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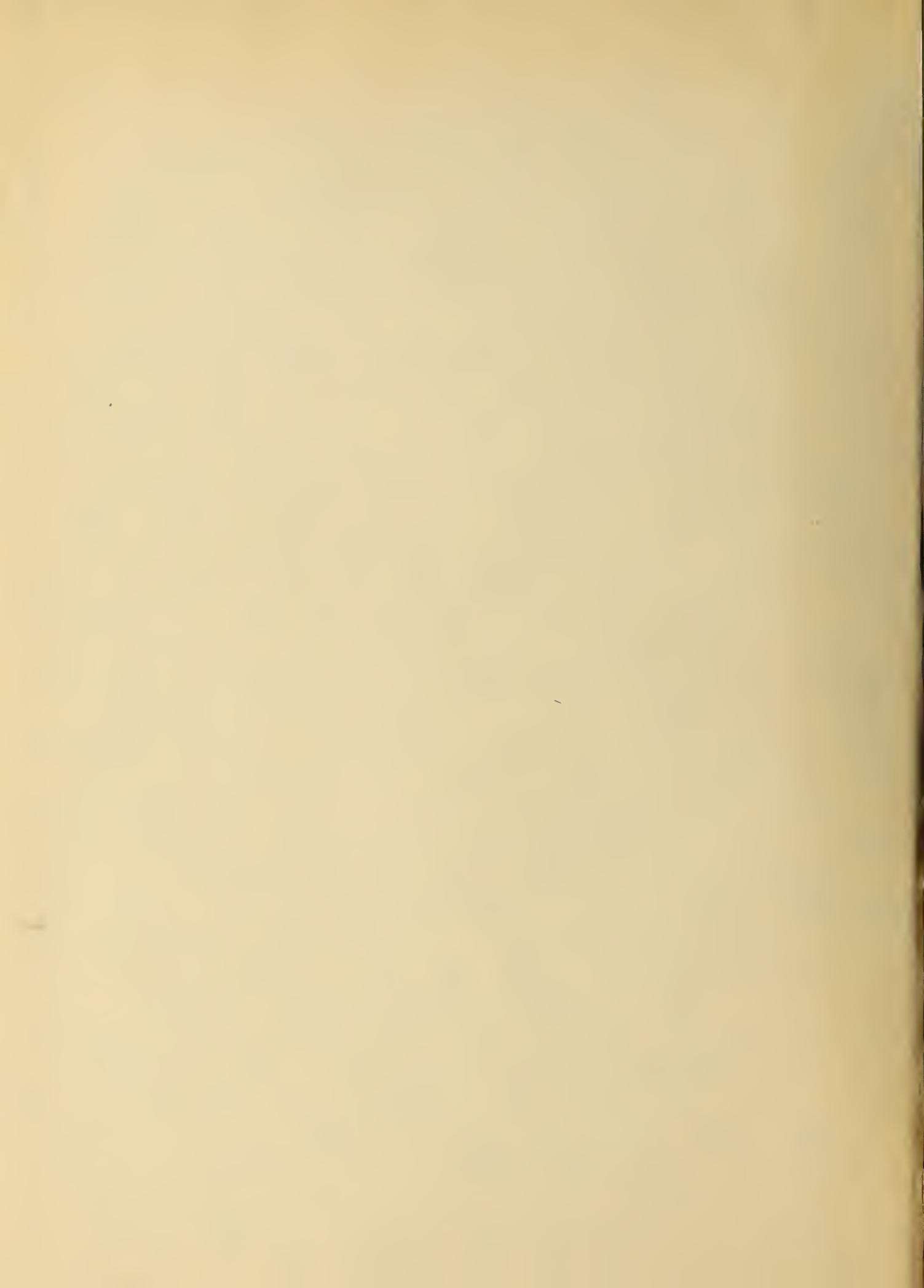
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PHOTOPLAY



July
25c

"10 Days in Jail"

Do not miss Bebe Daniels'
own story of her trial.
It's a scream!

*In This
Issue*

“Served Perfectly!”
How it is done
with America's
Favorite Beverage



With a deft, sure hand he adds the ice-cold, sparkling water. It looks for an instant as though the glass would overflow, but it doesn't. The amount is five ounces—exactly the right proportion.



You meet few men with skill like that of the soda fountain expert. He takes a six-ounce glass and draws just one ounce of Coca-Cola syrup—the precise base for the best drink—service that eliminates waste.

Take a six-ounce glass, not a larger or a smaller one.

One press on the syrup syphon, with the soda man's sense of touch for exact measurements, gives one ounce of Coca-Cola syrup—you know just where it should come to in the glass to be precisely the right amount.

Pull the silver faucet for five ounces of pure, ice-cold carbonated water—with the one ounce of syrup, this quantity fills the glass.

You may take up a bit of the proportion of water with ice, as a small cube or crushed. Stir with a spoon.

Done quickly? You bet. The rising bubbles just have time to come to a bead that all but o'er-tops the brim as the glass is passed over the marble fountain for the first delicious and refreshing sip.

That's the soda fountain recipe for the perfect drink, perfectly served. Coca-Cola is easily served perfectly because Coca-Cola syrup is prepared with the finished art that comes from the practice of a lifetime. Good things of nine sunny climes, nine different countries, are properly combined in every ounce.

It has all been done in flashes. The glass is before you before there is time for conscious waiting. Thirst is answered by the expert with Coca-Cola in its highest degree of deliciousness and refreshment.

Guard against the natural mistakes of too much syrup and too large a glass. Any variation from the ratio of one ounce of syrup to five ounces of water, and something of the rare quality of Coca-Cola is lost; you don't get Coca-Cola at the top of its flavor and at its highest appeal.

Coca-Cola is sold everywhere with universal popularity, because perfect service and not variations is a soda fountain rule.



Drink

Coca-Cola

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

OMAR

CIGARETTES

"Smoke Omar for Aroma"

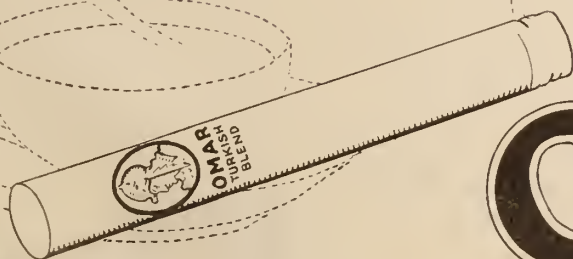
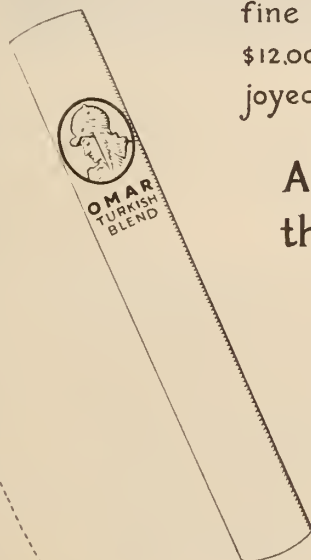


The same thing you look for in a cup of fine coffee — AROMA — is what made OMAR such a big success.

OMAR is as enjoyable as a cup of fine coffee.

\$12,000,000 of OMAR AROMA enjoyed last year (and still growing)

Aroma makes a cigarette — they've told you that for years



OMAR

OMAR OMAR



Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

— which means that if you don't like
OMAR CIGARETTES you can
get your money back from the dealer



When there's nobody home but the cat

There's a Paramount Picture at the theatre, and puss is welcome to the most comfortable chair.

A cat may be content with dream pictures in the firelight, but humans know where there's something better.

What a wonderful spell Paramount Pictures exercise over people's imaginations, to empty so many thousands of homes in every State every day for two hours!

And to empty them for a beneficial purpose! Tonic for spirit and body!

For you get the best in Paramount Pictures

—the best in story, because the greatest dramatists of Europe and America are writing for Paramount.

The best in direction, because the finest directing talent is attracted by Paramount's unequalled equipment to enable it to carry out its audacious plans.

The best in acting talent, because Paramount gives histrionic genius a chance to reach millions instead of thousands.

The modern motion picture industry is the shrewdest blending of romance with business that the world has ever seen. At least five million people in U. S. A. every day rely on Paramount Pictures to satisfy their urgent need of entertainment.

Figure this, over a whole year, in terms of either finance or entertainment, and you begin to see what a striking achievement it is to lead this industry.

Two-thirds of all the theatres show Paramount Pictures as the main part of their programs, and that's why those theatres are the best, each in its locality.

For a great theatre is nothing but a triumph of architecture until the latest Paramount Picture arrives,

—and then,

—why, *then*,

there's nobody home but the cat! Because *that* theatre is the home of the best show in town.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

May 1, 1921 to August 1, 1921

Ask your theatre manager
when he will show them

Thomas Meighan in
"The City of Silent Men"
From John A. Moroso's story
"The Quarry."

Cosmopolitan production
"Proxies"
From the story by Frank R. Adams.

Dorothy Dalton in
"The Idol of the North"
by J. Clarkson Miller.

Paramount Super
Special Production
"Deception."

Sydney Chaplin in
"King, Queen, Joker"
Written and directed by the famous
comedian.

Lois Weber's production
"Too Wise Wives"
An intimate study of a universal
problem.

Elsie Ferguson
in "Sacred and Profane Love"
William D. Taylor's Production
of Arnold Bennett's play in
which Miss Ferguson appeared
on the stage.

Sir James M. Barrie's
"Sentimental Tommy"
Directed by John S. Robertson.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"
A screamingly funny presentation of
James Forbes' popular farce.

Cosmopolitan production
"The Wild Goose"
By Gouverneur Morris.

Thomas Meighan in
"White and Unmarried"
A whimsical, romantic comedy
by John D. Swain.

"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp production.
Made in England. With David Powell.

Thomas H. Ince Special
"The Bronze Bell"
By Louis Joseph Vance
A thrilling melodrama on a gigantic
scale.

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production of
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.

Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner.

George Melford's production
"A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker
Adrama of the northwest, by the author
and director of "Behold My Wife!"

Cosmopolitan Production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
The ever popular star in another
comedy novelty by Byron Morgan.

"The Mystery Road"
A British production with
David Powell

From E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.
William A. Brady's production "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan

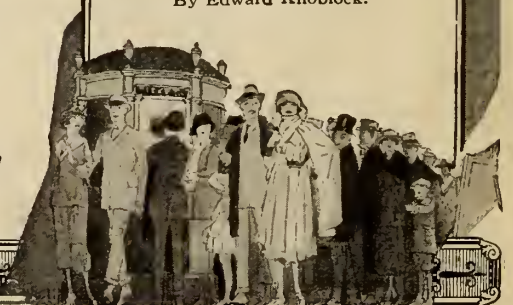
From the melodrama which ran a year
at the Manhattan Opera House.

Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
An adaptation of the famous novel by
E. Phillips Oppenheim
"Jeanne of the Marshes."

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the
author of "Three Weeks."

William de Mille's "The Lost Romance"
By Edward Knoblock.

Paramount Pictures





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XX

No. 2

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Paying Off Your Debt of Gratitude

FIVE minutes' time and your obligation to the producer of the best photoplay of 1920 is cleared.

Perhaps you have wished for some adequate method of expressing your thanks to the maker of that photoplay which most pleased you.

Here is that way. On page 29 is an announcement of the details of

Photoplay Magazine's Medal of Honor

to be awarded to the producer whose vision, faith and organization made the Best Photoplay possible.

You are to be judge.

*Read Page 29—Then
Send in Your Vote!*



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—GLORIA SWANSON



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NORMA TALMADGE

*who is now working
on her next picture,*

“Regeneration Isle”

WHEN you see a First National trademark on the screen, you know that it stands not only for fascinating entertainment, but the highest quality in production.

This is because First National pictures are made by independent artists in their own studios—stars and producers who have no other aim in view than to present pictures of the highest artistry and entertainment value. Unhampered by outside influences, they are free to carry out their highest ideals.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners who are banded together to foster the production of more artistic pictures and who are striving for the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

First National accepts for exhibition purposes the work of independent artists strictly on its merit as the best in screen entertainment.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.



*Ask Your Theatre Owner If He
Has a First National Franchise*

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

- ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,
729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
- (s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.
 - (s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
 - (s) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
 - (s) Marshall Neilan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
 - (s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
 - (s) Geo. Loane Tucker, Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
 - King Vidor Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
 - BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., Bush House, Aldwych, Strand, London, England.
 - ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
 - CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
 - EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.
 - FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York;
R. A. Walsh Prod.,
5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod.,
Louis B. Mayer Studios, L. A.
 - Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
 - Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
 - Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.
 - Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
 - David M. Hartford, Prod.,
3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
 - Hope Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.
 - (s) Chas. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles.
 - FOX FILM CORP., (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
 - GARSON STUDIOS, INC., 1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.
 - GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.
 - HAMPTON, JESSE B., STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.
 - (s) HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.
 - HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
 - INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., N. Y.
 - METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.
 - PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT CORPORATION, 485 Fifth Ave., New York.
Famous Players Studio, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City, N. Y.
 - Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.
 - PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York.
 - REALART PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) 211 North Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
 - ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.
 - ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
 - SELNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.
 - UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.
Mary Pickford Co., Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave.; Hollywood, Cal.
 - D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 - UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.
 - VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

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In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet

above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it."—MARY WATSON, FALMONT, W. VA.

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"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system."—MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, CHARLESTON, PA.

"It contains a gold mine of valuable suggestions."—LENA BALLELY, MR. VERNON, ILL.

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chines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flossam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

LISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination

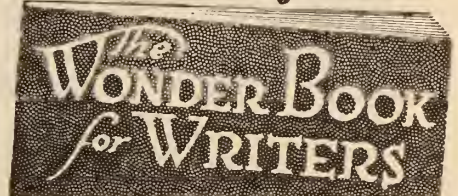
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"She had longed to be successful, gay, triumphant"

.....

When failure hurts the most

ARE you having the good times other girls have? Or when you come home from the party where you longed to be successful, gay, triumphant—do you suffer from a feeling of disappointment—defeat?

Many a girl is made awkward and self-conscious merely through the knowledge that she has an unattractive complexion—that her skin is spoiled by blackheads or ugly little blemishes—is dull and colorless, or coarse in texture.

Yet with the right care you can change any of these conditions. As a matter of fact, your skin changes in spite of you—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. By using the right treatment you can give this new skin the clear smoothness and lovely fresh color you have always longed for.

What is the matter with your skin?

Perhaps your skin is spoiled by that most distressing trouble—the continual breaking out of ugly little blemishes.

To free your skin from blemishes, begin, tonight, to use this treatment:

Just before you go to bed, wash in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with

a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Supplement this treatment with the regular use of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet. This will help to keep *the new skin that is constantly forming* free from blemishes.

How you can tell that your skin is responding

The very first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it is an indication that the treatment is doing you good, for it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing. After one or two treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will gain a new clearness and loveliness.

Special treatments for each one of the commoner skin troubles—for an oily skin, conspicuous nose pores, blackheads, etc., are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drugstore or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Within a week or ten days you

will notice a marked improvement in your complexion.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch;" a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; and samples of the new Woodbury Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream, and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 507 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 507 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

HERE in the glitt'ring panoply of war—at least, that's what we take the costume for—comes Mary Thurman, fair as any flow'r, princess of many a gilded glorious hour. ('Tis plain to see that Mary's nose is moulded for a profile pose.)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

ANOTHER blonde we introduce to fame, with eyes as blue as yon cerulean sky.
Claire Windsor is the maiden's name; you'll hear more of her, bye-and-byè.
(And we're informed just on the quiet, the hair is true; she doesn't dye it.)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

CANST hear the strumming of the sweet guitar? Canst gaze into her limpid eyes? Canst measure all the swains' sad sighs? Ah, Bebe, what a minx you are! (But though her ways are proper, from making eyes, no one can stop her.)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

BARRYMORE! A name to conjure with as well. This one of the family's Lionel. Sturdy and stern as he appears, he's skilled for laughter as for tears. (The picture's good; but for the verse, it scarcely could be any worse.)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

AYE, Prince, Youth must be served as well. So look upon the portrait, this young face. May Collins, cast this way the spell of thy fresh beauty and thy grace. (They make us think of rare red roses, these shy and wide-eyed girlish poses.)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

BLANCHE SWEET! A name one can't forget, a name entwined with yesterday. But Blanche is still the same, you bet, with graceful charm and winning ways. (She's changed a bit, you'll see; but sweet she'll always be.)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

OH, FLORENCE VIDOR, tell me, pray, why do you look so stern today? Why don't you fetch your charming laugh when you sit for your photograph? (Oh, Florence Vidor, do be good, and smile the way you know you should!)



This dainty little dress had been worn and washed 52 times before this picture was taken!

IF you saw this dress you probably would say that it couldn't be washed—its French organdy is so sheer and its wool embroidery is in such delicate shades of rose, lavender, green, blue and yellow.

But the mother who bought it for her little girl has washed it fifty-two times with Ivory Flakes, and everybody thinks it is brand new. Its lovely green is as bright as ever—not a bit of color has run from the dainty wool flowers or from the black yarn button-holing that trims sleeves and neck—not a thread is broken.

Such records are the usual—not the unusual—thing with Ivory Flakes. It is so remarkably and uniformly safe because it is simply the flaked form of genuine Ivory Soap, the same soap that has been proving for forty-two years that it does not harm any fabric that water alone does not harm.

A package of Ivory Flakes and your bathroom washbowl are all you need to keep your pretty clothes and your children's garments fresh and lovely. Try it and see how it prolongs their beauty.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes pretty clothes last longer

Send for FREE SAMPLE

and simple directions for the care of delicate fabrics and colors. Address Section 45-GF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XX

July, 1921

No. 2

The Land of Might-Have-Been

EVERY boy and girl believes implicitly in a splendid destiny. He is sure of vast accomplishment, of power, of fame. She is sure of changeless admiration, of luxury, of perfect love.

As the spring of youth ripens into adult summer these dreams are blurred, one by one; each day, somehow, the end of the rainbow seems farther away.

But it is the nature of hope to endure through changing its form. Success lies always in the magic palm of tomorrow; tonight may be silent, but the trumpet of triumph will ring in the morning; sudden fortune will vanquish the infirmity of advancing years. And at the last we look to our children to perform the tasks and reap the rewards in the performing and reaping of which we, somehow, have failed.

The historians of art, strangely enough, have seldom seen it as the vicarious triumphs of personal failure. The chroniclers tell us that the caveman celebrated his huntings and his conquests in those vaunting pictures drawn in chalk upon the walls of his rocky den. But is it not as likely that those great kills are the kills he wished to make—and, somehow, didn't; that the victories are victories of which he dreamed—but which were only partially turned into conquering fact?

The sculptors of Greece left in their marble women a perfect beauty which was probably a collection of attributes, and not the glory of any single female. The painters of the Renaissance embalmed the splendors of their kindling age, but not its ignorance, its uncleanness. The Romance was born to perpetuate the loves and prowesses of Knights as they should have been—and weren't.

To increasing millions the Photoplay is the Youthful Vision, glorified. The witch-doctors in the state-houses talk of it as adolescent philandering—it is no such thing! It is the clearing of bright love for the woman who has somehow lost her way in a forest of work and graying hair and worrying children. It is that fine triumph for the father, who, somehow, missed his millions in trying to pay off the thousand-dollar mortgage. It is the thrill of action for the old man whose muscles atrophied at a desk. It is peace for the lonely wanderer who has lost his own in too stern search for it.

The Photoplay is pre-eminently the Land of Might-Have-Been.



ELINOR — the Tiger

"I BELIEVE," affirms Mrs. Glyn, architect of "Three Weeks," "that in some previous incarnation each of our souls dwelt in the body of an animal." Mr. Barton, a-sketching along pepper-shaded Hollywood Boulevard, accordingly ranged into prehistoric time and caught this flaming Titian spirit when she was a little Royal Bengal. Mr. Barton, by the way, is now art-director for Rex Ingram, who recently and with great success tamed not only four wild horses, but an apocalypse. In the smaller picture Mr. Ingram—standing—and Mr. Barton are designing a new production. The hand on Mr. Barton's left arm belongs to Alice Terry.



Is Marriage a Bunco Game?

Do you agree with
Mr. Hughes that

Courtship is a boomerang?
Wedding is an illusion?
Life long devotion a joke?
and that
If a man has a wife he doesn't
like, he should get rid of her
as soon as possible?

