and everyday wear.

Formal dresses have longer skirts. Evening dresses also are long and often have irregular bottoms on account of draping. With the lengthening of skirts, irregular hems are more in evidence than ever. Precision and exactness have ceased to find a place in dressmaking—as it is a dressmaker of the present day who makes any pretension whatever to being an artist would consider even for a moment balancing the two sides of a dress. The decree is irregular lines and one-side effects.

This effect extends even to evening wraps and daytime coats, many of which fasten far over on one side and fall in a point to the hem, or even below the hem. Topcoats sometime wrap completely around the figure and close at one side of the back.

Wraps and coats for winter are noteworthy not only for their beauty but for their diversity of design. The cape is really never absent from fashion. For street wear, capes are of the straight variety with large, upstanding collars of fur as well as fur bandings; while those for evening wear are shawl-like, very full and usually uneven at the bottom.

Collars on evening capes and coats are puffy affairs of fur, velvet or silk.

The hour has sounded for the big sleeve. The short kimono sleeve has had its day. Now the ceremonial evening dress must have its sleeve. Sometimes it's a half sleeve extending from the elbow to the wrist, the upper part of the arm being entirely bare. Such a sleeve is really a cuff, wide and flowing like the kimono sleeve.

Gauntlet cuff styles are much in favor. Practically every dress for street wear has sleeves of this character. In evening dress, scarf sleeves are much in evidence. Sometimes the scarf forms a train which, when shortened, makes a panel back. When the arm is left bare, some apology for a sleeve is made, usually in the form of a scarf, very cleverly used. When the gown is of sufficient importance, this scarf forms a train. Again it may be like a collar.

The tailored suit has its new sleeve; so also has the elaborate afternoon jacketed costume. Even topcoats have deserted the plain tailored sleeve. Fur trimmings are seen on the sheerness of sleeves seen in afternoon frocks. In fact, lavish use of fur is shown for costume purposes as well as for wraps and trimmings. A specialty shop shows a two-piece suit of baby lamb with short jacket buttoning high at the throat, which is finished with a high collar of Hudson Bay sable.

The velvet costume is in the foremost ranks of fashionable attire this winter. White velvet with gold lace and embroidery was among many admired models at a fashion show recently. Lace is used with velvet, and sometimes sleeves are made of georgette or another thin fabric with elaborate trimming.

Velvet slippers are also prominent this year. The darker colors are relieved by bright-colored stitching, and velvet slippers in vivid colors are popular for evening wear. Sometimes, fold- or silver-lace cloth is combined with bright-colored velvet, giving evidence of the fact that the American woman's taste in shoes is far from conservative.

The Russian Theater
(Continued from page 61)

Evening dress, formerly obligatory for concert singers, disappeared. The men sang in ordinary house blouses and the women in whatever they happened to have on hand, but mostly in overcoats. Owing to the shortage of wood and the impossibility of bringing it into the city, the theaters have been cold throughout the winter. The public have attended in overcoats and have kept their fur hats on. Only a couple of theaters were heated last winter.

In the middle of December last year, my eye caught sight of an announcement which read, "An Evening of Spanish Dance, Singing and Humor," at the Zon Theater. I felt the warm breath of the South on my face. So I took the tickets, for it was a private performance, and went with a company of good friends who also liked the warmth of the South. Before the curtain went up, we were thoroughly frozen. The temperature was many degrees below the freezing point.

The Spanish singers sang in fur overcoats, the dancers wore woolen underwear, etc., but the reception was warm. We couldn't stay till the end and ran home and drank several samovars of warm tea.

We had no music halls or cinemas last winter and all private enterprise in concerts and plays was stopped at the end of the year. The conditions of life among the people of the theater became unbearable. Tsar Hunger reigned everywhere.

This year's theatrical season has just been opened. The general policy of the Soviets has become more lenient. They understand the mistakes they have made the last three years and have learned a profitable lesson from them. Private initiative is not persecuted but, on the contrary, welcomed. Moscow has now, compared with the last three years, quite a new appearance. Permission is now granted for the opening of shops, dining rooms and bakeries, and it is even possible for a private individual to rent a factory. The protective system in the theaters has ceased to exist in general. Almost every theater must meet all its own expenses without the aid of the government. The Great State, the Small State, the Art and the Kameny Theaters only, enjoy the assistance of the government. Tickets can be obtained for every theater and by everybody. Prices range from 30,000 rubles down for a single seat but, notwithstanding this enormous tariff, the theaters are overcrowded.

"Bread and the Play" seems to be the motto of today.

As I wrote you above, the Moscow Art Theater has endured many hardships. Its actors received a small salary, but fortunately the government decided to extend the insurance benefits and enabled the government to extend the insurance benefits and to the insurance benefits and to the advantage of seeing the repertory of this unparalleled theater, and so they organized a traveling company which gave performances in all of the outlying districts of the city. That enabled them to carry on, for in return for their extra work they received their pay from the establishments where they played in the form of flour, bread, etc.

In the Military Aero-Photographic School, where I am a teacher of pictorial photography, we arranged excellent concerts at which artists of the first rank appeared. We generally paid each of them from two to three pounds of sugar, ten to twenty pounds of bread, ten pounds of flour, a little salt and occasionally a small sum of money. That is all, but the artists were satisfied and called this generous pay.

Returning to the Moscow Art Theater, I may say that it has kept up its high standards to the present day and has finally won official recognition. It has obtained credits from the government which enabled it to extend the scope of its activities. It has added, in addition to its own stage, the record of the Kameny Theater has been similar. Altoho for a time it was dubbed "The Theater of the Bourgeois Coteries," it now enjoys the protection of the government and has its own studio theater. You would not recognize it now. It occupies a fine building, warm even in winter, has good, or to speak more exactly, splendid costumes, and an orchestra. Tariff dresses like a gentleman. The Kameny is, as from the beginning, still the "Theater of the Three" Tariff, Koonen, Tseretelli. It is extremely productive and has put on many new plays in its characteristic modern manner.
sixties and seventies of the second forty to find such overlords of the best-seller as Harold Bell Wright, Peter B. Kyne, Barr McCutcheon and Rex Beach, while the maker of "Tarzan" is too remote to have a number.

It is both chastening and encouraging to compare our favored heroes with the British counterparts. It is chastening because, whether we accept the ballot as it stands or rearrange it to suit our own whims, we can bring it within shouting distance of Britain's first ten. Where are our novelists the equal of Hardy and Conrad, or of Bennett and Galsworthy; our poets comparable with Kipling at his pre-imperial best or Masefield; our playwrights worthy to stand beside Shaw and Barrie; our publicists on a par with Wells or Chesterton? Show me one that can perform the feat, and I'll point out five who might as well have been in Britain's first ten: Yeats and Morley, Bryce and Moore and Beerbohm. But when Britain's first ten or a dozen are out of the way, it is clear sailing for us. We can match and surpass, I believe, right down the list. Our group of poets of the new school—Lindsay and Robinson, Masters and Frost, Sandburg and Kreyumph, Miss Lowell and Miss Milly—are fresher, more original, more significant, than any the British Isles can boast outside of their older, long-matured talents. And all the way thru, our second best are superior to theirs, even to our pot-boilers and our makers of tales for the millions. We have youth and vitality struggling for expression, unable yet to outface the masters of a mature tradition but more important than the hangers-on of that tradition.

There are other interesting comparisons between the American and the British lists. Our youthful predications apparently favor the tellers of tales. Out of America's fortunate forty there are twenty-five novelists against sixteen or eighteen who might be so classified in the British roster. Six poets, two historians, one traveler, one dramatist and five of miscellaneous breed who might be roughly rated as essayists, complete our forty. Leisurely literates are infrequent as contrasted with the mother country. But the most striking divergence and, I think, the most encouraging and gratifying, is the great preponderance of women writers on our native roll of honor. Fourteen out of our forty names are of the feminine gender against two lonely souls from overseas. And that is an indication, I believe, not only of literary vigor but of general social health. The freedom from conventional taboos of which we often boast is herein supported by tangible evidence that outranks all the sentimental generalities that might be mustered. If W. L. George and other British investigators of our social scene would get at the heart of the dominance of women in our national life, let them observe the extent to which our women writers have assumed the burden of literary interpretation of our contemporary existence.

It probably won't be much solace to the devotees of neglected idols to speculate on those who might better have been chosen from among those who also ran, but it will serve to show our wealth of "utility players," in the phraseology of the baseball diamond. The rejected poets, whose admirers will be most offended, have already been arrayed above. The connoisseurs of the novel will wonder why Sherwood Anderson fell short of the forty when all the praise bestowed on his "Winesburg" and "Marching Men" the last few years would seem to have justified his inclusion in the first ten. In our intensive living in the present moment, we may well forget George V. F. Hattersley and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, but is our memory so short that Ernest Poole of "The Harbor," Henry Sydhor Harrison of "Queed" and "V. V.'s Eyes," and William Allen White of "A Certain Rich Man," have passed out of mind? In the realm of humor, have we become so sober and sedate and introduced by the sorrow of the world or is it just the ingratitude of a new generation that passes by in disdain the "Fables in Slang" of George Ade and the ubiquitous Mr. Dooley of Finley Peter Dunne? What of our recorders and appraisers of the amenities of life—such essayists as George Santayana, Sandburg, Dowd, A. Cuthbert John Dewey and George Woodberry? And what upstart notion is it that ranks William Roscoe Thayer ahead of James Ford Rhodes and John Bach McMaster among our historians?

Still, there is not much use to quarrel. We can all have our own opinions and our own lists. If we are going to be proud of the democracy which has made possible the development and growth of many of our most cherished writers, we must put a good face on the vagaries of taste which democracy produces. Look at the results of our political ballots and see whether our literary and artistic judgments are far inferior! Just as on election day, the good taste of one list in such a compilation is counterbalanced by the delusions of another, and the worthy and the unworthy ride into place side by side like senators and sheriffs and tax collectors. Hardly any ballot contained more than twenty names included on any other single ballot and so it is no wonder that the total receiving votes ran up to three hundred and eighteen.

Here, for example, is the way one list checked off against another. Contrast the academic first five on the ballot of a conservative old bookseller out in Cincinnati—Henry Van Dyke, William Roscoe Thayer, Woodrow Wilson, Charles W. Eliot and A. Lawrence Lowell—with the insurgent leaders on the list of an enthusiastic young bookskeeper of Greenwich Village, Manhattan—William McFee, Zoe Gale, F. Scott Fitzgerald, G. O'Neill and Susan Glaspell. Only two out of the ten names registered in the first ten of the composite roster. Or range the first five of a department-store book counter in Duluth—Theodore Dreiser, James C. Cabell, Joseph Hergesheimer, Brander Matthews and George Anns Dorsey—alongside those of a very literary bookseller in Cambridge, Massachusetts—Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Conrad Aiken, George Santayana and Hergesheimer. Again, only two for the first ten between both lists. It is almost as if everybody tried to get even with someone else's first choice by relegating him to the ballot and having an friend or ignoring him altogether. If I place Eugene G. O'Neill in premier position, many are not yet aware that he exists, let alone that he is the most vital force in our contemporay drama and one of the most original inspirations our entire literature has had in years, and the upshot is that he drops far down in the grand total. If I grudgingly grant birth thirty-seven to Gertrude Atherton as a novelist who has apparently all but worked out her vein, so many others place her in the front line that she stays there! And so it goes.

Any list of this kind necessarily has a fortuitous aspect. It is dependent on the time in which it was created. A roll of honor made in 1900 is good enough for the classics and the men and women then living, but it is valueless for the talents that have developed since then. A roster of 1921, of course, includes names that no one could have predicted before the war or even as late as 1920 and, just as surely, it passes by significant writers now living and working whose names and products are yet known only to a few intimate friends or to an inerent public following. The hasty nature of our Americans is to leap at some newcomer who has caught our fancy, without waiting to see how he will wear, and to elevate him on our shoulders like a freshman hero after his first brilliant game of football.

It is only by that way of ours that we can explain the acclaim of Sinclair Lewis which has sent him vaulting into the ten after only a brief year as a really public figure. Maybe he will repeat "Main Street" and maybe he won't. That widely and bitterly discussed chronicle of the American small town may stand the test of time and re-evaluation, and it may not. Likewise, Frederick O'Brien's claims to consideration are based on two...
The Confessions of a Scenario Editor

(Continued from page 53)

into the studio were from Southern ladies. They always announced that they were from Kentucky or Tennessee or somewhere the other side of Dixie. They made the announcement with an air of finality, as tho that entirely settled the matter. But before they figured that Mr. Griffith, being from the South himself, would not demean himself by putting on the screen the work of any lowdown Northern hound.

Some of these Dixie ladies are very peppy. I found out a great deal of confidential matter about myself from the letters following the receipt of returned manuscript. I remember one lady who was the descendant of all the hidalgos of ancient and high degree in the South. I sent her manuscript lack and she retorted with a stinger of a letter, in which she intimated that I didn’t know anything about manuscripts anyhow and that she had seen many worse stories than hers on the screen. The next week she wrote me an indignant corroboration of her own letter, saying that she had just seen a picture of Margerite Clark’s which was worse than hers. The next week, she wrote another bulletin saying that she had seen one of Mabel Normand’s which was not so good as hers. I forget how it came out—but the search for what Billie Curley of the Chicago Examiner once called the “deprex of puerpe- sence.” I don’t know just what she expected us to do about it. I tried—incautiously, as I now realize—to mollify the lady with a letter; but she wrote back a withering handful in which she pointed out the errors of my spelling—or was it my syntax. Anyhow, she put me in my place.

I remember one day a lady from the South breezed in. She wanted to see Mr. Griffith personally. She said she intended to read him her scenario aloud. She said it was the kind of scenario that you couldn’t get the full value of just reading it to yourself. It was pointed out to her as mildly as possible that Mr. Griffith was otherwise occupied. As a great concession, she said she might see the scenario editor instead, altho she did not like the idea of reading a story of such magnitude to underlings. I came down to see her, making as grand an entrance as possible. But I failed to pass. She gave me one withering look and said in a horrified screech:

“Are you the scenario editor?”

I said I was and asked her if she wanted me to read her a manuscript.

“You,” she sneered. “Certainly not.”

With which crusher she gathered up the manuscript and marched scornfully out. I remember thinking that that was thru she made many more visits and at each visit her hauteur sank a little lower. I remember that she read it, at last, to one of the bus drivers who was a little hard of hearing and didn’t mind much.

A great many women and, once in a while, a man wanted to sell the story of their lives. This kind always stated in their letters with great solemnity that they could give references to prove the story was absolutely true. I never could figure out just why they considered it of such overwhelming importance to prove that it had really happened. I suppose they pictured some awful possibility like old Judge Spriggins getting up in the picture theater and denouncing the performance on the ground that he knew the folks himself and it had never happened that way at all.

I remember one woman who came over in person to tell us the story of her life. She did not come alone. She had a very devoted mate with her. He owned the auto in which they came. He opened the buttons by telling us that she had the most dramatic life that anybody had ever lived and she wouldn’t think of ever letting anybody film it except Mr. Griffith. Then he withdrew, so to speak, and gave her the stage.

In a low tremolo she began to tell the story. It would have made a grand picture for an undertakers’ convention. There was nothing to it but funerals. That gal had the worst luck with husbands I ever heard of. She could hardly get them away from the altar before they died on her hands. It would have saved her time to have had a sort of club rate from the life insurance companies, covering her husbands in bundles. I don’t recall what the funeral figures were, but she had married pretty near all the folks who have died from time to time. It was obvious the lad with the auto was the next in line. I could not understand why he was so cheerful about it. Staring in the Valley of the Shadow, as it were, he patted her hand and seemed to welcome his lot. When I called the lady’s attention to the fact that the picture would be just one funeral after another funeral, she was very indignant and marched away without even a word that I could cling to. The man observed with terrible emphasis that he didn’t see why the movies didn’t put on a good story once in a while when they got a chance. Ah well! It was an odd sort of a pity, tho. The poor fellow is lying under a little white tombstone with the other boys by this time, so I freely forgive his harsh words.

One young man who wanted to sell us the story of his life was unquestionably insane. He sent his picture with it. It had insanity written all over it. A wild story he scorn and a goodly part of its class, altho not for pictures. He said he was a drug addict and was wandering the streets of Chicago—it really wasn’t Chicago, but let us be decent enough to conceal him a little bit. A girl of the streets stopped him in the night. She was crying, so he took her around the corner to a church and, having secured a license, married her. The next day the police took her away from him as an escaped convict. He helped him escape from prison, only to have her captured again. He wanted to sell the story in order to get money to hire a lawyer to get her out of jail. It was such a tale as might have come from a Victor Hugo.

We used to get a great many pathetic letters from people who had special reasons why they wanted us to buy their stories. There was one kind that was very common: this was from the old-maid daughter whose father years before had written a novel which had been published at his own expense and much admired by all the family. She usually wrote that she was very poor and wondered if they could sell the manuscript for anything. I never remember reading one of these stories that was worth anything. They were usually flourishing tales of romance about tall, handsome, poetical young persons named Eduardo. I remember one of them in which handsome Eduardo, the dirty dog, killed his rival in love. The ghost came back and haunted him, so Eduardo flung himself head first down the bottomless pit in Mammoth Cave—which was economical and convenient.

About once a month, some one wrote in an offer to sell Mr. Griffith the story of the Custer Massacre. They said that Mickey Neilan had done it all wrong in “Bob Hampton of Placer.” It would only cost a mere matter of three quarters of a million to set the world right.

Another familiar visitor was the story of a reincarnation. These stories always began with the daughter of a Pharaoh and meandered down thru the halls of time, winding up in somebody’s front parlor in the Bronx. Another regular visitor was the story of Job from the Bible. One modest soul wanted Mr. Griffith to put on the history of the world, the data therefore to be supplied by himself. A lot of preachers send in scenarios. They nearly always point out with scrupulous exactitude that they wouldn’t trust anybody but Mr. Griffith to put on this precious story. But they feel that he could do it justice; they having seen “Broken Blossoms” or something.

Newspaper men are also a liberal source of scenarios. Generally speaking, I am free to confess they write very bad ones. Their stories are usually wild recitals. Instead of the stories they have read in the newspapers or elsewhere, they gallop around the realms of improbability and impossible people.

(Continued on page 65)
Verlaine: Epitome of Man

(Continued from page 49)

with Arthur Rimbaud. If Verlaine had not been all these things and had not done all these things, it is probable that he would have been the Longfellow of Paris—or the poet Tupper. It was out of his agonies, his remorse, his willessness, his helplessness, his satyrizing, that the music came. No evil—no poetry, no universe, no character, no art.

The mysticism of Verlaine, like the mysticism of all poets of the sensuous, was impressionistic—he was hailed as one of the founders of the Parnasian School, which was a revolt against the Romantics. But I do not use the word "impressionistic" as movement jargon. I use it in the universal sense—"my truth is the truth." His thoughts were things.

The external universe was merely the body of his soul. His dreams, erotic, tender, religious, philosophic, created the world in which he lived, as alcohol or morphine will create an empire of fancy that realizes itself in consciousness with a tenfold greater vividness than the objects of the external world. Dreams blossom in the very sockets of the soul. The external universe is second hand. The senses lie. Moods never lie. They are the inmost speech. As Amiel said, "A landscape is a state of mind," so Verlaine might have said, "Whatever is, is a mood."

"Je suis un bercieux
Qu'une main balance
Au creux d'un caveau...
Silence, silence!"

The literature around Verlaine grows with the years (he died in 1896), as does that of Baudelaire. It was Arthur Symons, his friend, who first made him known in England. Edmund Gosse has described a night in Paris with Verlaine, when the poet, filthy and tattered, with vermin in his beard, crawled out of his absinthe stupor in the cellar to see his distinguished English visitor and recite for him his exquisite poetry—a sight to shock those implacable gold-dust twins, Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt, sitting forever and forever on their prophylactic Olympus of Classicism.

The latest book in English on Verlaine has been written by Harold Nicolson, under the title of "Paul Verlaine," issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Nicolson gives an epic panorama of Verlaine's life and his influence on the poetry of the world. To those interested in the lives of genius—the real heroes of humanity—this book should not be neglected. The beauty of the book consists in its almost total absence of preaching or any desire to "excuse" Verlaine. It records him as one might do in a novel. In fact, the life of Verlaine is as fascinating as any novel. The perfect English-writing historian of genius was, of course, James Huneker. Sympathy, ecstasy and knowledge—a rare equipment in a writer. There are very few Hunekers in the history of criticism.

French poetry has always been locked up in formulas. There is always a dominant "school," as there is in painting. Classicism ruled French poetry until the coming of Victor Hugo, who smashed Classicism with a blast of Prometheus fire. He substituted personal expression for academic formulas of beauty. Romanticism was the renaissance of the ego. Its extravagances broke its power (the Romantic is eternal; Romanticism is only a formula). The Parnassian group was born out of the débâcle. Verlaine was its prophet. In 1866 he printed Poèmes Satyriacques. Théodore de Banville said he read the volume ten times without stopping. Victor Hugo wrote from Guernsey, "Victor Hugo's sunset salutes Verlaine's dawn!"

The Parnassians formulated restraint, objectivity, artistic perfection. It was the triumph of the paired hair over the pompadour; the part to give way in its turn to Symbolism, which was the triumph of the wig over the part. Verlaine called it "cymbalism."

Absinthe, the green enchantress, was already the presiding genius in the Olympian head of Verlaine. Mr. Nicolson makes it the leit-motif of his life. Verlaine took literally the injunction of Baudelaire, "Be drunken always." Anatole France has recounted how Verlaine, in his early Parnassian days, terrified at his own inability to resist the approaching specter of dipsomania, and at a moment when, after a whole day of absinthe, his flaming brain was declining from an apex of stimulation to the valley of remorse, reeled one afternoon into the cool of a Paris church, and bearing loudly on the confessional, clamored for a priest. "I am a penitent," he screamed, "I have come to confess. I have come for absolution!" And then followed a stream of foul language, covering an enforced exit into the evening sunshine. Those sensitive who have walked the alcoholic hells will feel the Dantesque tragedy of such moments.

No article about Verlaine is complete without mention of Arthur Rimbaud, demon and angel, poet, thug, and the evil genius of Verlaine's life. Rimbaud is one of the most extraordinary apparitions in the realm of literature. He came to Paris at the request of Verlaine. Verlaine left his wife for this lycoris boor to wander on the roads. In Belgium, Verlaine shot Rimbaud and served a year in prison for it. He always spoke of his prison as his château. Rimbaud is given a whole section in Mr. Nicolson's book. It makes extraordinary reading.

Was there ever such a life? He roamed the world in every guise—sold keyrings in Italy on the streets, begged, deserted the army, became a trader in Africa and died at thirty-seven in a hospital at Marseilles. He stopped writing at nineteen, declaring literature an idiot's pastime. Force and conquest were his gods. He has already become a legend in France. Poor Verlaine! He sought God and found—Rimbaud!

As Mr. Nicolson says, it is impossible to translate the "intimate and suggestive" poetry of Verlaine into English. It is too elusive. It would be like translating a fugue of Bach into words.

Here is his soul stripped bare in a poem from "Sagesse":

"Le bonheur de saisir sur le cœur d'un ami,
Le besoin de pleurer bien longtemps sur son dasen,
Le désir de parler à lui, bas à demi,
Le rêve de rester ensemble sans dessin!"

The life of Verlaine was like a forty-year war between the Principalties and Dominations on one side, and the legions of Hell on the other. Tout Paris buried him.

Let Anatole France have the last word:

"He is mad, you say? I certainly believe it. And if I doubted that he was, I would tear up the pages that I have just written. Indeed, he is mad! But remember that that poor madman has created a new art and that there is some chance that they will say some day: 'He was the best poet of his time.'"

The Confessions of a Scenario Editor

(Continued from page 64)

One of the best writers I ever came across was an army officer. In fact, a great many scenarios come from army officers. I recall one whose persistence fascinated me. He was an aviation officer somewhere down in Texas. His first one was probably the worst story ever written in the world. He followed this terrible thing with a stream of them. Every one was better than the one before. If he lives long enough, that chap is sure to put over a big one.

Some of the finest stuff I think I ever read in my life was written by a clerk in the box office of a theater in a little town in Ohio. It was not adapted to the screen but it was rich, colorful, beautiful stuff. There are few writers before the public today who have his gorgeous style. Poor chap, he wrote me the other day that he
Shadowland

is utterly discouraged at not getting anything accepted and is going to quit.

The most original scenarios I read during my two years came from the wife of a country lawyer in the South. They were quaint and colorful and striking. Unfortunately, there was always something fatally the matter with them—usually the ending.

About the worst scenarios I read clear thru were from a literary artist somewhere in the Middle West. I guess she was a sort of Carol Kendicut. She wrote on stationery from the So and So "Literary Studio"—which consisted of herself—and in a note on the corner of the printed letter-head, it said that she wrote plays, magazine stories and scenarios to order. Her first letter was very business-like and very brusk. She hinted darkly that a large number of motion picture companies were after her story—the one she was sending us—and we would have to decide quickly and the "price would be a matter of negotiation between us.

When, later, she climbed down off her perch in a hurry and was just a little scared girl, very tearful—and wouldn't we please take her story.

Most of the stuff that comes in is, of course, the cheapest kind of trash. As a usual thing, the scenarios that come to a studio are not dramas at all. They are more or less disjointed recitals of strange-together incidents. They begin nowhere and end the same place.

A joyous part of every scenario editor's life is being accused of stealing. After every big picture, the scenario authors of the world seize their trusty pens in hand and hurl charges of plagiarism. One indignant young lady accused us of stealing the story of "Way Down East" from her scenario, written some twenty years after the play was produced. That is the first time I ever heard of a story being stolen from something written twenty years afterward.

The point I am coming to, however, is that scenario writers are themselves the most genial and shameless of plagiarists. After every Griffith play, they come in by swarms. After "Broken Blossoms," the whole tribe rushed to the faithful old Corona and banged out the very same story and tried to sell it back to the producer from whom they had stolen it! They seemed to have a conviction that Griffith had dedicated his life to putting on show almighty blameless Christian gentlemen and forlorn starving children. After "Way Down East" there was a storm of "Way Down East's" in the mails. And so on.

If I were to pick one, the one universal fault with the scenarios that come in, I would say it was the lack of real characters who never have real people. They only have black-hearted villains who are all wicked and hand-some heroes who are perfect in their virtue and a lovely heroine who is merely a black-

(Continued on page 73)
Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

(work again next week somewhere, and again, perhaps, they want. There is never the least certainty for anyone in this matter. I recall now with considerable, tho at that, sympathetically diluted amusement, one handsome and, to everyone “in the game” in Hollywood, known thespian who, at the end of every set, and in the face of a most expensive car which he sported “for looks” as he said and the jobs it might get him (for he rented himself and the car together at times, he and the car acting together in the film) would exclaim, the moment he was notified that he was thru: “Oh, all right. We’re done, are we? That’s all right. Tomorrow I’ll go out and get a better job.”

But would he?

Not on every tomorrow, you may depend upon it. His principal engagements sprang from the fact that many directors wanting the use of a very handsome car from time to time—in some picture, of course, and knowing that this particular car was very attractive, could not be had without its owner acting as the chauffeur, they employed him. After a time, his young and pretty wife left him for some reason and then he and the ten thousand dollar car disappeared, apparently for good.