As explained by

Rupert Hughes,

to

Adela Rogers St. Johns

*Illustrated by stills from Mr. Hughes' original
photoplay, "Dangerous Curves Ahead," to
be released by Goldwyn in the fall.*

"**M**ARRIAGE is the greatest bunco game in the world."

There are very few people who have the courage to tell the truth—or what they believe to be the truth—about anything, much less marriage.

Rupert Hughes is one of them.

The fact that his keen sense of humor usually leads him to be light, witty, facetious about it, doesn't prevent him from voicing strange, fundamental ideas without fear or favor.

It is the generally accepted theory that the less said seriously about the institution of modern, monogamous marriage, the better.

Nevertheless, "Marriage," says Rupert Hughes, "is the greatest bunco game in the world."

And he says it, dog-on him, in black and white.

It is a sub-title in his new picture "Dangerous Curves Ahead," just completed on the Goldwyn lot, where Mr. Hughes is now a member of the group of E. A.'s (Eminent Authors). The picture deals with married life "as is," and since it comes from the pen of the man who wrote "The 13th Commandment" and "We Can't Have Everything" it is bound to receive at least respectful consideration from the public. And it is there that the above dynamic phrase appears.

We lunched together in the Goldwyn cafeteria—you always have to lunch with these people if you're ever to see them off a set—and I asked him to explain to me just what he meant. I agreed with him, but I wondered if he meant what I meant.

He is a fascinating man to listen to—this famous novelist. I think I have never met a man who so thoroughly enjoyed talking and it's so refreshing nowadays to meet anyone who has any enthusiasm about anything. If he were less interesting, if he had less vital and thrilling things to say, he would be overpowering, eventually tiresome, because human beings, even interviewers, have only a certain capacity for listening. As it is, he holds you alert every moment, afraid that he will stop, hoping each time he touches a new theme that he will elaborate it fully. What he says is always so unusual, so brilliant, so mirth-provoking, and very often so deep that you have to put on your mental diving clothes to follow.



Rupert Hughes is a novelist, photoplaywright, musician and composer. A camera-man caught him as he was improvising at the piano on a Goldwyn stage during the filming of "Dangerous Curves Ahead."

He is the only person I have ever interviewed where my part in the ordeal consisted of "How-do-you-do" and "Thank you—good-by." He needs no promptings, no coaxings, no guiding hand. He is a thinker—a man accustomed to thoroughly digesting a subject. He speaks from his thoughts, never from his emotions, and a remarkable, intense study of history and life gives him a background filled with incident, color, and experience.

A small man, rather inclined to plumpness, but of distinguished appearance, nevertheless. A round, genial, sympathetic face, with black, snapping eyes indicative of his stupendous mental activity, a strong, dogged jaw, almost obstinate, and a kindly, humorous, human mouth.

"There isn't anything in the world," began Rupert Hughes, in a clear voice that clips each word very decisively, "about which so

much is thought, said, and written as marriage. Everybody is married, has been married, or is in danger of getting married. Besides, it is far from being a sex problem alone. It is social, economic, political. It is so important that Bernard Shaw once said of it, 'There is no shirking it; if marriage cannot be made to produce something better than we are, marriage will have to go, or else the nation will have to go.' (Of course he was talking about England.)

"Now in the first place, let us discuss facts, not opinions, not emotions, nor philosophies. I know of nothing which the average man or woman meets so seldom as a fact.

"For instance, one of the logical facts of marriage is that if a man has a wife he doesn't like, he should get rid of her as soon as he possibly can.

"If a man gets a cinder in his eye, he takes it out, or gets somebody to take it out for him, because it annoys and pains him and interferes with his business in life. He doesn't go about holding on to it and saying, 'God put this cinder in my eye, therefore I must let it remain there.' Or, if he asks a friend to take it out, the friend doesn't throw up his hands in horror and say 'This cinder and this eye which God hath joined let no man put asunder,' or words to that effect.

"Yet that's the kind of bunco that marriage is full of."

"It's a bunco game from its very beginning—the courtship. Sane considered, do you know of any other one thing that contains so much pure bunk as courtship? I don't.

"Two human beings, who are about to enter into a contract to spend all the rest of their earthly lives together, to eat, sleep, work, play, suffer, enjoy, as one—go through days, weeks, months, years of systematic and elaborate deception, with the prime object of fooling each other. Like a couple of crooked horse traders, they deliberately set about to display only their best gaits and coats, chuckling gleefully over every defect they 'put over' on each other.

"Courtship might be described as a sowing of boomerangs—with marriage as the harvest.

"The girl wears her best dresses and her best smiles. She displays her best in charm and disposition. Her main object is to keep her husband-to-be from knowing that she has a temper like Cleopatra and a 34-inch waist. Small brother is the only one who ever inadvertently breaks up the family conspiracy of bunco. And of course all this goes the other way round, too.

"The old vaudeville jokes about the bride who celebrated her bridal night by removing her hair and some of her teeth, is founded upon deep psychology.

"It was once my ambition to write a play, in which several engaged, or about-to-be engaged, couples on a house party, were suddenly involved in a combination of circumstances which automatically displayed their worst sides in everything physical and mental—and then what happened.

"But my wife wouldn't let me.

"Yet after you're married, it's an even money bet that the most adoring couple in the world will have moments, hours, of matrimonial existence when they are conscious only of their partner's faults, and all virtue flies out the window. Then they exclaim, 'This is the original shell game.'

"Now some horses, for example, break easily in double harness. Some never work well any other way. Some, on the other hand, have to be tied, whipped and beaten into it, after which they may make the best team horses in the world. Others never will travel double, no matter what you do.

"And no good horseman is obsessed with the idea that merely putting them in double harness is going to make them work well together.

"Nevertheless, it is the generally-accepted theory that the magic spell of marriage, in the case of human beings, immediately overcomes all such difficulties. A bit of hocus-pocus with a ring, a few words that if you study them carefully will

appall you with their absurdities, a lot of illusions about veils, orange blossoms—and human nature is altered, all is rosy, life-long devotion and happiness have been arranged.

"Now what is the use of all that?"

"It isn't true. It never has been true.

"Then these two, deluded mortals, whom Society and that strange emotion called love have combined to blindfold to every essential fact and every atom of necessary education, are put on a train marked Paradise. And even their mothers and fathers, who have been wrecked on that same line, smile moistly and say 'Isn't it beautiful?' If by any chance that train is side-tracked, runs up a spur into a gravel bank, or goes off the track completely, they mustn't get out and walk, they mustn't above all things call for help, or ask to be hauled out. No, there they are and there they must stay.

"That is the sort of obvious idiocy that it seems to me we should outgrow.

"You can't tell much about marriage—I grant you that. 'Some like it hot and some like it cold' as we said in the nursery rhyme. There are women who worry themselves to death if a man doesn't save his money, and there are women who despise him if he does. There are women who loathe a man if he ever looks in a mirror, and there are others who will drag him all over town and dress him up in pink shirts and lavender neckties. There are women who die at the mere thought that their husbands are aware of a female sex still existing outside themselves—and there are others who can stand infidelity better than the myriad forms of petty sins, such as mischief-making, lying, idleness, discourtesy. In other words, some women would rather be married to Bill Sykes than Uriah Heap.

"So, as I say, you can't tell anything about marriage. But at least you can take every precaution, and every advantage possible. Let courtship become a period not of rosy deceit but of honest trial acquaintance. For obvious moral reasons, I do not advocate trial marriage. But I don't see why the period of courtship should not serve many of its practical aims, and become an open, decent endeavor to become acquainted.

"Of course there are thousands of husbands and wives who never get acquainted. Perhaps it's just as well.

"Another tradition of the bunco game of marriage is that certain professions—especially certain arts—cause matrimonial grief—that temperament is confined to a select number of occupations; that it is safer to marry a blacksmith than a sculptor.



(Above) "Quarrels are the gymnastics of matrimony. . . . It's an even bet that the most adoring couple will have moments, hours, when they are conscious only of their partner's faults."

(Below) "Courtship is a sort of boomerang. . . . The girl wears her best dresses and smiles. She displays her best in charm and disposition . . . It is a conspiracy of bunco."



"As a matter of fact, street car conductors have just as many chances for infidelity as actors, and the most temperamental man I ever knew was a mechanic.

"I once wrote a book about the love affairs of great musicians. Musicians are supposedly the last word in temperament, are supposed to be given to strange and unusual love vagaries, and to wild and untamed ideas concerning the tender passion.

"Yet in my investigation, I discovered that Bach had two wives—at different times—and twenty children, to whom he was completely devoted and that he was an exemplary husband and father; that Handel, who at one time ran an opera company, had absolutely no use for women; when one prima donna annoyed him he held her out of the second story window and threatened to drop her if she didn't behave; that Beethoven had thirty-six passionate love affairs and never married at all, while Mozart was married, adored his wife with a deep tenderness, was very happy with her, but was sweetly and more or less casually unfaithful to her all his life, in spite of which she spent the years after his death writing a beautiful and inspired history of his life, in collaboration with her second husband!

"Could there be four more widely different histories?

"Nor are men and women so different. That is one of the oldest bunco game rules in the world. Of course, there are women who prefer any kind of matrimonial hell to single blessedness and there are men who are as much domestic animals as cows. There are also women who regard the marriage tie with the same degree of reverence as the celebrated Don Juan.

"Naturalists say that the only true love affairs are among the birds. I never saw any great evidences of marital fidelity around my chicken yard.

"The greatest joke about the whole thing is the theory of permanency being a moral necessity in marriage, regardless of what price is paid by man, woman, or by common decency. The only philosophy I have about marriage is divorce.

"Divorce should be as simple, inexpensive and private as marriage.

"You don't ask people why they want to get married.

"You shouldn't ask them why they want to get divorced.

"In any game that's straight you can always get up and cash in whenever you want to. It ought to be that way with marriage.

"If you leave the door open, even a cell doesn't seem like a prison. If the door of divorce is left open on marriage, a lot of people would quit trying so hard to get out. And a lot of them wouldn't have to be sneaking out at the windows.

"The idea that moral and civic decency can be elevated or

upheld by a law that encourages and necessitates hidden evils of every kind and class is as foolish as supposing a board is sound because its surface upturned to the sun is sound. Turn it over and if it has been on wet ground you will find it covered with filth and vermin of every kind.

"At one time there was a period of 150 years in Rome when all a man had to do to divorce his wife was to give back the money her father had bestowed on them, and then send her a notice that she was divorced. It worked admirably. There were practically no divorces in that period.

"If such a law were passed today—operative both ways—a lot of selfish, lazy wives would buckle on their armour and a lot of unkind, unfaithful husbands would begin to take notice. When you know you're in danger of losing something, you always try to keep it, even if it's only a husband.

"There should of course be a time between the filing of notice for divorce and its accomplishment. I am not advocating that if a husband doesn't like the way his chops are cooked he should divorce his wife in the forenoon, or that if a wife is displeased with the way her husband says 'Good-morning' to Mrs. Jones across the street she should be freed before nightfall.

"But I do say that when dislike has been born between two people, when either of them desires to be free, and that desire stands the test of a certain period of time, divorce should be simple and unquestioned.

"In South Carolina, where they have the silliest divorce laws (or lack of them) in the world outside of England, you cannot get a divorce on any ground whatever. Does anyone pretend that South Carolina is any more moral than any other state? Ask North Carolina.

"Marriage, says religion, is a sacrament. I am aware of that. But it was not till the Christian church was 1400 years old that it was made a sacrament. But granting it is one, then divorce becomes a duty when the spiritual qualities which made it sacramental have vanished. Otherwise the sacrament is profaned—as is any other sacrament when it is received with defiled hands and without the inward grace to support the outward symbol.

"It would be un-American, it would be tyranny of the worst kind, to force two people to marry who did not want to—or to force two people to marry when only one wanted to. Then it is worse to force them to live together.

"I have been married a good many years myself—I am exceedingly happy and contented in my married life. Outside of quarreling violently, which I consider merely the gymnastics of matrimony, we have evolved a (Continued on page 92)



(Above) "Every wife enjoys remembering her courtship . . . when her main object was in trying to keep her husband from knowing that she had a temper like Cleopatra."

(Below) "There are thousands of husbands and wives who never get acquainted. . . . The courtship should be an open, decent endeavor to become acquainted."



A Hoot For Haughty Landlords!

NOT that Elsie Ferguson would ever let such a *patois* pass her lips. Still, her smile seems to say it as she stands in the door of her portable dressing room.

Why should she care, if the very rich gentleman who owns the apartment house in which she lives in Manhattan decides to buy four or five new washing machines for his wife? She fears not eviction, raised rents or poor plumbing. For she can always pack her things and take permanent possession of the little-house on wheels, in Paramount's Long Island City studio.



LET the California film stars have their toy bungalows—Miss Ferguson is satisfied. Her house can be pushed from one part of the huge stage to another with little effort. When her presence is required in a new set she simply asks Peter Props to push her dressing-room after her. This system, of course, does away with the necessity of having to construct a miniature dressing-room every time the setting is changed during the production of a picture. Observe, above, Miss Ferguson in the bizarre East Indian costume she wears in her new characterization of a Russian actress, about to enter the trick dressing-room.

And here—an interior view. Just as snug and satisfying as a real boudoir, isn't it?



She Laughed 'Til She Cried!

A certain comedy queen,
turning to greater things,
reveals the kinship between
smiles and tears.

By JOAN JORDAN

SHE is the product of ultra-sophistication.

She is the embodiment of the 20th Century—the incarnation of Paris after the war.

Her simplicity is the simplicity of the "petit Trianon."

Her worldly wisdom has been absorbed through the tips of her fingers, in the air she breathed, the very thoughts the world is thinking.

She is as soft as a summer cloud and as hard as a diamond.

"She is Laughter, she is Torment, she is Town."

Little Marie Prevost—with the eyes of a wood nymph and the ankles of a Follies-queen.

She might be fourteen—eighteen—twenty. Her extreme youth holds all the intriguing promises of immaturity. Her appeal is suggestion. Yet neither the freshness of her cheek nor the firmness of her flesh hide the open secret that her youth is the youth of city pavements and white lights.

Her soft, gray crepe de chine sport frock spelled girlish modesty, conceived in the rue de la Paix. The little flesh-colored veil drawn over the tip of her saucy nose stood as a badge of debutante allure.

Curled beneath a counterpane of fine white linen, she could spend an evening reading "Little Women" or "Limehouse Nights" with equal understanding and enjoyment.

Marie Prevost is a living testimony of all that youth means today—of all that it may achieve, accomplish, stand for in an industry and art that is itself still in its youth.

A slim slip of a thing, possessing just the average of education—she is a wage earner, a big tax payer, a power and factor in an enormous business.

In the two weeks since she terminated her contract with Sennett—by mutual consent, but at her plea—she has had two splendid offers for long-term contracts.

(Continued on page 101)



She has managed the difficult feat of being funny without looking funny. (Allegory posed by a famous photographer, entitled, "Diogenes' Quest Resumed." Honest men will please form in line.)



Wally's sartorial perfection does not match his expression. When gentlemen drinking wine look like that, their evening clothes never look like that!



Isn't he the old scoundrel? He has told her that this is a bottle of Pommery Sec (hush—be more respectful!) when, really, it is mere cider.



Tush! How obvious! One would fancy this to be a pathetic scene between husband and wife, or at least, brother and sister. Nothing of the kind. The lady is simply the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Death by Wood Alcohol.

PAGE MR. VOLSTEAD!

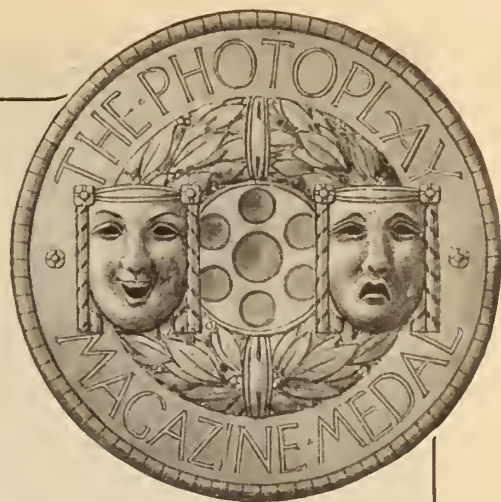


We admit we're stumped. What is Elliott Dexter trying to put across? Why the admonitory finger of the hypotenuse in this mysterious scene? But then they drink the Cursed Stuff in any old manner nowadays.



That's the way it is, these days. One hurries into a law office or the stockbrokers' and expects to hear bad news. Then there is a sly wink and—presto!—appears a tall black bottle—according to the movies.

Announcing THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE MEDAL OF HONOR



Why it is needed — What it will mean — How YOU will award it.

WAR has its crosses, the exhibition its ribbons, the athlete his palm, and literature its Nobel prize. So far, there has been no distinctive commemoration of singular excellence in the field of the photoplay. After long consideration PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has determined to permanently establish an award of merit, a figurative winning-post, comparable to the dignified and greatly coveted prizes of war and art.

The Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor will be awarded for the best photoplay of the year.

It will be awarded to the producer—not to the director, not to the distributor—but to the producer whose vision, faith and organization made the Best Photoplay a possibility.

It will be of solid gold, and will be executed by Tiffany and Company, of New York. With the passing years—for it is to be an annual affair—it will become an institution, a lasting tribute of significance and artistic value.

Perhaps the most important feature of this announcement is the identification of the jury which will make the selection. Like Abraham Lincoln's ideal govern-

ment, the photoplay is by, of, and for the people; and any decision as to its greatest achievement can come only from the people. The million readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE are to choose the winner—they and no critics, editors, or other professional observers. These million readers are the flower of fandom—the screen's most intelligent public—yourselves. In case of a tie, decision shall be made by three disinterested people.

Fill out this coupon and mail it, naming the picture which, after comparison and reflection, you consider the finest photoplay released during the year 1920. These coupons will appear in four successive issues, of which this is the second. All votes must be received in PHOTOPLAY'S New York office not later than October 1st. Below is a list of fifty carefully selected photoplays of last year. You do not necessarily have to choose one of these, but if your choice is outside this list, be sure it is a 1920 picture.

Choose your picture because of merits of theme, direction, action, continuity, setting and photography, for these are the qualities which, in combined excellence, make great photoplays.

Suggested List of Best Pictures of 1920

- | | | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Behind the Door | Jes' Call Me Jim | Suds | Virgin of Stamboul |
| Branding Iron | Jubilo | Thirteenth Commandment | Way Down East |
| Copperhead | Love Flower | Thirty-nine East | Why Change Your Wife? |
| Cumberland Romance | Luck of the Irish | Toll Gate | Wonder Man |
| Dancin' Fool | Madame X. | Treasure Island | World and His Wife |
| Devil's Pass Key | Man Who Lost Himself | | |
| Dinty | Mollycoddle | | |
| Dollars and the Woman | On With the Dance | | |
| Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde | Overland Red | | |
| Earthbound | Over the Hill | | |
| Eyes of Youth | Passion | | |
| Garage | Pollyanna | | |
| Gay Old Dog | Prince Chap | | |
| Great Redeemer | Remodelling a Husband | | |
| Heart of the Hills | Right of Way | | |
| Huckleberry Finn | River's End | | |
| Humoresque | Romance | | |
| Idol Dancer | Scoffer | | |
| In Search of a Sinner | Scratch My Back | | |
| Something to Think About | Trumpet Island | | |

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Editor Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., N. Y. City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1920.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Use this coupon or other blank paper filled out in similar form.

The PHOTOGRAPH

Wherein an old man's memory almost wrecks a perfect honeymoon.

By W. TOWNEND

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

SOL GRITTING, the proprietor of the hotel at White Gap, leant forward in his chair and knocked the ashes from his corn cob pipe out on to the stone hearth in front of him.

"Gosh-ormighty!" he said. "Listen to that, Lucy! Seems like winter has set in right early this year, hey!"

Lucy, his daughter, who had kept house for him ever since the death of Abe Drackett, her husband, ten years before, sat on the other side of the big open fire-place, piled high with glowing red-hot pine logs. She did not answer when he spoke to her, but went on with her knitting, almost as though nothing he could say were important enough to cause her to raise her eyes, even for a fraction of a second, from her work.

To Sol's way of thinking, his daughter's one fault was her lack of interest in his conversation. That he had told her all he had to tell her hundreds of times before seemed but a poor excuse. No right-minded man or woman, let alone his own daughter, should have grown tired of hearing his stories of the real California, the California of his younger days, when men were brave and true and proud of their honor, and the women were all beautiful and pure, and tongues were guarded and justice was swift, as swift sometimes as the pressing of a trigger, and money was plentiful, and the air was like crystal and the sun had not yet lost its warmth nor the skies their blueness.

Sol gave a little sigh and listened to the steady beat of the rain on the windows of the dining room and the swishing sound of the wind in the branches of the pine trees.

"Bad night, ain't it? Whew! Gittin' old, I guess, ain't I?" He groaned as he leant forward once more to place another log on the fire. "I mind me jest such another October in . . . now, let me see . . ." He frowned and stared thoughtfully into the blaze and then he must have dozed, for all at once he was roused by his head falling forward. He straightened up quickly and pretended that he had been thinking. "Yeh, Lucy, I forget now which October it was when we got the rain . . . I clean forget . . ." He broke off, then, feeling that he had touched on a dangerous topic. He was seventy, it was true, and when the weather was damp, he found it difficult to get around as easily as in the past; but seventy was not really old! He would be old when he was eighty, perhaps, or eighty-five, but at seventy . . . seventy was almost the prime of life. He was still in possession of all his faculties and his memory was as good as ever . . .

He grunted and stuffed more tobacco into his pipe.

His daughter roused herself.

"Dad, ain't you smokin' too much to-night? It's gittin' late, it's twenty minutes of nine already. Before you know where you are it 'ull be time fer bed." She paused, her plump, pink face suddenly alert. "Listen a minute . . . ain't that an auto comin'?"

Sol frowned. His hearing was excellent, and always had been; surely if Lucy could hear, he could hear, too! He watched his daughter's expression anxiously. And so, although he had heard nothing but the wind and the rain and the crackling of the fire, when Lucy nodded her head sharply and raised her eyebrows with a look of astonishment, he too nodded and looked astonished.

He even judged that it was safe to offer a remark.

"Say, what the hell they doin' this time uh night, hey?"

He was relieved when he heard at that moment the unmistakable sound of the hooting of a motor horn.

Lucy was on her feet.

"Dad," she said, "here's folks comin'. I got to git busy."

Sol groaned. The pain in his back made him slow in his movements.

"Gosh! Say, I'd better see who it is."

Lucy turned and made her way to the door. "In yer stockin' feet! You won't do nothin' of the kind. First thing you'll know you'll be down with pneumony." She stopped. "Better go into the kitchen an' see what them kids uh mine are up to. Tell Billy to git the lantern ready. Them folks 'ull want to put the auto up in the barn. An' hurry up! . . ."

"Whew!" Sol stood up. "Now, where in thunder did I put them blame' shoes uh mine?"

* * * *

THE two guests, a Mr. and Mrs. Wainton, from San Francisco, so they had written in the register, came downstairs at last and entered the dining room, hand in hand.

Sol chuckled. At a glance he had seen that this quiet, pleasant-looking young man with the friendly smile and the tall, slender girl, who wore a big gray coat over a cream silk waist and a gray tweed skirt, were on their honeymoon. He greeted them warmly.

"Mrs. Wainton, Mr. Wainton, I hope you're satisfied with your room. I'd be obliged if you'd let me know if you ain't. Will you take the rocker, ma'm, in front of the fire . . . a terr'ble rough night, ain't it!"

The girl, a pretty girl with dark brown hair and eyes as blue as the Californian skies had been in the far-off past and cheeks flushed the color of the pink roses that grew on the porch in summer, smiled at him.

"Thank you, Mr. Gritting, very much."

Sol, encouraged by their friendliness, felt that later, when they had eaten their supper, he would tell them some of his stories. He squared his shoulders and beamed.

"I don't remember such a night as this, early in October, since . . . let me see now . . ." He frowned in the effort to remember the date that had slipped his memory. "Oh! I got it now . . . not fer fifteen years. No, sir, not fer fifteen years. We had winter mighty early that year, same as it looks we'll have it thissen."

The girl wriggled her arms free from her big coat.

"It's nice and warm, isn't it?" She held out her hands to the blaze.

"Are you cold, Peggy?" asked the husband.

"No, but I was just about frozen coming up the hill . . ."

"Were you lost, Mr. Wainton?" asked Sol.

"Lost! No. We got stalled on the road, that's all. We were hoping to make Santa Teresa by dark, but there was too much mud." And then the young man laughed and apologized. "Not that I'm sorry, Mr. Gritting. I'm very glad that we've had the opportunity of seeing your hotel . . . very glad, indeed. Isn't that so, Peggy?"

"Why, yes," said the girl slowly. "Why, of course."

"Once upon a time," said Sol, plunging into the past, "we used to have guests a-plenty . . . the year round. But now . . . shucks! Californy ain't what it used to be . . . we ain't troubled much between the end of September an' May. You'd be surprised. I guess it's them motor-cars . . . folks won't come anywheres 'less the roads is like boulevards . . . that's a fact, now, ain't it? My day, Mr. Wainton, we used to do all our trav'llin' by buckboard or horseback, but times is changed . . . yes, Mr. Wainton, times is changed."



"His eyes is like snakes and he's looking at the girl like he hates her."

All of a sudden the girl shivered as though cold and turned in her chair and glanced quickly over her shoulder with such a curious expression in her eyes that Sol was startled.

"Hello, Peggy!" said her husband. "You said you were warm!"

"I am warm," she said.

For a moment she sat, gazing into the fire, with her hands folded in her lap, and then before Sol could remember what he was saying, she turned and looked over her shoulder once more, just as though she had heard someone approaching her chair.

"Is anything the matter, Mrs. Wainton?" Sol asked.

Beyond the range of the lamp that hung over the table, laid for supper, with a white cloth and silver and china cups and saucers and plates, the room was in deep shadow, nevertheless he could see clearly that there was no one in that part of the room toward which she was looking.

"Why," she said lightly, "how funny!"

"How do you mean, funny?" asked her husband. "Why do you keep turning round, Peggy . . . what's up?"

She laughed.

"I don't know. I guess, Mr. Gritting, you'll think I'm most strange . . . but I felt just now as clearly as anything that there was someone in the room with us . . ."

The husband broke into a shout of laughter.

"Lord, Peggy! what next?"

BUT Sol saw that the girl was, for some reason or other, worried. Her color had faded. She looked strangely tired.

"It's gone now," she said doubtfully. "But I tell you, Tony, I felt there was someone trying to speak to me . . . someone who was unhappy and in need of help! Queer, isn't it! I've never been so silly before, have I? Me, of all people!"

The kitchen door opened and Lucy appeared to say that supper was ready.

"Here, Dad," she said, "you'd better take this tray; I'll bring along the other one."

Sol hurried toward her.

"It ain't much, Mrs. Wainton," she said when all the dishes were on the table, "but it's the best we can do at such short notice."

Sol was amused. "She'd say that, Mr. Wainton, uh course. Guess I shouldn't be praisin' up what I'm pervidin' myself, but there's a bit of undercut steak thar an' creamed chicken an' French fried potatoes an' a savory omelette . . . an' hot biscuits . . . gosh! them biscuits 'ull melt in yer mouth! . . . an' a jug uh coffee . . . say, I don't believe you'd git a more tasty supper than this not even in one uh them swell joints in Market Street, San Francisco . . . no, sir!"

Half an hour later Mr. Wainton leant back in his chair and laughed.

"Peggy, Mr. Gritting was right about the supper. I never tasted a finer apple pie in my life, did you?"

"I never did," said the girl. "Mrs. Drackett's a wonderful cook. I'm almost ashamed of myself, I've eaten so much!"

"Why, Mrs. Wainton," said Sol, "most folks eat a-plenty up in this air; they can't help it! Mr. Wainton, you'll have some more pie . . . my darter will be hurt if you don't . . . there's another in the kitchen!"

"Mr. Gritting, if my future happiness depended on my eating more pie right now, why, I'd have to be miserable for the rest of my life. I passed my limit about two pieces back." He looked at his wife. "Now, Peggy, if you've finished, what about your going to bed? You're dead tired . . ."

But the girl shook her head. "No, Tony, not yet." She rose to her feet. "I think I'll sit by the fire." Then as she moved across to the big rocking chair she stopped suddenly and seemed to be listening.

And again Sol was startled.

"Was there anything you wanted, Mrs. Wainton?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Gritting . . . nothing, thank you."

"Guess, then, I'll clear the table, if you've no objection, so that Lucy can git straight before bedtime."

"Certainly," said the girl. She smiled at her husband who was standing by her side, staring down at her very seriously. "Mr. Gritting," she went on, "this is a very old house, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wainton," said Sol, "it is. An' if it wasn't too late fer you, I could tell you some things about it that would surprise you."

He waited, wondering if these very pleasant guests of his would be sufficiently interested to ask him the question he hoped to hear. They were interested, obviously.

"It's not too late for my husband and myself, Mr. Gritting," said the girl quickly. "Is it too late for you?"

Too late!—When he had listeners at last? Sol smiled. Only those who did not know Sol Gritting would have said that. He felt that he had never before met a couple whom he liked so much at such short acquaintance.

As soon as he had finished his work he said that he was ready to talk; that was, if they still thought that they would like to listen.

"Sit down, Mr. Gritting," said the girl. "Tony, offer Mr. Gritting a cigar. That's better, isn't it? And now, tell me . . ." She leant toward him, her elbow on the arm of her chair, her chin resting in the palm of her hand, her cheeks flushed, her eyes very bright and watchful. A pretty girl, Sol decided . . . wonderfully pretty . . . as pretty a girl as he had ever seen. "Mr. Gritting," she said, "tell me . . . did anything ever happen here . . . at White Gap?"

Sol inspected his cigar and smiled the smile of a man who knows that he has a story to relate that is as good a story as one could want.

"Well, we ain't exactly off the map at White Gap," he said.

"Didn't something happen once upon a time in this very room?" said the girl. "Something terribly tragic!"

Sol opened his eyes very wide and gazed at her in amazement.

"How did yuh know that, Mrs. Wainton?"

"I didn't know . . . I felt it!"

Oh! so that was it, was it? Sol puffed at his cigar and rubbed his thin knees and nodded his head. She had felt that something tragic had happened in the room! That was queer, wasn't it? Darn queer! Women was queer, anyways, doggone it! All women, even a girl as pretty and as nice looking and intelligent as this girl! It (Continued on page 96)



"It's a wise author who knows his own scenarios."



Edward Tayer Moore

CORNERED

—and cornered so effectually, by the new play of that name, that she is temporarily cut off from all roads to the studio. Once more Madge Kennedy is a genuine "New York Success," little or much as that may mean. But it's no hazard to guess that she's only visiting behind the curtain; no place is home where they haven't cameras and cooper-hewitts.



An Impression of
Mary Thurman,
by Ralph Barton



Photography by
Alfred Cheney Johnston



The way the hairdresser fixed it.

Mary Got Her Hair Wet

By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS



She did this herself.

WE were sitting about a corner table at Sunset Inn. It was Photoplayers' night, and it was getting late. Suddenly there was a commotion near the door. People were craning their necks to see.

We decided the place was pinched and began to think up phoney names.

But we discovered that Mary Thurman had just come in. They were looking at her hair.

One afternoon we were in the dressing room at the Alexandria. A crowd had gathered in one corner. Everybody was talking at once to some girl.

We wondered if she had been drinking wood alcohol. She hadn't.

It was Mary Thurman. All the nice tea-drinking ladies were looking at—and talking about—her hair.

On a Saturday afternoon a few days later we walked into the Ambassador for tea—Mary Thurman and I.

Everybody turned around to stare.

I wondered frantically if I had forgotten my petticoat. "It's only my hair," said Mary Thurman patiently.

While the waiter disappeared on the quest of the orange pekoé, I examined this interesting hair. Some people are famous for one thing and some are famous for another. Mary Thurman is famous for a number of things including the way she used to look in a bathing suit. But it is chiefly her hair that makes you feel like you were riding in a circus parade, the way people act.

It is very wonderful—that hair. No wonder even Cecil deMille turned around to stare at it. (He did once. Mary told me so.)

It is Paris. It is Egypt. It is Hollywood. It is the Italian Lakes.

Whether or not it is beautiful, I do not know.

To me it suggests Cleopatra barbered on Hollywood Boulevard.

It is the last word in chic, in fashion. It is so startling it annoys, so gorgeous it allures.

I don't like it a bit and I adore it.

It is an Irishism.

Maxfield Parrish designed the set and Lawrence Hope wrote the scenario for it.

I looked at the other women near us—a debutante with fluffy golden curls, a New Yorker with elaborate black coiffure under a drooping hat—marcels, bobs, puffs, rolls, curls, slicks, there were all types.

Then I looked back at Mary Thurman's. (She had taken off

her big white hat and flung it on a chair. It was very warm in the tea room.)

It looked as simple, as natural, as restful as a wheat field. It is a rich deep red, with a sheen of pansy purple velvet. It has an alive-ness that makes you wonder if you would get an electric shock by touching it.

Cut straight across at the nape of the neck, just below the ears, straight across in a long heavy bang on the forehead, it looked as smooth as whipped cream. Straight as an Indian boy's, it was as exhilarating as a rare perfume.

And, oh, what a comfort. To run a comb and brush through your hair and have it done!

It was a great idea, Mary Thurman's hair.

And like most great ideas, it was born of a trifle and an accident: i. e.—*Mary got her hair wet!*

She told me about it, touching each syllable in her funny, careful way, precisely and delicately. Her speech has a pedagogic flavor.

"I went to the beach to swim one day and I got my hair wet. It was just bobbed then and I kept it curled all over. I was terribly worried when I found I couldn't get it curled and had to go out that way, with it hanging straight.

"When I came out, everybody piped up and said, 'Why, Mary Thurman, why don't you always wear your hair that way? It's so becoming and perfectly stunning.'

"I decided to try it. When I got home, I just took the scissors and cut these bangs, trimmed it straight all around and—here I am.

"Some people say it's great and some say it's terrible. But it's a great comfort. And it is unusual, isn't it?"

I agreed. Whether it is too unusual to become a fashion, I don't know. I looked about and saw only one other woman in the crowd to whom I thought it would be becoming—a tall, dark girl in sport clothes, with very fine eyes.

She is a strangely passive little person, Mary Thurman. But as you look at her you think of the old adage "Still water runs deep."

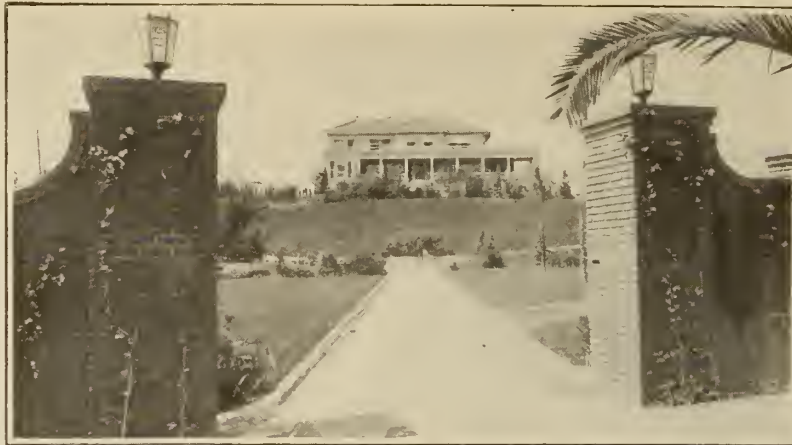
Fate has played some strange tricks on Miss Thurman, of Salt Lake City,—little Mary, the school teacher.

Yes, she was a school teacher. I beg your pardon? Oh, but she was, a regular, honest to goodness school teacher. She is a graduate of the University of Utah.

She married a college professor, too, when she was sixteen. But—they had, as Mary shyly confided, about as much in common as a rabbit and a boa constrictor. So they parted.

(Continued on page 93)

"First off, this house o' mine wan't nothin' but a bungalow settin' on a hill.



"But by the time my wife got through re-writin' the thing, it was an eight-reel feature."

The House That Jokes Built

As described by
WILL ROGERS

Will Rogers is one of the few comic men who have really succeeded in transferring a personal appeal from ears to eyes. Half a dozen, even more famous, tried it and failed. Their mirth disappeared with their voices. Yet Rogers not only found his humor again on the screen, but added a quality the footlights never saw — pathos.

"SPEAKIN' about houses," said Will Rogers—
(We weren't.)
"I got a pretty nice place now myself, out in Beverly Hills, where all the prize winners live."

"The House that Bill built," I murmured.
"Nope. I call it the House that Jokes Built, 'cause I done it with money I made off the gags I used to pull at the Ziegfeld shows."

"Did you build the house yourself?" I asked, as Bill paused apparently remembering his red tights for the first time with some embarrassment, "or did you buy it?"

"Well," said Bill, ducking his head with that famous grin. "'bout 50-50. Somebody else had the idea, but my wife tore up the script and wrote a whole doggone new scenario."

He was perched on the end of a wooden horse. He had no rope to twirl, but he managed fairly well with the cord of his silken doublet as a substitute. His red tights, worn with the Romeo costume which he had donned to make the "Romeo and Juliet" dream scenes in his new production, distressed him a bit.

But his conversation had the same slow, unemphasized, biting drawl that used to come over the footlights of the Follies.

He looked down at the tights a moment—then at me.

"Elinor Glyn ought t' see me now," he said soberly, with a twinkle far back in his blue eyes. "I heah she's lookin' for the perfect man. If she got a real good look at me in this harness, she wouldn't have to waste no more time, I reckon."

He paused to enjoy this thought, then rambled on genially—

"We were speakin' about that house of mine. It was this-a way. First off, 'twas nothin' but a bungalow settin' on a hill. Not meanin' much one way or 'tother. But by the time my wife

got through re-writin' that thing, it was an eight-reel feature production.

"What I told her was, the house oughta been made of rubber in the first place. The way she went 'round there, pushin' out this wall and then pushing out another wall, 'til some nights I'd just as leave slept in a good corral, was something scandalous to behold.

"My gracious, just yesterday when I thought the whole thing was cut and titled, I come home to find she's shoved the whole end plump out of one end. Nobody but Alice in Wonderland could have thought up so many funny things to do to that house.

"It's been expensive, but gee I've got a swell lot of laughs out of it.

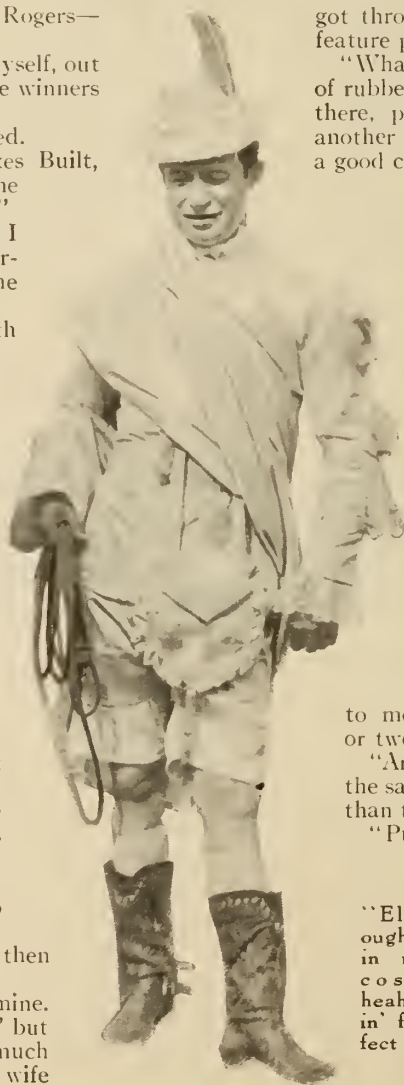
"First of all, Mrs. Rogers 'ud take and push a coupla walls out of the way, just like a kid playin' with blocks. Then when she'd got it down all right, she gets one of these plush architects and he looks it over and says, 'That's very nice indeed, Mrs. Rogers, but the trouble is when you did that you uncinched the girl round that staircase, and now you've got to move the staircase or it won't be no more good to you than the White Sox Ball Club.' Or he'd say, 'It was a wonderful idea to pull that wall in, Mrs. Rogers, but I reckon now you'll have to move the first line trenches out about fifteen or twenty feet.'

"Architects an' diplomats must a ben cut out of the same piece. They can get you into more trouble than the army an' the carpenters can get you out of.

"Put a woman and an architect together and the Big War'll look like an Iowa State picnic.

"Elinor Glyn ought to see me in my Romeo costume—I heah she's lookin' for the perfect man!"