Another of the most discouraging things to all aspirants and beginners, and even to those with the most enviable reputations in the field today, is the fact that the various casting directors of all of the great producing companies are apparently leagued not only to force down the salaries of everyone in the business, but also to see to it that the beginner, however talented or attractive, is made to serve a long and grueling apprenticeship before he or she is permitted to enter the ranks of those who may expect to earn anything more than a bare living; if so much. As one of the casting directors of one of the larger companies put it to me: “Like everybody else in the world, I pay as little as I can, as long as I can. If a girl or a fellow, after working a little while as an extra and familiarizing themselves with this business, see fit to raise their day rate—very good. Let them. But getting it is a different matter. I’ve watched lots of them. The moment they get a small part and someone tells them they’re pretty good, or they think they are, they come around and jump their price from seven-fifty to ten, or from ten to twelve-and-a-half or fifteen, or even twenty a day, all within a few months or a year. But they don’t get it from me unless they are very exceptional. And, as a rule, they cut themselves out of lots of work that they might have had.” (This it should be remembered is always the point of view of the casting director, or, indeed, of anyone officially connected with the films. The “lots of work” is not to be taken too seriously.) “Sometimes when the market is overrun with newcomers in the field, as is almost always the case, they loaf for months before they get anything—sometimes for as long as they hold out. Or, they change their minds after a time, and come around and reduce their price, tho personally I think that is a mistake. If they don’t go up too soon and are very well established before they try it, they have at least some hope of getting it, after a time, especially where they are well liked and know it. But if they raise without careful thought as to the chances and then come down, it isn’t so easy for them to go up at any time. The average casting director has them fixed in his mind then as someone who has been defeated once and he will naturally think that he can make them stay where they are because they probably lack the courage or the means to hold out.

“One of the oldest and best tricks they work is to get a stand in with some one studio, if they can. Sometimes a newcomer can do that for some reason. Some one casting director, here or there, thinks extra well of them, or they establish themselves somewhere in the favor of someone. Whatever it is, they then nose around all the others to attract as much attention as possible, and always quote a higher rate than they are getting at the place from which they get the most of their work. But that doesn’t work as well now as it used to. Most casting directors in these days stand in with one another to this extent that they give each other tips as to how much any given person is worth; who can do the work as well or better than another; and what their last working rate at that studio was. That makes it easier to fix most people about where they belong. And unless they have very exceptional talent, there they stay for a pretty long time, anyhow. I know it sounds a little cold-blooded, but so it is. You have to keep costs down these days or your own position wouldn’t be yours very long. Still there are times, of course, when a director or a casting director is in a corner and in a hurry. There is a scene waiting, maybe, and possibly some of the people upon whom he has been counting as being just the ones for certain parts are not to be had. That is the time that the new fellow of ability, who is trying to raise his rate and break thru to the next floor above, gets his chance.” The chief difficulty, of course, is the presence of these hundreds and hundreds who are constantly arriving and striving to enter this very difficult and, in the main, unsatisfactory field. Another is the presence of so many who have already qualified in every possible way and are now merely waiting about for a lucky engagement of one kind and another. For every star and lead and heavy and ingenue employed, there must be, at the very least, several hundreds who could do the work almost if not quite as well, and in many cases the chances are that they would do quite as well. But in so far as the beginner is concerned that is anything but a help. It serves, as has been said, to keep him exactly where he is. “Lookit whose asking fifteen a day now,” I once heard an assistant casting director in charge of “chasing” report to his chief the moment he had hung up the telephone after calling up a Miss Somebody and returning with the photo of the same in his hand. “She says she’s getting that from other studios.”

“Oh, all right,” was the very kind reply. “Let’s see if she can get it. Not from me, while I’m here. Somebody’s been fool enough to pay her twelve and a half maybe, an’ now she wants more. Can her picture and forget it. She’ll be around here again one of these days looking for work at ten and maybe she’ll get it, and maybe she won’t.”

Well, will she come around? It is entirely possible. After trying to hold out for a better price, many do. And will she get work at her old rate? Nearly always, unless there has been very much feeling over the matter or unless the casting director is exceptionally small, which is often the case. They do not appear to hold grudges where they can eventually triumph as in such a case.

SPELL
By Le Baron Cooke
Because of your silence
I dare not voice
My love;
And yet were you to speak,
Something might go
That even love
Could not replace.

 COURAGE
By Ethel Hope
Grating of the gang-plank .
A whistle’s shriek and moan .
Puffing of the small tugs
And—the year alone
Waiting like a specter,
Somber, grim and grey,
Yet—I smile and wave to you
As your steamer sails away.

ART AND WISDOM
By Le Baron Cooke
You take the apple
As a still-life subject,
Devouring it aesthetically,
And the old vendor smiles,
For he knows
That only he who bites into the core
Finds the seed—
Or tastes the worm.
Christmas in the Sahara

(Continued from page 41)

Now the towers were crumbling into dust.

A lunch of bread and cheese was a Fitzgerald rendering of Omarian contentment—eaten on the roadside parapet surrounded by the feminine beauty of dazzling palms, music of unseen waters, flowing line of tree and leaf, wall and tower, and dreaming, golden distances. The water we heard—three lyrical in this desert setting—was trickling in cascades hidden under the hill, for it was the hour when the magic fluid was allowed to run thru the subterranean channels from the springs of Figuiq to its most remote corners.

An occasional shuffle of traffic passed: a sandaled native, a donkey burdened with brushwood, or a little ass smothered by a gigantic Arab riding far back over the buttoks. The technique of donkey riding was not intricate, said Mohamad. To make the animal come to a halt you whispered “ssshhhhh!” to make him go ahead you cried “err-rah!” and to cause him to move faster than a peripatetic leisure you beat him mightily with a stick and cursed in the name of the Prophet and his son-in-law Ali and his daughter Fatima.

Inside the high garden walls, the roadward led to the central plaza of government buildings, constructed in the style Mauresque by a French major who had been inspired to become an architect by the beauty of his environment. Moorish arch and dome and minaret, flower beds and mimosa bushes, forming a palatial square meet for a caliph’s capital. Nor had he forgotten a café Maure, a native coffee-house at one end of the place, whither he despatched a moghazni to join us as an official body-guard. This picturesque policeman’s first duty was to settle his scarlet-breathed limbs in a chair and lean back in his blue cloak, sitting at our table in arcaded shade and Arabian-night glamour.

The plaza was sun-bathed and silent. Not a soul crossed from one white arch to another, since all troops had been withdrawn from this uneventful garri-son to posts in the interior where Moroc- cans still harassed the French as they did the Spanish farther north. Now and then detachments passed thru Figuiq in caution, for France was thus creeping into Morocco from the back.

The air was like June in a scented valley of the north. If in Algiers, Gou- court had been reminded of what Fro- mentin said of this country—that here he found summer “chez lui”—how much more was Figuiq a spot in which the vapiduousness of being yourself penetr- ated and filed you! Shadows inside the coffee-house were murmurous with the melody of Arab months and the click of dominos. A demented beggar joined our table uninvited and was tolerated with graceful kindness, since among the Mohammadedans a lunatic is a saint. He mumbled meaningless phrases. Then for a moment the moghazni spoke of police duty, of hunting the bandits called djou- chers, who swooped down on passing caravans and fled back to the hills with their booty; and then the moghazni lapsed into silence, and the palm leaves whispered. An enchanted domain, po- etically somnolent, it waited for the prince of the fairy tale to come and wake it.

Gently Mohamad put down his coffee-cup and sighed: “Allah is great and life is long.”

Some day the sandaled peace of the plaza would be shattered and the govern- mental center of Figuiq would re-echo with modern footfalls, clicking cameras, and native archers clamoring: “Black boots—out!” Our hotels and road- sides should be erected and an autobus service installed between the oases and the rail- road, eight miles away, making this a winter resort surpassing that more noted oasis on the other side of the Sahara—Biskra the spoiled and luxurious.

The tranquility was at once broken, tho the old-world spell lingered, in quitt-ing the place by way of the crooked lanes leading to the village of El-Maiz Foukani, whose earthen houses presented the unusual aspect of second stories with rear verandas, resembling beehives from a distance. They were balconies for the drying of dates, hung over rafters in great garlands. Since there were more than two hundred thousand date palms in the oases, there needs must be many open verandas.

Soon the crooked lane became a crooked street, as it attained the village, and passed between house walls, solid and impenetrable, with here and there a high, barred window, thru which Mo- hammedan women snatched the only glimpses of the world permitted to them. So dark were many of the streets, gliding into obscurity under the second stories of houses, that often the sidi could not perceive the moghazni ahead nor Mo- hammed behind. . . Dim doorways were populous with dark-browed bicker- ing over sacks of grain. Tailors sat cross-legged in low bazaars, and a bar- ber was shaving a customer out of doors at a busy street intersection. The same swarming populace was encountered in the other villages of Figuiq, with names like exotic adventures: El-Hamman Tahtani or El-Oudaghir, where we stopped in taverned shadows of cafes and drank cups of sweet coffee or scented tea, among these haggard brown men, idlers by blood and climate, too superior for haste, who worshipped one God and kept four wives—if they could afford it.

When the railroad pushed farther south, beyond Beni-Ounir, it made of Colomb-Béchar a new terminus that monopolized the freight and the fervor.

Over this village situated on a river whose banks are fringed with palm trees for several miles, Christmas dawned with a beautiful mirage in the sky, painting in the west a mountain that had existed the day before. In a little while the moun- tain vanished, not a cloud flecked the blue dome, the air was transparent, the sun hot.

The sellers drifted to the marketplace, which bore the name of the Place Lu- taud, a vast sandy square bordered by arcaded bazaars, pink and whitewashed, where caravans came to a final resting place after innumerable days and weeks in the Sahara, coming sometimes from Timbuctoo and the other side of Africa. A caravan’s arrival was an event so po- tent a shrill trumpet would sound and the ancient adventurers, that it stirred the loungers out of their lethargy. Hucksters looked up from their piles of vegetables, dreamers uncurled their legs and slowly got to their feet.

Here was a caravan come from Sudan, with fifty camels, laden with sacks of dates, sedately marching in a long, wind- ing train, with graceful easy strides and velvet-padded feet.

At once an uproar arose, as the camel-drivers went about from beast to beast, laying firm hands on their long necks, wagging like serpents, and pushing them down to the sand. Gurgling, groaning, a label of camel cries filled the air while the caravan men lifted heavy packs from worn humps. One knee of each camel was then hobbled, to prevent its wandering off, and on blankets spread before them mounds of grain quickly were poured. The camels stretched out their long necks and ate, and the natives of Colomb-Béchar crowded eagerly about the caravan men, touching hands, kissing fingers, and embracing turbaned heads.

“Marahba bi-te! Welcome be thou. Ish g’barek? What is your news? Did you meet with brigands on the road?”

“No, insha Allâh”—piously replied the father of the caravan, for caravans were often made up of families—“no brigands. We were two months on the way, and we have dates, amber, goatkins and beeswax to sell!”

One of the camel-drivers was ill. Ac- cordingly, he went to the barber, who also functioned as surgeon, at his station under the arcades, where barber and client sat down on the ground with the latter’s back against the former’s knees. In this simple barber’s chair, the sick camel-driver sat motionless while the other shaved his head and scraped it in two places till the blood came. (Continued on page 74)
The Boy:
More, much more! I shall adore you then.

The Girl:
(Earnestly.) Even if I deceive you?

The Boy:
What?

The Girl:
(Still more earnestly.) What if I were untrue to you?

The Boy:
(Quite simply.) Then I should kill you. But you couldn’t be untrue to me.

The Girl:
(Sincerely.) No, I feel that I am honorable. (With the light of love in her eyes.) I could never, never love anyone else but you. Niklos. (They are silent, crossing the street.)

The Boy:
What will you tell them at home?

The Girl:
That depends.

The Boy:
On what?

The Girl:
On whether they have seen me. If they saw me near the music school, I’ll say I was there. If they saw me near the park, I’ll say I was skating.

The Boy:
Where did you tell them you were going?

The Girl:
Mother wasn’t at home. I left word with the cook I was going to music school, but I took my skates along, too. When mother comes home, cook will tell her I went to music school with my skates, and mother will say, “That wicked child will probably miss her music lesson again to go skating.” But if I haven’t been seen in the park, I’ll say I did take my music lesson and that I only brought my skates along in case there was time left for skating afterwards, but there wasn’t. Do you understand?

The Boy:
(Dubiously.) Yes ... But what are the skates for?

The Girl:
My, but you’re dense! Where have we been?

The Boy:
(Slowly.) In the park.

The Girl:
Well then, if anyone saw us there, I can say I had been skating, cant I? If mama finds out, the most she can scold me for is for missing my music lesson. Do you see? Isn’t it better to be scolded for something trivial like that than have them suspect you.

The Boy:
(Thoughtfully.) Oh! I sec. (They are silent a while.)

The Girl:
What are you thinking about?

The Boy:
How clever you are .... How well you can lie.

The Girl:
Only to mother. I never yet told a lie to father. It’s different with him.

The Boy:
I’m sort of afraid of you. I’m wondering if you’ll lie as cleverly when you are my wife. It would be easy for you to fool me .... because .... even now .... I don’t understand all that mix-up about the music lesson and the skating. I guess it would be easy to lie to me. I’m sort of slow and stupid where such things are concerned. But anyway I’m honest.

The Girl:
Do you mean that I am not honest?

The Boy:
Oh, no! You are the dearest and most straightforward girl in all the world .... Only when I heard you lie so brilliantly, it frightened me a bit.

The Girl:
But I explained to you, it is only mother I’m fibbing to. And I’m only doing it for your sake.

The Boy:
(Disconsolately.) Just the same, I am afraid of you. You’ve made me look for hidden meanings behind every word you say .... Oh, why did you do it? I know I shan’t sleep a wink all night, thinking over all this .... Do you know what you’ve done? (Tragically.) You have destroyed my faith in you.

The Girl:
(Sadly.) You don’t respect me.

The Boy:
Yes I do. But if only you had lied less brilliantly. Or at least so that I could understand the intricacy of it all. Paula, I am sure I should never in my life be able to catch you in a lie.

The Girl:
(A bit ashamed.) Because I shall never lie to you. The truth is I’m not really a good liar at all.

The Boy:
Yes, you are, and I’m afraid of you. After we are married ... (Suddenly.) Listen! I want to ask you something. Stop a minute.

The Girl:
I cant. I’ll get a scolding.

The Boy:
No matter. Stop a minute. (They stop.) I want you to promise me .... now .... on the day of our first kiss that you will never tell a lie again.

The Girl:
Not even today?

The Boy:
(Adoringly.) Yes, you dear, good, honest Niklos.

The Boy:
(Pleased, but frowns for honor’s sake.) Don’t flatter me, but promise.

The Girl:
I promise.

The Boy:
Not even today?

The Girl:
Not even today. (They proceed in silence until Ferréz Square is reached.)

The Boy:
(Pressing her hand ardentl.) Goodbye, Paula darling. Same place tomorrow afternoon.

The Girl:
(Thoughtfully.) Goodbye. (When she enters the house, the family is already at supper.)

(Continued on page 81)
The motion picture industry is the most spectacularly successful business the world has ever seen.

In fourteen years it has leaped from a cheap novelty to fourth place in the race for industrial supremacy.

Through the magic of its enchantment the home folks of Portland, Maine, or Albuquerque, N. M., stroll the streets of London or Tokio, climb the Alps, float on the canals of Venice or explore the out-of-the-way places of the earth.

It has brought within the reach of all the people entertainment of the most fascinating type. It has recreated the pageantry and pomp of every age. It has realized in living form the tragedies, conflicts and heroisms of the souls of men and nations.

We see in motion pictures a great force for culture, for clean pleasure, for entertainment and education. As producers and distributors of such pictures as "Salvage," starring Pauline Frederick; "Black Roses," starring Sessue Hayakawa; "The Foolish Age," starring Doris May; "Kismet," with Otis Skinner, directed by Louis J. Gasnier; "The Barri
cade," directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne, we have established a standard of quality that has never been excelled.

"Possession," a thrilling tale of love, pluck and adventure, a screen version of the novel "Phroso," by Sir Anthony Hope, is a recent R-C release. Set in the sun-blasted isles of the romantic Aegean, nothing is spared to make this newest picture meet the highest artistic and moral ideals.

The R-C standard of honesty of purpose will be maintained at all cost. An announcement of an R-C picture will always be a guarantee of artistic accomplishment, of scrupulous cleanliness.

R-C Pictures
New York
"The Swamp" is a story that O. Henry himself might have written. It is an ingenious tale of a quiet, unobtrusive Chinese boy who earns his living peddling vegetables in "The Swamp," the lower east side of New York, and the tragic love affair of a small-town girl.

Into this simple story of the power of love to heal broken hearts, are woven the forces of good and evil, the beautiful and sordid, tears and laughter, sorrow and sunshine.

The finished artistry of Sessue Hayakawa has never shown to greater advantage than in "The Swamp."

This production, the story of which is from Hayakawa's own pen, will live as long as we are human.

As a further example of R-C ideals, an R-C picture that will live long in your memory, you are invited to see Sessue Hayakawa in "The Swamp."

"THE SWAMP"

featuring Sessue Hayakawa
The Sole Agent for the
Corliss Palmer Preparations

No other manufacturer, chemist or distributor has her formulas, nor the right to handle her preparations. At present we are doing a mail order business only, and we will mail, postpaid, any of the following preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash or money order. (In mailing coins wrap them carefully in small packages to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

**Face Powder** ........................................ 20 cents
**Foundation Cream** ................................... 25 cents
**Face Rouge** ........................................... 20 cents
**Lip Salve** ............................................. 25 cents
A $2 bill will bring all four to you

We guarantee all of Miss Palmer’s preparations to be perfectly harmless. Her formulas call for only the best of ingredients. She has been declared by competent judges, the most beautiful girl in America, and she has made a thorough study of beauty and of what helps it and of what injures it. We have thousands of the most glowing testimonials praising her preparations. Try them once and you will use none other.

“Art that Conceals Art”

Is Miss Palmer’s motto—hence she strives to imitate nature, and believes that a lady should not appear painted or made up, but natural.

RICHARD WALLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY WRITING

YOU can be a successful photoplaywright in a very short while. WE can show you how a few hours a week spent in mastering the technique of scenario construction will open up a golden opportunity for you in a field that is waiting for new talent. Literary skill is not necessary. Our prospectus tells the story. Send for it TODAY.

American College of Literary Arts and Crafts
Brooklyn - - - New York

DESIRE

By Helene Mallins

You are cold
And unapproachable
As the moon.
But even the moon
Is sometimes stained
With the faint red glow of sunset.
And so my soul trembles
With anticipation . . .

TREE

By Betty Earle

Oh, it takes a straight-lined tree
To thrust courage in the soul;
Tree that calmly, steadily,
Hushes with purpose, fears a goal.
Never earthly tree can reach—
Goal of crystal sky-born star,
The no whispered braggart speech.
Flaunts the wide-flung limbs afar,
The sweet bird-nest们 hug its breast,
Winds live on its melodies,
And its utmost splendid best.
Summons strength to comfort these.

Oh, it takes a still-mouthed tree
To drive patience in the soul;
Tree whose inner-voiced decree
Let a weaker gather toll,
Lets a coolness quench a thirst,
Lets deep shadow waylay heat,
While the wakened faith-buds burst
Into leaves of life complete.

Proud is tree to bear the load
Earth must force on every tree;
Proud to face a sword-like road
And remain there fixedly;
Proud and stern thru best and worst,
Fearless all its splendid length:
Oh, a tree, a tree is first
In the pioneers of strength.

ROMANCE

By C. Blythe Sherwood

Romance doesn’t mean
Armour, steel agleam,
Nor plumes and bright spears
And hauled tournament.
Nor a balcony
To scale agily,
Nor a kerchief thrown
With a kiss rose-blown,
Nor a gondolier
A minstrel would steer,
Nor a mandolin
Issuing sweet sin
Of music; no, nor
A maid trombonist.
Romance, none of these,
All the time to please.
There’s the easy chair
In a quiet lair,
There’s the lamp-lighted glow,
And the scent you know
Of a loved pipe’s smoke.
Just two lazy folk
Glad to be alone
In their halcyon
Of domestic rest
Where sane things are best.

OFFENSIVE

Perspiration

can be remedied without harm to the skin
or clothing. There are several deodorants
known to chemists, but there is only one
formula that possesses all these virtues:
1. Destroys all bodily odors.
2. Checks perspiration without discomfort.
3. Absolutely harmless.
4. Actually benefits the skin.
5. Serves as a vanishing cream.
6. A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.

“WONDER”

is made from this secret formula, and the
only one. You will use no other after once
trying Wonder. Only 25 cents a tube, and
tube might save an expensive gown
from being ruined by perspiration at the
dance—also much embarrassment.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin

Always say “Bayer”

Unless you see the name “Bayer” on tablets,
you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescrib-
ed by physicians for 21 years and proved
safe by millions. Directions in package.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing
of Monasooeticacid of Salicylicacid.

FOR ART LOVERS

A Portfolio of three magnificent nude studies of the FEMALE
FORM all praised by critics as artistic creations with exception-
ally fine rendering of the youthful figure. Inspiring—Embosi-
ing—Enchanting.

Price per set, postpaid, $1.00
THE PHOTO CRAFTSMAN - DANE flvers, MASS.
Main Street and Frank Crumit

(Continued from page 33)

recall her very intonations—so who knows how much of his unique vocal charm he owes to Aunt Patsy?

“Ohio is cursed with colleges,” as the saying goes. Naturally, young Frank Crumit went to one of these colleges, where he distinguished himself principally by leading the glee and mandolin clubs, and introducing the ukulele into the curriculum.

Moreover, here young Crumit learned that his talents were of commercial value, when a progressive local vaudeville manager—they really do exist in Ohio—offered him an engagement in place of an act that failed to appear. Naturally, the college crowd rallied to his support, and when the local manager pleased with the extra patronage, not only paid young Frank in regular money, but offered to book him a route, young Crumit saw a way to escape from both horns of the dilemma—law or medicine—which confronted him in the choice of his future profession.

Conservative Main Street did not at first approve of “the stage,” which generations of orthodox preachers had proclaimed was “Satan’s own.” But when reports came direct from the cashier of the First National Bank that young Frank Crumit was “salting down” one hundred dollars per week from his pernicious career over the unholy vaudeville circuits, “a change came over the spirit of the dream.” Suddenly, from being a very doubtful character, classed in certain conservative circles with wild youngsters who had run away with the circus and gone to the devil, Frank Crumit found himself a local celebrity, and on the occasion of one of his frequent visits to Main Street, the Jackson Silver Cornet Band met him at the depot with the strains of “See, the Conquering Hero Comes.”

Can fame do more? Not on Main Street! Hence, Broadway for Frank!

Confessions of a Scenario Editor

(Continued from page 66)

board upon whom the emotions of the other two are written. They are, in fact, merely crude morality plays—the crudeness without the strength. I observe, however, that the same thing is true of most of the magazine stories published, so perhaps the public like their “glad girls” that way.

If we are to judge the intellectual status of the American people from these scenarios, we must indeed be a singularly naive nation—given to rather childish and commonplace day dreams about glowing young men and “sweet” young flappers.

Ask Us Now

This test will delight you

Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.
Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.
Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.
Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.
Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.
Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.
A new-day toothpaste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 496, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Page Seventy-Three
“Danderine”
Grows Thick, Heavy Hair
35-cent Bottle Ends all Dandruff, Stops Hair Coming Out

Ten minutes after using Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks’ use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping the hair to grow long, strong and luxuriant. One application of Danderine makes thin, lifeless, colorless hair look youthful, bright, lustrous, and just twice as abundant.

Christmas in the Sahara
(Continued from page 68)
points the barber applied metal cones with tubes attached, and, putting his mouth to the tubes in the manner of sucking a straw, he blew terrifically into the cones—a blood-letting process which was also a preventive against sunstroke.

Then the camel-driver wended his way towards the native quarter beyond the square, where an agglomeration of walls with only three doorways housed fifteen hundred Moslems and pitch-black vaulted streets where a stranger must carry a lantern to find his way in the day.

That night, at the Christmas dinner at the officers’ mess, many a story was told over liqueurs and cigarettes of the desert regions. A captain of the Battalion d’Afrique became involved in a friendly argument with a Lieutenant of the Foreign Legion.

“Your men are the pickpockets of Paris.”

“And yours the criminals of all the world.”

It was late when chairs were pushed back and the party sallied forth to attend a native wedding celebration. The big Arab stars were shining, jeweled low, and towards them the palm trees lifted their dusky fingers. Music stole on the night—a minor strain floating formless in the air without ever having begun, diffusing melancholy without ever ending.

In a candle-glittered room of brown faces and cloaked figures, a huge Arab was beating a tom-tom, another was breathing sadness into a flute, and a native girl was dancing before the seated circle, lifting her sleeves with languid grace, fluttering her handkerchief, and the tinsel gossamer shadows on the dark walls. Gradually the music increased its cadence, with thundering tom-tom and ecstatic flute-note, until the girl was whirling dizzyly in the dune du ventre. In a corner the bride sat veiled, looking on. The bridegroom, wishing to show the skill of the dancer, placed on her head a tray laden with seven full cups of tea, and yet she danced on and not a drop of tea splashed over a cup’s rim.

Rising, spectators approached her and pasted franc notes on her perspiring brow, tributes which pleased her no less than the clapping hands.

The Moslem room was hot and suffocating, and the dancing unremitting, but outside in the street a gentle breeze was stirring. Policemen were clearing the byways, enforcing the midnight curfew. The big stars were still shining, the flute notes falling thru the air like silver-beaded lyrics, and the palm trees lifting their fingers to the jewels of the sky.

Arthur Symons
(Continued from page 66)
joyed golden hours of companionship with him and when “farther off than far away,” to use his own phrase, with his books, his moods and love songs. There are lines of his, I say, that might have been written by Sophocles; there are some that first came from Milton; others that remind me of the greatest of all the humorists, as Heine called himself, and there are some of his own worthy to be remembered even among these.

Picking America’s Premier Pen-Masters
(Continued from page 63)
picturesque and generously bailed volumes of travel which, along with the other South Sea literary idols of Mau- ngham and Gauthier, have already stimulated reaction against their extravagant ecstacies in the form of the audaciously amusing and irreverent “Cruise of the Kawa” of George S. Chappell. William Roscoe Thayer has riddled his “Life of Roosevelt” in the same manner to a showy victory. Of all the recent matriculates, Eugene O’Neill alone possesses those definite and unmistakable gifts, won thru patient years of experience and labor, that seem to assure the continued and increasing importance of his output.

In this hasty acceptance of new names may be discerned still another illuminating contrast with our cousins overseas. In the British roll, there is only one who has forsook the front in recent months—the young novelist, Sheila Kaye-Smith. Over there, they are more deliberate than we are in taking up with literary, just as with social, strangers. If another list is made next year, it would not be surprising to find the extremely fruitful talents of John Dos Passos and F. Scott Fitzgerald rated among our immortals! But if we make mistakes by too prompt recognition, we are equally naive and prompt to admit our mistakes. And it is so diverting to shout “Look who’s here!” that we aren’t likely to forgo or correct our weakness just because of some embarrassing consequence that may ensue.