"But I didn't mind. I says to myself, let 'em go ahead with the house. Houses is women's business, anyway. A man don't have much to do with a house but eat and sleep and pay for it. I ain't really interested in anything but the





"I took the gold fish out of the pool in my front yard and sent 'em back to Tiffany's; gave the men \$400 to remove a little expectoratin' statue, and built me a tan-bark ring—over to the right, there—with a seven-foot brick wall around it. Every Sunday we collect a right smart crowd o' contest hands, an' I'll bet you couldn't get 'em to work like they do down there for a hundred bucks a day!"

Will Rogers as he looked during his pre-movie career with Ziegfeld.

barns. Bungalows is all right, but barns is the important things after all.

"But one mornin' I was standin' looking over the landscape in the rear where I was figurin' on puttin' the horses and barns. An' I see this little architect standin' there, too, pullin' his six chin whiskers.

"Right there I rared up on my hind laigs.

"I says, 'Young fella, look here. I have been quite a peaceable cuss for the past few months. I have stood for considerable from you without any undue demonstrations. But, my Gawd, you ain't goin' to tell me how to build a BARN are you?' I says. 'You go an' play round with your Louise Quince and your velvet saddle blankets. I don't mind a lot of foolin' in the troop if folks can laugh at it.

"But I sure got ideas of my own on how these barns are goin' to be built. You can make yourself right famous as far as I'm concerned if you'll look and listen a lot.

"Well, then we was visited by another species that interested me a heap. It was called a landscape artist. He was goin' to fix my front yard up for me right swell, so the neighbors in Beverly Hills would be pleased with it.

"I told him I hadn't give the neighbors any great amount of thought, besides which I was goin' to put a seven foot brick wall 'round it so the boys could come up Sunday mornings and have a little Sabbathical fun ropin' goats and bulldoggin' steers.

"He had a regular phonograph record he turned on me 'bout 'groupings' and 'spacings' and things of that calibre, so I finally thought I'd see how he generally earned that salary he mentioned so casual. There are times when I am not so incensed against the Income Tax as others.

"So I come home from the studio one afternoon and on the front lawn I see six or eight little bushes 'bout as big as a respectable cabbage, settin' together in one corner. There was

another deligation settin' in another and some scattered about careless in the middle.

"'Is them your groupings?' I asked him.

"He admitted it without reachin' for his gun.

"'Mister,' says I, 'will you get them insignificant lookin' little onions out of my sight before I forget we are now at peace—and get me some trees—some trees a regular man don't need to be ashamed of.'

"It upset him some. He says, 'Mr. Rogers, you can't do that. They won't grow, maybe, and in two years these beautiful shrubs I've planted will be large and sightly.'

"'The life of a motion picture star ain't two years,' I says right back. 'You get some trees I can enjoy now—never mind them scrubs you got. I want some cottonwoods and some eucalyptus and things I'm acquainted with personally.'

"I went right down to the place with him, and I bought all the biggest trees they had. You could conduct a real nice hangin' in my front yard now.

"Then, too, he'd put a little fountain in the middle, one of them statues that expectorates continuously. I ben in the Follies and I am no Anthony Comstock, but I felt right sorry for that little thing out there without even a bandana, playing September Morn in December.

"It cost me \$350 to get that fountain in and \$400 to get it out.

"I didn't grudge the four hundred a bit.

"I wouldn't a dared to ask any of my old friends into my house with that thing settin' in the (Continued on page 94)



"We must tell Allen." . . . "Tomorrow?" she whispered. . . .
"No! Now!" said Mark, as her husband entered the room!

The LOST ROMANCE

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A tale that is told
of what the moon
saw in a love-lit
garden.

By
GENE
SHERIDAN

some spinster of like uncertain age might have resented the appellation, but Elizabeth was tender in wisdom.

Just when Sylvia Hayes, the assistant librarian, starved of romance in years of plain shirtwaists and institutional service, was sighing over the emptiness of the vacation time ahead, Aunt Betty came along with an invitation to La Acacia.

So it came that there was a joyous little house party at Aunt Betty's home with Sylvia there for her fateful meeting with Allen Erskine, young student surgeon, and nephew of their hostess, and Mark Sheridan, sportsman adventurer, a clean-lived friend

of Elizabeth's and filled with a platonic devotion.

In the beginning it is to be suspected there was just a bit of resentment concealed under the polite consideration of the two men when they found that a girl had been brought into their easy chair pipe-smoking vacation at Aunt Betty's. But even a concealed resentment is as good a beginning as any and as futile as any against the simple charms of such as Sylvia. More especially under the capable hands of Aunt Betty.

Allen and Mark began to take interest from the time when Sylvia first came down to dinner in a rare Spanish shawl from the treasures of Aunt Betty's keepsake chests. Perhaps, too, there was not a little of the coquetry of old Granada in the folds of that rich old fabric. Anyway there was a toast to the beauty of Castile, which even simple Sylvia knew was a toast to her.

That was the first of it. There came moonlit nights in the garden by the mirroring pool and there were times when Aunt Betty effaced herself with a smiling grace to let Romance have its way.

But the real beginning was the night when Sylvia, retiring early, came in fairest negligee to throw her window open for the night and to look over the moonlit loveliness of the garden.

ELIZABETH ERSKINE dealt bravely and sweetly with the years that followed her girlhood love disappointment and far from embittering her life it had endowed her with the added perfection of beauty that is made doubly exquisite by its tinge of sadness. And her home, La Acacia, nestled in a slope of the Californian mountains with its mellowed walls of Spanish mission, rose arbored and perfumed of the kindness of sunny days, seemed pervaded with the same rare spirit as the mistress of that enchanted spot.

The home of Elizabeth came to have something of the sympathetic mellowed gentleness and romance of the potpourri in her rose jar, a token of the love that was and its immortality.

It chanced that into this magic setting came two men and a girl. Most anything might have happened and many things did. There came the high flush of love, a rivalry made keen by its friendships and loyalty, hope, glamour, joy, tragedy and despair.

"Aunt Betty" was the name by which they came to know Elizabeth, who moved in beauty and soft gentleness among the people of her world. And as "Aunt Betty" she was especially endeared to the children whom she gladdened with her hour of story reading at the town library. Many a hand-

ROMANCE will be so long as the world shall last. The first morning of Creation wrote the first romance of Man and Maid and it shall be the world's greatest story for the last dawn of Reckoning to read. Romance is the poetry of existence—it is even existence itself. Life without Romance would be but the purposeless automatism of body without soul. And this supreme wealth of Romance belongs to all who will claim it. Romance knows no caste or class, no race or creed. It is the great universal legacy. It is a gold that grows by spending. It is the end of the rainbow at your feet. Romance visits alike the humble farmhouse on the hill and the splendid villa by the sea, city slum and mansion of marble. Without it they are one in nothing. It is given to Woman to be the special custodian of Romance, the chalice of Man's ambition. For Woman and for love of Woman the World has been conquered and its wealth laid at her feet. Woman is the mother of all men and the world. The World lives for Romance and Romance lives to keep the World alive.



Allen, pacing moodily in the garden, turned at the sound to see her silhouetted in the latticed window. Almost unconsciously he stepped forward and called her name.

"Sylvia!" It was a half-hushed exclamation. It was as magic. She had been filling his thoughts for hours. Here suddenly she appeared before him more lovely than all his poetic fancies.

The girl drew back, half frightened and thrilled.

"Come out, Sylvia."

Peering from the protection of the casement curtains Sylvia shook her head.

"Oh, I can't." Her whisper was breathless with sentiment and excitement at the glamour of it.

But she lingered and Allen stood fingering the lattice work and murmuring nothings about the night.

Mark, smoking his evening pipe, stepped out under the rose festooned archway and saw them there. Slowly he took a farewell puff and knocked out his pipe, unconsciously. He strolled with a leisurely tenseness toward the window.

"And I had always thought that Romeo was a fool," Allen commented to Sylvia, looking up at her in the window.

"I never really knew what romance was until I came here," Sylvia sighed. "I don't know how I will ever go back into the world again."

Allen was as bashfully awkward as a boy. He thumbed at the lattice and looked into Sylvia's eyes.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," he said, "if we could live in this romance forever?"

Sylvia started as she saw Mark nearing them. Allen turned and saw him too. Mark approached with a mock manner of parental solicitude.

"It's high time for little boys and girls to go to bed." Mark's voice was filled with a pretense of severity.

"It isn't giving up the trip for your work I mind," sobbed Sylvia, "it's knowing the romance is dead—you stopped caring!"

Allen pretended an air of vast displeasure and turned his back with as much as to say "Go 'way." But Mark defied him by taking an easy posture against the wall by the window too.

"If this is romance, I'm in it, too."

Sylvia blushed and thrilled.

In the shadows across the patio Aunt Betty passed, book in hand, on her way to her room. She smiled wisely and sadly to herself as she saw the trio at the window, two men and a girl. She knew better than they the meaning of it.

"I must go now," Sylvia smiled down at them both and extended a hand to each of them through the window.

Then she drew back within and the curtains fell before her. She stood there alone again, quivering with happiness. Her eyes caught a glimpse of the roses on her dressing table. Impulsively she seized them out of the vase, two roses on a single stem. Going back to the window she parted the curtains and tossed the flowers to her admirers.

Both Mark and Allen reached for the roses, neither willing to relinquish them. They stood holding the roses between them and their faces growing serious. Then Mark squared about sharply and spoke to Allen.

"Say, old chap, is this really important with you?"



"I could not have gone through this night without you!" said Sylvia.

Allen nodded a confession. Mark let go his hold on the roses and turned a half step away. Allen followed him. "And you, Mark?" "Yes, old man."

So it came that the two men understood each other. They stood together in silence for several minutes. At last Mark put his hand on Allen's arm. "We aren't going to let anything come between us—are we?" "No." Allen spoke impulsively. Then he broke the spray

of roses in two in token of his words and handed a flower to Mark.

"A fair field and no favor!"

And so it was agreed between them.

The days passed with much fair rivalry of wooing and trembling happinesses for Sylvia. Here she had found romance and joy enough in it to make amends for the dull, lonely years that had gone before.

THEN came that evening which they will all long remember. Sylvia was playing the piano softly to herself. Mark, Allen and Aunt Betty were gathered before the little friendship blaze in the great fireplace of La Acacia. Mark and Allen tried to engage their interest in a game of chess. But Aunt Betty saw them looking, first one and then the other, across the room at Sylvia. Their minds and hearts were not in the game before them.

None of this escaped the observant eyes of Aunt Betty. She too looked over at Sylvia, the cause of the new air of something tense that had settled down into La Acacia.

John, faithful old butler and caretaker of the place for Aunt Betty, entered with an envelope. This was a welcome interruption for the situation.

"Here, boys, the pictures." Aunt Betty tore open the envelope and together they stood at a table looking at the prints, laughing at the amateurish snapshots of each other. Then they came to the picture of Sylvia.

Mark and Allen reached for it simultaneously. Then each drew back his hand guiltily as though to yield to the other. Both straightened and stiffened up just a shade.

Aunt Betty looked from one to the other. She stepped between them.

"Boys, I have noticed a change in both of you recently. Something has happened between you. Tell me?"

Mark and Allen looked at each other and smiled sheepishly; then looking away the eyes of both of them turned to Sylvia, still playing at the piano and unconscious of the little tableau at the table.

Aunt Betty, with a tiny nod of her head, whispered to them. "Ah—I see—it is Sylvia."

Allen, the younger, the more impulsive, turned to Aunt Betty swiftly.

"We're both in love with her—we've known this for days—but we've played fair with each other—only which one of us is to propose first?"

Mark colored with a meaning that was confession of his share, too.

Aunt Betty stood perplexed and unhappy in her indecision. Here was a situation in which even her tact and wisdom and gentleness were taxed to the extremity. At last the solution came to her.

"Why not let Sylvia decide? Let it be the one she addresses first—after I call her."

"Yes," the boys agreed in unison, both eager and tense with an excitement they could not conceal.

Aunt Betty stood with the pictures in her hand, waiting until Sylvia had come to the end of the music she was playing. The boys turned away, pretending occupation, as Aunt Betty called.

"Oh, Sylvia—here are the pictures!"

Sylvia arose from the piano and came quickly, eager with interest in the snapshots.

Rapidly she ran through the prints, laughing and commenting in turn upon them, until she came to the picture of herself. She threw back her head and laughed with amusement, then turned toward the boys, who were nervously watching her.

"Oh, Mark—isn't this one funny?" She held up the picture of herself.

Mark gasped and tried to control himself into saying a pleasant "Yes." He cast a helpless but triumphant look at Allen. Sylvia fortunately was busy looking through the pictures.

Fate had decided.

Aunt Betty quietly beckoned to the downcast Allen and presently Sylvia and Mark found themselves alone.

Sylvia stood dreamy-eyed and abstracted when Mark proposed, pouring out the hungry earnestness of his soul. Her silence bade him hope. He reached to take her hand. At the instant his touch awoke her to the meaning of the words he had been saying and awoke her too to the fact that she did not love him.

"No—Mark—I can't." Mark's countenance fell into a blankness of pain and disappointment.

"I am sorry, Mark." She reached to touch his hand.

"Oh, it's all right Sylvia." He answered as bravely as he could.

They stood awkwardly silent. At last Sylvia spoke, nodding her head to indicate Aunt Betty and Allen who had gone outside.

"I am going to tell them good night."

Mark bowed and stood back as she passed him and stepped out. There was hopeless yearning in his eyes.

Aunt Betty and Allen were together under the rose arches when Sylvia appeared. Sylvia was visibly disturbed, looking apprehensively back at the doorway of the room she had

left. Aunt Betty read the situation as clearly as though she had seen it all. Discreetly and ingenuously she withdrew, leaving Allen and Sylvia alone in the moonlight.

They were silent together long and at last Allen sensed the answer that had been given in the scene within. His heart bounded. He took a new courage. Moving over close to Sylvia he clutched her hand.

"Sylvia, I love you." His voice was a-tremble and he choked with emotion. An instant later they were close in embrace. Sylvia had found the fulfillment of her quest of romance.

Within Aunt Betty came upon the disconsolate Mark, who stood with the snapshot picture of Sylvia in his hand. He turned to face her, unconscious of the picture and his telltale expression.

The heart of Elizabeth Erskine went out to Mark and she made a movement toward him, then drew back in self-restraint.

"Friend—love isn't always returned."

"Perhaps it's all for the best—some way." Mark nodded sadly. "I have decided," he went on, "to undertake that Amazon expedition after all."

Aunt Betty stifled a gasp. She must not let Mark see that his decision hurt her.

"May I take this with me?" Mark held up the picture of Sylvia.

"No—Mark—don't do that—don't take the memory of her with you into the wilderness to rob time of its power to heal the pain."

"That is a danger I am willing to face." Mark's jaw set squarely.



The Lost Romance

NARRATED with permission from the scenario by Olga Printzlau from the story by Edward Knoblock. Photoplay directed by William de Mille, with this cast:

Elizabeth Erskine.....
Fontaine La Rue
Mark Sheridan.... Jack Holt
Allen Erskine... Conrad Nagel
Sylvia Hayes... Lois Wilson
Allen Erskine, Jr.....
Mickey Moore

FASHIONS THAT COME WITH THE FLOWERS,

THE little jacket of former years has come back once more—but this season it is made of white pique. Here is one of the graceful developments of this garment that is simple enough to be made at home. The unusual sleeve is made by bringing the material forward from the back and folding it about the arm. Wool decorations, in tones of red, green and dull blue, give an additional note of charm.

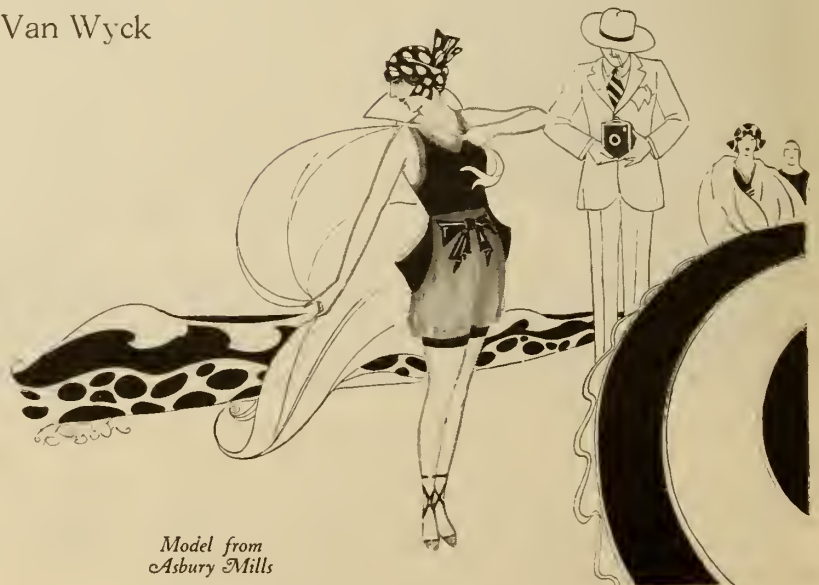


The Observations
of
Carolyn
Van Wyck

YOU may "go near the water" as much as you like when you wear a suit like this. It is a "two-in-one" affair called Yvette, fashioned of knitted jersey. Don't you like the satin pockets—which, of course, are not really pockets at all? The colors? Green and black. Incidentally, Mary Garden says that swimming is the best sort of exercise for keeping the figure trim—and Mary Garden knows.



HERE is a suit that is dressy enough for formal afternoon wear and still practical enough for the street or for traveling. It is fashioned of dark blue taffeta, but would be equally good in linen or ratine. The grace of the long line—an outstanding feature of this season—is emphasized in the unusual manner in which the jacket fastens.



Model from
Asbury Mills

THE SUNSHINE, AND THE CALL OF THE SURF



WITH the wider silhouette appearing in frocks it is natural that lingerie should turn to pleats. Chemises, gowns and camisoles show this trimming in many forms. Embroidery, drawn work and fagotting are also important features in summer lingerie. White silk undergarments embroidered in black are replacing the black silk lingerie of last season. There is a wide range of coloring now, as in addition to the pastel tones the higher shades are being widely featured. Coral, gray and the Mrs. Harding blue are among the novelty colors in lingerie, although flesh and white maintain their popularity. Here's a fascinating pajama suit of shell pink crepe de chine. It's a French model, but the summer girl with clever fingers may duplicate it for a tenth of the original cost.



*Models from
Grande Maison
de Blanc.*

IT is a tradition that each summer the lingerie frocks grow lovelier, and there is ample reason for the saying. One of the outstanding features of the summer collection that Lucile Ltd. showed recently at the beautiful new establishment on Fifty-fourth Street was the lingerie frocks—designed for wear at the dance, for morning use, or to make vivid splashes of color on shady porches. This gown, designed by Lucile for Louise Du Pre, shows the lavish use of lace, in this instance lace medallions and insertion being used to decorate sheer white batiste. The distended hip line, transparent hem and sleeve cut in one with the bodice of the gown are all prominent features of the summer frock. The tunic is of embroidered net, and the satin sash in tones of orchid and shell-pink.



THE lure of lovely shoes must not tempt you to buy unsuitable ones. For example, the woman whose ankles are not so slender as she could wish would be wise to wear the pretty Colonial pumps shown here—the irregular line is the one least trying to the ankle. On the other hand, the oxford is the prettiest shoe for her whose ankles are all that they should be. Two-tone shoes are lovely if worn with a gown of solid color, but they must not accompany a gown of foulard or printed material. The "sphere" of these lovely embroidered slippers is limited to evening wear; please do not wear them on the street.

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions appear on page 86



CANTER- BURY PRUSSIA

And below, a scene from "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," the first futurist photoplay. Both these congealments of celluloid motion are excerpts from recent German films, just released in the United States. The splendid reproduction of the historic English cathedral at the left is one of the architectural triumphs in "Anne Boleyn," who, if you're four hundred years old, you'll remember very well as the second wife of Henry VIII—handy with the axe, but a great favorite with the ladies. "Anne Boleyn," a Famous Players property, is released in America under the title, "Deception."



The scenery in "Dr. Caligari" reels and totters like the tumbling minds whose mad processes built its ugly but fascinating plot.

Mother o' Mine

The story of Charlie Chaplin's reunion with his mother

By

JOAN JORDAN

IN the wide, bay window of a charming house on a hill in Hollywood, sits a little, gray-haired woman, with delicate old hands folded upon the open pages of her Bible.