WHEN
By Floyd Meredith

When the last word is written,
When the last psalm is sung,
When the last sermon’s rendered,
And the last bell is rung,
When the moon lies drowned—forgotten,
In the last sun of night,
And the last breath has blown,
And the last wrong made right,
When the last bud has blossomed,
And the last day is dead,
And the last joy has faded,
And the last tear is shed;

Then God will reach His tired, old hands,
Scarred by toil and pain,
Down to this worn, forgetful world,
And make it His again.

“Convenient to Everywhere”
RITTENHOUSE HOTEL
22d and Chestnut Sts.

Rooms with hot and cold running water ....... $2 UP
Rooms with bath .................. $3.50 UP

Club Breakfast, 50c up
Special Luncheon, 50c
Evening Dinner, $1.25

As well as service a la carte.
Music During Luncheon, Dinner and Supper.
The Picture Book de LUXE. The Picture Book is the most popular and successful publication in the world. More than one hundred pictures are produced every month. The highest class novels and the most important events are illustrated in the Picture Book. The first picture ever engraved was a picture of the moon, and the first picture ever printed was a picture of the sun. The Picture Book is the most valuable and popular publication in the world.

The Picture Book de LUXE. The Picture Book is the most popular and successful publication in the world. More than one hundred pictures are produced every month. The highest class novels and the most important events are illustrated in the Picture Book. The first picture ever engraved was a picture of the moon, and the first picture ever printed was a picture of the sun. The Picture Book is the most valuable and popular publication in the world.

The Picture Book de LUXE. The Picture Book is the most popular and successful publication in the world. More than one hundred pictures are produced every month. The highest class novels and the most important events are illustrated in the Picture Book. The first picture ever engraved was a picture of the moon, and the first picture ever printed was a picture of the sun. The Picture Book is the most valuable and popular publication in the world.

The Picture Book de LUXE. The Picture Book is the most popular and successful publication in the world. More than one hundred pictures are produced every month. The highest class novels and the most important events are illustrated in the Picture Book. The first picture ever engraved was a picture of the moon, and the first picture ever printed was a picture of the sun. The Picture Book is the most valuable and popular publication in the world.

The Picture Book de LUXE. The Picture Book is the most popular and successful publication in the world. More than one hundred pictures are produced every month. The highest class novels and the most important events are illustrated in the Picture Book. The first picture ever engraved was a picture of the moon, and the first picture ever printed was a picture of the sun. The Picture Book is the most valuable and popular publication in the world.

The Picture Book de LUXE. The Picture Book is the most popular and successful publication in the world. More than one hundred pictures are produced every month. The highest class novels and the most important events are illustrated in the Picture Book. The first picture ever engraved was a picture of the moon, and the first picture ever printed was a picture of the sun. The Picture Book is the most valuable and popular publication in the world.

The Picture Book de LUXE. The Picture Book is the most popular and successful publication in the world. More than one hundred pictures are produced every month. The highest class novels and the most important events are illustrated in the Picture Book. The first picture ever engraved was a picture of the moon, and the first picture ever printed was a picture of the sun. The Picture Book is the most valuable and popular publication in the world.

The Picture Book de LUXE. The Picture Book is the most popular and successful publication in the world. More than one hundred pictures are produced every month. The highest class novels and the most important events are illustrated in the Picture Book. The first picture ever engraved was a picture of the moon, and the first picture ever printed was a picture of the sun. The Picture Book is the most valuable and popular publication in the world.

The Picture Book de LUXE. The Picture Book is the most popular and successful publication in the world. More than one hundred pictures are produced every month. The highest class novels and the most important events are illustrated in the Picture Book. The first picture ever engraved was a picture of the moon, and the first picture ever printed was a picture of the sun. The Picture Book is the most valuable and popular publication in the world.

The Picture Book de LUXE. The Picture Book is the most popular and successful publication in the world. More than one hundred pictures are produced every month. The highest class novels and the most important events are illustrated in the Picture Book. The first picture ever engraved was a picture of the moon, and the first picture ever printed was a picture of the sun. The Picture Book is the most valuable and popular publication in the world.
Do you know that Clear-Tone—
the wonder-working lotion—
used like toilet water—
Cleans Your Skin

of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne
Eruptions, Enlarged Pores, Oily or
Shiny Skin? Elegant after Shaving.
Indispensable for sensitive, refined women.
GUARANTEED to banish unsightly blemishes easily
and quickly, and leave the skin clear and smooth.

ing too much occupied with individual
characteristics.
Little was known of Block at that time,
except that he was Russian born, and
that he had studied in Petrograd and in the
New York schools.
Block's paintings today are non-Russian,
or at least less Russian than they
were. They are quite religious, but
in its broader meaning. There is no sign
of an appeal to popular taste. His pic-
tures might be called narrative, there is
something of a story or an idea, but
not always clearly defined. These imagi-
native paintings are mostly filled with a
naïf symbolism, and they are certainly
lyrical.
He says, "my art is my religion. I
try to interpret life in a symbolic way.
I think it is the only way possible." Thus
he expresses himself in words, and
when one looks at his paintings, one finds
them religious, but not exactly in the same
way as those of the Italian Primitives, who
likewise resorted to symbols in their
religious paintings. Where the Italian
Primitives were primarily concerned
in painting church propaganda, Block is not.
If he paints a mother and child, and
should it bring to mind The Madonna and
The Child, it is simply because the
appeal in both is essentially human.
Block's in no way religious as are the
paintings of the Renaissance. Neither
does his suggest theirs in any way. His
is an everyday picture of the tender-
ness of motherhood.
Block has painted such a picture. He
calls it "Mother and Child." There
is something about it that is reminiscent
of Botticelli, but one cannot by any
manner of means call it a church painting.
Of this picture the artist says: "I have tried
to interpret the spirit, not only of the
woman who has given her husband to
the fatherland, but also the spirit of the
mother of the child. It is symbolic of
the motherhood of the whole universe."
Then he adds: "it is the color that gives
the clue. That more than anything else
tells that color is the subject matter.
"This is where he joins hands with the new
art. Color to him has a genuine emotional value. See the
color of the figures in the background.
Are they not expressive?
Block is a modern, and he has learned
much from the various "isms" that have
been seen in the art world during the last
few years. He has absorbed much from
the new art and made it his own.
His "Mother and Child" he considers
one of his best efforts. Concerning it
he says: "of course, you see the hands first.
They are the point of concentration. No,
they are not anatomically correct, but
they do suggest a mother's capable hands.
They are the hands of future generations
of mothers. I wouldn't find fault with
the hands of my own mother, no matter
how coarse they appear. Their hands are
large because I want to show the heavy
burden of a young mother. The hands of
a mother are most important."
Block admits that his greatest inspira-
tion comes from the past—from Puvis de
Chevannes and Millet. He says that "a
picture should be a piece of life," which
he claims was just what Millet was giving
us when he painted the life of the worker
in the fields.
Simplification, too, which plays an
important part in the art, is noticeable
in his work. All the manner of irrelevant
detail, which painters introduced into
their pictures and which the public got
to love so much, is a thing of the past.
The new art is strong, vital, and contains
little of the pretty-pretty of a bygone gen-
eration.
A recent painting of Block's, entitled
"Rocks of Wisdom," is in many ways a
new departure. It suggests the paintings
of Cezanne and some of the modern
French painters in its structural qualities.
It must be considered as an arrangement.
The color, too, is unusual for Block. Per-
haps he is breaking new ground.
The picture has a meaning which the artist
explains in the following words: "My
idea of this picture is to symbolize the
great intellects of today. It is a tribute
to the thought and intellect of our time.
The lone figure is that of the thinker, al-
ways studying. You will notice in the
picture that every form has a human
semblance, suggesting that thought
and nature are one.
In his "Rocks of Wisdom," as in his
other paintings, Block thinks in mural
terms. The painter of today, that is, the
painter of the new art, has gone back to
the wall, and his paintings are flat and
frankly decorations. Block, in company
with the big movement of today, shows
the true relationship between painting
and the wall. No longer do artists try
tricks of illusion or of great distance.
Nor do they deceive you into making
you believe that you are looking thru a
window, which was the great aim of the
painter of the past. The painter of today
knows that pictures should go up, not
back, and that they should show full
respect for the wall that will eventually
accommodate them. In other words, they
must be mural.
In the realms of portraiture, Block has
done some interesting work. One re-
members his striking portrait of that fine
actress, Madame Bertha Kalish, and those
of the writers, Nachum Yud and Konrad
Bercivici. His most recent, if one may
call it a portrait, is of Lincoln. In this
painting, the artist has given a new ren-
dering of this universally known and
plain honest man. Someone said, when it
was shown at the Civic Club in New York,
that it should be acquired for some na-
tional collection, but this is too much to
hope for one so young as Block, who is
so closely related to the new art, which
is considered as anathema by most.
The art of today differs very little from
that which has gone before. This state-
ment may surprise many. Superficially it
has, and always will change. Essentially
it cannot, so why should there be so much
noise in the world and so much commo-
dtion at first glance appears new. This
alone is proof that the people are loath to
use their eyes intelligently, and that they
know little or nothing about the history
of art. "There is nothing new under the
sun" is a saying that can be applied to
art as it can be to most things. Cubism

"A Clear-Tone Skin"

This Free booklet tells how you can easily
and quickly at home obtain a clear skin, free
from all blemishes, like Nature intended you to have. Thousands
of copies of this Clear-Tone Booklet distributed monthly.

Clear-Tone is not a cure-all or a mail-order
treatment, but a scientific, reli-
able SKIN LOTION, perfected after 15 years personal experi-
ence by Dr. E. B. Gross, who knows every embarrassed
one has trouble with a bad complexion. Elaborated and pre-
scribed by physicians, dermatists and thousands of religi-
ous healers. It is a mild, chemical preparation that is
absolutely safe under any conditions.

Clear-Tone has had an unprecedented success as
shown by the thousands of voluntary letters written by men and women who had very bad blemishes and tried various again, dermatists and doctors without relief.

READ THESE LETTERS!

From U. S. Postage—"I find myself improving wonderfully. Anyone I know that has skin trouble wonders that Clear-Tone will be recommended." C. Allen, U.S. Post Office, Macon, Ga.

From a Barber—"I have been a barber for 20 years and never saw anything as good as Clear-Tone. Blockers that should know
nothing can say anything against it." C. D. Lane, 1031 Market St., Kansas City, Mo.

From a Musician—"I am obliged to be in public a great deal and
my complexion was a great embarrassment. Clear-Tone improved me so greatly that I strongly recommend it." C. B. 
Linderman, Blanchard, Okla.

From a Lady—"I cannot thank you enough for all the good
it has done me. One photograph of my face wonderfully
improves me. I wish you success." Miss J. C. Reams, Cincinnati, Ohio.

From a Student—"It is certainly wonderful." Louis Langer, 

From a Father—"Cleared my face of acne." H. H. Lowald, 
178 West 7th Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

From a Soldier—"I am-obliged to be in public a great deal and
my complexion was a great embarrassment. Clear-Tone improved me so greatly that I strongly recommend it." C. B. 
Linderman, Blanchard, Okla.

Thousands of Others—men and women-praise Clear-Tone. We cannot list them all. The names are too long, because
we have already had letters from 15 years, and
our 81.60 guarantee to clear your skin of the above blemishes.

E. B. GRIFFIN, 235 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The "J. H." Tonneau of
Rear Seat Shield
June 1910, Other Patents Pending. "Our Patents
have been used by the U. S. Court of Appeals.
Brings Comfort to the Rear Seats—

Ashley for booklet "Sit" please you under no obligation
The Tonneau Shield Co., Inc.
47-49 West 63rd St., at Broadway
Phone Columbus 1290
New York City
was known to artists hundreds of years ago. Dürer knew it, and so did others.

Visitors to art galleries might well remember this and try to understand that which at first glance appears unusual. It is unusual because the artist is so, and if he wasn't unusual he would probably be in Wall Street, or behind a bargain counter, or engaged in some other equally prosaic work.

We live in hopes. The exhibitions of modern art held at the Brooklyn Museum, the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and that shown at the Metropolitan Museum last summer, show that curators of our museums and galleries can no longer shut their eyes to that which is a vital and progressive movement of which Mortimer Block is a part.

Fulfilment

(Continued from page 29)

"The older two who went before went to a superficial life. And they became as their surroundings. We do, you know."

"Do you think love worth the great sacrifice or do you think, as your good father-in-law thought in the play, that there is entirely too much ado made over love?"

"It depends upon you," she told us very definitely. "If you wish love above all else, material things—great wealth—then you cannot always have love. Otherwise, it is great even among great things. It must be. Life is dull and meaningless without it. When you have love, the trees seem greener and the sun more golden."

In retrospect we see her as a serious young person with a humor which bubbles spontaneously—someone who is seeking—seeking. We see golden hair in ringlets about her head and neck and the bluest eyes. And somehow we remember two girls in England of a generation gone by—

"What do you wish for most?" we asked her.

And she answered: "To play Portia!"

Perhaps in Estelle Winwood those dreams dreamed in England long ago will find fulfillment—

SPRING SOUNDING

By Vivian Yeiser Laramore

I have lived long and tirelessly with open field and flower,
I have found consolation in their unacknowledged power;
But when the Spring is riotous in moods of green and blue
There is not any field nor flower that

takes the place of you.

I have lived long and leisurely where brook and bramble meet,
I have found quiet comfort in the grass
beneath my feet;
But when the Spring comes lover-like
across the lilac hill
There is in me a vague unrest that will not soon be still.

---

Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing"

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY

Dept. 215

CLARINDA, IOWA
CREATORS of fashion find that there is more than modesty and comfort to be reckoned with. The desire to be beautiful is stronger than the desire to be either modest or comfortable. But it is possible to be all of these.

Some women are unhappy at the thought of losing their beauty. Others at the thought of having no beauty at all. It is the natural right of every woman to be beautiful, radiant and gracious. And every wise woman gives a little of her time trying to become so. She does not mistake the temporary beauty that can be put on for the real thing. She realizes that her body is the clay, and her mind the sculptor that can mold the body into the ideal woman. That subtle charm comes from within first—but demands the right care without.

Vanitv is not a fault. It is a human instinct not far removed from self-preservation. It’s putting your best foot forward.

Cosmetics are as old as time. The Greeks and Egyptians used them. The beauties of Rome dyed their hair and smeared their skin with curious compounds.

It is said that antinaccasars came into use in the Victorian age, when men used oil so freely on their long hair that it was necessary to protect the backs of the chairs.

In the days of King George, the belles of England kneaded their hair with pomatum and flour, arranging it in tall structures over woolen pads.

In Japan, the lacquer-like head-dress of the women is accomplished with the aid of black paint and slippery-elm juice, and is so hard in texture that it remains in place for many weeks.

In China, rouge is prepared from the saffron flower. It has a brilliant green luster until moistened, when it comes off in carmine dabs.

But today the art of being beautiful is a science far removed from the realm of superstition and ignorance. Beauty means health of body, skin, muscles and hair cells. It means the intelligence to overcome all defects and accentuate the beautiful features you may have. It means a body graceful, strong, active—tingling with vitality—the funda-
To win first place, so it has been said, is comparatively simple. To retain first place is exceedingly difficult. Nevertheless, that is what the Motion Picture Magazine has done in its particular field. And, perhaps, the February number tells how this has been accomplished more clearly than could any other explanation.

Florence Deshon, who is one of the vivid figures of the shadows, has proved her ability as an author, as well as an actress. Her satire, "The Great Art," is delightful. Olive Butler has illustrated it with her clever pen and ink sketches.

William S. Hart, grim and sphinxlike—man of the desert and the plain, visited New York. Adele Whately Fletcher tells of him in a colorful article, "From Out of the West."

Elinor Glyn is again a contributor. Her second article on Hollywood and the people who live and work there is very interesting. Madam Glyn sketches what she has to say with a sure pen.

There is a story about Viola Dana and Alice Lake—called, in the film colony, the Siamese twins. Herbert Howe has written it. That speaks for the clever dialog and brilliant coloring with which it is endowed.

And there are numerous other features, not to mention attractive photographs and the latest and most interesting news of the cinema.

Motion Picture Magazine
February

The February Motion Picture Magazine

Hands before putting on new gloves, and on your feet just before you step on your silk stockings. Use it plentifully under the arms after you have used an astringent, and it will offset that tightening of the skin sometimes felt for a few moments.

Use powder plentifully—but with discretion. The woman who powders her face successfully looks as tho she had not done so. Put it on evenly and smoothly, and be sure to brush out your eyebrows and not leave them dusty and gray. Don't leave any on your lashes. These are the things that mark the difference between the art of powdering and the carelessness of it. And at night wash it off the face entirely before going to bed—either with warm water and soap or with cleansing cream so that the pores are clean, thus allowing the skin to "breathe."

When Shadowland reaches you, there will be only a very few remaining days before Christmas. For last minute gifts that will reflect the good taste of the giver, there are delightful things in various forms of cosmetics. Filled powder-puffs—for instance—one, sometimes six of them, in artistic boxes, and the powder they contain is fine and pure. They are ideal for the traveler—for the guest’s dressing-table or for plain everyday use, as they cannot spill over one’s gown or bag, the dresser or carpet whenever one powders one’s nose.

There are traveling cases that contain all the essentials for care of the skin with its artistic finishing touches of make-up. And there’s a debutante case of safe and pure preparations designed especially for the young girl.

And perfumes! Such an alluring assortment of fascinating bottles—round, square, conical or rectangular—melon shaped or cut like flower petals. Such gorgeous boxes of gold moire and satin brocade! One beauty specialist specializes in rare exclusive perfumes. She believes that perfume is to the personality what imagination is to the mind—magic, mystery. She helps you find the perfume that belongs to you. A perfume that’s a challenge to the imagination, romantic, elusive. The kind of perfume that expresses you—yet defies classification.

This specialist has also the sole importation of many exquisite French perfumes. Some with the fragrance of sweet spring flowers; others, spicy, fascinating; others, exotic, compelling; but all suggesting the colorful personality; the innate refinement and charm of the chic de Parisienne.

Personal attention and authentic information is assured readers of Shadowland who write us on topics of interest to them. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Rambler, Shadowland, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Evening
By J. Burton Loftus

The stars are wind-flowers, and the newborn moon’s
A silver simiar that cuts them from their stalks.
for a decade or more might be justified in resenting his exclusion from the list of institutions. And what of the drug store in that part of the world where the drug store near the Empire Theater, the Wrigley sign, the legless newsboy at Forty-second Street and Broadway, the electric clock at Forty-seventh Street and the cat that toys with the spool of thread in Times Square, the Hamster-sea? Victoria Theater was a Broadway institution. And so was Jack's before the days of the Volstead.

It is the theater, however, that may be identified in the Broadway sense by the expression "Institution." As Broadway reflects the spirit of the theater, there must necessarily come a time when some playhouse or production will acquire unusual distinction. It has been so with the Winter Garden and the Hippodrome and, in a lesser degree, with the Casino, a playhouse exclusively devoted to the presentation of musical comedy. Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies are deservedly a Broadway institution. The beauty and smart sophistication of these productions have gained for their creators a conspicuous place in the Broadway Hall of Fame. The theater business is not without a page in its selection of curves and comeliness which decorate his stage. Thru all his presentations there is found the note of youth—charming, careless, colorful youth. And this youth is worth annually tons of publicity.

The Winter Garden has served as a training school for a vast number of stars of musical comedy and vaudeville. And its choirs have represented a pulchritude to a superlative degree. Many famous beauties have dallied on its primrose path, which the press agent euphemistically alludes to as the runway, and have graduated to palaces in Pittsburgh and Palm Beach. The spirit of the day, whether it was of jazz or raptitude, was always reflected in the Winter Garden. Now, however, the house is the headquarters of Shubert vaudeville and the new Al Jolson Theater bids fair to be its successor as an institution.

Opened more than ten years ago, the Winter Garden served as the home of thirty productions. It has brought many performers to Edisonian brilliance. Al Jolson came there an obscure minstrel and is now reputed to be a millionaire. Of all entertainers, only a handful of motion picture stars and one or two grand opera stars surpass him in annual income.

There are many others who have matriculated at the Winter Garden with Al, including Marilyn Miller, the Howard Brothers, Mitzi, Barney Bernard, Irene Bordoni, John Charles, Ed Wynn, Frank Tinney, James Barton, Fannie Brice, Charlotte Greenwood and Bernard Greuze. Gabby Deslys did much toward putting the Winter Garden on the theatrical map. But there are many others who have entertained the boulevardiers, who have been specially imported to cheer the Tireless Business Man of New York and Sioux City.

A first visit in New York invariably includes somewhere on the schedule the Hippodrome. And in many cases every visit in New York includes it. The eternal bargain—the American family man—believes, and believes correctly, that he gets his money's worth at the Hippodrome. And if he does not go to please himself, he at least does it for the wife and kiddies. In the days of Manuel Klein, the Hippodrome orchestra could always be depended upon to play more sentimental tunes than any other theater orchestra in New York. But it was sentimental with a snap, and so the Hippodrome tunes swept across the continent. When Raymond Hubbell took up where Klein left off, he also emphasized the sentimental and he turned out "Poor Butterfly," which made him one of the most consistent of all time.

The very entertainment staged at the Hippodrome is so varied and so vast that it stamps the playhouse as unique. It is a circus, pageant, comic opera and vaudeville show rolled into one. Matinées are given daily. And the patronage comes from every part of the country, eager to behold the charms of Charlotte, Hondimi, Marcellina and a thousand and one other performers, as the case may be. Even the Hippodrome chorus girl comes in for attention. The curve connoisseurs have gone to great lengths to disclaim any beauty on the part of the Hippodrome chorus girl. Whereupon, the indignant press agents of the institution have resorted to propaganda and have convinced the readers—well, some of them—of the Sunday newspapers theatrical section, by means of photographs, that the Hippodrome girl is a thing of beauty and, therefore, a joy forever.

With the coming of the night of gloom along Broadway, it is doubtful if any other institutions will ever rise to threaten the great reputation achieved by the Hippodrome, the Winter Garden and the Follies. There is but little inspiration for them. The blue paradise is stretching its dominion to include those factors which more than anything else are responsible for the creation and establishment of the Broadway institutions. It has reached out and absorbed the wine. Only the women and the song are left. And it is only a question of time before they, too, will be prohibited. After that there would not be, could not be a Broadway. After that, the deluge. After that, the end of the world. Who will care?

THE VOYAGER
By Paul Tonanquil

Life lures me on as illusory lights
O'er the mariner on foggy nights—
Better to follow even to treacherous sand
Than live in brown-stone safety on the land.

TIME
By Charles E. Noyes

From out a thousand years
A moment came—and went;
To bring but future tears,
A passing instant sent.

What matter all regret?
Lives are lived for less—
Just one moment set
In perfect happiness.

GARLANDS
By Gordon Malherbe Hillman

I cannot weep you garlands,
Save in pallid rhyme;
I cannot deck your beauty
With emblems and thyme.

I cannot weep you garlands,
Yet there are those who hold
That song is everlasting:
That love is more than gold.

WASTE
By Le Baron Cooke

I put my hand in my pocket,
Saying: "I'll help this beggar,
For I, too, have hungered;"
But when I offered him
A bright new coin,
I saw by the way he grabbed it
He was no artist,
Even at begging,
And I regretted wasting alms
On one so bare of soul.

IMAGES AT MOONRISE
By Charles Divine

Oh, follow me, love, at the full of the moon
When, flaming, it glows on the eastern hill
Like a casement glimmering low in the sky.
In the Heaven's cathedral a stained-glass flush
A rose-window in the bight dome of night.
With the mellowing light how the copper pans
Melt softly to saffron, silver, and roll
The strips of white carpet down all the lanes
That lead from this sanctuaried night
To the crowded curb of eternity.
For the wedding of gypsy-lovers . . .
What pageants were so statuesque,
Arrested tiptoe in a ghostly dance,
As witnesses stand with their heads uplifted
And their arms entwined as the music sounds
From the woods' faint organ, profoundly sweet,
That throbbed from a thousand unseen stops?
The owl with a solo deep in his throat,
The choir of crickets continuous,
While above, a shower of stars awaits
The opening fingers—God's handful of rice!
Ask Your Theater Manager to show

SHADOWLAND SCREEN REVIEW
17 West 42nd Street New York

Single Reel Motion Picture De Luxe
Every Two Weeks

The Film Magazine of Amusements and Arts
SADITION CLASSTIC AND Motion Picture Magazine

At home, at work, at play with Stage, Screen and Dance Stars

Drive Those Wrinkles Away

WRINKLES are the enemy of beauty, particularly in a young person. They begin to come at the age of twenty, unless care is taken to prevent them. When they once start, the tendency is to lengthen, deepen and multiply. Don’t wait too long, don’t give them a chance to thrive. Massage helps, but it is not enough.

Palmer’s Face Lotion is the only remedy that actually benefits the complexion and actually prevents wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoin, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

There Is No Reason Why You Should Have Wrinkles Until You Are Fifty! Apply Palmer’s Face Lotion every night, and you will be surprised at the results. It has a strong, soothing, aromatic effect, and if your skin is at all inclined to be flabby, it will make it smooth and firm.

It is delightfully scented—it is a necessary luxury to a lady’s boudoir. After once using it, you will not be without it. Send fifty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

RICHARD WALLACE, Department G, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Learn Dancing

MURINE You Cannot Buy New Eyes
But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition

Dancing requires eye activity. Imitate the movements and posture of the professional dancer. These are attained by vigorous eye movements, and the eye exercises in the book for this purpose are designed to bring the eye muscles into condition for the requirements of dancing.

For the free Eye Care book, write for the free Eye Care book.

MURINE Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Lies

(Continued from page 69)

The Mother: This is a nice time to come home.

The Father: Young lady, where have you been so late? (As Paula does not answer at once, he stops eating and his expression is ominous. The usual slips noiselessly out of the room. There is a pause.)

The Mother: (Rather helpfully now.) Didn’t you know what time it was?

The Father: (Thundering.) I asked you where you’ve been.

The Girl: At music school.

The Father: (With a male parent’s characteristic contempt for music schools.) And does that last until eight o’clock?

The Mother: No . . . . but from there I went to the park to skate a while, and before I knew it . . . . (With increasing assurance she calmly elaborates the lie.)

(The Boy is awaiting her at the accustomed place the next afternoon.)

The Boy: (Eagerly.) Well, what did you tell them at home last night? Did you lie?

The Girl: (For a moment conflicting impulses struggle within her. Then she looks him frankly in the eyes.) Certainly not. I simply told them I’d been walking in the park. (Under his trusting gaze she falters a bit, overcame by the realization that now she has deceived everyone—her father, her mother and Niklos. But quickly she decides that it couldn’t have been avoided and recovers her composure.)

The Boy: Did they scold you?

The Girl: No.

The Boy: (Blind and fatuous as any husband.) You see! Lies aren’t a bit necessary, are they? (I doubt crosses his mind.) You really did tell the truth?

The Girl: (Convincing and self-possessed as any wife.) Of course, dear. You don’t suppose I’d lie to you?

(The END)

REDELLING FAT

Improves Looks

No matter how much is spent for clothes, no man or woman with parts excessively fat can appear well-groomed or youthful. It seems people know how simple it is to reduce fat they would begin treatment at once with Dr. Lawton’s Fat Reducer. By gentle, penetrating massage the Reducer diminishes fat wherever required, and does it quickly, safely, easily. No drugs, starvation, or exercises. Simplicity itself. And what a wonderful result! Youthful lines, new energy and mental alertness. Results are usually apparent in four or five days, and a full trial period of eleven days is offered. If the Reducer does not show reduction actually begin taking place within eleven days, the full price will be refunded. Begin your wonderful reduction method. Send 50¢, plus 25c for postage and insurance ($5.25 total) and Reducer with full directions will be sent in plain package.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
19-B West 20th Street, New York City

Dont Miss These Plays

If Your Theater Has Not Booked Them, Call Its Attention To Them At Once

Love’s Redemption
From Farm To Fame
A Two-Role Comedy Featuring Corliss Palmer
THE CLARK-CORNELIUS CORPORATION
117 West 46th Street, New York City

The Only Book

of its kind in the world!

ACO STUDIES — the Art Edition De Luxe, by Albert Arthur Allen, are photographic creations of the nude, blending the purity and charm of youth amid luxuriant settings of nature.

Thirty-two full-page, wonderfully clear, large sized reproduction, art paper in gold, postpaid

$1.00

ACO ART STUDIOS
4157 Broadway, Oakland, California
U. S. A.

MURINE: You Cannot Buy Your Eyes
But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition

Keep Your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Learn to Dance

I CAN TEACH YOU! You Try, Tell, One-Hour, Teaching. With and without a partner in a few hours, all dances! By the wonderful Peak System of Mail Instruction! REMARKABLE NEW METHOD. Results Guaranteed. No expense to partner. Write me today for our astonishing FREE BOOK!

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.
Studio 217 4753 Broadway
Chicago, Ill.
Get a "Close-Up"

GALILEO made the telescope and brought to light unknown stars and planets, the craters of the moon, the rings of Saturn and other things.

Properly used, the telescope is a wonderfully effective instrument. But look through the wrong end and your vision becomes distorted; things get out of focus; objects well within your reach look miles away.

An important province of this publication is to act your telescope. Use it properly and your vision is enlarged. That means reading the advertisements as well as the other contents. Fail to read the advertising and you overlook a great deal that you ought to see and know—the best in values—opportunities for economy, increased comfort, convenience and happiness.

Advertising brings close to your hand the things you want. You glean much valuable information about manufacturers, their goods, their services—all important points to you as a possible purchaser.

You may read every story and every article—but if you overlook the advertising you remain uninformed about the very things that concern you most vitally. Unquestionably, you narrow your vision. Get a "close-up".

Read the advertisements
Corliss Palmer Powder

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the Motion Picture Magazine have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to manufacture Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes. It is a powder that does not look like powder—"art that conceals art."

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder! And it is perfected for the photogallery, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a fifty cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
The Picture He Carries Away

Will it be an alluring image of charm and freshness, or the pitying recollection of a pretty girl made unattractive by a poor complexion?

Of all the features men admire, a beautiful skin comes first. No girl can hope for much attention when hers is haggard and coarse in texture.

Since a few weeks scientific treatment will remedy such defects, no girl should be discouraged. It is within every woman's power to have and keep a smooth, fine, clear skin, radiant with the charm of health and freshness.

Clogging accumulations of oil, dirt and perspiration, are the cause of most bad skins. Once a day they must be thoroughly removed and only soap will do it.

Cleansing lather must be massaged into the skin. Use your hands, gently patting and rubbing. Rinse thoroughly, still with your hands, for a wash cloth may roughen and irritate.

Volume and efficiency permits 25-cent quality for 10c

Do this before you go to bed and apply cold cream liberally, all your skin will absorb, and you are ready for real beauty sleep. You will wake to a new and becoming freshness which will increase each day.

If you have a very dry skin apply cold cream before washing to supplement the lack of natural oil.

Safety in Palm and Olive Oils

Since the days of Cleopatra, these mildest, most soothing cleansers have been used by lovely women to beautify their skins. Today we blend them in Palmolive Soap.

The great value of olive oil is its softening, relaxing qualities, so beneficial to the skin. It produces a mild, penetrating lather which cleans the network of skin pores and glands and cleanses them of every foreign particle, without a trace of irritation.

Palm oil supplies richness and body and makes the profuse lather lasting.

Royal Cleansers—Yet Only 10 Cents

Just as in ancient times, palm and olive oils are among the most costly ingredients which can be used in soap. But the popularity of Palmolive, which keeps the factories working day and night, allows us to import them in such vast volume that it reduces cost.

This saving, combined with manufacturing efficiency, keeps the price of Palmolive low. The cleaners of royalty are offered to modern users in a fragrant green cake which costs only 10 cents. A trial cake, sent free if you will return the coupon.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Latest in Perfumery

Petites

TAKE one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, lasts only a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat can bring out the aroma again. Hence, the perfume milady applies in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination—the place it was intended for. Petites overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Petites, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is

Corliss Palmer

named after its inventor, who is known as the Most Beautiful Girl in America. It is her first choice of 100 accepted formulas. It is distinctive, subtle, illusive, charming. Its enchanting fragrance is exceedingly lasting, and you can often detect it on your handkerchief after it has been laundered. To introduce it to the American market, the price is at present only $6.00 a box, complete.

Jeanne Jacques

(Sole Distributor)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Above, Alexander’s amazing siege of the city of Tyre, 333 B.C. • • • Below, at right, an Elgin of today: material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee

"Time," said Aristotle to his pupil Alexander, "dissolves all things." In this third chapter of Elgin’s new art-cycle, "Kronos" shows how Alexander applied this philosophy to the strategic dissolution of the mighty city of Tyre.

The Value of Time
By Kronos

Paintings by Harold Delay

Alexander the Great, setting out at twenty to conquer the world, found the city of Tyre blocking his path to glory.

In Tyre he saw the key to the vast Persian empire. Its massive walls had withstood the battering of centuries. Solidly intrenched on an island half a mile from the shore, it was heavily guarded by the Phoenician fleets—while Alexander had only land forces.

Calling together his engineers, the youth settled down to such a siege as never was on land or sea. Under an incessant bombardment from the island, he calmly proceeded to build a great pier straight across the ocean’s floor—a pier that stands to this day.

 Tradition says that when his generals murmured at the delay, Alexander answered, “I must wait—for I am in a hurry!” Seven months of incredible toil bridged the gulf and made him master of the seas. Hammering his way into Tyre, he opened an easy gateway to the empires of the East. His campaign of the next few years proved that his seven months had been well invested. Alexander, like Confucius before him, knew how to take Time to save Time.

The boy of twenty taught the world a lesson that will be remembered to the end of Time. Before his birth, Antiphon declared that the sacrifice of Time was the most costly of all sacrifices—after his death, Theophrastus called Time "the most valuable thing a man can spend."

Step by step, the world draws nearer to a practical recognition of the Value of Time—and of the inestimable service rendered to mankind by those marvelous timekeepers which stand guard over the priceless moments of today—
Alice's Adventures in Beautyland

is the title of a remarkably interesting series of articles, written exclusively for BEAUTY. These articles will record the actual experiences of Alice Lowell, a young and rather plain-looking Western girl, who, by placing herself in the hands of various beauty and health specialists was able to transform herself into a very attractive woman. The first article of the series, which begins in the MAY issue, tells how Miss Lowell began to develop her figure thru the aid of a famous health culturist.

Other Features of Especial Note Will Be:

A beautifully illustrated article on wigs, entitled "'Tis Fair But False," by Harriet Works Corley.

"The Use and Abuse of Cold Cream," being a very scientific and illuminating article, by Corliss Palmer.

The first instalment of a series from the pen of Frank W'aller Allen, distinguished author and lecturer, entitled "What Beauty Does."

"More Than Skin Deep," one of Montanye Perry's delightful stories.

An interview intime with Camille. Another one of the imaginary conversations by Gladys Hall and Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

In addition there will be the usual special departments: The Beauty Box; the Fashion Review; and many short, profitable articles for the benefit of the woman who is seeking Beauty.

Beauty for May

On All News-stands
Expressing the Arts

The Magazine of Magazines

MAY, 1922

Important Features in this Issue:

THOMAS HARDY: O.M. ............... Frank Harris
Mr. Harris’ newest portrait deals with the famous novelist whose work is marked by a sensitive conscience

BALZAC: The Clumsy Titan ........ Benjamin de Casseres
An interesting analysis of the writer who was too great for his medium of expression

DRAMA IN THE MIDST OF REVOLUTION
How the arts lived thru the dreary famine days in Russia

THE PUBLIC AND THE PHOTOPLAY
D. W. Griffith, the director, discusses present and future aspects of the film drama and its audience

ADOLPH APPIA: Stage Pioneer .... Kenneth Macgowan
The Italian-Swiss doctor who became a vital force in the new stage art

AMY LOWELL: A Polyphonic Poet .... Babette Deutsch
Who began to study her art at twenty-eight and who published her first book of verse at thirty-eight

THE THEATER AS IT IS IMAGINED Sheldon Cheney
A review of the notable “International Theatrical Exhibition,” just held in Holland

THE CINEMA AND THE HEEL OF ACHILLES
Harry Carr
Something of the film stars and directors—and their weaknesses

RICHARD STRAUSS AND THE SALZBURG IDEA
Pierre Loving
The composer talks of America, life, music and his plans for a Continental art center

WILLIAM YARROW ............... Thomas Jewell Craven
Another of Shadowland’s discourses on our representative artists

Interviews with E. H. Sothern, Cecil Lean and Lucile Watson

Published Monthly by Brewster Publications, Inc., at Jamaica, N. Y.
Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.
Printed in U. S. A.

Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief; Guy L. Harrington, Vice-President and Business Manager; L. G. Conlon, Treasurer; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary

Executive and Editorial Offices, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor.

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

Copyright, 1922, by Brewster Publications, Inc, in the United States and Great Britain.
OUR COLOR PLATES:

“The Kimono Girl”
An Original Color Poster by Albert Vargas

Clara Hansen
An Attractive Study in Full Colors of the Fokine Ballet Danseuse

Gertrude Hoffmann
A Striking Color Painting of the Versatile Entertainer now in Keith Vaudeville

William Yarrow
Reproductions in Colors of two of Mr. Yarrow’s Representative Canvases: a Water-color, “Trees,” and an oil painting, “The Cove.”
GERTRUDE HOFFMANN
Painted by Benjamin Eggleston
From a camera study by Nickolas Muray
Top, watercolor, "Trees," by William Yarrow. This canvas is now owned by Mrs. Wilson Foss, Jr.

William Yarrow

By

Thomas Jewell Craven

THE art of William Yarrow has undergone many transformations. The youngest of a group of intrepid Americans who have, for a number of years, put forth uncompromising efforts to instal new life into painting, he is, perhaps, the most conspicuous example of a man who has successfully tested the whole category of academic methods, and in each instance has found the old order empty and insufficient. Naturally predisposed to painting, his draftsmanship very early became sophisticated; in the Art Club of Philadelphia hangs a still-life, done in oil at the age of sixteen, which is said to have made the late William Chase envious; and when most students were laboriously copying dusty heads of Homer and other plaster effigies in dark corners of museums, his name appeared frequently in the periodicals and his pictures were exhibited in the leading galleries throughout the country. He had a brilliant beginning: portrait commissions came easily, and he was assured of a lucrative future in this field. He renounced the principles of his youth and today he stands, a notable advocate of the movement which, for want of a better term, has been denominated Modernism. His case merits close analysis.

Mr. Yarrow was born at Glenside, Pennsylvania, September 24, 1891, of Puritan stock. As a boy he was remarkable for his piety—a trait long lost—and his first ambition was to enter the clergy. Art intervened in the guise of a series of monographs on the old masters, unwittingly given him as picture-book during a severe illness. Thereafter he was determined to be a painter.

While attending an Episcopal school in Philadelphia, he drew assiduously and his work attracted the attention of Henry Rittenburg, who later on received the boy as a pupil. Rittenburg was a Munich product: craftsmanship was a religion with him; he talked of nothing but appearances, demonstrating how metals should be brushed from right to left, with high-lights cut out on one side and blended on the other; he spoke of Hals and Jordaens continually and with passion; in short, he swiftly developed in his pupil a prodigious technical accomplishment which has always been the painter's worst enemy.

In 1909 Mr. Yarrow enrolled at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, remaining at this institution for two years in the modeling class of Charles Grafly; in 1913 he went to Holland, copied the Dutchmen, painted genre, and at length journeyed to Paris where he matched his talent with the cosmopolitan barbarians at Colossoi's and Grande Chaumiére. He returned to America practically untouched by Impressionism, a consummate portraitist in the popular sense, his work a composite of Leibl, Whistler and Velasquez. Honors followed: a silver medal at the Panama Exposition; portrait prize of the Newport Art Association; the Gold Medal of the Philadelphia Art Club; official recognition from the Pennsylvania Academy and other galleries. Except for sixteen months of military service in which his nearest approach to the aesthetic was the compilation of a handbook on camouflage, his life has been a steadfast devotion to painting in one form or other. He is on the executive committee of the Modern Artists of America; his canvases lend distinction to many exhibitions; and he is, with Louis Bouche, co-editor of the American Art Library. He has forsaken the city and at present main-

(Continued on page 59)
VANDA HOFF

Alfred Cheney Johnston's newest study
of the danseuse
KATHLEEN MARTYN

The popular actress of “Selly” in a dance which is somewhere between the Russian steppes and the Broadway steps

Photograph by Nickolas Muray
This Deauville beau of the Third Empire was the beach-lizard of that day. A glance at the bathing-suits worn by his contemporary cuties does not make us sigh for the "good old days."

Wynn at the Casino de Paris

Not that Señor Bucot, of the Casino, blighted many lives, but he does make a rather comic caballero.

Mistinguett is the pet of the Paris music-halls and the queen of the Casino. Her dancing with Earl Leslie is somewhat reminiscent of the days of Gaby and Harry Pilcer.
The Casino chorus girls, partly clothed, saunter about thru the aisles and coyly invite the end-seaters to button them up the back. This maneuver is apt to agitate even a blasé boulevardier.

"Kisses are pearls," said the Hindu Book of Vatsyayna. In this Danse Orientale at the Casino, the girl who portrayed Kisses made a great impression on Wynn.

At the Casino, Wynn developed a sudden interest in horticulture. The reason, shown above, is herewith reproduced.

Earl Leslie gives a somewhat faithful imitation of Frisco, but there is something lacking. Some dancers achieve the shimmy, some have it thrust upon them, and some are born to it, n'est-ce pas?
SHADOWLAND

MARIE PREVOST
The piquant star of Universal motion pictures
Photograph by Evans, Los Angeles

Page Sixteen
MOVEMENT CLASSIQUE
Study by Maurice Goldberg
Posed by the Marion Morgan Dancers
THE WOODLAND GLADE
An original camera study
By Edwin Bower Hesser

Page Eighteen
Genius, Hard Work and the Modern Stage
By Gladys Hall

"Dulness is so much stronger than genius because there is so much more of it, and it is better organized and more naturally cohesive inter se. So the arctic volcano can do nothing against the arctic ice."—SAML. BUTLER.

I TALKED with E. H. Sothern in his apartment, a door from Fifth Avenue. In the living-room, there were two tall, winged chairs on either side of a functioning fire-place. Mr. Sothern occupied one of the winged chairs; I, the other. In asking for the appointment I had included Miss Marlowe, but Mr. Sothern told me that it has been a life-long policy of Miss Marlowe's not to give interviews, and for reasons of sensibility I refrained from asking a perhaps obvious why not.

When, as a quite small child, I had watched Mr. Sothern as Romeo, as Shylock, as Petruchio, and as many others, my dreams never soared so ambitiously as to suppose that I would one day be in the position to inquire into the matter behind the magic. Yet there I was. And there I was, too, with more of an ambition to ask about Mr. Sothern as Mr. Sothern, than as the personages of the immortal Bard.

He said, "What do you want me to talk about?" and I modestly requested the Theater and Life. I became specific and asked Mr. Sothern what he felt that he had got out of life. What greatest thing? He said, with a smile for the magnitude of the question, that he could not answer me any better than in the words of Sir Henry Irving who, when the same question was put to him by Ellen Terry, said: "A good cigar, a glass of wine and a friend."

Mr. Sothern went on to say that there was, of course, more behind the probably symbolic reply; that a good cigar presupposed a mind capable of ripe contemplation, that a friend meant the worthiness of the recipient of friendship and that—quite possibly—the glass of wine meant more than one!

Probably, Mr. Sothern said, the greatest good that can befall one is knowing early in life what one wants to do most and is most capable of doing—and then doing it, regardless. I suggested that possibly a great many persons wanted to do things, but for reasons of circumstance, perhaps, were unable to achieve realization. "If," said Mr. Sothern, "a person knows what he wants to do, and then does not succeed in doing it, it is because he has not wanted to enough." That, he went on to say, is so frequently the trouble with so-called "genius," which is, how often, a misnomer! Genius, he defined, is hard work. Hard work, first, last and all the time. The "genius" is not the brilliant flash-in-the-pan who may be a creature of a set of extraordinary circumstances, but the prodigious worker, who is at it early in the morning and late at night; who admits no limitations, who emits no puerile alibis; who takes handicaps as a part of the whole, a

(Continued on page 74)
GLADYS HULETTE

Kenneth Alexander's new study of the interesting screen player, who recently contributed a compelling characterization in "Tol'able David" with Richard Barthelmess.
LAURETTE TAYLOR

Now successfully starring in J. Hartley Manners' dramatic tirade against jazz, "The National Anthem"
MILDRED DAVIS

Who plays opposite the bespectacled comedian, Harold Lloyd, in his cinema comedies and who makes a pretty and charming foil
A MODERN GALATEA

Eva Leoni, who sings the title rôle in the French opera comique, "Galatea," recently presented in New York

Page Twenty-Three
Deane Gordon is one of the pulchritudinous favorites of the Ziegfeld beauty squad. Miss Gordon is both blonde and comely—a striking type of revue entertainer.
Cecil Lean and Musical Comedy's Future
By Raymond Lewis

CECIL LEAN is a hero to his valet. Now to be a hero to one's valet is an uncommon distinction in these days when democracy is professed to be the loveliest word in all languages. I was waiting for the comedian in his dressing-room at the Astor Theater. Eno, Mr. Lean's man, with the inscrutable smile of his race, was pressing a dinner jacket with an electric iron. Eno was also characteristically uncommunicative. I told him it was the first time I ever saw an actor's valet pressing clothes in a dressing-room.

"No other actor works as hard as Mr. Lean," smiled Eno. "This is not to say that he plays during his songs are as much exercise to him as a game of tennis. He has to have a complete change after each act. So, while he is on the stage, I am busy pressing his clothes for him."

The stage industry of Cecil Lean was obviously heroic to Eno. The idea of a man's working every minute he is before an audience captivated him. Undoubtedly this display of energy has had no little part in establishing the comedian among the leading stars of the stage. There is an American gusto and vigor about Lean. He expresses the breeziness and enthusiasm of the Middle West. He seems to suggest the expensive Main Street that lies west of the Hudson River; but he appreciates Broadway's cynicism and sophistication, be it real or affected.

"I always attempt to satirize some new foible of New York in my latest play," he said, while Eno was equipping him with a fresh suit of clothes. "I write these satires upon some universal fad of the moment, something that all New Yorkers are experiencing or have experienced recently. Introduced during my songs, they not only give an added value to the number but they convey the spirit of genuine musical comedy. People may differ about the comedy appeal in these scenes but they are written solely for the sake of comedy and that is a virtue that is too often neglected today. Too many musical plays are written with a view only to tuneful music—the comedy is left to struggle for itself, aided and abetted by the members of the cast."

The modern cabaret has never been more capitaly satirized than in "The Blushing Bride." Mr. Lean was given a song called "Different Days," in which an attempt had been made lyrically to contrast the manners of yesterday with those of today. The comedian took the song to his summer camp at Lake Sunapee and there evolved the idea of showing the mercenary spirit which dominates the modern cabaret, contrasting it at the same time with the cordiality and hospitableness of the restaurant of a generation ago. The result is that "Different Days" is the biggest laugh-provoking moment in the play. The comedian shows the jazz-ridden, dance-mad, crowded, tiny, cheaply glittering cabaret now fashionable on Broadway. The audience laughs hilariously, but at the same time there is driven home the costly humbug, the sordid commercialism of the familiar jazz parlor.

"I originated the patter song," he declared. "Gilbert's famous songs in 'The Mikado' and other operas are not written in what we call the patter style. They are fast lyrics which depend upon assurance and good memory for their effectiveness. The patter song is a matter of rhythm and clear enunciation. If you listen for the beat you can readily grasp how important a sense of rhythm is in its composition and its delivery. I have used the patter song in vaudeville many years, and in all of my musical plays I have written a patter to at least one song."

Mr. Lean believes that the American musical comedy not only has a great present but a greater future. "We lead the world at the present time in this field of stage entertainment," he says. "In tunefulness of melody, in sense of comedy, in originality of humor, in smartness and taste of staging, in resourcefulness and virtuosity of our singers, dancers and comedians and in the general pulchritude of our girls, no nation can equal us. If we can boast a superiority, let us by all means do so. We are yet far behind the Europeans in serious drama and in grand opera and operetta composition, but they cannot begin to approach us in the lighter forms of theatrical amusement."

(Continued on page 77)
GRACE MOORE

*Her piquant personality is one of the features of the musical comedy, “Up In the Clouds”*
PEGGY WOOD

The Marjolaine of the charming musical play of that name, based upon Louis N. Parker's romantic comedy, "Pomander Walk," of the early nineteenth century.
Hereewith are presented two more interludes presented by Balieff's Bat Theater Company from Russia. At the top, "A Quartette of Merry Artists," numbering MM. Wavitch, Birse, Stolanovsky and Zatoiff. The costumes are by Nicholas Remisoff. At the right, the haunting "A Night at Yard's, Moscow, 1840," wherein is given a glimpse of the gypsy night life in the old Russian city. Herein appear M. Wavitch and two of the gypsy singers.
DORIS EATON

A new study by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Eugene Brieux's comedy, "Les Hannetons," has reached the American stage under the title of "Madame Pierre." Brieux's humorous tale of the man who tried to avoid the entangling strings of matrimony with a maison minus the wedding ring, only to discover himself more entangled than ever, is a striking study in feminine—as well as masculine—psychology. Above, Estelle Winwood as Charlotte, the entangling maid of the alliance.
Matrimony and the Maid

Special Photographs for SHADOWLAND by Abbe

Miss Winwood gives a delicious comedy performance in "Madame Pierre," while Roland Young steps into an interesting rôle as Pierre Cottrel, the unhappy gentleman who tries to avoid the consequences of domesticity—without success.
SHIRLEY VERNON

An attractive personality of both "Sally" and the "Midnight Frolic"
Photograph by Nicholas Muray
"If Youth But Knew .......

By Pearl Malvern

Lucile Watson is playing the role of the mother in "The Nest." It is a lacrimose tale of the fledglings that hop away, taking with them divers bits of straw and grass and clay and other period stuff. It is a play and likewise a performance calculated to make you think tearfully, certainly not cheerily, of home and mother and the mortgage on the old farm. If anyone here reading has ever dishonored his father or his mother, him not go to see "The Nest," lest sharper than a serpent's tooth shall be the fangs of repentance!

It makes it quite a doleful affair indeed to produce one's kind. A sort of daily Christmas of one's heart, sensibilities, tears, pleadings and prayers. To feather one's nest against a flapper is to feather it for a transient guest. Well, but this is about Miss Watson whose muttered motherhood called forth the foregoing . . .

We were full of Maternity and Ingratitude of the Rising Generation and the Martyrdom of Motherhood and the sad refrain of "Remember me to Mo-o-o-other" when, after the fourth reproachful act, we went back for a sniffling little chat with Miss Watson.

"Do you," we pleaded, between handkerchiefs, "do you think children are so thoughtless, so heedless, so heartless as yours were to you in 'The Nest'?

"Do," said Miss Watson—and then had to wait awhile for us to get our whimpering and wailing; "of course. 'The Nest' is a Continental thing, but as a matter of fact, the children of American parents are even more thoughtless, if anything. In little things. They just don't think. It takes death—the death of the parents—to make them realize all the little things they might have done if they had thought—sad word, 'if'—isn't it?

"Of course, there's something to be said against the parents, too. As there is something to be said for and against most of us. As a matter of fact, we mismanage our lives so. We never dream of cutting a pattern and then following it. We get entangled and confused and set in the wrong direction and before we know it, it's too late to retrace or reshape what we have done.

"We spoil our children. We make them selfish. We think, rather naturally, that they belong to us and always will. Later on, we learn differently—and painfully.'

'We don't teach them the facts of life. We feed them on illusion and fairy-tales and sentimentality. When they grow up they have to relearn everything. Naturally, they don't make confidants of us. They don't turn to us as friends or as counselors, because they have found out how wrong we are, or they think we haven't told them truths... It is all very sad.'

"The Younger Generation," I said, "the much maligned flapper of which the also maligned Margot is the grand-mère—are you against them?"

"I am for the flapper," Miss Watson said, firmly. "The flapper is the solution, possibly, of the problem we have been discussing. She—or he—is the reaction to all the bathos of the preceding generation. They want to relearn everything—the flappers that will help a lot, and, eventually, save a lot of false pain and tears and regrets. They know a lot, of course, but then, after all, why shouldn't they know a lot, if that lot is true? They won't have to wait until they are thirty to (Continued on page 76)
OLGA BAROWSKA
Now appearing in Morris Gest's production of "Mecca"
Thomas Hardy: O. M.
By Frank Harris

[Frank Harris, who is now abroad, has written a remarkable article on Max Beerbohm for the next issue of Shadowland. Some startling contemporary portraits of Lloyd-George and other English and Continental political leaders are to follow.]

RECENTLY I wrote about Lord Bryce in Shadowland as the pet of the English aristocratic system which, in every generation, selects some serious student to make up for its own deficiencies in knowledge: Milner succeeds Bryce, as Maynard Keynes was intended to succeed Milner.

If one sought thru the world for a foil to Bryce, the antipodes of him so to speak, it would be hard to find a better than Thomas Hardy. He was born of similar middle-class parents, a couple of years later than Bryce, and is now, too, over eighty. He went to the local grammar school and had besides some private teaching in Latin and French, and in 1856, at sixteen, was articled to an architect and began working at that art.

"It was my own choice," he told me forty years later in London, "but I didn't abandon my studies: I read Latin and Greek with a fellow pupil and friend for some years; read in fact till I saw what Latin and Greek could give and the limits of their value to me.

"All these years, from sixteen to twenty, I gave most of my time to church architecture; I sketched old churches, measured them even, and really thought about them. When I was twenty-three, I won a prize given by the Royal Institute of Architects.