Every day, just as the sun is setting behind the waving line of hills, a big, expensive motor draws up before the door.

A slender young man, in blue, jumps out and runs lightly up the broad, white steps.

A white-capped maid opens the heavy door.

Often the little gray-haired woman rises from her seat in the window and takes a few faltering steps to meet the man in the doorway of her drawing-room. Almost always, now . . .

On the evenings when she does not, he slips quietly in and sits down beside her in the window, holding her hand in his.

Because then he knows that her gentle mind has strangely slipped back to the horrors of a Zeppelin raid, to the shock of bursting shells and crashing buildings, death screams and imminent destruction.

And she does not even know he is there!

But either way—Charlie Chaplin and his mother are together again.

Together after nine years of separation—years of war and heart-ache for the mother, of triumph not unmingled with tragedy for the son. Years that have been filled with unimagined, unequalled success and unforeseen, stupendous catastrophe for them both, but that have altered not one jot the great love they bear each other.

"It's wonderful to have my mother again," is all Charlie Chaplin says.

Just the simple story of most mothers and sons, only a bit more dramatic, the story of Charlie Chaplin and his mother, a story as commonplace as life and death, and joy and pain.

Nine years ago an unknown young vaudeville performer named Charlie Chaplin, kissed his erect, smiling little mother an excited good-by in a London railway station. He was going to America to seek his fortune.

A few weeks ago, Charlie Chaplin, the world's greatest comedian, the most famous male genius the screen has yet produced, stood on a station platform in Los Angeles, and with tears running down his cheeks, took into his arms a little gray figure, bent, and puzzled, and oh, so changed.

That is the heart of the story.

IT was seven years ago that Charlie Chaplin, just beginning the movie career that led him to what I personally consider the screen's greatest performance ("The Kid") began the long struggle to bring his mother to America.

But England was at war. And war, among other horrors, produced yards of regulations and red tape. Even Americans had difficulty in returning to their own country. Mrs. Chaplin, a British subject, would not be permitted to leave England for America.

So she stayed on in London, until one frightful night when a London air raid crumpled the world about her frightened head. A shell, bursting within a few feet of her, rendered her unconscious.

Again Chaplin actively renewed his efforts to bring her to him.

Again he failed. His mother's health, as well as some new rules concerning war stricken patients, would not permit it.

Months then, for her, in a sanitarium where large monthly checks with the scrawling signature "Charlie Chaplin" brought her every care and comfort; months of red tape and preparation; at last the long journey across the Atlantic with her famous son's secretary and a trained nurse sent over by the screen star to bring her to him.

Long weeks of weary waiting while Mr. Chaplin made arrangements with the immigration authorities, who, because of the shell shock Mrs. Chaplin had suffered, could not admit her to the United States without certain precautions and assurances.

All those things are but steps leading to the accomplishment of the dearest wish of Charlie Chaplin's heart.

Charlie Chaplin has brought so much sunshine into other lives. He has made so many of us laugh and forget our heartaches. He has showered upon us the priceless gifts of smiles and laughter. In darkened theaters all over the earth, he has filled hearts with a song, smoothed away grief and cares and pain.

And I think the world, that has known the story of that tiny grave out in Hollywood—the world that has whispered and laughed and frowned over the wreck of his marriage—I think the world when next it sees him on the screen will rejoice because he has his mother again. I think we will be just a little more grateful, just a little more appreciative of his gifts.

BUT why, for this man, must the laughter always hold a tear? Why is there always a bitter drop in his cup?

For above the joy of his reunion with his mother hovers the white, faintly menacing cloud of her affliction. He has his mother again—and yet she is not wholly his.

But he is very hopeful. California is a wonderful place. It is very far from London and the things that happened to her there.

Already in her beautiful home in the foothills, with her competent staff of servants to relieve her of every step and every worry, with her luxurious limousine and its chauffeur to take her on long, exquisite drives through the mountains and beside the sea, she is losing the actuality of the war. It is a bad dream only.

Already the lapses of memory and of mind are growing less frequent.

With tears in his eyes, her son told me that the second night she was here she went to the piano and sang, in her sweet, faint voice, several songs from "Patience."

Because you see, little Mrs. Hannah Chaplin—she is just fifty-five now—whom we can think of only as the mother of Charlie, was once a personage herself.

Many years ago, London knew her as Florence Harley, a prima donna of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, in the days of its greatest popularity. Florence Harley, a slender girl with a lovely voice and a winning (Continued on page 95)





Allison gets the cool sweep of the Pacific winds through the cloudless California summer, and in the Octoberish California winter it seems to nestle under warm and protecting hills. Its designer, owner, mistress, queen and chief ornament, may be seen in the center of the view, casting the only shadow that darkens her fair green lawn.



The drawing-room may be Bostonese as a bean, but this dazzleden is as typical of California as a cactus. Wicker, enamelled gray, and bright old English chintzes keep a little of the sun locked up for cloudy days.



Superficially it appears that Miss Allison is writing a letter. In reality there's no ink in the pen, and that chunk of handsomely monogrammed stationery hasn't been hurt a bit.



Everything in the Chinese room — porcelain, jade, bronze or teak — represents the actress' personal additions to a collection she has been making through half a dozen years.

“On Your Left, the Home of May Allison!”

THAT is a new cry from the conning towers of the observation 'buses as they speed through the Beverly Hills district of Los Angeles, a hill-and-vale paradise already gemmed with more palaces than may be found in any area of similar dimensions on earth. It required three centuries to give acting the dignity of a profession, but it needed less than a decade, in pictorial Southern California, to make a race of home-building as well as home-loving players who in the sumptuousness and comfort of their dwellings lead the world.



The rectangular object before the davenport at the left, outlined and tasseled in gold, pretends that it is a foot-cushion, but a good way to be sure of never getting another invitation to Casa Allison would be to put just one foot on it for two seconds.



Lift your eyes, and they'll rest on the principal scene in any Al Woods' play. As you can see, it's a solo couch; as you can't see, the tone of the wood is old ivory, and the hangings are of delicate blue taffeta, festooned with clusters of pink and gold ribbon-roses.

At the left, something of the East — no, we don't mean tom-toms and tea, cymbals and sirens — we mean Boston, Mass., with a severe gray velvet carpet; heavy unfigured satin hangings and satin-covered furniture classically setting off the brocaded walls.

A Contest Fiction Story

The PROPER ABANDON

What Happened to a Big Little Boy
in a Park Jungle,
Ruled Over by a Tyrant in White Muslin

By
BARKER SHELTON

Illustrated by
May Wilson Preston

IT is six hundred and fifty-odd miles, as the crow flies, from the Chintacooset River to a certain tall office building on the edge of the financial district which houses more legal talent to the square foot than any other office building in the world. Therefore, any man who stands before the office building in question when he should be listening to the babble of the Chintacooset is at least six hundred and fifty-odd miles off his course.

It is perfectly logical for anyone who is off his course by such a marked variance to be nervous, bewildered, ill at ease. Peter Judkins, disembarking from a taxi before the building mentioned and lifting out a black bag with a leather case of fishing-rods strapped on top of it, was all these things. And for good measure he was chagrined and somewhat crestfallen.

At the moment Peter Judkins stepped to the curb he was aware the impression prevailed strongly in certain quarters that he was casting flies on the Chintacooset and was very happy in such occupation. It wasn't going to be exactly pleasant showing up that prevailing impression as erroneous.

He watched the taxi begin its dodging recession. For a moment he found himself wishing he was in it. Better, perhaps, to beat a panicky retreat than to enter that building and face what he knew awaited him upstairs if he showed his face there. The taxi lurched around a corner and out of the range of his troubled vision. He picked up the black bag with rod-case strapped to it. The taxi was gone. Besides, it might be well just now to stick to any decision he was able to make, even if it were the wrong decision. He entered the building and squeezed himself and the bag into a corner of a crowded express elevator that was about to start its upward shoot for floors above the sixteenth.

At the eighteenth floor stop he squeezed his way out. He went down a short corridor to his right and a longer corridor to his left. His objective was a most excellent example of the doormaker's art, numbered 1827. But, when he reached it, a great irresolution seemed to engulf him. Instead of opening the door and walking in briskly, firmly, cheerfully, as he had fully intended to do, he stood staring at it and rubbing his cheek doubtfully with the hand that was not burdened with the black bag.

Below the number on the ground-glass panel of that door was the simple information for such as it might interest:

BRONSON & JUDKINS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

And beneath this brief legend, slightly to the left, was a list of names in the neatest of small, black letters. Heading this imposing column was the name of Gilman S. Bronson; the second was that of Peter F. Judkins. Trailing these were ten other names, any one of which carried much weight in the world of jurisprudence.



"I am wondering if you happen to have room

The sound of clicking typewriters, busy with briefs and appeals and summonses and correspondence and what-not, drifted out to the most brilliant member of the firm, standing there in the hall and having a beautiful debate with himself as to whether or not he should turn the knob and walk in.

It struck him as mighty peculiar that a man should experience any such reluctance about entering his own office. If he couldn't go in there without all this mental disturbance about it, where in the name of all that was reasonable could he go? He was not casting flies on the waters of that troubled little brook that had the nerve to call itself the Chintacooset River. He was here; at the offices of the firm of which he was a necessary member. And that was all there was to it. Wherefore, he



in your class for another member," said Peter.

would go in; just as he had planned during all the journey back here to go in; boldly and breezily, with a great show of determination upon his face, even if such determination was not in his heart.

He put his hand on the knob, and as promptly took it off again. For it occurred to him suddenly that he simply could not enter by that particular door; could not stalk into the main office in front of the whole surprised, head-shaking, disapproving bunch. That required a trifle more nonchalance than he felt capable of summoning up at the moment.

So he moved down the corridor to another door. It bore the numerals 1831, and nothing else. There was nothing upon it to announce to the public that it opened into his own private

office. He was hoping, as he fumbled for his keys, that the other door of that room he was about to enter—the door into the main office—would be shut. It would be most satisfying to have a few moments alone in which to get a better grip on himself before he made known his presence there.

But that other door—worse luck to it!—was wide open, and consequently young Mr. Kendall, who looked after wills whether they were the kind to be drawn up or the sort disgruntled relatives were trying to break, saw him. Also middle-aged Mr. Hartridge, whose forte was deeds and titles and mortgages and leaseholds, saw him. And both young Mr. Kendall and middle-aged Mr. Hartridge promptly got up from their respective desks and came into the private office and

wrung his hand; and hoped he had found the fishing at Chintacooset all he had expected; and inquired if he wasn't back rather earlier than he had planned. Then several others came in and went through the same distressing performance; and finally a sudden hush fell upon the chatter, for there in the doorway stood Gilman Bronson, favoring Peter Judkins with one of those cold, accusing glares, which only a combination of Gil Bronson's now-tell-me-the-truth eyes and a pair of oversize shell spectacles in front of them could accomplish.

The appearance of the head of the firm upon the threshold seemed to sound a no-uncertain signal for a general retreat. The others withdrew. Bronson closed the door that led into the main office. He closed it in the way he always closed doors when there was anything in the wind that besought his approval and besought it vainly.

"What in the devil are you doing back here, anyway, Peter?" he inquired. It was very much as if another door had slammed.

"Oh, I just came back," said Peter. The farthest thing from his intention was to say anything so inane. Indeed, he had rehearsed this little interview with the senior member of the firm. He had meant to be very firm with Gil Bronson during it. Instead, he found his attitude one of weak and maundering conciliation.

"What are you back here for?" Bronson snapped.

"Work," said Peter in the same flat tone, which was about as much like Peter Judkins' normal tone as the apologetic figure slumped on one corner of the desk was like the normal, decided, sure-of-himself Peter Judkins.

Bronson merely scrutinized the other man's face. Those shell spectacles seemed to Peter to be growing larger.

"I feel I want to get to work again," Peter tried to defend his unwelcome appearance on the scene. "Nothing else will satisfy me. I'm really eager for work. Hungry for it. And I'm quite fit and ready to work."

"No you aren't. Not by a darned sight," his partner took issue with him. "If anything, you look worse than you did when you were here early last week. Two months away from here; eight solid weeks of play for you! Those were the orders, weren't they?"

Peter nodded, but seemed on the point of offering excellent reasons why the orders could not be carried out. But he didn't get the chance to speak. Bronson shook a forefinger at him in the same way that made that shaken forefinger so effective with twelve good men and true in a jury-box.

"Three weeks only of those eight have gone, yet how many times have I already shooed you away from here?" he said between set teeth.

"Why, two that I remember. Maybe it was three," said Peter.

"Four already," Bronson corrected the statement. "This makes the fifth. Just what was the matter with the Chintacooset country and the fishing up there?"

"I didn't care for the country, and fishing doesn't appeal to me," Peter explained, as if he were afraid the explanation was the wrong one.

Judging from Bronson's general disgust, it was.

"Are you human?" he asked Peter.

"I don't know," Peter brightened perceptibly. He leaned farther forward on his perch on the desk corner. "That thought

has occurred to me, too, Gil. And perhaps it's the answer. Possibly, you know, I've become a machine that must turn out so much work per given interval to be happy. Maybe there's a big mistake at the bottom of all this. Maybe my work is my play, after all."

"There's a big mistake, all right," said Bronson grimly. "The mistake lies in allowing yourself to consider any such fool thought for even the fraction of a minute."

He stepped forward with a certain air of well-here's-where-I-have-to-do-it-once-again about him. He opened the door into the corridor. He picked up the black bag. Then he turned to the desk; his arm slid beneath Peter's; he hauled the younger man off the desk-corner. The line of march was along the two corridors Peter had just traversed, in the general direction of the elevators, Bronson grunting a running fire of comment during their progress thither.

"You go, and you see to it that you stay gone this time until your eight weeks are up. Everything is going smoothly. Not an excuse for you to be hanging around. You show up here just about once more before the time's up, and I believe I'll seriously consider assassinating you."

"Look here, Gil, hold on a minute!" Peter protested. "Give me credit for doing my best. Everybody yowls at me to drop work and go away and play. I listen to 'em and take their advice and do my durnedest. But it doesn't work out. The trouble is I don't seem to know how to play."

"Learn then," Bronson exploded. "You've tried four or five things only, and none of them happened to hit your fancy. Don't be a silly quitter, Peter. Keep at it. Presently you'll bump into something that does suit you. There are plenty of other things left that you haven't tried."

"But what in time and thunder is the sense of racking your brain so hard to try to find something you won't like when you do have a fling at it—"

"Down!" bawled Bronson at an elevator that was shooting past the eighteenth floor as they turned into the shorter corridor.

The car brought up jerkily and came creeping back. Peter, striving to voice further protests, was bundled in unceremoniously. With a little ceremony the black bag with its top-freight of fishing-rod case was chucked in after him.

"And don't let me clap eyes on you again for at least five weeks, mind," Bronson stipulated as the car resumed its downward journey.

A few minutes later Peter Judkins found himself trudging dejectedly along the sunny side of a very hot and very noisy street. He knew where he wasn't going, and that was back to the Chintacooset country. Neither would he try golf again, nor a cruise along the coast in a motor-boat that either tried to stand on end or roll over like a playful kitten every time the sea got a little restless. As for wallowing across slimy marsh lands and blazing away at the few diminutive birds the law allowed him to shoot at that season of the year, he'd had quite enough of that, thank you. But if he did not propose to have another crack at any of these diversions and yet felt it advisable to play at something for the remainder of those stipulated eight weeks, he must needs dig up something new, and digging up something new required mental effort, and mental effort tired him altogether too much for a man no older than was he.

It seemed to be growing hotter every (Continued on page 64)



How one feels on going into a movie theater from the bright sunlight.



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS



Evans

"He went to meet the President—one might call it the chance of a lifetime!"

I HAD My Opinion
Of Douglas McLean.
He Broke an Appointment
With Me.
Mr. Douglas McLean's
Press-agent and
Mr. Douglas McLean's
Wife
Both Said that he
Would be Very Glad
To Meet Me; in
Fact, that he
Had been Looking Forward to It.
I Took their Word for It.
You Can Imagine
How I Felt—wearing
A New Hat and All.
And Instead—
He Sent his Wife.
I Really
Shouldn't Complain.
She is Awfully Pretty, and
Sweet, and
She isn't in pictures or
Anything; but
She Said,
"I Know
That Douglas
Was Sorry
To Break
His Appointment with You."
"Well," I Wondered,
"Why did he, then?"
"But," continued
Mrs. McLean, "he
Had to Go.
You
Can Imagine
How it was.
And
Really, it
Doesn't Happen
Very Often—one
Might Almost Call it
The Chance of a
Lifetime.

That's Why
He Went."
"Would you Mind,"
I Asked her,
"Telling Me
Just what you
Are Talking About?
What
Has Happened
To Your Husband?
Is it
Anything Serious?"
"Why," laughed
Mrs. McLean,
"I Thought
They Told You!
He
Went to Meet
The President!
When
We Came East,
Douglas Said:
'There's Just One Thing
I Want to Do
More than Anything.
I Want
To Meet
The President.'
And so—
Of Course he
Voted for
Mr. Harding and
All—
Someone who
Knew Someone
Made an
Appointment; and
Douglas Went to
Washington and
Waited"—
"Ah!"
"And Waited. And then
The Appointment
Was Put Off
Until Tomorrow."
I Always Said
The President
Was a Darn Good
Film Star.
"Douglas Will Just Have Time
To Catch the Train
For California. I'm
So Sorry, too, because
Doris May
Is Coming to New York and
We Would Like
To Stay Longer."
Those Stories that
The McLean-May
Film Divorce
Was Caused by
Actual Incompatibility
Weren't True at all.
The McLeans and
Miss May
Are Very Good Friends.
Well—
The President
Met him, anyway!



Evans

She didn't wear a red hat—
it was green. (She's Irish!)

COLLEEN MOORE said
She would Wear
A Red Hat. I Watched
The Red Hats Go By.
I Counted
At Least Twenty-six when
I Saw Colleen—and
She Wasn't Wearing a
Red Hat at all.
It was Green.
She is Irish.
You Can't Help liking her.
She's So Young that
She Wants to Play
Old Ladies, but
Mr. Neilan
Won't Let her.
She Likes
Ripe Olives,
Director Mickey,
Adela Rogers St. Johns,
Riverside Drive, and
John Barrymore.
But
She Loves California, and
She Wants to Go Back.
They all Do—someone
Should Write a Song about It.
Colleen is Playing opposite
John Barrymore Now—and Now
Her Uncle is Going
To Print her Picture
In his Paper. He is
A Newspaper Editor, but
He Always Said to her,
"You'll Never Get your Name
In my Paper until you Really
Make Good."
Colleen Has.
And she'll Keep Right On—
She's Just that Kind of a Kid.



56 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles

I AM writing this in jail.

De profundis!

If I were a futurist artist, I could paint a magnificent canvas conception of these days in my cell.

I should call it "Thoughts on Being Incarcerated in a Damp, Dark Dungeon." It would consist of red triangles sitting sideways, green serpents standing on their tails, and bunches of purple petunias tied with orange ribbons. But crook pictures aren't so good just now, so maybe all is for the best.

Ten days ago—though never an ingenue even in my cradle—I was yet a young and innocent girl, untouched by the dark and seamy side of life.

Today—they have made of me a crook and a jail-bird—a member of the underworld. They have taken away my name and given me a number. They led me up the cold stone steps—the great, steel door clanged behind me. Think of it! Grand-mamma's little Bebe in the Bastille.

To-night as I sit in my cell, the tears come to my eyes as I think of my dear family, of my mother, my grandmother, my aunts and uncles and cousins. Since many of them are not equipped with the shock absorber of a sense of humor, the blow to their family pride is beyond description.

The capture, trial and imprisonment of a beautiful star.

Gee, it's quiet in this jail. Even the drug addict in the next cell has ceased raving and gone to sleep. And the matron won't let me play my phonograph at night.

You know the crime for which I am locked within these narrow walls for which I was tried. How strange that I should have been brought to trial on the day after Easter when, all my friends having sent me Easter lilies, I was filled with sweet thoughts of purity. You know, perhaps, those details of my trial, of my sentence, my imprisonment which have been given to the world. You have read of my offense, that terrible 20th Century crime of speeding.

But now for the first time I am about to bare my soul to the world that if it must judge me it may judge me as I really

am. I am going to write down here the inner thoughts that fill my heart, as I sit on the nice white ivory chair the townspeople so kindly donated to make my cell more habitable.