"I hardly know why, but this success emboldened me to take up poetry, and I wrote verses assiduously for some five or six years.

Then, dissatisfied, I turned to prose, and made a success with almost my first stories.

"In '74 I married, and then devoted myself to novel-writing not only, or chiefly, as a livelihood, but because it gave me complete self-expression.

"You know the rest.

"'Why did I take up poetry again, when nearly sixty?' you ask. I can give no answer beyond an inward urge. Have you read my Wessex Poems?

"You prefer 'The Dynasts'? I expect. "There are things," he added thoughtfully, "that can be said better in verse than in prose."

I met Hardy first in the late eighties at Mrs. Jeune's London house, where one met all the celebrities of that time, and I took at once to him. He was so unassuming, simple, sincere; not a trace of pose or pretense. Tho under fifty, he looked older because he was nearly bald and his face was lined. He was below middle height and well built, but spare of frame; nothing noticeable about him save the aloof detachment of subdued manner and the earnest absorbing regard of his grey-blue eyes. If you said anything worth while—a new thought or a couplet of little known verse—he would stop and dwell on it, or ask you to repeat the verse: he was always thinking.

After meeting at Mrs. Jeune's (Lady Jeune as she was later) in the evening, I used often to walk with him afterwards, for he had always something interesting to say, and I was especially curious about all men who had practiced architecture—always regretting that I had not known Rossetti.

But Hardy had nothing new, to say of architecture; he loved the Gothic form: "It stands broad based on earth;" he once (Continued on page 64)
MARGALO GILLMORE
As the little bareback rider of Leonid Andreyev's
"He Who Gets Slapped"
Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

Page Thirty-Six
Balzac: The Clumsy Titan
By Benjamin de Casseres

What is style? Style is a manner of materializing ideas. It is the method by which a person who knows something renders it to the world. It is the channel thru which the brain frees itself of its burden. There are some thoughts so huge, so complex, that they require the aid of instruments to drag them forth. They are delivered in agony and misshapen, but they are unique and have lost nothing of greatness.

Balzac bore his books to the world in that manner—and they ultimately cost the life of their creator. Literary childbirth killed him.

We know the child that has run to us from a long way: he is weary, exhausted, excited, perspiring: he has seen something wonderful and wants to tell us. But he is so filled, saturated, by the thing or things he has seen that he only stammers, splutters, begins his story in the middle with half-sentences and detached phrases, his mind—by a strange psychological paradox, noted by almost every close observer of minds under great stress—repeating thru the tongue the trivial, inutile incidents that had become twisted around the larger perception.

Balzac's style was like that.

Like Shakespeare, Cervantes and Kant, he was clumsy. He was too great for his medium of expression. His mind apprehended so much at once that he had no way of expressing it. A whirlwind of ideas, visions, and emotions blew thru his brain and wrecked it.

He was impatient. He felt that a whole universe was bulging for birth in him. He knew he could not, like a De Maupassant, spend seven years building a couch for the perfect accouchement. He pitched his stuff out helter-skelter, for Debt and Death were at his heels.

Minds of the first order—great prophets, seers and poets—never seek for style. They are so carried away by the vigor and virility of their own natures, are so completely mastered by their ideas, that they smash all rules and conventions and have no time for the fine phrase. In this class are the authors of the Eastern Bibles, the Book of Job, Cervantes, Rabe-
Mlle. D'Albaicin is just now the talk of Paris. She is a pure-blood gypsy girl of Seville, who has scored a tremendous personal success in the Ballet Russe in Paris with her Spanish dances, "Garrotxa Grotesque." Her work is said to have a distinct exotic charm and an almost barbaric verve.
Drama in the Midst of Revolution

By Louise Bryant

Life in Moscow perhaps will never reach a lower ebb than it did last winter. Now the American Relief and the various foreign missions have undoubtedly established some feeling of contact with the outside world. The Russians themselves are occasionally permitted to cross the frontiers; Chaliapin succeeded in becoming a regular feature of the Metropolitan and Lenin was invited to attend the conference at Genoa by the Italian government. So by a thousand signs we are aware that that deadly, invisible thing known as the Cordon Sanitaire is disappearing over the Russian horizon. Even a jaded world is stirred to behold the effects of that forced isolation—millions of starving and dying. It is especially horrified that Russian artists, who have given so much to the world, have not been spared in this ruthless conflict of men’s minds which created both revolution and blockade.

All of us who managed somehow to live thru the blackest days of the blockade were impressed by one great fact: the tremendous importance of the theater to the life of a nation. The one bright spot in an otherwise terrible and monotonous existence was the theater. And the famous Moscow Art Theater, which all the others look up to in reverence, by an almost superhuman effort, kept up its high standard of production. Every evening crowds of people stood outside in the awful cold for hours in the hope of getting a stray ticket to any sort of performance. Every theater in Moscow was packed. People dared to speculate in tickets and otherwise defy the Extraordinary Commission. Round the theater centered the entire social life and hungry hearts appeared to crave this human contact almost as much as they did food.

The Art Theater and the Ballet at the Bolshoi Theater were the most popular. Just to sit for a few hours and lose themselves in the brilliance of the make-believe life of the stage, Russians would dare anything, they would sacrifice their last rubles or their last jewels. I remember what Chaliapin said when I spoke of this longing they had for the theater. He said, “Think of those poor villages where they have no theaters.”

It was my good fortune to meet, during my first week in

(Continued on page 66)
NARCissa

An original camera study by
Edward R. Dickson
The Theater As It Is Imagined
A Review of the Notable “International Theatrical Exhibition” at Amsterdam
By Sheldon Cheney

There has just opened in Amsterdam, Holland, the most important exhibition of stagecraft which has been organized since the war, if not the most important held at any time or place. The city put at the disposal of the society called “Art for the People” seven large rooms in the Municipal Museum; and with financial aid from both State and City (imagine such a thing in America), as well as individual and official co-operation in eight foreign countries, the Exhibition Committee has gathered together what is in effect a summary of the progress of the modern theater. From Gordon Craig and Adolphe Appia to the strange strivings of the German Expressionists, there is ranged here graphically the story of the stage as a quarter-century of revolution and reaction against nineteenth century romanticism, and how naturalism has affected it. Beyond that, beyond the actual changes accomplished, there are as many more demonstrations of imaginative conceptions of the theater of the future.

It was this imaginative approach that was wisely stressed in the invitations to artists to join in the exhibition. The particular object is to show forth the theater “as it is in the imagination,” was the wording of the original announcement. Because of this intention on the part of the organizers, and because the exhibits largely live up to the idealistic and wildly speculative suggestions of the phrase, I wish to concern myself rather narrowly in this review with “the theater as it is imagined,” instead of enumerating the many interesting and novel ways in which artists the world over are draping the current drama. Certainly it is not unimportant that the work-a-day theater should have its conservatively progressive productions clothed in the brighter, more honest garments of the “new stagecraft,” but the more interesting question seems: How are the theater artists conceiving the future theater?

Italy answers in one way. Gordon Craig is credited to Italy in the official list, and he adds authority to the designation because he never tires of talking about Italian acting as the finest in the world. Italy, then, imagines the new theater in one way, soundly, structurally, theatrically. With

Constance Binney
The latest portrait of the film star, by the Moffett Studios, Chicago
A new study of the dancer by Maurice Goldberg
The Cinema and the Heel of Achilles
By Harry Carr

If it had not been for that spot on his distinguished heel, Achilles would have been the world's champion forever. All that was vulnerable about Siegfried, the best known of the Nibelungen boys, was a spot on his shoulder where a leaf fell on him while he was taking a bath in the blood of the slain dragon that was to have made him immortal.

And since then, on the very greatest of them there always seems to be one weak spot—just enough of a spot, maybe, to keep us from hating them for being too perfect.

Even Griffith—the great D. W.; he's got one.

Altho he comes the nearest to transcendent genius of anyone that the new art of the movies has produced, still a leaf fell on his shoulder. His weakness is that he cant tell a story without a virgin who is in danger from a wicked brute who slobbers at the mouth and years most improbably for the young lady.

The girl of a Griffith play is always frail and wistful and pitiful. Whenever she comes on the screen, I know that a large brutal gent, very leaky at the corners of his mouth, is going to be found lurking around somewhere with his evil passions ablaze; and I am pretty sure that, before the play is done, he will break down a door to get at her.

We will have to confess that D. W. always gets terrific suspense out of the drooling gent and the weepy girl; but, of course, it isn't really life. I have been a newspaper man for twenty years and I have seen life with the cover torn off—life when it flows hot and strong; but I have known of not a single girl who found herself in such a pre-

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

BETTY BLYTHE
The beautiful Queen of Sheba of the screen

Continued on page 60
DOROTHY LEE
As she appears in the Persian interlude presented by the
Fokine Ballet at the New York Hippodrome
Adolphe Appia: Stage Pioneer
By Kenneth Macgowan

Some time in the very early nineties, when Gordon Craig was still an actor, a retiring Italian-Swiss doctor named Adolphe Appia began to worry about scenery. If the "new stagecraft" dates from anywhere, it dates from a little brochure of his which appeared in French in 1893. It was concerned with opera, and its author knew something about time, which Einstein was to talk about twenty-five years later.

There are plenty of other ancestors to compete with Appia for the honor of fathering the new stagecraft. In spite of his great admiration for Henry Irving, Craig was probably not altogether happy over the scenery in which he and his mother, Ellen Terry, appeared with Irving as they toured England; he retired from the company in 1897 to study stage management. Far back in 1808, Schlegel, the great German critic, was fuming over scenery, and in 1880, another Teuton, the artist, Feuerbach, wrote: "I hate the modern theater because my sharp eye sees thru the cardboard and the rouge . . . . Unobtrusive suggestion is what is needed, not bewildering effects"—a good enough doctrine today.

The claims of Appia deserve recognition because—without making a single production or achieving enough publicity to let twenty-five people know of his existence—he grasped and exposed the practical principles of modern production. He analyzed the lighting problem and anticipated reforms only made possible in the past ten years thru the perfecting of the high-powered incandescent bulb. He analyzed the problem of the physical setting and anticipated the whole body of aesthetic theory which have given us a plastic, three-dimensional stage instead of the old flat scenery of two dimensions.

The lighting doctrine of Appia takes definite shape in his extraordinary revolutionary and difficult work, "Die Musik und die Inscenierung," which appeared first in a German translation in 1899. It is a fairly simple matter. Appia discovered the limitations of the footlights and the border lights, and the power for beauty and drama that resided in spotlights and other single sources of light. He pointed out that rows of small lamps, underfoot and overhead, merely illuminated the stage and its objects. They did not define them; they did not supply shadows; they did not sculpture the actor. On the other hand, such illumination as the spotlights brought gave the face of the actor those qualities of contour produced by light and shade. Therefore he called for more such sculptural and dynamic lighting.

American laboratories supplied it when they perfected the high-powered incandescent bulb which now replaces smaller lamps in the border lights.

As for the setting itself, Appia set forth the prescriptions which have revolutionized our physical stage. He began by barring painted perspective. Then he went on to show why the actor needed a plastic and sculptured stage of solid surfaces and various levels to act against. He was ready to unite the live actor and the dead setting, but only if the light had a setting to play upon which was as sculptured as the actor himself. "The two primary conditions for the artistic display of the human body," he said, "are these: a light that gives it plastic value, and a plastic arrangement of the setting that gives importance to its attitudes and movements . . . . The movement of the human body must have obstacles in order to express itself. All artists know that beauty of arrangement depends on the variety of points of support offered it by the ground and by natural objects. The movements of the actor can be made artistic only thru the appropriate shape and arrangement of the surfaces of the setting."

Appia was not such a fool as to imagine, like so many of our producers and artists, that he could achieve actuality thru a three-dimensional setting. More than that, he was not such a fool as to want to achieve it. His purpose was to create upon the stage a physical picture appropriate to the music of Wagner. Unlike Wagner with his papier-mache dragons, he had the good sense to see that no illusion of actuality would do. He gave up realism even while he rejected the old fake of the opera houses of the past. Instead of plunging on into the abstract values of modern art, the dramatic qualities of pure design, he tried to achieve the atmosphere of the opera setting by drama and music. Of the forest in "Siegfried," he said: "We must no longer try to create the illusion of a forest; but instead the illusion of a man in the atmosphere of a forest . . . When the forest trees, stirred by the breeze, attract the attention of Siegfried, we, the spectators, act accordingly."

(Cont'd on page 75)

Photograph by Nicholas Murray

JACOB P. ADLER
The distinguished Yiddish actor

Page Forty-Five
ERNITA LASCELLES

Who is giving a distinguished performance of our ancestor, Eve, in the Bernard Shaw cycle, "Back to Methuselah"
The Public and the Photoplay

By Frederick James Smith

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH is a keen student of that great mass of humanity called the public. The fact that Mr. Griffith for years has been making motion pictures, the favorite entertainment of this largely inarticulate mass, and that he has held the film leadership thru all the years, seems to prove that he knows something tangible about the matter in question.

When Mr. Griffith told us, a year or so ago, that the public had the mind of a nine-year-old child, he aroused a great deal of discussion. Mr. Griffith at the time made the point that motion pictures, to be successful, must be made to fit this mighty child of nine.

Now Mr. Griffith goes even further in his conclusions. He says, in fact, that the motion picture play cannot go further because public taste cannot advance. "The public is behind the times," Mr. Griffith told us. "A certain per cent, of theatergoers move ahead mentally, but this per cent is overcome by the incoming horde of new film votaries. I am firmly of the belief that the public average has been, is, and always will be the same.

"Aside from all this, America is now suffering from a wave of Puritanism. It is, somehow or other, an aftermath of the world war. War has never gained a single thing for humanity and the present vogue of prudery is one of its odd after effects. Such things come in the wake of death and destruction.

"Whatever may come of this Puritanism, one thing seems more or less certain. The screen can never—at least for generations—attain the breadth permitted literature or the stage. Bear in mind that both the play and the novel belong to ages centuries old. Long eras of travail have given them such breadth of expression as they now possess.

"But the screen is a new means of expression. Here things are told in a new form. Thus many find shocks in motion pictures where the same thing—folks, lights or within the protective covers of a book—escape arousing the slightest attention. I foresee no possibility of venturing into the theater and getting a closer view of reality for a long time to come. The public itself will not have it.

"As for uplifting the artistry of the photoplay, as critics are wont to express it, we are rather at a standstill. After all, to exist we must give the world what it wants. Many exhibitors and a great mass of the public have not yet forgiven me for my venture into doing a silent play as I wanted to do it in 'Broken Blossoms.' I fear that we must go on sugar-coating life, idealizing our celluloid characters and falling back upon the absurdly palatable demand for crêpe-paper comedy, such as you find in 'Way Down East' and 'Orphans of the Storm.' And Mr. Griffith smiled.

We once heard an interesting tale of Mr. Griffith's formula for screen success, a rather striking sidelight upon his view of what the public wants. "A gun and a girl," ran his reported recipe for film popularity. And, when one comes to consider the matter, probably the director is right.

"After all, when you stop to think about it, do you realize what a tiny field there is for fine things on the stage. A finely imaginative entertainment like Nikita Balieff's Moscow Russians can find an audience for a time in New York and perhaps in one or two other big cities—and that is all. Outside of this territory the 'Lilliputians,' the 'John Fergusons' and the 'Beyond the Horizon's' starve to death.

We asked Mr. Griffith for his opinion of the curious way American newspapers have been scandal-mongering recently among the film players. Mr. Griffith smiles rather sadly but tolerantly. "Call it over-worship of screen idols if you wish," he said, "but I put it—in plain psychological sense—to suppressed desires. America is so hemmed in by official doings, laws and legislative restrictions that a seething mental disturbance is going on silently within our border. Today we find everything being curred, from the shopgirl's bobbed hair and crêpe de chine waist to the society débutante's cigarette and jazz dance. Everything is in danger of being 'regulated' by some would-be reformer.

"Prevented from any vent—any real expression of the masses—we find this odd demand for scandal appearing and being appeased by the sensational newspapers. Hence you

Photograph © by Strauss Peyton

JACKIE COOGAN
The delightful juvenile cinema star

Page Forty-Seven
DOROTHY CLARK

Alfred Cheney Johnston's study of the piquant Midnight Frolicker
TO appreciate Amy Lowell's position in poetry, one must remember that she undertook to write as other people undertake to become physicians, lawyers and engineers, and further, that she began to study her art at the age of twenty-eight. Contrast this woman, whose first volume appeared in 1912, two years before her fortieth birthday, with the type of artist of which Mozart, seriously composing at the age of five, is the charming representative. One might argue that Miss Lowell profited by this long period of apprenticeship; that she entered the life of artist with the rich gifts of the life of experience to draw upon; that she wasted no effort on the expression of the desires and dreads of immaturity; that her matter waited only upon her manner. There remains, however, much to be said on the other side, as, for example, that poets are born—and not of their own labors; that where stuff and style ripen together, a kind of osmosis takes place between them, and each is diffused with the peculiar quality of the other. In any event, one result of Miss Lowell's approach to her art is apparent. Whatever she handles, she handles it rarely is—an emotional moment, or a slice of history, or a bizarre narrative, she handles it with the studied gesture of the professional, the meticulous precision of the student, with the painstaking ardor of a Flaubert rather than the serene authenticity of her beloved Keats or, to be more modern, of Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Here is no implication that an artist's facility is the token of his felicity. Simply, Miss Lowell is so obviously the scholar and the craftsman, that she seldom allows herself the implicit freedoms of the artist. Her preoccupation is too formidable by manner and method. Her subjects, various and stupendous as they are, seem so ridden by her passion for Rooseveltian accomplishment, by a perverted instinct of workmanship, that they fail to communicate the immediacy which is the core of feeling, as feeling is of art.

Curiously enough, Miss Lowell's immense vitality in no wise inflames the subjective verses in which her first book (A Dome of Many-Colored Glass) abounds. It is possible that an Elektra with respectable parents might defeat her sense of futility by such labors as The Bronze Horses and Bronze Tablets (it is generally bronze with Amy Lowell—martial material to work with). It is far more probable that a woman who found herself with all the gifts of health and wealth and friendships, a proud name, and a power over language, should be hampered by her very riches, insensitive to the fabric of daily living and dying, unaware of the inwardness of pain and poverty and loneliness and of the wide scale of minor and major thwartings which most people hear like the practicing of a feeble player on a poor piano next door. It was no small accomplishment, putting poetry aside for the nonce, for Miss Lowell to emancipate herself from the secure sufficiency of her background, for her to reject the furniture of life which the ladies of her house had enjoyed for generations, and to demand a more ample if less polite environment. It is a far cry from the parlors of the Back Bay to the tents of the Kwakiutl Indians. It is a very far cry from Miss Lowell's intellectual heritage to her actual addition thereto. If, on the one hand, she is naive in her eager propaganda for experimentation, and self-conscious in her manipulation of technique, one must realize that her voice is raised less for the sake of her bored or applauding colleagues than for that of her scornful dinner-partners. If, on the other hand, she appears to be more deeply concerned with Napoleon and with Li T'ai Po than with Lenin or Laforgue, one must at least appreciate the fact that the sound of the hammers on the triumphant arch and the emperor's coffin have penetrated the windows of Cambridge, and the scent of lotus blossom and wine sniffed eagerly by nostrils variant to thec and lavender.

One of the strangest facts about Miss Lowell's development is the tremendous gap between her first volume of distinctly inferior verse and the one which followed it: Sword Blades and Poppy Seed. That first book gave no indication of the decade of anxious study and patient polishing which preceded its publication. The themes are unimportant, the manner thin, the technique often faulty, the whole (Cont'd on page 70)
CARLOTTA MONTEREY
Recently in Earl Carroll's melodrama, "Revue," and now appearing with Arnold Daly in "Voltaire"
Special photograph by Maurice Goldberg
Once More the Passion Play
By Montrose J. Moses

T HE Oberammergau Passion Play was born of war. By this I mean to say that the plague which seized the village in 1633 was a direct consequence of the devastation in the wake of the Thirty Years’ War. The villagers did not invent a form of drama to appease the supposed anger of the Lord; they only promised that they would give, every ten years, a representation of the Passion of Our Lord, provided there would be lifted from them the pestilence which a laborer, one Caspar Schuchler, had brought to them from the nearby town of Eschenlohe.

So they revived a form of drama, of which they had many rich examples around them. Augsburg had played a very important part in the history of the town of Oberammergau, and at Augsburg there was a very remarkable text such as would serve their purpose, in addition to which there was a tradition everywhere of the various Cries of Mary Before the Cross, and the famous passion play manuscripts of Benediktbeuern and Wiener. The Oberammergau Passion Play, therefore, is, in a double sense, a survival and a revival of medieval drama; and, as it is given by the villagers—who are more or less consecrated to the task—it retains its medieval terror, its spirit, in the midst of shifting modern conditions.

But since the play was first given, the manuscript from which it was evolved has gone thru many changes. It was at one time totally ancient in its display of the Devil and the evil spirits who lay siege to the person of Judas; it was more distinctively Catholic in doctrine, until Protestants began to make decennial pilgrimages to the performances, when it was thought to keep the Passion Play free from ecclesiasticism. And, in its manner of presentation, it has lost some of its simplicity because of the increasing largeness of its appeal. Like the early actors of religious drama, the Oberammergauers, in 1633, gave their play in the churchyard, so dissimilar to the barn, with its steel arches reminiscent of the modern railway station, which constitutes the Passion theater. Today they play before four thousand people, and they have a stage with modern machinery and decoration, under the inspiration of Munich artists. And where once people made slow pilgrimages to Oberammergau, there are good roads along which hundreds make their way, and automobiles—once the anathema of the Town Council—are allowed to thread thru the quaint streets to the official garage. In 1910, it looked as tho all the medieval devoutness of the Passion Play was to be swamped by speculators and tourists. But tradition is not so easily choked. And the faith of Oberammergau persists.

From earliest times, the children of Oberammergau are brought up in the atmosphere of the Passion Play; the very air they breathe is full of its reverent spirit; the very sights they first see—the cross on Koll, which, whenever it is struck by lightning, is a reminder of God’s wrath and man’s human frailty; the Crucifixion Group erected by the mad King of Bavaria, who was so friend to the villagers that he used to make midnight visits to Oberammergau and give the chief actors outings at his ornate castle; the carven images along the roadside before which they are taught to lip their prayers—all these tokens are reminders of their ancient vow, made nearly three hundred years ago. Before they can scarcely walk alone, these children are put into the chorus, which later mark their first entrance into the Passion Play itself. Who knows but one of these little folk will be the Christus of the future—he dreams of it as a farm-hand dreams of the Presidency; who knows but one of the girls—provided she remains unmarried—will play the part of Mary!

I have a newspaper clipping before me announcing the death of Anton Lang, killed while fighting in Champagne. But always in war, the Christus of the Passion Play is protected, and Lang is still alive to assume the role for the third time. He was, so I learn, taken in charge by Mr. Hoover’s Relief Council, and kept from the front. So, during the Franco-Prussian War, Joseph Mayr, the Christus, was saved. But in both conflicts, the population of the village suffered less by death. They likewise suffered privation and hunger, as the Red Cross Relief knows full well.

These simple villagers not only do not (Cont’d on page 58)
RICHARD BENNETT
*As the mysterious stranger from "the world out there" in Leonid Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped"
Mask by Maurice Goldberg*
Temperament
By Louis Raymond Reid

"WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad," has no particular application to the stage. Actors must at one time or another in their careers become mad or, as it is expressed in the lexicon of the theater, temperamental, if they hope to shine with any conspicuous brilliance in the histrionic heavens. Thus, tradition has it, and tradition is still respected in the theater.

There comes a time in the life of every star when he gains the reputation of being temperamental. Such a reputation may be sedulously cultivated during long years of service in the ranks, but it cannot be successfully displayed until the golden or electric-light era has been achieved. It would not do for the leading man or the ingenue to be temperamental. They would not be tolerated by their fellow players, to say nothing of the stage hands, electricians, musicians, company manager and press agent. They wait for their day of inviolate autocracy, knowing that when that day arrives they are among the gods. And gods never destroy themselves.

The public has come to regard the acquisition of temperament as the special privilege of stage stars, as something that combines the arrogant egotism of genius with the bad manners of a spoiled child. The belief has been carefully cherished by zealous theatrical chroniclers. It would be much nearer the truth, more correct and fair to say that temperament is generally an extreme sensitiveness to artistic perfection. It represents an emotional desire to have things well done. It may be expressed by childish irritation directed at the careless and indifferent conduct of actors in minor roles. It may take the form of picturesque profanity, shouts at stage mechanics and musicians who are unresponsive to the artistic aims of the star and whose labors are performed haphazardly.

The late Richard Mansfield was one of the most temperamental actors who ever lived, chiefly because he showed the most painstaking care in his productions. He would not ring up the curtain of his premières until he was assured every detail was correct. His denunciations of the company were often violent and yet there was a human quality about them that made them excellent copy for the newspapers. He would not tolerate the breaking of long-established plans and customs. It is related of him that during a rehearsal of one of his productions at the Lyric Theater, New York, a young English actress, who was joining his company for the first time, took the liberty of seating herself in his chair. This chair was held sacred by the players who had long been associated with Mansfield, and they regarded the girl's audacity with considerable trepidation. The actor spied her and upbraided her with characteristic vituperation. The girl, however, paid no attention to his outburst. She said she had been shopping and was tired. Aroused to a point of fury, Mansfield ordered her not only out of the chair but out of the theater. She got up, walked over to the stage door and, turning to the actor, said: "I will go, but I'll be back." Mansfield did not let her proceed far. He sent his stage manager after her and told her when she returned that he admired her spirit and that it was the spirit that made for brilliant theatrical success.

Temperament, or super-temper, as some prefer to call it, was possessed to a degree almost pathological by William Macready. His tirades were of the most abusive sort and included everyone who came in contact with him. He did not spare even himself. It is said that after a particularly vituperative occasion he wrote in his diary: "God gave us two ears and one mouth, it's a pity we don't take the hint." His contemporary, Edwin Forrest, was of the same mold and their temperaments, or rather their inability to keep temperament under some measure of control, eventually led to the fatal Astor Place riots.

E. H. Sothern's temperament often takes a droll turn. During a rehearsal of "In the Palace of the King" he was greatly disturbed by the apparent inability of the feminine members of his company to play the scenes according to his direction. Finally losing his temper, he berated his associates soundly for their stupidity. After the rehearsal, Rowland Buckstone came up to Sothern and said, "I think you were rather hard on the girls. They did their best."

ESTHER HOWARD
A pretty musical revue favorite

Photograph by Raymor of Chicago

(Cont'd on page 59)
LOVEY LEE

A protégée of Ernestine Myers, now appearing in the Myers Revue in vaudeville.
Richard Strauss and the Salzburg Idea

By Pierre Loving

During his recent two months' sojourn in this country Richard Strauss gave scarcely any interviews to newspaper men and special writers. He is, I should judge, rather averse to our flattering American custom of rapid-fire questioning, in which the distinguished visitor from abroad is expected to spread himself intelligently and intelligibly on almost every conceivable subject from the care of babies to the farmer bloc. As a striking illustration of Dr. Strauss's keen dis- taste toward being so waylaid, one need only point to an article, purporting to be an authentic interview, which originally appeared in the Nation. At first the famous composer of "Electra," "Salome" and "Ols Soj Sprach Zarathustra," refused to loosen up in talk, and when finally he allowed himself to be persuaded, he uttered such amazing things that the interviewer sat transfixed and aghast. To this day it has not been definitely ascer- tained whether Dr. Strauss in that interview was serious or not, or whether, as is much more likely, he was good humoredly indulging in one of his famous pranks.

It was my good fortune to spend some time with Richard Strauss in Kansas City, during his brief west- ward tour, accompanied by Claire Dux, giving programs of Strauss in his fifty-seventh year. It was an arrengingly romantic figure to the eye. He is tall—about six feet three—loose limbed, wiry and exceedingly graceful in his move- ments and walk. One of the most engaging features about him is his large, finely shaped and well-set head, with its expansive forehead, but tapering to a softer, almost feminine chin. His mouth is delicately limned with small deliberate lips, reposeful—breathing, however, the repose of quiet, self-controlled, yet infinitely dynamic personality. I do not know, the rumor has it so, whether he is as spontaneously merry as his own mischief-loving Till Eulenspiegel; but, albeit not always visible on the surface, he has, one feels, a lighter, a sort of fantas- tic vein of humor which is undoubtedly warp and woof of his quite complex being. As a modern temperament he is indeed most modern, for he is many sided and diverse, prismatic and brilliant, and this surely, is one of the mis- takable signs of the modernist in the arts.

When I say he is over six feet in height, I do not in- tend too stressful an emphasis on the physical appearance of such a man as Strauss. He affects soft collars of a decided German make, not the loose English and American sort. His overcoat is simple black set with a velvet collar. Are they still wearing sober velvet collars de rigueur in Germany? It is to be doubted. Strauss bears a reputation for a close thrift and frugality, except in his domestic manner of living. The overcoat he wore in Kansas City is probably, one hazards, a cherished relic several years old, ante-bellum perhaps.

When Howard Taylor, the young theatrical director, Strauss's traveling companion, introduced me to the maestro, I was quite frankly, at a loss how to commence. I might have asked him, I suppose, in our approved American fashion: "Who is your favorite composer?" But the question would have been superfluous, because I anticipated his answer only too well, for I was aware that to the German modernist (or is Strauss, perchance, old-fashioned when we think of Schönberg and les jeunes?) preferred above all other composers is Mozart. He had publicly observed time and time again, using the words of Rossini: "Beethoven is the greatest com- poser of them all, but Mozart stands alone." Thus, it was altogether clear, Mozart is something of a grande passion with him. And knowing this much at least, I opened as follows:

"Can you tell me why Mozart has such a curious fascination for you? He seems so re- mote from your own type of work."

Dr. Strauss's answer was succinct and to the point, leaving nothing to be desired. "It is," he said, "precisely because he and I are poles apart that I worship him. Does this sound paradoxical? It really isn't, you know. I rather pride myself on the fact that my music is not new (I use the word in the sense of new-fangled or novelty), but basically old, fundamentally old, founded on what I regard as eternal laws, Hence Mozart and I have much in common. Mozart's birth-place is to me a shrine. It is in old Salzburg, you know, beautiful Salzburg with its vivid history and rich aroma of legend."

One of Strauss's most popular songs in (Cont'd on page 61)
All Paris is talking about the new ballet produced at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées by the Ballet Suedois of M. Rolf de Mérè, with M. Borlin as premier danseur. The curtains, sets and costumes of the ballet, which has a skating rink for its background, were designed by Fernand Leger.

M. Leger is shown at the left. M. de Mérè plans to bring the novelty ballet to New York next season. The music, by the way, is the work of Honegger.

The Newest Paris Vogue
The Futurist Skating Rink Ballet
Beauty Contest Opens

"Old is the song that I sing—
Old as my unpaid bills—
Old as the chicken that kiteswags bring.
Men at dák-bungalows—old as the Hills."

T HE quest for beauty is as old as the songs that Kipling sings; its worship has been, since time began; its power is attested thru centuries of history; its importance will never grow less. The interest in it never flags, and banking on that, Shadowland has leaned its pages to the advancement of a beauty contest—The American Beauty Contest.

The Brewster Publications, of which Shadowland is one, is inaugurating another great contest. We are looking for beauty, purely that, and nothing more. It is not an open sesame to the movies or the stage. Other qualities enter into that kind of a contest. It is not an outlet for notoriety seekers or those who must get their pictures published at any price. It is the quest for beauty—age old and ever new a quest for the most beautiful woman in America—and we are going to find her!

We are well equipped for this enterprise; four magazines to feature it; the most amazingly generous prizes ever before offered in any contest; a list of contest judges whose fame and achievement are world known, whose stability and worthwhileness are unquestioned; and the enthusiasm and determination to make a success of this contest of every one connected with it.

Think of the goal: to judge the most beautiful woman in America.

Think of the prize: a trip to New York; your portrait on the cover of Beauty; a painting of you by a well-known artist; and a study of you by a well-known sculptor, to be exhibited in the art galleries in New York City and elsewhere. Or in lieu of the trip to New York, in case you happen to live there, one thousand dollars will be given to you. There will be second and third prizes also.

Think of the glory!

If you are not beautiful, you have a beautiful friend. Let us see her picture. It may be published in Shadowland. There will be pictures every month in all four magazines, an honor roll of beauties, selected from the pictures received, once every month until the close of the contest. This will help you to gauge the average of beauty in the contest. We expect it to be high, and the girl who tops the list will be The Most Beautiful Woman in America, beyond any question.

There will be a contest story every month in Shadowland; an entrance coupon and rules and regulations will appear in the advertising section of every issue.

Photographic Contest

With the co-operation of the Pictorial Photographers of America, the famous camera organization, Shadowland is inaugurating a monthly photographic contest open to the whole world. Monthly prizes of $25, $50 and $100 will be offered to the winning contestants, together with one or more honorable mentions. The winning prints will be published in Shadowland. Shadowland will be the official organ of the Pictorial Photographers during the duration of the contest. Co-operating with the many distinguished photographers who make up its personnel, Shadowland hopes to further the cause of beautiful photography throughout America.

An official committee has been named to direct the contest. This committee numbers Clarence H. White, ex-president of the Pictorial Photographers; Eugene V. Brewster, president of The Brewster Publications; Margaret Watkins, Louis F. Bider, of Newark, secretary of the Associated Camera Clubs of America; Dr. Charles H. Jaeger; Sophie L. Lauffer, and J. R. Mason, corresponding secretary of the Pictorial Photographers. From this committee a monthly jury of judges will be selected. The judges varying during the twelve months of the year.

Here are the conditions of the contest, which must be obeyed to the letter:
1. All prints must be sent to Mr. Joseph Mason, 65 East 56th Street, New York City. They must not be sent to the Brewster Publications.
2. If contestants wish their photographs returned, full postage must accompany prints for this purpose.
3. Shadowland reserves the privilege of publishing all prints submitted, but the prints do not become the property of Shadowland.
4. Judges cannot submit prints. That is, members of the official committee may submit photographs but not on months when they serve as members of the jury of judges.
5. All submitted prints, in order to receive consideration, must carry the name and full address of the contestant and the following facts about the print: what kind of print and what kind of paper is used; what "f" stop is used; what time of day the print was made; and if the photograph is a straight print or has been manipulated.
6. Contest is open to anyone, anywhere, whether they are amateur or professional.
7. No print submitted will be considered if it has been published anywhere.

The contest is now open. Send along your prints. Shadowland will present its first list of prize winners in the July issue, together with reproductions of the winning photographs.

The Public and the Photoplay

(Continued from page 47)

hear scandal being discussed on every side, in every walk of life. One or two social infractions have brought film within the path of this nation-wide scandal quest. To this same thing may also be credited the curious success of certain magazines pandering to the slightly salacious."

Turning back to motion pictures, Mr. Griffith believes that the photo-play of the next year or so will lead away from the spectacle to the shorter silent play. On an average, business conditions do not warrant the making of spectacles for presentation at a high scale of prices. Except for the really big and unusual, the public will not be able to afford the luxury.

So Mr. Griffith foresees shorter screen plays. He believes that Americans want American themes. He thinks that the whole of the romantic costume piece will have exhausted itself within the year. The country as a whole, he believes, wants close to the soil themes of its own life, All of which seems to be an exceedingly healthy condition, despite mass complexes, distorted public psychology and the other things that the avalanche of legislative prudery may bring us.

* * *

THE HUNGRY DEAD

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Love me today, and I,
When sunset-flood is past,
Shall be content to lie
Quiet at last.

Those restless ghosts that stir
(No peace their graves can bring)
Are those that never were
Kissed in the spring.

* * *

SHIP O' DREAMS

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

There's a big harge in the offing
With the moonlight in her sails,
And she seems a ship of silver
In a world of misty veils;
And she's calling thru the stillness,
Ever calling unto me
With a siren voice that lures me
To the magic of the sea.

There's a black harge in the offing
And she's dropping down the bay,
She is just a dirty tramp ship
In the tell-tale light of day;
But to me she is my dream ship,
Ugly trampler tho she be,
And we're leaving port together
For the magic of the sea.
Once More the Passion Play

(Continued from page 51)

forget their vow, but they do not allow to slip from their minds the memory of those who have helped to make the Passion Play what it is. When, at the end of their season of playing, they put aside their costumes for another ten years, they wonder how age will change them: this one has played John for the last time, that one has shown, by the touch of years, that he must assume an older rôle. There is the grief of parting each decennial, for time withers the people, tho it does not stale their spirit. So, these folk pack away their costumes, and they go in a body to the grave of their beloved pastor Daisenberger, who revised some of the older texts of the play, and they sprinkle with holy water the resting place of schoolmaster Dedler, whose music, reminiscent of Mozart, dominates the play and the music life of Oberammergau. Then, the day after the Passion season is over, the hale and hearty of the village wind their way to the monastery at Etatl, three miles distant, reciting prayers as they advance. It is peculiarly fitting that Etatl should be the closing scene of the vow's fulfillment, for it is this medieval religious and art center that has had most influence on the Passion Play, and on the wood carving for which the people of Oberammergau are so famed.

When the time approaches for the Passion Play, the villagers take up their obligations in a reverent spirit. Some months before, the men allow their hair to grow long; they begin their preparations for the reception of guests. The town is in a hum of expectancy, for, tho some of them feel that certain rôles will fall to them, nothing is assured until the Council announces the distribution of parts—an announcement which is as binding as the will of the College of Cardinals in the election of a Pope. The first consideration is: Shall the play be given? Are there any reasons for its postponement? Only thrice in its history has it skipped the decennial date. There was a decided reason why, during the Franco-Prussian War, it should be postponed until 1871. To the most casual, it was evident that the stringent economic conditions of the Great War just past, together with the strain of world problems, would make it necessary to wait until time was more propitious. And even as late as December, 1918, the Council of Elders was in doubt as to what should be done.

But, as soon as a decision is reached, the preparations go forward with almost ritualistic regularity. The Bavarian capital has to give its nominal consent; but what political group would refuse a people the means of gaining revenue for its own sanitary, legal, and public improvement work? The least part of the revenue of the Passion Play goes to the individual actors; the larger share is for the immemorial good of the people: now the Ammer River has to be deepened; again the wood carving school has to have improvements.

The executive positions are apportioned, committees are organized, and then the supreme election for the rôles is held, after the committee-meeting at the Town Hall—all go to the little church for the celebration of High Mass. It is no small matter—this judgment as to the fitness of the person to the part; every man, every girl and boy, every unmarried woman is affected. From Christus to the smallest usher, the choice has to be wisely made. Costumes, amounting to six hundred in number, have to be arranged, and some of them designed anew, stage properties have to be gone over, and some of them replaced—for ten years can tarnish and dull the edge of color. If an actor is disappointed or displeased with the decisions of the Council his duty is to bear in silence. The task is consecrated.

Is the community at Oberammergau a religious one? The general impression is "yes"; any group of people so dominated by a Passion Play is likely to be influenced by it in daily life. But the people of Oberammergau are human, and they love their winter sports; they have their carnivals. Yet, as the time approaches for the Passion Play, all these extraneous activities are done away with. If an actor is found to be unworthy his part, it is taken away from him. During the winter, preceding the opening of the season, there are rehearsals almost nightly in the Town Hall. Like a cut-up puzzle, the Passion Play is rehearsed—small groups are perfected, and then suddenly, at the approach of May, they are brought together, and behold, a large production—a story of the New Testament, with Old Testament interludes as prophetic of coming events, is ready for the pilgrims who hasten from all quarters of the globe.

Do these outsiders commercialize the Passion Play? There are various charges brought against Oberammergau. But in 1910, the speculators were to be found in Munich alone, and touring agencies brought up blocks of seats. Inside the limits of Oberammergau, the Town Council, headed by the Burgomaster, are unsparing in the sincerity of their motives. Of course they desire to make profit, for this is their one opportunity, in ten years' time, to get a real surplus for the public good. There are no sensational salaries paid; Christus received only $375 for his 30 performances in 1900, Consider the fervent strain upon him. It is said that when the news brought him then—how much more would it be now—that for a first time there had been entrusted to him the rôle of Christ, tears coursed down his cheeks in emotion. That is only part measure of his feeling. Once, during the Crucifixion scene—posed, as is also the Last Supper scene, in accord with the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci—however much, thru mechanical device, he is swung comfortably into place by straps and supports, when the moment came to take his pathetic figure from the Cross, Anton Lang was found to be in a dead faint. These Oberammergauers, tho the people come to see them, are dominated by the old medieval faith which has descended to them thru the generations. So jealous are they of this faith that strangers to the village, even tho they come to live, are not allowed to take part in the Passion Play; it is a conservative privilege, which is not gained in a day.

The financial accounts for 1900, as made public, are an index of distribution. The receipts were $267,171; the expenses were $80,208; the performers received $102,512 and $83,686 was expended on public improvement. Food stuff is not raised in Oberammergau; these people are not farmers. They are woodcarvers, goldsmiths. The regular occupation of Judas was the village painter; the apostle John was the plumber. It is these simple people—simple yet cultured—who wring the hearts of the vast throngs that sit in reverent awe during the eight hours unfolding of the Passion of Christ. Outside interests have reached for the Passion Play. America has offered fabulous sums to have the play filmed. The Council has turned deaf ear to entreaties. Endevors were made to have Anton Lang play Manson in Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House"; but he refused, however in consonance with the spirit of the play his own feelings were. The village could have fallen into temptation over and over again. It has remained largely medieval, despite the tourists who have penetrated into the family circle, and the motor cars that crowd the streets. Is there any other town the world over that can boast of a burgomaster with a yearly salary of $60?

There is no more fascinating academic subject than the study of the development of passion plays from the simple church service, where, in the Easter liturgy, three priests, representing the Marys, proceed to the altar, as the tomb, and are asked by three other priests, whether they had seen the sepulcher. From such simple beginnings a mass of human data assembles around the evolution of

(Continued on page 63)
Temperament

(Continued from page 53)

William Yarrow

(Continued from page 11)

gently took him to task for his savage attack on the actresses. "You know," said Buckstone, "each one of these women considers herself as important in her way as the Queen of England." "I know it," replied Sothern, "I must apologize to each one of them in person." The next day the rehearsal was being rehearsed and the actors, in Sothern's mind, had not improved over their work of the day before. If anything, they were worse. Sothern grew more and more exasperated. Finally, he could stand it no longer. Seeing Buckstone at the back part of the stage, he shouted, "Buckstone, to hell with the Queen of England!"

Many tales are told of the temperamental flights of Henry Miller. The one that is best remembered concerns a rehearsal of "The Light Eternal" at the Park Theater, New York. The scene was a dressing room and Miller's irascibility was growing more and more pronounced. He managed, however, to keep control of himself until a stage hand lowered a drop curtain on which was visible a large grease spot. This was too much for Miller. He flew into a violent rage and, rising up from the aisles of the theater, hurled comments at everybody in general and stage hands in particular. As a last expression of his anger, he tore off his fur coat and began to trample upon it with all the savage ferocity he could command. Then turning to a stage hand, who stood dejectedly with a paint brush in hand, he shouted, "Well, why don't you say something about it?"

"I've been standing here for five minutes," said the stage hand, "waiting to tell you that I'll have the matter attended to at once." "Do you say so," replied Miller, weeping bitterly, "before I ruined six hundred dollar overcoat?"

Mrs. Leslie Carter used to be held in abject terror by the members of her company and the employees of whatever theater in which she happened to be playing. She always had a dressing-room of her own. If necessary, she would have one built to order. When in one of her temperamental moods, nobody dared to come near her. One season, however, she engaged a press representative of unusual charm and good nature, a man who combined the dignity of a man with the unassuming assurance of a diplomat. She got to know this man well and respected him highly. Arriving at the theater on a certain matinée day in Montreal, he learned that the star was in a furious uproar. "Don't go near her," he was cautioned. "Nonsense," said the publicity man, "I'll have her over in no time."

(Continued on page 63)
face made over. Sometimes they are like a beautifully gowned and perfectly married model who needs a bath.

Dr. de Mille always seems to be saying, "I am just telling you the story as it was told to me. Personally I don't believe it myself."

For instance, in "Male and Female" he didn't make me believe for a minute that the Earl's daughter really fell in love with that butler on the desert island.

There is something about a touch of drink that carries conviction. De Mille lacks this touch of drink. You don't believe his stories for the same reason that the police are always suspicious of a prisoner who tells his story with too much glibness. De Mille appeals to the mind. While you are in the theater you love his pictures; they make you feel so well bred and dressed up; but they leave you with a cold heart.

Even Mary Pickford... Delicacy prevents me from referring to a spot on Mary's heel; but she has a weakness.

Her Tendon of Achilles is her insistence on always being a poor little picketed-on girl who performs a noble act of self-sacrifice and allows herself to be thrown out of the house in shame and disgrace to save her cruel mistress who is about to elope with a poet. Mary cant seem to get over being Pollyanna the "glad girl."

Again coming down with a bump to real life, I might say that I have heard thousands of divorce cases tried. I am familiar with the details of thousands of cases that concerned friendless young girls; but I never have heard of a single case of such a self-sacrifice. Sad to say, Pollyannas just dont grow. There are no such folks.

Mary Pickford is a remarkable woman. She has force of character and a penchant for being strikingly beautiful; she would have been a famous woman in any business or industry in the world. It just happened that she became a film actress. She could have been a successful newspaper editor or a real estate magnate or a steamship trust just as easily. Mary has one brain in a million. Her weakness is that she makes goods to sell on Main Street instead of reaching out to the stars. In other words, Mary is a thoroughbred content to deliver milk instead of winning stake races. She tells pilfering stories when she could tell great ones.

Douglas Fairbanks has a weakness; he cant decide to let himself grow up. Doug can hang by one heel and chin himself while holding on by one eyelash. The process so fascinates him that he cant get his mind down to real drama with both feet standing on the ground. He spoiled "Arizona" because he was so fond of jumping over gates and such. Once in a while, he gets a play like "The Three Musketeers" where the leaping around is appropriate; then he is in his element. But if he played Hamlet he would probably turn a handspring right over the ghost and kick the wicked king's feet out from under him and make him swallow his own sword. Douglas is really a fine actor with discretion, sympathy and brains; but he does have a tendency to walk on one ear at times, when he would do better to use one or both of his feet in the usual manner. At the same time, there is no more wholesome influence on the screen than Douglas Fairbanks. He has done much to give young boys decent clean thoughts. No youngster can be revolving much mischief in his mind when he is out in the back yard trying to tie himself into a bowknot the way he saw Doug do in the last picture.

Nazimova has a weakness. She likes to get herself into poster poses. Some of her finest work is marred because you realize that she is consciously making her arm into an effective line with a door-sill. Nazimova is always yanking you down to earth by conscious artistic effects. You feel that she is a great actress, but you never forget that she is an actress.

Betty Compson, who is one of the most interesting of the younger crop, and who is also one of the most adorably beautiful girls in the world, has a very bad fault which sometimes detracts from her art. It is a curious fault: she is too obvious, yet at the same time she is too much under restraint. You always feel her self-consciousness. She realizes that she is holding herself back—"in her wildest abandonment, a something withheld." Yet, she goes too far. She doesn't go far enough, yet she goes too far.

Mary Pickford as Little Red Riding Hood and "The Little Minister" her coquetry with the young preacher was far too frank. Nobody—even a little minister—would have been deceived by her "g'oo-g'oo eyes"—too flagrant and plain. Betty seems not to have learned the subtle art of insinuation—the coquetry which seems to be trying to conceal itself. Betty's coquetry is frankly trying to show itself. No doubt the reason for this is that she has never had a director who showed her how to get her ideas over with her thoughts—not with her face. She hopes too definitely from one emotion to another; now she's mad and now she's sad. I have another girl in mind who could be one of the great actresses of the screen if she could just forget herself and really cut loose. Someone has said, with some degree of truth, that Florence Vidor suffers from being a lady. She is a woman of a fine old Southern family. She has been trained in the social school that conceals its tragedies behind a well-bred smile. The aristocracy of the old American families was as self contained as the ancient samurai of Japan. Florence does not come of the social caste which "cuts loose" with its feelings.

One of the greatest directors of the screen is Maurice Tourneur—and he also has his weak point. He is more interested in beautiful pictures than in the acting. His pictures are too much on the order of beautiful panoramas of dramatic pictures—rather than dramas in front of a camera. It is not because he does not understand acting. He is a cynical, cultured, highly educated Frenchman: he understands everything. The truth is, the average actor is a bonehead and I imagine that Tourneur has become so discouraged with them that he has come to regard them more or less as "props" in his general scheme of color, composition, etc.

The case of Norma Talmadge is an involved one, so we will pass to Constance.... and her heel. "Connie" might be able to act if she ever tried; but she is content to jazz thru a series of comedies which consist of beautiful Connie and some sparkling sub-titles.

Rudolph Valentino is a handsome boy; but he fails to impress himself on the screen as a big character. After his recent divorce suit, he allowed himself to discuss with newspaper reporters his reasons for being disappointed in the lady he married. Dr. Ingels is absolutely right when he suggests one such defect of character on the screen.

Rex Ingram's weak spot as a director is his lack of sympathy with dramas of simple everyday life. Give Rex a castle, an old moat, a drawbridge or an old miser with a pot of buried gold and he is magnificent. But a telephone means nothing to him but an infernal racket; a clerk in a store is someone who sells you puns—not a potential lover of a humble lass.

John Barrymore is probably the best loved actor on the American stage or screen, and his art is probably the finest of them all. Nevertheless he has his weak spot. He is given to conscious poses; likes to make stage pictures out of himself. He is a conscious technician, so to speak. He knows too well how every effect is achieved.

One might continue the discussion to thousands of other actors and directors. But it is the spots on the brightest glimmering stars that are of interest.
this country, one which was invariably received with great enthusiasm every-
where on his recent tour, is the crepuscular, softly wavering "Traum durch die Dämmerung." Apropos of this lyric, which is also a favorite one with him, he said: "People everywhere ask me how I came to write "Traum durch die Dämmerung." Well, how do things of that sort come to one? In a fleeting moment of insight, perhaps of impulse—
a sudden flash in the brooding caverns of the brain. If I seem to be a little partial to this song, it is because it came to me effortlessly, out of the clear of an early evening, almost reflexly, without birth pains. The whole thing was over and done with in about five minutes. My wife, as it chanced, asked me to bear her company on a walk. In the drooping twilight I waited, while she changed her dress. And as I waited, without a thought in my head, day dreaming, I turned to the piano and fell to caressing the keys, as one does on such occasions, tentatively, lingeringly. Thus the theme of the song came to me and fixed itself indelibly on my mind, to be copied later."

Of his numerous tone poems, a me-
dium which he views as intimately and peculiarly his own, he loves best, he said, those which spring from the turning of one of his mental and spiritual life. The interesting thing to observe about Strauss as a product of modernity is precisely that the mental and spiritual in him fuse and tend to become one and the same thing. His favorite tone poems, in consequence, are: "Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," and "Der Rosenkavalier." In connection with the last, I mentioned a charming brief poem by Jean Starr Untermyer, entitled "Sinfonia Domestica," and Strauss betrayed a keen interest, observ-
ing: "Whether my symphony inspired this particular poem you speak of or not, I think it is but natural that music should inspire literature and, vice versa, just as, for example, Nietzsche has kindled me. Thus Spake Zarathustra' is nothing if not a great poem. The arts today are closer to each other than they have been for ages since they had their primal birth in single pious Pantheism; they mix and melt into each other and, it is worth while pointing out, as Walter Pater observed, that they aspire to an abstract condition of music. Hence music, based on fundamental laws, must go on, conquering new fields, true (as jazz is not true) to the basic law of harmony. The arts, moreover, have now embraced and admitted into their midst, philosophy. Accordingly, nowadays philosophy is sister to music, sculpture, poetry and painting. Human life is organic, and the arts merely constitute

various manifestations of the original impulse. Is there any reason, then, why we should restrain ourselves from composing program music to the brilliant flights of philosophic thought?"

Strauss's taste in literature is excel-
lent; he is continually reading the ancients and moderns, who have touched him in early youth. He admires and reverences, it goes without saying, the Greek dramatists. Two of his favorite books are "Don Quixote" and "Wertber," he told me. And while we were on the subject of literature I asked him whether he had ever read Walt Whitman. He replied: "I am familiar with several of his poems in 'The Leaves of Grass.' "

"Has it ever occurred to you to com-
pose music to some of them?"

"Never," he rejoined briefly. "I write only about the things that I can fully comprehend and which have saturated me by familiar contact. I must confess that I do not as yet comprehend the American temperament, and I am, if any-
thing, still further removed from the early American milieu which produced Walt Whitman."

"And what of our life today? Is there
any hope for us in your view? A man who knows the history of Wagner's "Thi
nangetron" and purporting to dissect our contemporary American civilization, and the result is black pessimism and despair—almost all the surgeons around the dissecting table, very capable writers and journalists, are unanimously agreed on this one point."

"You are at present living, Dr. Stra-
uss, in a period which I have justly termed the "A.D. 2000" period. It resembles the beginning of the Renaissance in many ways. You possess almost unlimited wealth and, what is more, you spend it unstintedly and lavishly. You are also, like the Italian popes and princes of the church, somewhat ostentatious, in the display of it. Nevertheless, like the peoples of the Renaissance, you are giving strong evi-
dence of being attracted to the arts and-I have no doubt that, what with your treasure and fine fla-re of youthful en-
thusiasm, you will evolve a most inter-
esting and valuable civilization. But that consummation, so devotedly to be wished, is not so close at hand as many Americans appear to think. Culture—
what is it, if not of the very texture of national life? But this objective is, I
notice, firing the minds and aspirations of many young Americans whom I have been privileged to meet. If you do not achieve it tomorrow, I have very real hope for the day after tomorrow. The important point is that you are on the right path. But then this exalted glow of the spirit which we call culture, is not the monopoly of any one nation. It is international, and it is the international-
ism of the arts that interest me most. In this connection, let me tell you of a little plan I have in mind. In the perfecting of this, you Americans can render aid, too."