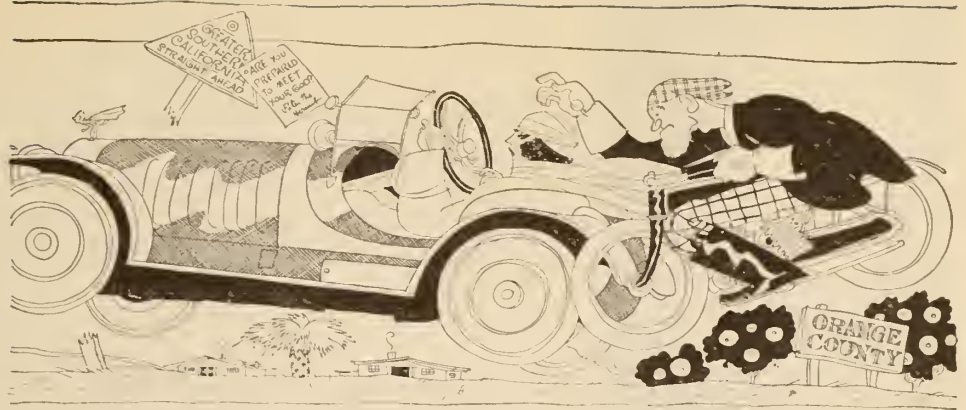
I feel it but justice to myself that the world which has heard so much of this painful story should hear my own version. It seems but fitting for me, following the precedent set by other famous criminals, to tell you something of my youth, of my dear mother at whose knee I received a gentle and uplifting education. As I look back and think of my dear home, of the happy innocent days of my childhood—and then remember the voice of that judge, stern and impressive in spite of a Santa Ana accent, committing me to this jail I now inhabit, I can hardly realize it is I who am thus accused, accused, nay *convicted* of this thing. I think it must be a masquerade, a nightmare, from which I shall soon awaken to find myself not confined within this narrow prison walls, but safe, happy, laughing as I used to be before. . . .

Ah, how little the world recks the struggle of a woman's soul. How easy to say I was caught, tried by a jury of my peers, found guilty and imprisoned. Of the things



This is the way Bebe looked when she finally slowed down in her Stutz and they got her.

Per Hour



Written exclusively for Photoplay Magazine
by the defendant,

Bebe Daniels
(Convict 711)

that led up to this dark event, of the price I paid for my mistake, no one can ever know.

For though the Persian rug beneath my feet may hide the cold stones of the prison walls, though the scent of flowers may drown the prison stench, though the white iron cot be replaced by a bed of ivory and rose, nothing can melt away the bars that stand between me and freedom. I am a convict! I am not free!

And no words can give you the real picture of that wild, mad chase while this man pursued me as relentlessly as though I had been Lillian Gish herself—of the moment when at last by guile he trapped me and brought me to my fate.

Like the devastating effects of a bullet that does not register its havoc for several moments, my brain refused to take in the horror even when he finally had me in his clutches and had told me all—all.

"Hey you," he said, "what'd you think you're doing? This ain't a speedway, lady, it's a public highway. You was just hitting 56½ miles an hour, that was all."

Can you imagine with what feelings I glanced at my speedometer, now peacefully resting at zero? My poor mother, springing in defense of her young, cried out at this, only to be silenced instantly. Pulling off his cap he showed her a bump on his head the size of a young watermelon and yelled, "Listen, lady, that's what I get chasing birds like you. This girl ought to be in jail. I shouldn't wonder if sooner or later, she was. You're in Orange County, you know."

I did not know. Orange County—how little it meant to me then, in spite of his sinister tones. Orange County—it suggested charming vistas, delicious odors, melting morsels. How could I, then so young, so inexperienced in the ways of the world and the twisted paths of legal procedure, know that Orange County is famous not for its oranges nor for its rural beauties, but for one Judge Cox. Judge Cox, a man who had openly declared for jail sentences for drivers caught going over 50 miles an hour in his county, who had indeed gone on record that he would send anybody,

be he rich or poor, young or old, male or female, to jail for ten days who broke the speed laws on his boulevards.

I was not to be left long in my blissful ignorance. I know more about Judge Cox now than his mother-in-law. On top of my victrola now is a huge bunch of American Beauties he sent me. Aren't men queer?

Dear readers, even now I cannot think of the harrowing weeks that followed my arrest. I spent the hours when I was not working, sleeping, eating or going to parties, brooding over my sorrow and dwelling in sober thought upon the strange pass to which fate has brought me.

So let us come instead to the moment of my trial and tell briefly of the day when I walked down the aisle of a crowded courtroom—was it only ten days ago? It seems

Taking a good look at the Orange County Jail, Santa Ana, where she spent ten days. Wicked looking place, don't you think? Neither do we.





"Judge Cox is a good old judge. His roses are lovely!"



"Swear? Thank you, but I don't use the language."



"That District Attorney's wife needn't look so anxious. He's perfectly safe!"



"Look at the crowd! Well, I certainly am drawing well!"

centuries. For after all, time is a matter of the emotions.

Anyway, I certainly drew well in Santa Ana. When my limousine drew up to the curb of the courthouse and the chauffeur threw open the door, my path was barred by so many people I decided they must have declared a holiday and closed all the stores. They had all come to look at me, and as I made my way through them I felt like Clara Hamon entering the little courthouse at Ardmore where her life hung at stake. Gosh, a lot of those farmers didn't know the difference.

It was a small, old-fashioned courtroom. As I made my way to the prisoner's dock, I had a fleeting impression of the sea of faces, men and women crushed and jammed into the smallest possible space, standing on chairs, hanging on window sills, sitting two in a seat, filling the aisles. Some friendly, some narrowly hostile.

Now I know exactly how the rhinoceros feels in the Zoo.

A joke's a joke. There have been plenty of laughs about all this experience of mine, but none who has ever been through that ordeal, sitting on a witness stand, watching each jurymen take his seat in the jury box, standing to be sentenced, entering the doors that are locked not to be opened again, can imagine what I went through. I don't care whether it was speeding or shop-lifting when I heard them read that about "The People of the State of California against Bebe Daniels." I felt like Vesuvius had erupted right under my seat. I should think that people who have to get tried for things often, like pickpockets and bigamists, would be nervous wrecks.

Whatever my sins, I have paid, and paid, and paid.

I am still paying. All the world lies just beyond the bars of my window and I cannot go to it. Outside a nightingale—or maybe it's a mocking bird—is singing. But even his song is cracked by the steel that binds me within. Between the bars, I can see a bright little star that twinkles—just a star in a patch of blue. But it seems so far away. So far away.

Besides, I've eaten too many peanuts and too much candy today.

The trial alternately dragged and rushed ahead.

While they were going into the details of my shame, I took a good look at the judge—my first. A little, cocky man, with a face not unlike "Mr. Jiggs" in "Bringing Up Father." I sort of liked him, even then. His weather-beaten, belligerent old face, with its top knot of upstanding red hair, and the snappy blue eyes behind gold rimmed spectacles which he looked over, under or through impartially, made me think he might be a nice man on a party.

(He is. He comes to see me every day, in my dungeon. I think he—but perhaps a prisoner should not tell what the judge says to her in private.)

He didn't look at me once, though, during that day. I wonder why. Of course he had his honor to uphold. Still, if he had—but I am not wasting my time on vain regrets. My soul holds not one drop of revenge, not one ounce of bitterness. He's a good old judge, and his roses are lovely, but he sent me to his funny old jail for these ten days,—ten days out of the very heart of my life, ten days of usefulness, and sunshine that can never be replaced. I don't blame him—much. But I'll bet he's going to miss me when I go away.

How I got to the witness stand to tell my story I will never know. And I worried all the time I was there for fear my lips weren't on straight.

Motorcycle Officer Myers had testified that from his position behind a windmill—what do you think of a guy that'll hide behind a windmill and lay traps for poor, unsuspecting girls?—he had seen me go through what he called "the trap" at 56½ miles an hour. Well, (Continued on page 109)



"Now that I've told my sad story, are my lips on straight?"



"Fifty-six and one-half isn't fast. Look at de Palma!"



"Guilty!"



"Ten Days!"

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

WHITE LISTS" appear now and then, none of them are perfect, but some are better than others. An influential church body in Los Angeles has recently issued one in which the names of Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are not to be found. But somehow Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks and the inimitable creator of "The Kid" are going right along.

SPEAKING of "The Kid," of course, brings to mind that wonderful little boy, Jackie Coogan. He nearly died of pneumonia recently at the Hotel Biltmore, in New York. The papers said that he contracted a cold while "leading the orchestra" in the little overalls in which he stamped sturdily through the Chaplin film. It is also said that his parents refused a very fair vaudeville offer on the ground that they could make more money exploiting him as an independent attraction. But if he were our little boy he would be learning his little lessons in a quiet home, playing in the sunshine and the dirt, eating his bread-and-milk and going to bed at dark. It is quite all right for Jackie to make his pictures—if his life is properly and rigorously regulated outside the studio. But if Jackie's wonder-talent is to grow into a greater talent by and by it will be because he has what should be the privilege of every little boy who comes into the world—a normal, irresponsible childhood.

PICTUREDOM is all in a lather about what some call "the German invasion." To hear the scared ones talk you'd think an unlimited fount of German masterpieces was on tap, and for little or nothing in the way of money. There are those who'll tell you that during all the years of the war interior Germany just seethed with picture activity, and the accumulated product now being let loose upon the Allies—heaved especially at the devoted shoulders of your Uncle Samuel—is a sort of optic poison gas with which they hope to stealthily continue the conflict. They're the cousins and the aunts of the people who asseverate that "Passion" and "Deception" were really made to prove the innate wickedness of France and England.

LABOR generally is against heavy German importations on the ground that it encourages the low wages of the continent by showing a preference for low-cost big pictures. The Actors' Equity Association is against the Germans because in an already overcrowded market these pictures will mean, they say, still further layoffs for American players, and still further reduction of the native output. The American Legion has been persuaded to enter the combat on the grounds of patriotism. Various "remedies" are being advised, from a boycott to a tariff wall so high that the Prussians and the Bavarians can't climb over it.



HERE'S a real censor. Timothy J. Hurley of Chicago, pictured above, has always been zealous in the causes of compulsory righteousness, and never more so than when he proposed regulating the lake city's movies by a commission of three infallibles—at salaries of \$5000 a year apiece. In spite of his clerical garb Mr. Hurley is not a preacher, but a lawyer.

ADOLPH ZUKOR, just before sailing for Europe, remarked to the writer: "This 'German invasion' fright is the oldest and silliest of alarms. One would think that the Germans had some magical recipe for making great pictures. As a matter of fact, among all the German pictures there are no more great ones than there are in any given number of American films. A European might just as sensibly, after seeing 'The Birth of a Nation,' 'The Miracle Man,' and 'The Four Horsemen' fall into a panic of belief that every American film was of equal calibre."

AS a matter of fact, certain well-known American films have beaten the world in their marvellous reproduction of great days gone. The greatest historical work ever filmed, in point of combined story interest and archaeological accuracy, was Mr. Griffith's "Intolerance." Even Mr. Fox, who cares little for history, did it as well as any German in his unforgettable "Tale of Two Cities."

THROTTLING competition in the arts has never been successful, because it is fundamentally wrong. America, thanks to its start in the war, now supplies eighty percent of the world's motion pictures. In Germany, according to William A. Brady's account, there is an embargo which prohibits all but about two percent of our film products. There is one sensible objection—the only barrier upon which we can make just conditions of exclusion. We should have free exchange and a fair field—or else a tariff high enough to keep out anything but the genuine masterwork.

IT is a humiliating thing to confess that we are frightened by a film menace from any nation. The motion picture is *our* art, and fright over rivalry seems like a confession that we have been beaten on our own ground.

THE New York Morning Telegraph suggests that the public be allowed to choose the Peter Pan of the films. A suggestion actuated by the best of motives, and, theoretically, a good one. But it won't work out.

LISTEN, for instance, to a communication in response from G. C. Herron, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Herron says: "I believe there is only one actress who can do the role real justice, and that is—Mary Pickford. She and she alone should play it."

MISS PICKFORD being a good bargainer, a good business woman, would probably run the cost of this picture up to a prohibitive figure, and make it, in its final analysis, a one-star affair, instead of the fine, well-rounded, really all-star production that it should be. We agree with Mr. Herron that Miss Pickford would be an ideal Peter Pan, but we certainly do not believe "Peter Pan" should be a star play.

THE proof of the photoplay's slow but sure arrival within the plane of artistic intelligence is demonstrated by the fact that it is escaping from the bonds of stardom. Former stars like Lew Cody and Bessie Love and at least a score equally well-known are appearing in supporting roles. Mildred Harris has definitely signed to appear in a Cecil deMille feature which stars no one. Even Dorothy Dalton, one of the brightest planets in the celluloid heaven, is said to have agreed—and very sensibly, too—to be "one of the cast." This way actors and actresses are made. This way great plays come into life.

MEANWHILE there's a lot of surmise as to who will *really* play Peter, and Betty Compson seems to have the best of the guessing just now. It is declared that she has already been chosen by Jesse Lasky to portray Lady Babbie in a non-star "Little Minister," with a likelihood that "Peter Pan" will follow.

WHEN R. H. Cochrane, vice-president of Universal, returned from his six months' regency at Universal City, one of the first persons he met was R. A. Rowland, president of Metro, which recently turned Ibanez' greatest novel into film. Mr. Rowland immediately insisted upon motoring the Universal official out to Rye, a suburb of New York, in order to show him his newly-acquired country estate. It has, among other things, a fine new garage, and a rambling, ancient barn. "Haven't moved out, yet," explained Rowland, "so all I'm keeping in the garage is four horses." "Oh, yes," returned Cochrane, drily. "I suppose you're using the barn to keep the Apocalypse."

KID McCOY, according to late reports, is to film his matrimonial experiences. What an opportunity the late Mr. Bluebeard, and other notable husbands missed.

IF State censorship is finally saddled upon New York, as seems very likely now, it will be a very serious precedent in the industry. The New York legislature has passed the bill; Governor Miller, before signing, merely waits courteously upon some more or less informal protests.

AND yet we are not blaming the legislators as much as we are blaming the film people themselves. The exhibitors—every one of them vitally concerned—gave no proper co-operation. The blue-law group

which forced the bill through was as finely organized as any political machine which ever dictated New York state politics—and that's saying a great deal. It knew what it wanted, and it started out to get it in logical, systematic fashion which thoroughly prepared every step of the way. To oppose—and if possible to defeat—this formidable organization, the film folk sent a mere skirmish array, punctuated by an occasional big gun. The outfit in general was laughingly sure of victory. They went to a merry Bull Run—and deserved it. Mr. Griffith held a battalion briefly, with his usual speech, but he was not supported. Rex Beach made a few remarks. General Brady begged for "a year to clean up"—and in that strange blunder for so wary a fighter fastened an overwhelming indictment on the industry he was trying quite unselfishly to protect. Where were the exhibitors? Where were the trained, logical special pleaders who should have answered slur with incontrovertible fact? They may have been anywhere—but they weren't at Albany.

IT is said that Los Angeles haberdashers turned back a consignment of twenty thousand caps upon hearing that cameramen in the Angel environs were affecting a change of headgear. Ah well—other times, other helmets.

TWO or three "big" pictures lately have been a veritable triumph of ignorance. Ever since D.W. the great criterion, began dipping back into history for his parables, his lesser-lighted but lofty-salaried brethren have been doing the same. With this variation: he took history pretty much as it stands; they write their own.

WE recall a mile or so of celluloid, recently sent forth with press-agent thunder and exhibitorial lighting, in which the star was the director's brunette wife. Why didn't this man get at least competent help in his scenario? Where were they who furnished the hundreds of thousands of dollars that went into this scroll of infantile illustrations "from the past"—in which a galloping bevy of females are labelled "Women Amazons"? Would we have a tariff against the continentals to protect abysmal stupidities like this? If so the loud laughter wouldn't be on this side of the Atlantic.

EDITOR Herbert Kaufman recently walked into a colossal Hollywood production illuminating a celebrated dame of King Solomon's time, and when he emerged a friend asked him, not too seriously, what he thought of the director's familiarity with history. "He isn't familiar with history," gravely answered Kaufman. "He's just affable with it."

HAVE you ever noticed the curious ways in which the ancients registered emotion—according to these transparencies? We've wondered how they did it, and never knew until we watched a sorely beset maiden of 800 B. C. She put her thrill across, apparently, by swallowing her spearmint—a good trick if it doesn't bother your digestion.

THERE are plenty of good nickel cigars—for a quarter. Likewise, there are plenty of good two-reel features—in seven spools. We don't mind so much the waste of a manufacturer's money and months, but the waste of audience-time is really shocking.

VIVE la Belgique! According to "Le Nation Belge," the motion picture machine is really the invention of a Belgian, who has been experimenting upon it since 1851. "All that Edison did," gravely declares this periodical, "was to aid in its development." How fortunate that Mr. Edison lent a helping hand. Only the Belgian realizes that the first fifty years are the hardest.

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Review of the new pictures by Burns Mantle and Photoplay Magazine Editors.

"Bob Hampton of Placer" is one of Marshall Neilan's best, with Custer's last stand as historical background. The cast is wisely chosen, headed by James Kirkwood and Wes Barry.



By
BURNS MANTLE

CONSIDER the family at the movies. And how seldom there is anything in the feature picture for every member of it. If mother and the girls are satisfied with the romance, father and the boys consider it piffle. If son likes the shooting, sister shivers. If mother raves over the gowns, father considers the diminishing pay check and grows uneasy.

But once or twice in a blue moon we have a picture the family group can gather around and applaud with a happy enthusiasm. Usually, I've found, it is an adventure picture with enough romance to justify the story and point up the love interest that makes the whole world grin with satisfaction. Marshall Neilan is adept at pleasing the family, and his newest picture, "Bob Hampton of Placer," is one of his best. He has such a fine sense of the comradeship of men that he is the men-folks' pal before his first reel is well started. He is so true to the best instincts of womanhood that mother approves of him from the start. He knows better than sister herself the sort of an upstanding hero she can openly worship without being called silly, and as for the boys—he keeps them teetering on the edges of their seats and tingling with the enthusiasm that makes boyhood the finest adventure of life.

In "Bob Hampton" he also has the most thrilling of historical backgrounds—that of Custer's last stand. He handles it wonderfully. It was taken, we understand, on the site of the battle itself, which gives it added pictorial value. And he has woven into it not only a good love story but an adventure for the popular Wesley Barry that will add youthful hero-worshippers by the thousand to that gifted youngster's popular following. His battle pictures are as thrilling as those that

made the Griffith reputation in "The Birth of the Nation," with all the added value of modern lighting and artistic grouping that the pictures of today command over those of yesterday. The cast, too, is wisely chosen, with James Kirkwood playing just the sort of individual he makes most human. Marjorie Daw is an agreeable sort of heroine, Noah Beery a gloriously vicious villain, and Pat O'Malley, Priscilla Bonner and Carrie Ward Clarke help out nicely with the minor roles.

DECEPTION—Paramount-Arcraft

A big, solid, impressive picture, this German-made section of English history. It bulks large, as the saying is, in crowds, actors, royal palaces and royal physiques. But it bulks large, also, in art, and sets standards in the matter of the historical drama on the screen which native directors will have to consider if ever they become interested in pictures of this type. You would never know it from the title, but "Deception" deals exclusively with that period of Henry VIII's career in which he tired of Catherine and fancied Anne Boleyn; covers the incident of his establishing the church of England that he might control its divorce laws, proceeds to the fall from favor of the unhappy Anne and the suggested rise of the scheming Jane Seymour, and ends with Anne's march to the scaffold. It isn't a picture that is particularly creditable to English history, as you may easily imagine. You could hardly expect that of the late enemy. But neither is it easy to discover within it the subtle propaganda with which the more excitable have declared it to be filled. It is very much worth seeing.



"Deception" is a German made portion of English history, dealing with Henry VIII, his wife Catharine, and Anne Boleyn, whose march to the scaffold forms the finale. It is very much worth seeing.



Jackie Coogan, of rare talent and lovable personality, probably will never again have the chance that Chaplin gave him in "The Kid." However, his acting in "Peck's Bad Boy" proves that he is a fine little actor.



"The Perfect Crime" presents Monte Blue in a Jekyll and Hyde role demanding unusual talent. An improbable but decidedly original story.