Whereupon Dr. Strauss proceeded to outline in vivid detail his ambitious pro-
ject which aims to make Salzburg in southern Austria, the birthplace of his
beloved master, Mozart, the artistic capital of the world. This project he has
been cherishing for a long time, altho he has not enlarged much upon it in pub-
lic thus far. The picturesque town of
Salzburg lies a little distance beyond the northeastern Tyrol. Its history is rich in romance and achievement, it is red-
olent with all sorts of glamorous asso-
ciations. Even to this day it preserves the fine colorful atmosphere which
reigned during the age of chivalry, when armed men, clanking swords, posing
lances, swathed in chain-mail, rode with and without the town in constant approach or retreat, and fighting on
irregular streets and thoroughfares.

Nestling placidly at the foot of the
northern Alps in the bosom of an open fertile valley, it offers the best possible
site for just such an art center as Dr. Strauss has planned. It is dominated by
the hoary and ivy-grown rock-fortress, Hohen-Salzburg. The steep sides of
the green valley flows the river Salzach, and in the near distance lift the wooded
villa-dotted hills. Beyond, the hills blend gradually into an even range of
mountains crested with limestone peaks, which in turn are split by opulent and
delighted valleys. As the guarding the Tyrolean passes towards Salzburg, the steep sides of Monchberg penetrate upward, bearing aloft, on a tumultus of massive rock, the ivy-clad fortress of Hohen-Salzburg. Here the Romans swaggered thru in their
sweping imperial advance and here too, it is said, St. Maximus suffered marty-
dom. In fact, the city of Salzburg may easily lay claim to a most variegated and ecclesiastical history.

"For us," said the composer, "Salz-
burg has a peculiar charm and fascina-
tion. Besides being the home, at divery
times, of other famous musicians and
composers, it is, of course, best known as the birthplace of Mozart. It is an ex-
cellent pleasure resort and has all the
advantages of association and location
for such an art center as I propose. Shall
I tell you frankly what I think about it?
Let me be brief: if the nations are to
achieve unity and friendship, they must,
I believe, achieve it by way of the non-
acquisitive things in life, in other words, by way of the arts. I suggest that those
of us who are keenly interested in
achieving this unity, fix upon the old city of Salzburg. A Mozart opera house
could be erected there, where the work

(Continued from page 55)
The Theater As It Is Imagined

(Continued from page 41)

Jumping to the other extreme of the conceptions of staging, the most striking are the efforts of the Germans to express themselves in the theater as they have on canvas—Expressionistically. Thus they abandon all allegiance to the laws of outward and inward action for projecting emotion directly, theatrically. A room need not look like a room so long as what passed in that room gets over; or the room may be shown distorted to emphasize a window, or a bed, or a jumble (there are many like that!), or a beam of light. Bare stages, curtain stages—mere platforms—anything that will leave the emphasis on the actor; and often only an arbitrary arrangement of lines or walls and colored lights. Very often it is obvious that no such effect as the sketch achieves could be realized on the stage; but in other cases there are suggestions of effects that ought to be more easily achieved in space, light and other stage materials than in sketches, indicating that the theater may become the chief experiment ground for the Expressionists.

In the backgrounds when recognizable, there is more than an attempt at expression toward black hells, cemeteries, gibbets, the entrance to hell, blasted trees, etc., inhabited by a considerable number of ghosts, skeletons, red warriors and big black beasts. From all of which the reader will judge that the "wild ones" have come into the theater, and that behind whatever of value the Expressionists may be accomplishing there is a lot of bunk and abnormality. It is true enough, even in so carefully chosen an exhibit as this; but isn't it true also that any artist has a good many nightmares before he gives birth to a really new and beautifully imaginative thing—and that his last nightmare before he can tell the nightmares from the dream that counts? And in addition there is undoubtedly here, as in nearly all Continental art, the temporary influence of the backlash of war violence, a heritage of interest in crime, heroic sensuality, the macabre and the exotic.

But bring these wild artists down to the stage, where they are limited by the possibilities of the human body in action, and the media of lights, cloth and lumber, and a certain number of them gear their imaginings to practical theatricality. Thus when Cesar Klein, long considered by connoisseurs as a notoriously "loose" painter, sketches a scene for Georg Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight," one feels instinctively that he knows how he could get that atmosphere of desolation and that half-human ice-covered tree by means of stage carpentry and stage lights (and by the way, no one interested in the "new" theater should fail to read this play of Kaiser's, which is almost the only truly Expressionistic one so far translated into English); and one feels the same sense of solidity when Klein shows a sketch for Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken." There are six very sensitive drawings by Gudrunian which arrive at expressiveness by concentration of attention and atmospheric lighting, with a characteristic touch of cubistic transparency about them which one would like to see transferred to the stage. Maxim Frey is more formless in his drawings; whereas in the other direction, an artist named Gutzeit is far less radically inclined. Except that recognizable objects are almost eliminated, these are a very logical carrying-on of the work that Reinhardt's artists were doing ten years ago. Gutzeit would evidently stage a whole series of plays between curtains parted in a sort of bow-legged effect, with the bow-leg lines accentuated by being repeated in the decorative elements elsewhere. He doubtless had a special motive, feeling perhaps that the eye is best kept in the pictures by such an opening, or that the special lineal organization thus achieved has a peculiar psychological effect.

If, aside from the really radical things, one were to name the two most noticeable tendencies away from the conventional new stagecraft as practised in America, one would be the opening-up of the stage into a sort of black void (most obviously accomplished with dark curtains all round), in which the action is picked out with concentrated lights; and the other would be a tendency to shut down the stage opening to a small square in which the actors and their necessary surroundings form a decorative composition or pattern. Of the latter sort is Ludwig Amstutz's series of three designs for one of Kokoschka's plays: this square is filled with a spider-web in which the actors are caught; again it is a sort of wave-like arrangement, and again merely a formal composition in which the disposition of the bodies is the entire decoration. From such things the drawings shown range back to early Reinhardt designs, as well as recent Grosses Schauspielhaus projects, with a notable feature in the fourteen original plates from the production of "Macbeth" designed by Knut Strom and Rochus Gliese. This is the production which had the much-advertised mechanical stage design for the sleep-walking scene, a design which has become a classic among the exponents of simplified plastic staging. Nine other settings of that series are here shown in color, and all are notably decorative and suggestive.

In theater and in films in stage decoration, the German exhibit (including the Austrian) leads in variety and

(Continued on page 72)
Once More the Passion Play
(Continued from page 58)
the modern drama from the church service. Such a study involves the breaking away of the theater from the church and the clergy; it involves the gradual introduction of comedy and non-liturgical themes for plays; it involves the gradual infusion of the common tongue of the vernacular speech into a service heretofore almost wholly conducted in Latin. And finally, in its spread thru Germany, France and England, such a study means the examination of methods of production and intensity of appeal on medieval audiences. There have been larger Passion plays than that at Oberammergau, appealing to larger groups of people, but there have been none more representative of the spirit behind the medieval drama. And I believe that in Oberammergau one may sense the entire value of the religious drama, and the devotedness for us by the scholars, like Chambers, Gayley and Schelling—like Froning, Mone, Creizenach and De Julleville. If, by any slight change, Oberammergau has found itself too involved in the modern spirit—and its nearness to Munich would subject it to influences that would have caused it to be regretted. In 1910, the river Ammer overflowed its banks, just at the height of the Passion's season, while tourists were thronging the village. There were some simple minds that thought maybe God's ire was directed toward them for allowing the motor car to enter the limits of the town. It is that spirit which is the medieval heritage of the two thousand souls in Oberammergau, hugged by the Bavarian hills.

William Yarrow
(Continued from page 59)
balanced by a more liberal and individualized gamut.
As the modern movement in art reaches the end of prolonged mechanical experiment and the world of reality begins, happily, to interest painters once more, this new method seems to hold true for the cataloguing of new expressive tendencies. On the one hand, we have the decorators—the word is used advisedly, to indicate, not house-painters and clergers who have attended art schools at night, but those men who are employing the rhythms of two dimensions in the interest of an art that is as genuine and moving as the Chinese; on the other hand, we have the realists, those who seek not to duplicate nature but to endow it with an organized reality, and who trace their origin to the Renaissance thru Cezanne and El Greco. It is possible for a man to be allied with both tendencies—Picasso, after years of experimentation with flat abstractions, has recently exhibited two nude figures of uncanny bulk and reality—but ultimately he finds his true sphere.

Richard Strauss and the Salzburg Idea
(Continued from page 61)
of the great composer could be given, as well as that of others; art museums might be founded and a Greek theater for the production of plays. In this, Max Reinhardt has promised his utmost cooperation, as well as many other artists, men of letters and composers.
I asked Dr. Strauss where he intended to put the money for his interesting project. He responded:
"Everybody will join and help. You Americans who are in the habit of spending your vacations in Europe must be our largest hope. But there are also many Europeans who are bending every effort to make this plan a success, especially among the artists and musicians."
Richard Strauss has been referred to as the Buddha of modern music, but I found him more approachable and chatty than the silent Gotha who sits with abstracted gaze on my writing table. And this enthusiastic admirer of me, the enthusiastic admirer who one day embarrassed the composer with too great an evidence of evangelical zeal. This young enthusiast approached him worshipfully after a concert with the same figure of speech: "Master, you are the Buddha of modern music." Whereupon Strauss, whose humor on these occasions seems never to forsake him, replied, "I don't know about that, young man; but I have notion, I believe, as to what sort of people are the best."

COMPROMISE
By Gladys Hall
Ho, I have compromised with Life,
The moon is made of cheese. I know . . .
Once on a time they told me that,
But then I would not have it so.

Ho, I have come to terms with Life,
For love and lust are one, you see . . .
Once I wrote Eros poems . . . ah . . .
How stained he sent them back to me!

Oh, I have bargained well with Life,
We know each other—Life and I—
I have no further cause to dream.
Life has no further cause to lie.

Page Sixty-Three
Thomas Hardy: O. M.

(Continued from page 35)

"To dwellers in a wood, almost every species of tree has its voice as well as its feature. At the passing of the breeze through its fronds and mean no less distinctly than they rock; the holly whistles as it battles with itself; the ash leaves amid its quiverings; the beech rustles while its flat boughs rise and fall. And winter, which modifies the note of such trees as shed their leaves, does not destroy its individuality."

His portraits of men are exactly similar; little Dutch pictures that remind one of an interior by Teniers. Here is one:

"Old James (grandfather on the maternal side) had simply called as a visitor. He lived in a cottage by himself, and many people considered him a miter; some, slovenly in his habits. He now came forward from behind Grandfather William, and his stooping figure forestalled the one which passed toward the fireplace. Being by trade a mason, he wore a long linen apron reaching almost to his toes, corduroy breeches and gaiters, which, together with his boots, graduated in tints of whitish-brown by constant friction against lime and stone. He also wore a very stiff turnip coat, having the hands and shoulders as unwary in their arrangement as those in a pair of bellows."

and so on, describing old James's clothes and habits for another page: the outside seen minutely as by a painter, the soul hidden indicated.

There are those who hold that Turner, too, was only a landscape painter—that all his figures are grotesque. Hardy is of a similar talent. Just as Turner was at heart, a landscape painter and a poet, so is Hardy a poet with a painter's talent. That explains the faults and weaknesses of his prose writings. He is too far divorced from reality, too much an idealist and poet and at heart over-powered by the tragedy of the world and the fleeting show of human life.

And this brave, sincere, sweet soul of Thomas Hardy has now reached almost the limit of life; he is eighty-two, and can look back upon much good work well done.

I have called him the antipodes of Bryce and a foil to him, because Lord Bryce is the type of mediocre academic student, and he has been rewarded out of all measure, time and again, for tenth-rate work with titles and money and place and power; whereas, Thomas Hardy, an infinitely finer mind and infinitely more sensitive conscience, has had no reward in aristocratic England except in old age an O. M. or Order of Merit, which is given to every tenth-rate admiral and general and is no distinction at all to a great man. Hardy has just had a bare living from England and the scantiest recognition, but, after all, the true reward for such a spirit is that he was able to do his work:

"We are none other than a moving row Of magic shadow shapes that come and go Round with the sun-illuminated lantern held At midnight by the master of the show."
Are you talking to the right man about your motion pictures?

Get acquainted with the manager of your theatre

You people who care more about better motion pictures than any other section of the community, must act.

There is one man in your midst who desires nothing better than to be guided by your wishes.

If your ideals of quality in photoplays are as high as Paramount's he wants to know about it, and he wants to show you and your friends all the Paramount Pictures he can get.

It's no good simply talking among yourselves when your indignation is aroused by some inferior picture.

Talk to the man who can change it, the manager of your theatre. If you like the show, tell him—if you don't like it, tell him.

His creed is the survival of the fittest pictures, which means Paramount Pictures—the photoplays that bring large and admiring audiences.

If you want the world's greatest entertainment all you have to do is act,—and remember that

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures

listed in order of release

March 1, 1922, to June 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

"The Mistress of the World"  A series of Four Paramount Pictures with Miss May. Directed by Joe May

From the novel by Carl Fidgin

Wallace Reid in "The World's Champions"  Based on the play, "The Champion"

By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden

Gloria Swanson in "Her Husband's Trademark"

By Clara Beranger

Cecil B. DeMille's Production - "Pooh's Paradise"

Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story "The Laurels and the Lady"

Mary Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist"

By Mary Moreno

A Realar Production

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"

By Sophie Kerr

A Cosmopolitan Production

Betty Compson in "The Green Temptation"

From the story, "The Noose"

By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in "Through a Glass Window"

By Olga Printzlau

A Realar Production

"Find the Woman"

With Alma Rubens

By Arthur Somers Roche

A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"

Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux

Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"

By Anbrey Stauffer

A Realar Production

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in "Brought and Paid For"

A William DeMille Production

Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"

Dorothy Dalton in "The Crime Challenge"

By Vingle K. Roe

Wanda Hawley in "The Troubled Liar"

By Will Payne

A Realar Production

John S. Robertson's Production - "The Spanish Jade," with David Powell

From the novel by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"

With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's "Beyond the Rocks"

Mia May in "My Man"

Marion Davies in "The Young Diana" by Marie Corelli

A Cosmopolitan Production

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in "Val of Paradise," by Vingle K. Roe

Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"

In Production: two great Paramount Pictures

Cecil B. DeMille's "Manslaughter"

From the novel by Alice Duer Miller

George Melford's "Burning Sands"

From the novel by Arthur Weigall

A man's answer to Mrs. E. M. Hull's "The Sheikh"
Russia, Helena Soochoachova, for four years leading woman of the exceptional Art Theater Company. She speaks English and we soon became warm friends. Thru her I came to know Stanislavsky, the famous stage director, and his co-director, the Russian novelist, Nemirovitch-Danenchken. Since the Art Theater began, twenty-four years ago, these two men and we have been held by the a day at the Theater since 1917. Americans remember Stanislavsky best, perhaps, for his association with Gordon Craig. Their work in stage decoration for such plays as "Hamlet" has influenced all modern settings.

Some of the extra running cables every night did not begin until after midnight, owing to Foreign Minister Tschitserin's eccentric habit of turning night into day; I had all my evenings free and I spent most of them in the dressing-rooms of the Art Theater. Stanislavsky, who had promised to sit in the play right from the time of Chekov, told me wonderful tales of Chekov, Andreyev, Gorki and of his own life.

Altho he had lost all his property, he was still living in his own house where he did much of his experimenting. At that time he was particularly interested in the workmen, and the big room he had been held by the chauffeur's club. Stanislavsky protested and Lumarchas, Minister of Education, protested, but all to no avail. At last Stanislavsky wrote to Lenin. Lenin tried to turn the whole house back to Stanislavsky, but the action of the the Moscow Soviets under Mr. Kaminoff and so Lenin compromised by giving Stanislavsky another house. It was really an excellent place with a charming studio and a garden. I was amazed at Stanislavsky's good temper thru the whole affair. I confess to a feeling of outrageous indignation with those revolutionists who failed to understand that when a man gives his life and fortune for the advancement of art, he is just as revolutionary as when he gives it for the advancement of peace. Thro the Russian writers under the Tzar, by portraying life so honestly that it was shown in all its cruel injustice, were the real pioneers of the revolution. But Stanislavsky only smiled his golden smile, which has put courage back into the breast of many a discouraged artist, and said, "These poor people, think what a club-room means to them, who have been so starved and unhapy. How are they supposed to feel what that room means to me?" He said that he had never had trouble with "the big men of the revolution." "It is always with the little ones that one cannot easily find justice."

We talked so often of his coming to America. He confessed that to see America had always been for him "a lovely hope, true, unutterable, another year may see him in New York with a group of his best artists for at least a short season. It would mark an event in the history of the American stage and would be an indication of life well as a source of stimulation. For the Russians it would mean a happy change from scenes which have too long been filled with hunger and disease and death.

The Art Theater is not like any ordinary theater. It is an institution, a sort of great artists. There are club rooms and tea rooms in normal times, a restaurant. The actors do everything but sleep there. It is the most difficult theater in the world to climb into professionally and it is, naturally, the burning ambition of every Russian actor to achieve it. At the present time I met Nemirovitch-Dancochenka direct three other theaters directly connected with the Art Theater. These theaters are called Studios and are known as the First, Second and Third Studios. Two of them have been established under the Soviets. From them one can occasionally graduate to the exclusive ranks of the Art Theater Company.

On one never to be forgotten Sunday afternoon, Miss Soochoachova took me to hear Nemirovitch-Dancochenka preach a sort of sermon about Leonid Andreyev, and I understood from what I heard there many tragic things in the life of that great writer. Nemirovitch-Dancochenka is himself considered in Russia a great novelist, but curiously none of his numerous books have ever been translated into English. He was a loyal friend of Andreyev's. When Andreyev went to Finland, in 1918, because he did not approve of the Soviets, he soon fell ill and died. He wrote during his last days many letters to Nemirovitch-Dancochenka. Those letters were full of sorrow and disappointment and, most of all, full of love.

Andreyev longed to be popular, not in the large way which fame brings, but in the small, intimate way of many close friendships. He felt that he had been deserted by the whole world. His experiences with the actors at the Art Theater who did not like his personality and refused to play in his plays, so that the directors were forced to produce his plays anonymously and were only able to announce the author after each great success, preyed on his mind... Nemirovitch-Dancochenka read those letters to a silent, remorseful company and spoke eloquently of his own admiration for Andreyev. As I sat there I couldn't help thinking how much the whole review of Andreyev's life was like a repetition of his own great tragic play, "The Life of Man." All Russia was at that moment a reflection of his wonderful drama, "King Hunger."

Space will only permit me to describe the life of one of the great artists, but it will give the reader an idea of their great longing for the life of Miss Soochoachova, who is unquestionably one of the finest actresses on the stage today. The fact that she only became the first actress at the Art Theater after the revolution, does not mean that the position was any less difficult to obtain and more needful; it was very much more difficult to keep, since it required great endurance to work against such odds as cold and hunger with not the slightest convenience or luxury. When I met Miss Soochoachova, she had been acting almost every night and often singing in concerts in the afternoons on an average of twice a week, in order to get extra rations. Even her marvelous courage and strength were visibly breaking under it.

Miss Soochoachova lived about a block from the theater in a small room which contained a table, a tiled stove, three or four chairs, a few dishes, a samovar and a cot. Her clothes were hung under a curtain in one corner. In the hallway was a little tin stove which had for a pedesit an old dry goods box. Every night after the performance Miss Soochoachova cooked potatoes and kasha for half a dozen hungry artists. There was a bathroom but the pipes had frozen and burst, so water had to be carried from an adjoining building. Miss Soochoachova had no servant; she did her own house work and even her own laundry. And yet she never complained! She is the same type of patriot as General Brusilov or Chaliapin; she could never hear to hear a word against Russia. And while she was not at all interested in politics herself, she would never permit in her house unfair discussion about either the new or the old government. She had played and been a great success at the Imperial Court, but that experience did (Continued from page 68)
A Clever woman surrounds herself with the exquisite influence of a perfume—for the right perfume, carefully chosen, gives her a delightful sense of fragrant daintiness. This and the contentment that perfume brings adds considerably to her poise and to her social charm.

Is that the way your perfume affects you? If it doesn’t, you have not found the right one.

A way to help you select your own particular fragrance was recently offered when the International Perfume Test showed how to be American in loveliness.

Many women used to be prejudiced against American perfumes, because of the foreign perfume tradition. They probably didn’t know that a great American perfume house searches the world over for the finest flower essences, rare spices and precious oils, to be blended into perfumes. They turned to one imported perfume after another. The idea seemed to be that the more expensive the brand the better it must be.

It took the International Perfume Test to overthrow this tradition. This is how it was done:

Two men, prominent in New York City, conducted the Test, with the assistance of 103 women acting as jurors. The two judges purchased three of the most popular imported perfumes and three Colgate perfumes—all in original unopened bottles. They poured the contents into six plain bottles, numbered from one to six, and kept a record by which they alone knew which number represented each perfume.

Each of the jury of 103 women chose her favorite from six slips of Perfumers’ Blotting Paper, scented from the numbered bottles under the supervision of the judges. Each indicated her first choice, her second, her third, etc. A careful record was kept of all selections.

The result, when perfumes were thus judged by preference alone, was most interesting. Many of the women had stated—before the Test—a decided preference for some foreign brand. Yet in the Test—Colgate’s Florient (Flowers of the Orient) won first choice.

Many thousands of women have since made the Test and found how true was the perfume judgment of the impartial jury. You, also, can make it, and find in Florient a true expression of American loveliness.

For details of the Test and a miniature Test Set by which you yourself may compare the delightful Colgate perfumes with whatever you are using, fill out coupon and send 2c in stamps to Colgate & Co., Dept. 206, 199 Fulton Street, New York City. Offer good only in United States and Canada.

The 103 women who made the International Perfume Test were chosen from among professional and business women, college women at Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, distinguished women of the stage, then playing in New York, women of prominence and the plain everyday Mrs. A and B—all faddish about their perfume.
Drama in the Midst of Revolution (Continued from page 66)

not in the least affect her fairness toward the revolution. Once I heard her tell a
group of actors who were criticizing the
Soviets that the revolution was greater than
any of them knew, and the pity was that, by
reason of the fact that they were
always hungry, they had all grown to
think of politics and ideals in terms of
potatoes and black bread.

Miss Soochachova, like Chaliapin,
came from peasant stock. Her father
was an educated man, but her mother
had remained a peasant always. Last
year, in mid-winter her mother arrived from
somewhere in the provinces. She had
contracted typhus on the train and, after
a few days of the usual preceding head-
ache, took to her bed with fever. Almost
at once her heart showed signs of
weakness, which is always fatal in
typhus. While the performance was
going on, I used to run back and forth
to the theater and keep Miss
Soochachova informed. She would rush
out into the worn-out side and
ask, "Is she dead?" Two days before
the end, Lunarcharsky managed to find
a bed for the old lady in the overcrowded
Kremlin hospital. There she died in
the night while her daughter was absent . . . ,

I only saw Miss Soochachova break
down once. That was on the day of
the funeral of orthodox Russian
woman, which means she is a member of the
Greek Catholic Church, and her mother
was deeply religious. After her mother
died, she became morbid over the idea
that altho she had reached the highest
pinnacle of her profession, she had never
been able to offer anything.

She wept bitterly and said, "Not for
myself did I want luxury, but for my
poor mother who has had such a hard
life. I worked always to gain for her
a soft and beautiful life. And I have
been able to give nothing, nothing . . . ."

She insisted that her mother should
have a funeral with full church cere-
mony. This meant getting round all
sorts of rules, burning dozens of precious
candles, obtaining flowers, mourning
clothes, ikons to be buried with the body,
and even violating the food regulations.
I confess that we did all these things and
I think that the Soviet officials closed
their eyes, if they knew. For a week
the body of the old peasant woman lay
in a little church with candles lighting up
the sweet, calm face, from which
the white hair was drawn smoothly back.
A small ikon was fastened with a ribbon
and accepted without a bow. On her
breast, under the work-scarred hands
was another ikon. Dreamy fumes of
incense floated in the still air. All was
correct before God,

After the funeral there was the con-
ventional Russian religious "feast" for
the dead. In this case it consisted merely
of bliny (of bliny) with full clagues cer-
even bliny (a kind of pancake) was a
miracle. I have described this sorrow-
ful event so fully because I want the
reader to realize that this last little com-
pliment of Miss Soochachova to her
mother was her only "luxury" in four
long years. Thus live the great Russian
artists. Is it any wonder they do not
always survive?

I do not want to convey the impres-
sion that Miss Soochachova is not fully
honored by the Russian government.

In fact, I believe that the only reason she
was not permitted to come to our theater
when I did a few months ago was because they
felt her absence would make such a gap
at the Art Theater. She has grown very
famous in certain plays. I have seen the
Minister of Education, Lunarcharsky,
who is himself a distinguished play-
wright, sit night after night in the front
to watch her act. Even Lenin, who
ever has time to go to the theater,
has been known to attend when she played in
"Twelfth Night." It is an interesting
fact, that in Russia, no matter what
other plays go on or off, Shakespeare and
Dickens are in a steady répertoire. "Cricket on the Heath" has been played in Moscow at least twice a
month for the last ten years.

Balzac: The Clumsy Titan
(Continued from page 37)

ment. His selfishness takes the method
of least resistance. The social structure
that a man finds himself born into merely
gives the special character, the mode
of activity, to that one underlying, impelling
question that every man asks himself:
"How may I exploit myself?"

The Comédie Humaine is the answer.
Man exploits himself by rendering some
one else. If he be the Alkahast or Louis Lambert, he will turn
upon himself, make of his brain a bloody
shambles of conflict or, in mere imp-
potency of rage, twist it to some mon-
strous shape.

The great sin of man is the ego, the
self, the individualized, differentiated
being. The soul of man, to Balzac, was
either an inferno of lusts or a house of
bad dreams. It was his only theory—
inherent in his writings—that man was
at the most an inutile appendage of
an aimless protein Force; at the bottom
a contemptible intriguer, showing the
mark of godhood in him only when he rose
to deliberate and cynical wickedness—or,
mystical renunciation.

What a mean, shabby life he draws
for us in those volumes of the Comédie Humaine! He strolls thru the world as a
man strolls thru a museum of freaks.
If we except Vautrin, he seemed to have
no preference among his characters.
Vautrin he loved because he was the ulti-
mate expression of the forces of the ego
—the logical tendency of untrammeled
individuality, the flower of differentiation, the penalty the race pays for being human beings.

No such figure as Vautrin has been created since Mephistopheles; nothing so great or so significant—with perhaps the single exception of Turgeniev's Bazaroff—has come out of fiction since. Vautrin has the brains of a Lucifer and the wisdom of a Schopenhauer. He is without weakness—that is, he has no conscience; he delights in evil and the doing of evil because he is testing a theory; he is a scientist from hell; an explorer who delightfully spends his life in following the spoor of human weaknesses.

Vautrin is Balzac. The universe was a spectacle to him. Good and Evil existed because the gods needed sport. The birth, ramifications, evolution, decay and final disappearance of passion like old man Grandet's or Cousin Bette's were traced with the precision and care of a man following a survey route. It was business and relieved the ennui of having to live.