DREAM STREET—United Artists

FATHER GRIFFITH seems to feel that he should apologize for "Dream Street." "We do not make any great promises one way or the other," he writes in the program; "we have done the best we could." There really is no call for an apology. And if apology must be made, a better basis for it would be the length rather than the quality of the picture. It is not a super-feature picture. Which is to say it is not a \$2 picture. But it is an interesting and beautifully screened "regular" picture. If it were sharpened by being cut from twelve to seven reels it would retain all its stronger points and lose nothing but its padding and repetition, and a dozen or so close-ups expressing grief, or fear, or terror, or surprise. With his Dickensian flair for over-emphasizing character D. W. slips into the habit of holding his close-ups so long the character itself fades and you hear nothing but the stentorian tones of the director himself shouting: "Hold it, Carol!" "For God's sake, weep a little, Charlie!" "Get the terror into it, Ralph!" Or, if you know nothing of the methods of picture-taking, you wonder just why you must be shown again and again how the heroine looks when she is in trouble and mightily upset about it.

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE—Paramount-Artcraft

ELSIE FERGUSON comes back to the screen rested and a little more eager than she was when she left it, but she comes back in a picture that gives her little opportunity to realize upon either her recovered energy or her talent as an actress. The story of "Sacred and Profane Love" is rather muddled in the telling as it has been cut for the screen. To any unfamiliar with the real adventures of Carlotta Peel it must be extremely difficult to understand her wanderings over half the earth and the part various undeveloped romances played in her life. The opening incident of her meeting with and romantic enslavement by Diaz, the pianist, is convincingly and delicately handled out of respect for the new order of censorship. But the story breaks there and the rest of it is wobbly and uncertain. Conrad Nagel gives another fine performance as Diaz, proving the possession of a fine sense of character he established in "What Every Woman Knows."

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY—Paramount-Artcraft

THE spirit with which a director approaches a picture is certain to shine through the screen, and John Robertson's love of "Sentimental Tommy" has done a lot for this picture. Sometimes, it seemed to me, it proved a bit of a handicap, in that in establishing the characters of Tommy and Grizel, the Painted Lady and the good Dr. McQueen, he forgets that the story, well known as to title though it is, is still a generation old and only the Barrieites remember it well enough to get full value from it. It is a refreshingly wholesome picture, however, splendidly acted and beautifully set, with a Long Island Thrums fairly steeped in Scotch atmosphere. Here Tommy and Elspeth drift into the village and fly to the defense of Grizel. Here the Painted Lady lives her pathetically short life at the edge of town, where the respectables have shunted her, and from here Tommy starts on his career as a literary man in London, later to return and shatter the heart of Grizel by his mystified indifference to her shy, devoted love of him. And here, finally, Tommy discovers a true affection for the unhappy girl, providing a happy ending Barrie might not altogether approve, though we doubt if he would seriously object to it. Through the story the clear art of a fine little actress in May McAvoy flashes with a positive radiance. Gareth Hughes as perfectly visualizes Tommy as any screen actor could, and acts him much better than most of them would. George Fawcett is the Dr. McQueen and Mabel Taliaferro the Painted Lady.

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI—Goldwyn

CHANGE, say the psychologists, is rest. From which basis it might easily be argued that "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is as good as a week in the mountains for any movie fan tired of the conventional picture. Certainly it is a complete change. However relaxing it may be depends greatly upon the sus-

ceptibility of the spectator. Being a reasonably calm, ordinary sort of individual we left the theater believing strongly that the author of the picture was a little mad, the director a little madder, the actors engaged quite mad indeed. The American distributors bought the picture from its German owners. Yet we were conscious of having seen a perfect sample of that cubistic art of which we have read so much since the first nude descended the staircase looking like a patchwork quilt in eruption. "Caligari," then, is the weird story of a German scientist who carts a somnambulist youth about the country in a coffin-like cabinet, sets him up at county fairs as an exhibit and releases him at night that he may commit a murder or two between bedtime and breakfast. It is a story told, and seen, by a disordered mind, with all the scenery jumbled in fantastic shapes and the features of the players weirdly angular and wildly staring. But it is momentarily returned to normal at its conclusion and the effect is one of having seen an Edgar Allan Poe thriller cleverly transferred to the screen. We would not, however, take the children. They will be just as well off and a lot happier if they do not meet "Dr. Caligari." The German actors are excellent, Werner Krause giving a good performance as the weird doctor and Conrad Veidt an uncanny subject.

PECK'S BAD BOY—First National

IT is a rare acting talent and a lovable personality that Jackie Coogan brings to the screen. But his directors will be hard put to it to find stories to fit him. Probably never again will he have the chance that Charlie Chaplin gave him in "The Kid." He misses it in "Peck's Bad Boy," largely by reason of the contrast this picture offers to the master comedy in which he made his debut. But he is still a fine little actor, surprisingly unconscious of the camera and capable of holding an audience's undivided attention so long as he is in view. As the mischievous Henry he filches the grocer's prunes and dried apples, fools father out of circus money and finally fills the same unhappy parent's lumbago pad with ants, causing more or less commotion when father carries the ants to church with him. We fear for Jackie, after seeing him carried around New York and kept constantly on exhibition for the benefit of the publicity men of his organization. But we hope for the best. It would be a great pity if his little head should be hopelessly turned—turned so far, that is, that he suddenly would find himself running backward in place of forward.

MADE IN HEAVEN—Goldwyn

HERE is another happy Irish hero for Tom Moore to toy with—a lad who arrives from Ireland with his dad and his sister in the first reel and achieves the fire department in the second, invents a flame extinguisher in the third, acquires a dress suit in the fourth and the pretty heroine in the fifth. A pleasant little comedy, with laughing Tom employing his usual good taste in the selection of heroines. One good look at Helene Chadwick, even through clouds of smoke, and he promptly picks her up, throws her across his shoulder and carries her down a long ladder to safety and future closeups. He is a versatile boy, too, with a convincing way with him. You could no more doubt his being a good fireman than you could question his being a good whitewing in "Hold Your Horses," and though "Made in Heaven" lacks the body of that particularly good comedy, it is worthy of inclusion in the current Moore series. We were a little mixed as to why, and when, he changed his name. The program called him Lowry, and the subtitles spoke of him as O'Gara. But he rather favored the O'Garas in appearance, so we'll blame the printer for the Lowry. Victor Schertzinger directed the picture from a story written by William Hurlbut. Renee Adoree (the new Mrs. Moore) plays a smart part prettily.

HUSH—Equity

SELDOM have we seen a heroine so intent upon telling her husband an episode of her past that she knew would result in their estrangement, as the lady who is the mainspring of the action in "Hush." She simply refuses to listen to reason. Possibly because she knew if she did there would have been no picture. "Hush," therefore, never really gets under way as a reasonable story, and its obvious moral—that where



Pauline Frederick is excellent in her four roles in "Roads of Destiny," a photoplay adapted from Channing Pollock's stage play, which was based on the original story by O. Henry.



Griffith's "Dream Street" is not a super-picture but an interesting and beautifully-screened "regular" picture. It would lose nothing but padding and repetition by being cut from twelve to seven reels.



"The Whistle," a story of the struggle between capital and labor, provides Wm. S. Hart with one of his best roles. A drab picture, painted with brilliant touch.



"The Queen of Sheba" is a Baraesque Fox production. J. Gordon Edwards founded his ancient kingdom of Sheba on some absolutely new information. Betty Blythe makes a beautifully-realized queen.



"Sacred and Profane Love" brings back a rested and eager Elsie Ferguson, but the story of Carlotta Peel is re-told in a wabbly and uncertain fashion. Conrad Nagel gives another fine performance.



"The Traveling Salesman" should win over many who have scorned Roscoe Arbuckle's custard-pie offerings of the past. Well directed and well photographed.

ignorance is bliss it is folly to spill the beans—is so plainly established at the outset there is no kick left in its delayed statement. Clara Kimball Young graces the various scenes with her beauty, and there are detached episodes that are well handled.

THE SKY PILOT—First National

HAVING to do with the Western gentlemen who fight at the drop of the sombrero or the dash of likker in the face, shoot straight and die game, Director King Vidor elected to fill Ralph Connor's "Sky Pilot" as full of thrills as six reels will stand. Therefore he has the fight in the saloon, in which a tenderfoot minister of the gospel gives the fresh cowboy the hiding of his screen life; the tumbling hero whose horse is shot under him at the crest of the ridge, plunging both animal and rider down the embankment; the busted bridge over the deep gorge, and, most thrilling of all, a stampede of cattle plunging directly at John Bowers and Colleen Moore. This last bit is, I consider, the best thrill of the year, being free of trickery so far as the layman can tell, and mightily dangerous. They should have paid Bowers a bonus for agreeing to head off that plunging bunch of longhorns. The story drifts occasionally into conventional scenes, but these are well played and the audience likes them.

CHICKENS—Thos. H. Ince-Paramount

IT may be I lack a sufficiently plastic imagination fully to appreciate a certain type of movie. I find it practically impossible, for example, to work up any great interest in a hero who admits that he does not know the difference between a hen and a rooster, and who is so improbably irresponsible that he bets an \$8,000 motor car against a second-hand Ford that the Detroit pride cannot pull his stalled machine out of a shallow creek. His adventures and romances thereafter fail to inspire even a moderate curiosity. "Chickens," which is a new Douglas McLean picture, develops this weakness in the first reel and never recovers. McLean is a wholesome, good-looking, talented boy. He can go on for some time satisfying his flapper public with this sort of comedy, but he will gradually lose his larger and more dependable supporters if his directors persist in making a fool of him.

By Photoplay Editors

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA—Fox

H. G. Wells manufactured his "Outline of History" a year too soon. J. Gordon Edwards could have given him a lot of absolutely new information about the oh-so-ancient kingdom of Sheba, whose very legends have been lost these many centuries under the drifting desert sands of Southwestern Asia. Mr. Edwards has reproduced that chapter of Sheban history dealing with the visit of the well-known Queen to the better-known Solomon, and Mr. Fox is the distributing educator. Sheba was a great place, according to Mr. Edwards, though far from original in manners, morals, murals or murders. They seem to have copied everybody in their architecture, the Hollywood and Grecian schools predominating. They beat Ben-Hur and the Romans neatly to it in their chariot-racing, and with a couple of girls up to handle the four-in-hands, as neat a track event as Saratoga ever saw is thundered into the panorama cameras that follow competing stables of Egypt and Arabia around the oval. Sheba is very beautifully realized in the person of Betty Blythe. Gorgeous as her costumes are, there seems to have been little need for a garb designed to call conspicuous and continual attention to certain portions of her anatomy; it would have been no treat for the Shebans, and nowadays it is downright indelicate. And how are we to realize a "moral" from a young woman who marries a king only to assassinate him, whatever his record as maladministrator and roue? Be that as it may, no sooner is Sheba a loving wife and murderess, than off she goes to Solomonville, to "learn wisdom." Like the Ringlings' spring trek out of Fall River, so is Mme. Sheba's summer trek into Jerusalem; she heads the parade on an elephant, preceding even the calliope. A great many things happen in Jerusalem; everything, in fact, except anything human. Nell Craig, quite as attractive as ever, comes back from Essanay memories to play the scowling rival jockey to Betty Sheba. Fritz Lieber is a first-rate Solomon, but his several (Continued on page 68)

Jam Tomorrow—No Jam Today

A summary of Photoplay Magazine's campaign against the Easy-Money men in motion pictures.

By
JOHN G. HOLME

IN its first article exposing and denouncing the financial methods of motion picture companies which start in business without any capital or adequate experience and finance themselves wholly by sale of stock to the public, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE stated that, so far as its editors knew, no company thus founded had ever paid dividends or restored to its investors any part of their investment.

This statement was made a year ago. Since then PHOTOPLAY has spared no effort in making a thorough and impartial investigation of these stock companies, but it has failed to find a single one that has made good financially. It has failed to find a single one that has succeeded in making artistic pictures. Not a single one of these companies has paid a bona fide dividend. Not a single one has contributed anything worth while to the motion picture industry of this country.

They have pointed to great achievements in the past. They have promised much for the future, but they have done nothing in the present. Their case is admirably stated by the White Queen in "Through the Looking Glass."

"The rule is," said the White Queen to Alice, "jam tomorrow and jam yesterday—but never jam today."

Motion picture companies made millions yesterday, and will make millions tomorrow—but never today. That is the way it is with the wild-cat motion picture companies. Jam yesterday and jam tomorrow, but nothing today.

Everything in the past and the future, but yesterday is gone and tomorrow never comes and the investor never sees a cent of his money, much less dividends.

In its investigation and survey of the motion picture industry, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has thoroughly analyzed the affairs of more than one hundred companies which have made the public pay their bills for producing mediocre or wholly worthless film dramas. The capitalization of these companies reaches a total of more than \$300,000,000. We have conservatively estimated that the American public has actually paid out between \$50,000,000 and \$75,000,000 in hard cash for stock in these companies during the past year, every penny of which is lost. Not a cent of this money will ever be recovered. Federal authorities estimate that the American public during last year paid out about \$750,000,000 for worthless stock, so about one-tenth of the sum thrown away for worthless stock in this country during the last year went into the pockets of the promoters of motion picture companies.

The results of PHOTOPLAY's campaign have been flattering. There has been a sharp decline in the sale of stock by these irresponsible companies. The public has been warned by the articles which have appeared in PHOTOPLAY and by further publicity which these articles have received. Thousands of persons have written to this magazine seeking advice on motion picture stock values. They have received impartial and sound advice free of charge. Several of the shakiest companies which tried to do the impossible have gone out of business. They

have either been forced into bankruptcy or they have just died without any court formalities. The presidents of two New York companies have disappeared. For the launching of one of these companies the people of New York City and Washington, D. C., paid more than half a million dollars.

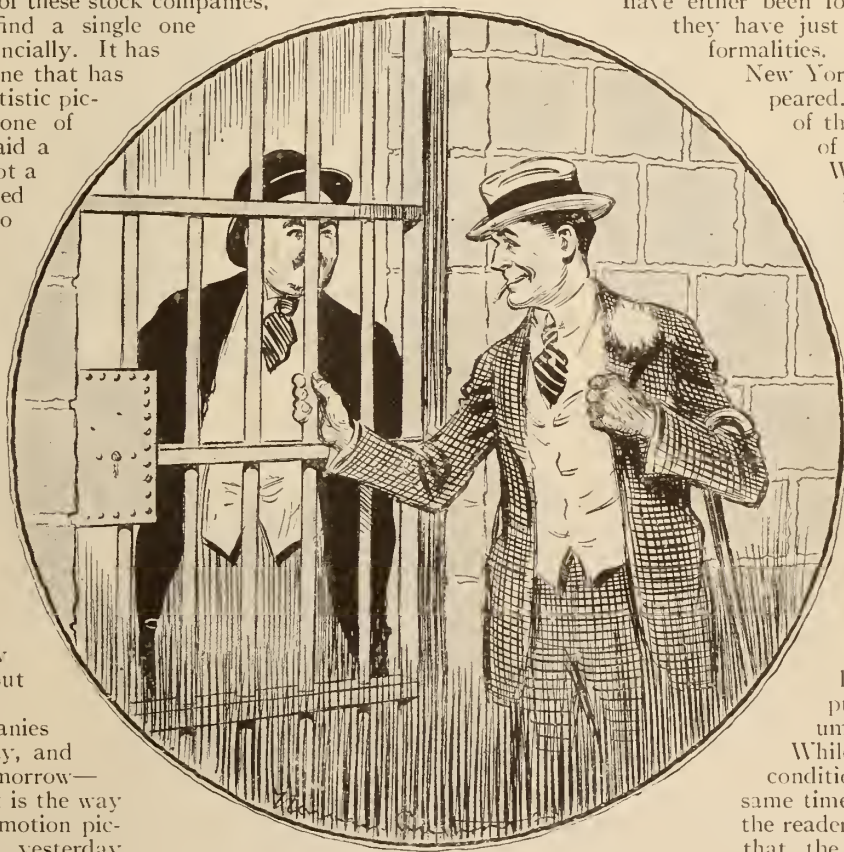
One gigantic motion picture enterprise in a far western city had to be abandoned by its promoters after an investigation by PHOTOPLAY had caused the Chamber of Commerce and the leading bank of the city in question to withdraw their support. PHOTOPLAY has reason to believe that it saved the citizens of this western city several hundred thousand dollars, although it has never published a line in its columns about this venture.

While it offers no excuse for conditions in this country, at the same time it may be of interest to the readers of PHOTOPLAY to know that the foreign motion picture field has suffered no less from financial adventurers than the American. The best example of this may be found in the career of M. Himmel, who flashed across the

film horizon of this country so spectacularly last summer. He had organized a \$100,000,000 international motion picture syndicate whereby he proposed to control the world motion picture market. Half of this capital was to be raised in this country, and American business men of unquestioned reputation became actively interested with him. After his visionary scheme had been analyzed and exposed by PHOTOPLAY and other publications, Himmel was eventually arrested in France where he has recently confessed that several of the documents whereby he induced people to purchase stock in his company and lend him moral and business support were forged.

The affairs of a \$5,000,000 British producing company have received a good deal of space in the British press and in all film publications of late. Reports from England state that the company in question has virtually ceased producing, and it is doubtful whether the stockholders

(Continued on page 103)



Fake stock promoter—"What are you doing in there?"

Fake movie school proprietor—"What are you doing out there?"



Drawn by Norman Anthony

Filming Lady Godiva's Ride

Producer—"Aw, let's bring it up to date! Make her a Follies' girl, an' have her sail down Broadway in a sporty car!"



Geraldine Farrar, supreme in all the dainty arts of grooming, says of Cutex: "So beautifully smooth and even does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut"

Strauss-Peyton Photo



Work around the nail base with the Cuticle Remover, rinse the fingers, and the surplus cuticle will simply wipe off

For snowy-white nail tips, squeeze the Nail White directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed top



To get a delicate and lasting sheen on the nails, use first the Paste and then the Powder, and burnish by brushing the nails lightly across the hand

MANICURING used to be so complex and difficult that only a professional could do it. It was even dangerous, because there was no way of removing the surplus cuticle about the base of the nail except by cutting.

But now women who are skilled in all the arts of grooming find it easy and delightful to keep their own nails always in exquisite condition.

We no longer have to cut the cuticle. All those hard, dry edges of dead skin we now remove simply and safely without cutting. Just a dab around the nails with Cutex, a rinsing of the fingers, and the surplus cuticle simply wipes away, leaving a beautifully even, thin, transparent nail rim.

And, in the Cutex manicure, all the rest of the process is just as delightful. A snowy whiteness under the nail tips with the Nail White; the delicate jewel-like shine of the quick and lasting Cutex Polishes—and the manicure is

complete and perfect in only about ten minutes.

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Your first Cutex manicure will be a revelation to you of the perfect grooming you can give to your own hands. However ragged the cuticle may have become through constant cutting, a single application of Cutex will make an astonishing improvement. You will be pleased, also, with the immaculate beauty of your nail tips after the Nail White, and with the delicate sheen that you get from the Cutex Polishes.

If you will spend only ten minutes on your nails regularly, once or twice a week, and every night apply Cutex Cold Cream around the nail base, you will keep them always in perfect condition.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes. The "Compact," with trial packages, 60c; the "Traveling," with full sized packages, \$1.50; the "Boudoir," the finest and most complete set, \$3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set containing enough of everything for six complete manicures, to Northam Warren, Dept. 707, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or if you live in Canada, to Dept. 707, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

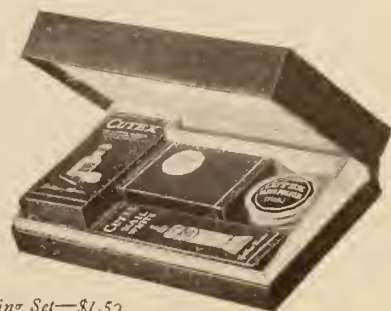
Mail this coupon with two dimes today for complete trial outfit

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City and State



Cutex Traveling Set—\$1.50

The Proper Abandon

(Continued from page 50)

minute. The weight of the bag did not lessen his general discomfort. He dropped into the nearest transfer place and had the bag sent to his apartments. While he was not at all sure where he was going, he did at least know it would be some place where he wouldn't want the outfit in the bag, nor the fishing-rods in the case on top of it. So, relieved of the bag, he resumed his wholly aimless ramble, still on the sunny side of the street, since it required too much mental effort to reason out how much more comfortable the shady side would be.