To Balzac the world had been invented so he could analyze it; good and evil were only points of orientation, alternate coigns of vantage from which he, the reporter for the gods, could watch the fray.

Balzac's mind was such a huge chunk of the universal mind—in which we exist merely as infusoria—that instead of creating his characters he accouched them. That is to say, the germ of every variety of human being existed as embryo in his mind. Goethe has said that he could readily understand how a man could commit murder because all he had to do was to gaze into himself. Balzac, like Goethe, enclosed in himself all species, ideas and methods. He understood each thing because he was that thing; he gave birth to such vital beings because he was giving birth to particles of himself; he could describe minutely an obscure passion because he was that passion.

He had the power of projection; his imagination created at a bound the thing he needed. Did he want to know how a thief felt in the act of robbing, Presto! he was a thief robbing.

Like Shakespeare, he was the spirit of all vileness and the spirit of all sublimities. His imagination was eucharistic; it could become literally the body and the spirit of the person he wished to accouch. He lived the life of the race vicariously.

BEAUTY CANNOT CONQUER ME

By Mary Carolyn Davies

In yellow mail the sly sun, creeping
Comes in the dark to slay me sleeping
With its sword of beauty. I
Am well armed and shall not die.

For my sword of tempered steel
Is a grief that will not heal.
Shield I bear of memory,
Beauty cannot conquer me.
Power and rouge cannot possibly injure your skin if put on in the morning with Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay as a base and removed at night by Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay. This complexion cake, composed of the purest oils—affinities of the natural oils of the skin itself, clothes your skin in loveliness and protects it against the severity of the elements.

**SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY**

**Sempre Giovine**

**Meaning Always Young**

I always use a nice complexion cake...

Send your name and address and a 7-day trial size cake will be sent you free of charge. Learn why those who use Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay are always young.

At All Good Toilet Counters

The Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Co.

213 South Water Street

Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Powder Foundation 50c

Exquisitely Perfumed 50c

Natural Health Tints 50c

Amy Lowell: A Polyphonic Poet  
(Continued from page 49)

no dome of many-colored glass, but only the leaden shards of a broken kaleidoscope. *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed,* published two years later, in 1914, showed Miss Lowell so marked an advance that the critic who dismissed its predecessor with an impatient gesture turns back to it vainly for some inkling of what was to come. Not that this second volume is impeccable. There are a number of poems that could have been omitted without loss—Miss Lowell is oddly uncritical of her own production, for all her insight into the achievements of her fellow-poets, both French and American. "Send you her excellent work on *Six French Poets* and her interesting study of *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.*"

There is a good deal of sheer virtuosity in her second book, and the author's leaning toward hysterial theatricality begins to be apparent. But there is, on the other hand, an apprehending of the image, an ecstatic appreciation of pure color, a sense of rhythm which, however patently borrowed, is often trenchant, and a spirit of adventure, of audacious interest and experiment which is rare and exhilarating. One of the nicest examples of Miss Lowell's imagery is to be found in "THE TAXI."

When I go away from you,
The world beats dead
Like a slackened drum,
I call out for you against the jotted stars
And shout into the ridges of the wind.

Street coining fast,
One after the other,
Wedge you away from me,
And then prick my eyes
So that I can no longer see your face.

Why should I leave you,
To wound myself upon the sharp edges of the night?

It is in this volume that Miss Lowell introduces the form which she avowedly borrowed, or perhaps more properly speaking, adapted from the French models which are her delight and her torment—polyphonic prose. "Polyphonic," says Miss Lowell, "means many-minded, and the form is so-called because it makes use of the voices of poetry, namely: meter, *vers libre,* assonance, alliteration, rhyme and return. It employs every form of rhythm, even prose rhythm at times." It is undoubtedy a valuable contribution to method that Miss Lowell makes here. She must be credited too with being the first to employ it and, what is perhaps more important, with having used it more effectively, in her mature pieces, than any other poet writing in English.

At the same time, her contribution to form was so valuable that critics are apt to overrate what she herself did with it. Miss Lowell's work in polyphonic prose is not unexceptionable. John Gould Fletcher has certainly surpassed some of her early efforts to employ it. And the form is capable of holding an even heavier weight than the mighty bronzes which Miss Lowell has rested upon it.

In *Men, Woman and Ghosts* Miss Lowell continued to work with the fluent rhythms of verse which every lover of Hellenic boys has long before this passionate experiment thrust upon his attention. The opening poem of this volume: "Patterns," is deservedly one of Miss Lowell's most famous pieces. It is itself an exemplary pattern, and interesting by way of narrative as it is by charm and decoration. The book is distinguished for the variety of subjects and methods in which its author indulges. There are long pieces of polyphonic prose, brief images, a narrative in the Chaucerian stanza covering more than fifty pages, *vers libre* monologs in New England dialect, everything conceivable and inconceivable in a kind of heavenly hash. The book is a tribute to its author's promiscuous imagination, and insatiate energy. It bears witness to her love of color, which sometimes betrays her into too dazzling a sensillation. It exhibits her delight in the theater, and wonders when she will write the triangular drama of which she has made so many and such different studies in verse. It declares her intrigued by witch-stories such as blossom most eerily in her recent *Legends,* and, finally, it gives her strong admiration for the hard and glass of energy: Napoleon, whose portrait she has not yet tired of painting, and always with brisk, vivid strokes that make one forget that it is Hamlet with the melancholy Dane not on the stage in person.

Miss Lowell gave us the consummation of her study of poetry and history in *Con Graciola's Castle.* Writing her polyphonic prose, with all the clatter and glitter this implies, she draws out of heavy academic tomes the breath and surge and dazzle of dead ages, in four vast pieces, of which the last: *The Bronze Horses,* is the most resonant and magnificent. Here we have, as in a musical moving-picture, the story of the famous bronze horses that viewed the Roman nob from the arch of Nero when Titus was emperor, and champed above the Byzantium of the Crusades, that were raped from the Venice of Napoleon, and saw Rome again during the world war of 1914. It is a brilliant work, crowded with details of exquisitely precision; it stands upon the massive base of history; it thunders and blazes. And if the author's ideas about Nietzsche are somewhat vague and vulgar, her ideas about the Romantic, certainly her ideas about poetic themes are worth consideration and study.

In the succeeding volume, *Pictures of the Floating World,* Miss Lowell gathers up all the shorter pieces which did not find their way into the two books of narratives. It is a curious collection, so full of insignifications and proselisms (neither polyphonic nor euphonic), and yet with
such striking images and glowing colors withal, flashing suddenly out of a maze of commonplaces. The section entitled Two Speak Together is especially charming, as for example the poem, A Decade, which might equally well be called A Happy Marriage:

When you came, you were like red wine and honey, And the taste of you burnt my mouth with its sweetness. Now you are like morning bread, Smooth and pleasant, I hardly taste you at all, for I know your savor, But I am completely nourished.

This book contains, too, one of the few poems in which Miss Lowell pricks below surface colors and angles, peers behind the sufficiently intriguing play of life into the actual blood-netted nervous tissue of life itself, as witness the tragic conclusion of In the Stadium:

This is war: Boys flung into a breach Like shovelled earth. And old men, Broken. Driving rapidly before crowds of people In a glitter of silly decorations.

Behind the boys And the old men, Life weeps, And shreds her garments To the blowing winds.

Here too are lovely fragile lyrics in the Chinese manner which betoken the influence of Miss Lowell's work with Mrs. Ayscough upon Fir-Flower Tablets, their book of translations from Chinese poetry. This, for all his strictures, has been recommended by no less an expert than Arthur Waley.

Legends, Miss Lowell's latest work, is a new tribute to her scholarship and her power. Here she has taken the things "which everybody has written and nobody has written," from China, from the American Indian, from Yucatan and New England, tales collected by the patient research of Dr. Boas or M. Julien and rewritten, revisioned, as it were, by the poet intent on new themes and new vistas. It is a fascinating book, and Miss Lowell must have had an enthralled time preparing for it.

It is this sense of the laborious preparation which goes to the making of her books—a sense deepened by a series of prefaces which are not, like Mr. Shaw's, their own excuse for being—which frequently interferes with one's appreciation of what Miss Lowell has actually achieved. The lady doth protest too much. And yet she has done much, too. She has made a genuine contribution to American poetry: she has roused the poets to an interest in new forms and larger themes; she has roused the public to an awareness of its poets. She is like a dynamo, throbbing resonantly in her labor of generating electric energy, while her work is not, like Sassoon's and H. D.'s, to take two utterly different poets, itself electric as frequently as it should be. Certainly she has escaped to a great extent the limitations of her environment and her education. She

(Continued on page 74)
Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATURAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing"

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY
Dept. 215 CLARINDA, IOWA

Why Let Your Beauty Fade?

A Skin Preserved at Twenty is a Skin Still Fine at Fifty!

THERE is not one of us who wants to look old. By old, I mean a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. We do not want them, nor do we need to have them. These enemies begin to come in the twenties unless care is taken to prevent them, and when they once start, their tendency is to grow worse daily. Don't wait too long; don't give them time to thrive. Massage helps, but it is not enough.

CORLISS PALMER'S BEAUTIFIER

It is a remedy that actually benefits the complexion and actually prevents a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoin, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

AID NATURE AND DEFY AGE—Fine Skin is Better than Fine Clothes

Apply Palmer's Beauty Lotion every night and you will be surprised at the results. It has a cooling, soothing, strengthening effect, and will make your skin smooth and firm.

It is delightfully scented—it is a necessary luxury to lady's boudoir. After once using it, you will not be without it. Send sixty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

RICHARD WALLACE
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

The Theater As It Is Imagined

(Continued from page 62)

imaginative reach. Here are shown many of the original drawings by Hans Poelzig for the festival theater to be erected for Max Reinhardt at Salzburg. They out-rocooco the most rococo designs of the Mozaritan period which the theater is to commemorate, and yet in their very exaggeration they are modern. One of the most interesting projects shown is that by the Austrian Oskar Stadler, where a Greek or Roman form of auditorium faces an architectural forestage backed by a semi-circular (movable?) stage which runs two-thirds of the way around the auditorium. One can imagine a new type of staging growing out of the dark reach of the curious theater—just as a type has already grown out of Reinhardt's "circus-stage." There is also a model by W. Luckhardt which must be for a new sort of theater, because I could not for the life of me tell which side was meant to house the stage and which the audience. Granted that it is meant to have both these elements of a theater, it brings the playhouse notably into the field of Expressionist architecture so far associated with the names of Erich Mendelsohn and Bruno Taut, being in a loose, spiky, unsymmetrical style that the American would most likely term "futuristic."

For the rest, there are the Englishmen, represented chiefly by the work of Norman Wilkinson and Albert Rutherton in their "Granville Barker period," and the costume drawings by Lovat Fraser for "The Beggar's Opera," with Paul Nash supplying the more modernist note—and he seems to be the man most worth watching for the future in England. And the Russians represented almost exclusively by Soudeikin, Larionof and Goncharova, slinging color and Cubistic fantasy about, however, can be sparred out of this review because they are all well represented by exhibits in America this winter. The French are represented by Gemier's productions, which one judges to be half-baked artistically (perhaps in a semi-modern oven), and by the precise drawings of the Vieux Colombier stage by Copeau's lieutenant, Louis Jouvet. These last are interesting because they show how the Copeau group has developed the stage it imagined out of the rigid lines of its 1913 form to the present flexibility and adaptability, while still preserving the original conception of a purely architectural and undistinguished platform, without picture-frame prosenium.

Then, there is the Dutch exhibit, remarkably high in quality (to which our own Herman Rosée contributes somewhat, being hung here because he came out of Holland and because the American room is too small). The man here who is conceiving new theaters is H. Th. Wijdeveld, who is combined architect-writer-decorator, and incidently the chief organizer of the current exhibition. His few scenic designs and his large drawings—
for two "people's theater" projects cover an entire wall, deservedly. One of these projects is already published in America.

Naturally, Americans are interested in knowing how the American room appeared in comparison with the others. Frankly, it looked colorless (and literally it was almost completely so) and not a little dead. Judging by the imaginative standard, the grope toward a future theater, there was little to hold the attention outside of Norman-Bell Geddes' well-known series of drawings for "Dante," as designed for production as a "circus-drama," and two little photographs of Robert Edmond Jones' Expressionist production of "Macbeth." Ernest de Weth's big designs seemed a little formless, altho he is doubtless a coming man, and John Wengen's paintings, attractive in themselves, seemed in this company to lack structural strength. Lee Simonson, Sam Hume and Joseph Urban brought a sense of solidity and professional craftsmanship to the exhibit as a whole; but all of these men—pioneer radicals of yeasteryear!—seemed content with just those qualities, without the forward look. One of the German delegates went over the room with me, and, excluding Geddes and Jones, said, "but these others seem to be doing what Reinhardt and his followers were doing twenty years ago." In that there is a summary of the American position, perhaps that we have caught up with the new stagecraft in practice, but that we are not thinking beyond it. To travel handsomely in this sort of international company, the American artists will have to imagine the theater more widely, beyond the mere problems of attractive and "decorations"; they will have to speak more independently (as Geddes seems to have done) and not merely as echoes of European achievements; and they will have to have that combination of professional solidity and constant, sensitive spirit of inquiry, of experiment toward new methods of expression, which is best exemplified in America and in the American exhibit by Robert Edmond Jones.

There are those, of course, who will say that we want none of these new things, that America should be content with the older theater—and particularly that the cost of imagining new theaters is too great in the risk toward abnormality, freakishness, Bolshevism. I am not of that mind. I see art as a series of growths, and I feel that it will flower anew only where there are open-mindedness, freedom for experiment and unbridled imaginations. To stir up the spirit of experiment, and to mark off the progress toward the next phase is the function of exhibitions like this one at Amsterdam. If we Americans are to keep going ahead—and we really have made a good start—an international "imaginative" exhibition would be a fine thing for us just now. But my last thought, as I looked at the room and this little enough love of the theater in America to make possible the spending of thousands upon thousands of dollars to bring together such a showing? Perhaps some American millionaire can supply the answer.

Boncilla Beautifier

The World's Famous Classic Facial Pack

is so easy to use. Only two minutes required to cover the face with this fragrant classic balm. While it is drying, you can feel its gentle, invigorating action on your tired skin. Then remove Boncilla with warm water.

Look into your mirror and see what Boncilla has done for your complexion. Then you will know that you cannot get along without Boncilla.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Boncilla Beautifier removes and eliminates their cause by clearing clogged pores and removing excess oiliness of the skin.

LINES

About the forehead, eyes or mouth are lifted out. Instead of stretching the skin as in massage, Boncilla Beautifier gathers up the loose folds and builds the tissues to plump out the depressions.

DROOPING MUSCLES AND TISSUES.

Such as drooping tissues beneath the eyes, below the ears, hanging cheeks or a double chin, will respond wonderfully to this rebuilding, remodeling process of the Boncilla Beautifier Classic pack.

HOW TO APPLY

Spread over the face with finger tips, covering face thoroughly. Allow to remain until dry. Remove by washing off with warm water.

DOES THESE DEFINITE THINGS FOR THE FACE:

1. Clears the complexion and gives it color.
2. Closes enlarged pores.
3. Removes blackheads and pimples.
4. Lifts out the lines.
5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues.
6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.

Boncilla Beautifier

PACtAGE O' BEAUTY

Only 50c.

This Introductory Package o' Beauty contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Anti-Aging Cream, and Boncilla Face Toner to give you one month's supply. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail this coupon to us with 50c, and we will send it to you postpaid.

Boncilla Laboratories
14 East South Street
Indianapolis, Indiana

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

We have prepared a booklet entitled

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

Which we want you to have. It tells how to criticise and enjoy the movies. It followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, 10 cents. Think of it, only 10 cents! It will be worth many dollars to you!

You Must Have This Booklet

It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.

Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Don't wait, do it now. We assure you you won't be sorry.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS - 175 Duffield St. - Brooklyn, N.Y.
legitimate part; and surmounts them as a thoroughbred horse surmounts hurdles.

"I'll health . . ." I suggested.

"Stevenson," countered Mr. Sothern, "a chronic invalid; Dumas, Voltaire, prodigious laborers. One of the most celebrated actors of his day had an impediment in his speech and in his walk, and was told, almost daily, that for him to be an actor was impossible. But, you see, he wanted to be an actor enough. Stevenson wanted to write—enough. I have no patience with alike. Another matter of import is sharp judgment, quick decisions."

"But," I said, "one is so apt to be wrong."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Sothern, "one is surprisingly apt to be right."

"You must have known all along," I said, "you have been so consistent to Shakespeare."

"No," said Mr. Sothern, "I was distinctly of an undecided mind when I was very young. Sharp judgment is all a matter of self-training. It is a gamble at first and then, with practice, it becomes a habit."

He has been consistent to Shakespeare, he told me, because he believes in doing the best of what one does and to do other than Shakespeare is to lessen his ideal. Shakespeare is the greatest of all dramatists and the roles of Shakespeare the most marvelous for a man and woman to play together.

I asked him what he thought of the recent attempt to modernize Shakespeare and he said he thought it was absurd. To simplify certain details is wise, but after all, the details are inevitably extraneous. "What do the people come for," he said, "when they come to Shakespearean plays? They come to the poet's words. Everything else is subsidiary, Shakespeare is old. The atmosphere should be in the tempo. In my repertoire this year my wife and I have simplified the scenery somewhat, but the costumes have remained as they have always been. A few years ago I was rigidly against even the simplification of the scenery and I changed my mind because of an experience I had during the war when Miss Mary Mannering and I were doing "Macbeth" before several hundred soldiers. We had a few boards as a roughly improvised stage and a piece of burlap for a curtain. Miss Mannering and I were in our everyday, civilian clothes. There was a thin line indeed between appreciation and ridicule—and never in my life have I played with so profound a sense of sympathy and understanding as I did that day, before that nervous audience. After that, I said to my wife that if it could be done in such a way before such an audience, it could be done before a comfortably seated metropolitan audience with proportionate simplification."

I asked what he thought of the Theater of Today—and of the Younger Generation. The Theater of Today, he believes, is also the Theater of Yesterday and of Tomorrow. On the one side is the artists' need of self-expression and on the other the public's need of being entertained—these are fundamental things and will not greatly vary with any age.

As for the Younger Generation—"they are looking," said Mr. Sothern, "for something that is not there—but then—when was Youth not seeking?"

In talking with Mr. Sothern I felt a consciousness of the eternal verities. His is a trained personality. There is in him a sustained and continuous quality. As there has been to his work. The two, the man and his work, are one and inseparable. He has taken the fragmentary phases of life and co-ordinated them. His is not, nor has ever been, the fitful upleaping of a pyrotechnic genius. He is mellow and sensible and serene. He is great and he has remained without delusions. Crowned with tribute he knows that life is "a good cigar, a glass of wine and a friend."

Amy Lowell: A Polyphonic Poet

(Continued from page 71)

has soaked up a tremendous amount of learning and literature, and has transmitted both by her active comprehension of them. She has been a pioneer in method and made an implicit appeal for the values of objectivity in art. For these gifts at least one can forgive her her unnecessary assertiveness, her uncritical self-estimate, and a substitution of histrionics for metaphysics which is rare enough in a New Engander.

IN DEJECTION

By Allan Ross MacDowall

When I'm a great big grown-up man
I'll run away from home,
To sail on tumbling oceans
And in queer lands to roam.

I'll tramp the plains of Tezcharu
And climb the hills of Fleet,
And wander through the palaces
That stand in Berameet.

I'll get to know the pirate chiefs
And all the brigandiers,
And battle with the best of them
And never have no fears.

And though there's no one cares much now,
I bet they'll worry when
I grow up big and run away
And don't come back again!
Adolphe Appia: Stage Pioneer

(Continued from page 45)

fried bathed in the moving lights and shadows and not the movement of pieces of canvas."

Since he wrote "Die Musik und die Inszenierungen," Appia has done much work on the stage problem; before the war he labored with Jacques-Dalcroze within the transparent silk walls of the hall which passed for a theater in the Dalcroze school of eurythmics near Dresden; he has exhibited in two exhibitions of stage designs since the war. But, fine as are the newer sketches of settings, they do not go far beyond the series of eighteen designs included in his book. For those sketches were not of scenery alone, but combinations of light and movement—of time itself.

H. G. Wells once wrote a story called "The Time Machine," in which a man traveled up and down the stream of time as in a fourth dimension, invisible to us who live in only three. Among the complexities of life, Appia's theory lies the fundamental conception of time as giving body to the other three dimensions and conditioning their nature. Appia applied this idea to scenery before it had come to Wells or Einstein. He wrote:

"The stage setting is a picture composed in time." And, to show how a scene from a Wagner opera should be set, he drew not a single sketch, but half a dozen. He sketched the scenery as it actually existed. He sketched it bathed in the lights that would shine upon it as the curtain rose. He made new drawings of the same scene as every change in light and in the movement of the players would give a new significance to what the audience was to see. In his book appeared seven sketches of the first scene of "Die Walkure," four sketches of the second act of "Tristan und Isolde," two sketches of the last act of "Tristan," two sketches of a scene in "Das Rheingold," and other progressive treatments of Wagner settings.

Finally—and this solidifies the position of Appia as a practical producer as well as a pioneer—he analyzed at great length various of Wagner's music-dramas and prescribed such movement of singers and stage lighting as would reinforce the action and make it more dramatic. In other words, he proved himself an inspired stage director.

The last scene from "Tristan" is perhaps the best example of his method. It is the scene which finds Tristan wounded and alone in the garden and Isolde by him. Tristan lies in a sheltered spot under the castle walls; a great tree casts a shadow over him, and the sunlight touches only his feet. As his strength fails, he rises to his knees, legislature.

When Isolde comes, the sunlight envelops him and bathes both lovers. The sun passes as Mark approaches. There is only a spot of brightness in the doorway by which the wronged husband enters.

(Continued on page 77)
"If Youth But Knew...."

(Continued from page 33)

assimilate the solid facts of living they know, now, at sixteen. They are clear of vision and free of limb and strong of action. Bogus and traditions don’t frighten them from what they want to do. They make mistakes, but the mistakes are their own, not their parents’, and they’ll know better how to handle them, perhaps how to retrieve them. They go to extremes, but they will react again, and for the better. There are always extremes in youth, of one sort or another.

“They are getting things straight—crude straight, it may seem, but straight at any event. They may not dream much, but they do a great deal. They may not be respectful in the small, sweet ways of their grandmothers, but they are respectful of larger and more fundamental issues—individuality, work, the fundamentals. They are slaves neither to opinion nor to tradition. Of course, until they grow older, until a new generation succeeds them, it is mere guesswork, but it seems to me that frank thinking, vital living and untrammeled bodies must work for good rather than bad.”

“Do you think,” we said, “that she’s teaching the mawkishness of the preceding generation?”

“Nay,” said Miss Watson, “I don’t know that I think it teaches any particular lesson. If it does, it is contained in the little French quotation, Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait (If youth but knew—if age but could). That is probably the saddest fact of life...if youth but knew—if age but could...it is the fact that makes for a great deal of the tragedy and most of the waste. Youth, splendid and capable and adventurous, and all unknowing. Age, matured, intelligent, discriminating and wise...and unable to do more than to attempt, futilely, to pass on the gleanings to the younger generation...”

“And that is the hope of the flapper...in their often insulting wisdom, in their disregard of the old delicacies, they may learn while they are young, so that before it is too late, they can act with the red blood of youth and the rigidity of maturity...”

FRAGMENT

By Gladys Hall

I t may be that the day will come
When Spring will mean to me
No more...no less...than quickening sap
Within the leaping tree.

But ah, this Spring...this Spring I crave
The travail of the earth
Which with a fragrance tremulous
To violets gives birth...

A wandering is on my soul
I want the silken slacks...the sea...
To eat the roots of spaced flowers
To make love’s sweet limbs free...
Age Is Judged By Gray Hair

Cecil Lean and Musical Comedy’s Future

(Continued from page 25)

“In what way has the musical comedy of America a greater future?” I asked.

“It seems to me that we have already reached the pinnacle.”

“In developing a greater sense of satire and burlesque,” he replied. “We don’t take enough advantage of the material that lies all around us. We are too content to follow the conventions of yesterday just because three conventions made for substantial financial success. We should make our musical comedies reflect American life in all of its humorous aspects, political, social and intellectual. We must be ready to turn the spotlight upon ourselves, to laugh at ourselves spontaneously and understandingly. We must do in musical comedy what Gilbert and Sullivan did in light opera, satirizing our national fads and fancies. In this way we shall be accomplishing a splendid thing for America. We shall be helping to make it proof against criticism. We shall be assisting in no little way in broadening our national culture and outlook.

“There is no reason why a musical comedy cannot express American life quite as humorously, quite as wistfully, and whimsically as, say, a straight comedy such as ‘The First Year.’ I would have our musical plays mean something — and in this respect I want the music to be as representatively American as the comedy. Now this may sound like a tremendous order. As a matter of fact, it is easily within our capabilities, once we set about it. If I can be of any aid in fostering such a movement, I shall consider that my stage career has been well spent.”

“Mr. Lean has a great mind,” said Eno, as the comedian dashed off to the stage. “He knows what he wants.”

“It seems to me, Eno, that he also wants what he knows.”

“Yes, indeed,” replied the hero-worshiping valet, “I hope he gets it.”

Adolphe Appia: Stage Pioneer

(Continued from page 75)

“The light falls little by little, until the scene is enveloped in a deep twilight. The curtain falls on a calm, pleasant picture of uniform tone, where the eye distinguishes only the last reflection of sunset lighting softly the white robe of Isolde.”

Such stage direction fills out a practical understanding of the theater, such as is rare enough today. In the nineties it was so strange a thing that for more than a decade it was called a revolution. Even now the debt of the new stage to Appia is rarely acknowledged and never paid.
The American Beauty Contest

"Queen Rose of the Rosebud Garden of Girls"

Are you a beauty?  Consult your mirror. It will tell you.
Are you one of the many "flowers born to blush unseen and waste your sweetness on the desert air"?  Consult this page. It will tell you.

Glorious News

The Brewster Publications: MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, and BEAUTY are going to conduct a great contest. It will not be a moving picture contest. We are not looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star, or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most beautiful woman in America!

Is It You?

Send us your picture, and our judges will tell you.
The most competent and comprehensive list of judges for a beauty contest that could be devised is now being selected. They represent every artistic enterprise, and are well known through the world. Their names and what they stand for will be announced later.

The Grand Prize!

To the woman who these illustrious judges shall decide is the most beautiful girl in America, will be given:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera; the theaters; our wonderful library: the famous "East Side"; great museums; the celebrated Greenwich Village; all the luxurious and beautiful shops in the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world, Fifth Avenue; and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her bust.
4. Her works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.
5. You will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY for the first month, the second prize and a third prize, and possible exception on the fourth, will be announced later.

Furthermore, that the American Beauty may be a beauty, or its immediate vicinity, the contestants will be notified to the end of $1,000, instead of the visit to New York, will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. Do not write letters. The close of the contest will be announced in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, and BEAUTY at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.
8. The most beautiful pictures received each month throughout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are not published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, must be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE—Any instruction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disqualified from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.