Here was everyone telling him he simply must drop things for a time and go and play. It looked simple enough to do a little thing like that. But he had discovered it wasn't. Trying to play seemed to be more work than work itself. Maybe he was the sort of man who couldn't play; who couldn't interest himself in anything save work. But they were telling him he wouldn't be in shape to work unless he stopped to play for a space. They might be right, or again they might not. Work had been getting on his nerves these past few months but this trying to play got on them worse. There you were! He seemed to have run up against a great fatality.

He came to a little square with a plot of grass in the center of it, quite a sizable plot of grass with trees shading it, and benches beneath the trees. Paths crisscrossed this young park and an iron fence that had all the ornateness of the late '60's enclosed it. The locality was one that was changing. Old residences with brownstone fronts told what it had been. The too numerous milk bottles showing on the window ledges and the little shop in every basement told what it soon would be. Here and there a flat-fronted metal-corniced tenement house began the fulfillment of the prophecies of the milk bottles on the window ledges and the emporiums of fish and provisions and groceries and dry-goods in every basement.

The benches beneath the trees were sparsely occupied for so hot a day. The shade of the trees looked inviting. All in all the little park in the middle of the square seemed a fairly quiet place. Peter crossed over to it. He espied a bench, fairly secluded and made for it. His nearest neighbor was three benches distant and dozing as well. It seemed feasible to sit down on this bench in the shade and think things over; whether he'd rake up something new to try in the way of amusing himself or spare himself further disappointment by letting well enough alone.

IF he intended to thresh this thing out he had cut out the circles around which he had been chasing himself of late. He must keep his mental processes to a straight line and get somewhere. To play or not to play seemed to be the question he must settle. He perched himself on the bench and took off his hat and thrust his hands into his pockets and puckered up his forehead.

But before he could get under way with his problem the quiet of the place, which had been the main element of attraction to him, was suddenly shattered by shrill whoops and calls and chatter and a high-pitched squeal or two. Peter Judkins swung about in annoyance. For the first time he noticed a group of children beneath the trees. It was a very animated group at that moment. They were scurrying hither and yon, some fifteen of them, egged on by a young woman who was dressed in white.

There was a peculiar note in the whoops and squeals. They sounded like made-to-order affairs. Also the children trotted about with machine-like movements, like so many automatons. It struck Peter Judkins that the small faces were all of them too sober and too vacant.

There was some signal from the young woman. The voices ceased. The young-

sters gathered about her. She seated herself on the grass, and they pushed closer. She was a remarkably good-looking young woman, very cool in her white dress, very efficient seeming, very patient, Peter noticed. She explained something at length. Peter liked her quick little gestures.

Then all the children scattered to various appointed stations beneath the trees, some of them placed by the patient and efficient-seeming young woman herself, who gave these over-backward ones yet further attention in the way of long-suffering explanation. And presently they were off again, with all the rushing about, the whoops, the chatter, the squeals, and the young woman clapping her hands and urging them to it.

PETER JUDKINS became greatly interested. Finally it came to him with something of a jolt that she was teaching them to play; these sorry little human misfits who must needs be taught that which should have come to them through intuition. She was doing it with a thoroughness and an understanding of their poor little heads that was really touching. Peter Judkins became absorbed in the progress of that game in the mottled shadows of the trees; more absorbed than he had been in anything for weeks and months.

It struck him at length that his own case was analogous to that of these backward children who must be taught to play. It struck him with such force he caught his breath and scowled and then chuckled.

"Now, maybe," mused the most brilliant member of the well-known law firm of Bronson and Judkins, "that's what I've got to do. *Learn to play!*"

The quaint thought amplified itself as he turned it over in his mind.

"And it's quite possible," he added to himself, "I've got to learn from the beginning; start in the primer class."

Forthwith, with a great deal of his old decision, Peter Judkins arose from his bench. It would have surprised him to realize he was still able to make any decision in so short a time, had he stopped to think about it. But he did not stop to think about it. He marched across the grass into the middle of the game. Naturally it terminated rather abruptly at his appearance in the midst of it. The vacant-faced children withdrew a space and stared at him. The young woman in white beheld him and reddened with annoyance. Peter took off his hat and engineered a decidedly stiff and formal bow, refusing to recognize the fact that he was an unwarranted intruder and that the young woman's face had grown more angrily—and becomingly—red as he accomplished that jerky bow.

"I have been watching your work with these children," said Peter. "I am tremendously interested in it."

Since she had taken up this work at the Elizabeth Patterson House, which was the one old brownstone front on the square whose window ledges were guiltless of milk bottles or similar decorations, Sarah Wendell had listened to that statement several times. She had heard it from many men who had invaded her precincts beneath the trees in the little park and lifted their hats and bowed just as this man had bowed. Some of them were young men and some of them were men who were trying desperately to hide the fact that they were not young. All of them were more or less vapid of face and too carefully groomed. None of them had the air of distinction of this latest invader; none of his seriousness of purpose; none of his quiet force. He might be young or he might be old. His hair, the freshness of his skin, his general appearance gave weight to the former supposition; but a droop to his shoulders, something tired in the gray eyes, and deep lines at the corners

of them suggested the exuberance of youth was well behind him. Whatever his years, he was old enough to know better. He was not at all like the other men who had simmered their expressions of interest in her work, and whom she had promptly and most effectively dealt with. This man with his rather nice smile and his air of distinction was much more dangerous. It made Sarah Wendell madder—both with him and with herself for admitting such things about him to herself.

There was an overlong interval before she spoke.

"Oh, are you?" she said in a voice some ten degrees below the freezing point.

The man before her refused to be congealed. He was apparently able to ignore sudden drops in temperature without so much as the quiver of an eyelid.

"Fearfully interested," he rattled on eagerly. "I am wondering if you happen to have room in your class for another member?"

Sarah waited for the specific designation of that prospective member, and somehow the designation did not surprise her in the least.

"I mean myself," said Peter.

The request being unusual enough to demand explanatory bolstering up, and the young woman offering not so much as a helpful question about such explanation, Peter, perforce, in simplest self-defense, launched into it:

"You see, people who ought to know all about such things have told me I must drop everything and run about and play for a time. I've been trying to do it. But I don't know how to play. I've tried—oh, lots of things these past three weeks, but they've all been worse than work. I've worked ever since I was so high. My people died when I was a little shaver, and some neighbors—that was in a little upstate town—took me in out of the goodness of their hearts or else because I was an asset in the work line. I've always tried to be fair about it; but I'm convinced the latter was the strongest motive. I worked, anyway, until I ran away from them because there was always so much work waiting for me. I never learned to play because I never had the time to play."

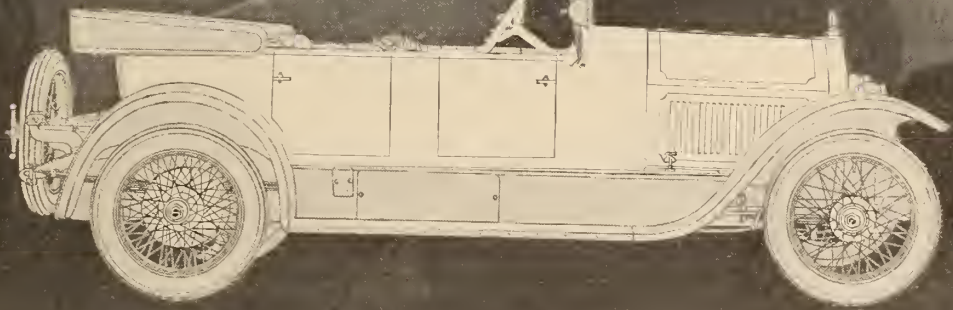
He paused, apparently to see how the explanation was going with her. There was nothing about her to give him an inkling in this line. She was still a block of ice, carved into the shape of a most attractive young woman. She was thinking:

"He's clever, too, as well as distinguished-looking. So much the worse."

SO when they told me to run away and play," Peter hurried on, "I was all at sea because I'd never learned how to play. In my sink-or-swim life until I found my footing and got under way there wasn't anything but work. There hasn't been much else since, either. I've grown quite familiar with work; know it inside out and upside down and over and under and through and between. But play is a different proposition. I don't know anything about it. I've really tried very hard to play; golf, and cruising along the coast in a motor-boat, and scaring marsh-birds to death with a shot-gun, and fishing, but I couldn't seem to get the hang of any of them. And they shoo me out of the office when I go back there and tell them work is my one best bet, after all. And I was getting pretty discouraged about it all when I saw you teaching these kids how to play. I really believe you could teach me the trick. You see, I've got to start in the A-B-C class. That's perfectly clear."

Sarah Wendell was saying to herself: "He is clever. It's even a plausible yarn. He needs a lesson."

(Continued on page 66)



The Stutz car has a distinguished appearance
—its lines are strong and bold but dignified
STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

The Proper Abandon

(Continued from page 64)

The corners of her mouth moved ever so slightly. She looked at him with her brows lifted just the right amount.

"You expect me to teach you the rudiments of play?" she asked.

"Would you?" he said eagerly.

"Here, with these children?"

The question was put to him with the idea that he would hem and haw and tentatively suggest a less public place and private lessons. Either by accident or design he dodged the pitfall. If she had thrown him a challenge he had accepted it.

"Why yes. Surely. Let me learn with the children," said he.

SHE hadn't quite expected that answer. It seemed to disconcert her somewhat. Added to the other qualities in his favor, he was game. The extent of that gameness she would find out. Her eyes narrowed.

"When would you like to begin?" she asked him.

"There's no time like the present. 'Do It Now' has always been one of my favorite mottos."

There was a momentary flash of amusement in her eyes. Then they were the normal, patient, understanding eyes again. The eyes Peter Judkins found it very easy to look into, even if he could not read much in them.

"Very well," said she. "Suppose you take off your coat and hat—"

Peter did so.

"—And stand on your head."

"I'm not sure I could."

"You might try."

"I didn't realize I began that way. I thought perhaps I'd have a part in the games."

"To take part in the games, to play them, to learn how to play, you'll first have to acquire a proper abandon. Standing on your head, or trying to, may bring it."

"Oh, all right."

Once more the eyes Peter liked to watch flashed and grew quiet again as she beheld him getting down to his knees, putting the top of his head on the grass and then kicking his legs up stiffly. The result of all this was somewhat disastrous.

"Woof!" he grunted quite involuntarily as he came down with a crash that knocked the wind out of him.

"Try again," she advised him.

But the second and third attempts and the many attempts following were no more successful.

Peter, sitting up breathless and somewhat dazed, after the fifteenth, was surprised at the number of people in that quiet little park. Surely there had not been anything like that number on the benches a few moments since when he first came here. But here was a goodly crowd, lining the edge of the nearest walk, beholding with great delight his efforts to stand on his head and urging him on with applause and good-natured advice.

"I'm afraid I just can't manage that stunt," said Peter, trying to appear oblivious to the gallery. "Isn't there something else I could do that would give me that proper initial abandon?"

The young woman's eyes sparkled again as she took in the highly delighted spectators on the path edge.

"Suppose you roll over and over on the grass."

Peter, too, glanced at the on-lookers. He glanced at them both ruefully and with much doubt. But he began to roll over and over along the grass.

A new idea came into Sarah's head.

"And yell as if you liked it," she suggested. "Not that way; loud, as if you just couldn't help yelling."

So Peter yelled and rolled, and rolled and yelled; and then he galloped about on all fours and made more strange sounds, until

the gallery was becoming hysterical and the young woman in sheer pity called a halt.

"That's enough for this time," she declared.

"If there's anything else—"

"No. A little at a time and absorb it thoroughly," said she.

"I believe I do feel that proper abandon coming. Anyway, I feel sort of in the spirit of the thing. May I sit here and watch the rest of the children's games?"

"The play-hour is over. I'm taking them back to the House, now."

"Oh! But of course I can come tomorrow. You're here every day, aren't you?"

"You want to come again tomorrow?" she asked as if it filled her with surprise.

"Why, I haven't learned anything about real play; just absorbed a few of the barest rudiments, haven't I?"

She looked at him silently and very fixedly for a moment. Then the faintest hint of red came into her cheeks.

"Tomorrow we shall be playing circus. We'll need an elephant, a good, strong elephant that can carry two or three passengers on its back. If you cared for that role—"

"I'll endeavor to be the sort of elephant that is all that he should be," said he, picking up his coat and hat. "It will be at the same hour?"

"The same time."

He lifted his hat and went out of the little park. The crowd of spectators cheered him. More than half of them came crowding after him. They trailed him until in a dingy street just beyond the square, he spied a passing taxi, flagged it, and dove into it. He whirled away, picking bits of grass off his trousers and out of the back of his collar, withal quite pleased with his morning and with himself.

The elephant-elect was in the little park next morning somewhat ahead of the appointed hour. He intended to have every minute of that play period. So he was there before Sarah Wendell and her charges from the Elizabeth Patterson House had put in an appearance.

It was another day that bade fair to be a scorcher. There was not even a semblance of breeze to rustle the dust-gray leaves above his head, and the mottled shadows on the grass were but faint outlines because the sun shone dimly through a hot haze in the sky.

Peter paced up and down one of the paths for a time, and then occupied a bench for a space, and then resumed his pacing with over-frequent glances at his watch. Presently there was a babble of voices across the grass. A little iron gate in the fence on the far side of the park opened, and the young woman in white came in with her cohorts.

A series of very brisk and very eager strides made Peter Judkins one of the group.

"THE elephant is ready and waiting, you see," he announced.

The young woman favored him with a flickering smile which might have been a sort of diffident welcome or merely an expression of her sardonic amusement. Peter hoped it was the first but was inclined to the opinion it was the second.

"First ride on the el'phant!" piped a small girl with perfect Semitic features.

"First ride! First ride!" rival claimants for the honor took up the cry.

"Hush! Hush!" the young woman stilled the rising clamor. "I think you're going to be popular," she said to Peter.

"We aim to please," said he, taking off his coat and folding it.

"He ain't got no trunk," a very young son of Sicily offered his criticism. "El'phants ain't el'phants without no trunks."

"Didn't you bring your trunk?" asked

Sarah severely. "You see how it spoils things when the elephant forgets his trunk."

"Unpardonable oversight on my part," Peter apologized meekly. "I'll get one."

He went out of the little park and crossed the square. He found a basement shop given over to second-hand ranges and decrepit bedsteads and dusty upholstered things of fearful and wonderful design and almost everything else that had served its purpose once and was ready to do it again if it could hold together in the meanwhile. Here Peter found and purchased a few feet of rubber hose and some twine with which to lash it on, and borrowed an awl to punch holes in one end of the hose to run the twine through.

BY putting a twist in one end of the hose he managed a very creditable proboscis. Once it was lashed securely to his features with the twine and Peter was down on all fours, swinging his head slowly to and fro in realistic fashion and lumbering and lurching about in an excellent imitation of the pachyderm he impersonated. Sarah found it necessary to wipe her eyes quickly and covertly several times in succession.

With a decidedly cosmopolitan group of passengers on his back selected by lot while the waiting-list sullenly accepted its lesser fortunes, Peter plodded in heavy-kneed and heavy-handed manner over the grass. The rubber-hose trunk swayed from side to side, and anon Peter trumpeted in a way that brought howls of glee from his riders both present and prospective.

It was the sort of play that savored strongly of work as the morning wore on, for everybody wanted a ride, save only small Sela Nalegian, who hid behind a tree in terror and must needs be urged hence and taught the harmlessness of the strange anomaly lurching about the grass plot by feeding it peanuts under the tutelage of Becky Levine before her fears subsided sufficiently to allow herself to be lifted to the popular back. Peter panted and grunted and lumbered about and trumpeted shrilly. Perspiration streamed down his face and made shiny patches on the rubber-hose trunk. But he stuck to his job until everybody had had his or her ride, even timid Sela Nalegian who had an extra long one because she found it so thoroughly delightful once she had brought herself to the point of trying it.

The gallery was even larger at the edge of the path than it had been the previous day. More vociferous, too; more free with its sallies and advice. But Peter paid no attention. Being an elephant, he found, was a serious business, which left him no time to consider what other people might think about it.

So the morning play-period sped past, and Sarah brought things in the park to a finish. It was a very red-faced and breathless Peter Judkins who mopped his face and picked up his coat and hat.

"Now that was bully!" he panted his verdict of the proceedings. "Don't you think I'm acquiring all that proper abandon you mentioned yesterday?"

"Perhaps you've acquired quite enough of it," said she.

"Oh, no indeed," he hastened to veto this implied suggestion. "Just beginning. Just getting my wind."

She looked at him with a slight tightening of her lips.

"You have been a very apt pupil," she told him. "I hardly think I could teach you any more abandon than you have shown this morning. And abandon, catching the spirit of play, giving yourself up to it, is the whole secret."

"But you see now I've caught it I want to make sure of it. I want to keep at it a

(Continued on page 87)



Noted makers of sport silks and sport skirts urge you to launder them this safe way

BELDING BROTHERS were already distinguished for their fine silks in the days of flowered taffetas and stiff brocades. Today their many beautiful silks have an equal reputation for highest quality. Read Belding Brothers' letter which tells you the way they recommend for washing sports and other silks.

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We are extremely glad to report to you that we have found Lux satisfactory in the washing of our finest silks. It is a pure neutral soap and there is nothing in it that could injure the most delicate silk fibre.

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We would like to have all purchasers of Belding wash silks launder them in the safe way set forth in the Lux directions. Laundering which will preserve the new appearance of silks in constant use is the best advertisement we could have.

BELDING BROS.
& COMPANY



The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 60)

hundred wives seem to have him a bit worried. Tom Mix, they say, staged the big Judean rodeo, and the thrills he gets might lead the credulous to believe that he did a little murdering on his own account. The principal moral lesson is that Los Angeles is a great place to run a lumberyard, a dry-goods store, a paint-house, a carpenter-shop and a decorating business, to say nothing of an agency for extras. The Bara production is still with us. Our bet is that if Theda had been there Solomon would have gone home with her, to walk the pet elephants in the cool of every tropic evening.

THE PASSION FLOWER— First National

MUCH was expected of this new Norma Talmadge film. It disappointed. To begin with, the play by the Spaniard Jacinto Benevente was more of a study of Spanish creeds and customs, morals and manners, than it was good sound drama. It is interesting to the student; it is not so interesting to the casual reader. A play was made of it; and now—a picture. It may be presuming to surmise that Mr. Schenck bought the film rights because of the intriguing title—snappy, isn't it?—but we have a suspicion that this is so. Herbert Brenon, a good director, presided. The result, on the screen, is a tedious, studied, and uninspired vehicle for the emotional Talmadge. If she had had this material to act in three years ago, she might have made it a sensational success. Today, she is too sure of herself, she has all her emotional tricks too nicely catalogued, to be convincingly dramatic. The picture is overburdened with detail. It seemed that Mr. Brenon had exercised too much care, that the scenario writer had overwritten the continuity; that the sets were Manhattan-made, and the players, even the extras, were puppets, and puppet-like, distressingly unreal. Much has been made of this production by metropolitan critics; but if the expressions of the audiences are any criterion, it did not interest. The audience we sat among laughed too long and loudly at a second-rate comedy to have been seriously inspired by the Talmadge interpretation. And it wasn't the fault of the audience.

THE CHARMING DECEIVER— Vitagraph

A TRITE tale as an excuse for the ingratiating presence of Alice Calhoun, who is earnest and at times convincingly dramatic as the persecuted heroine. We would like to see this new little star in a story which afforded more opportunities. However, it is something to make the best of those you have.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ROSA— Goldwyn

AN extremely amusing comedy, bordering not infrequently upon the slapstick, and presenting Mabel Normand in a characteristic role, that of a shop-girl who, in her search for romance finds it necessary to slide down coal chutes, swim rivers and generally upset the established order of things. In the type of comedy which she created, Miss Normand stands alone.

THE PERFECT CRIME— Associated Producers

IF there was a new plot under the sun, we'd say that Allan Dwan had filmed it, with Monte Blue in a Jekyll and Hyde role demanding unusual talent. True, the

story is highly improbable and at times rather inconsistent, but, unless taken too seriously, it's quite entertaining. Mr. Dwan has rather improved upon the original magazine story by Carl Clausen.

THE TRAVELING SALESMAN— Paramount

DID you ever hear of slapstick-drama? Neither did we, until Roscoe Arbuckle introduced it, and most successfully in his recent vehicles. He has opened up a field peculiarly well suited to his talents, and should win over many who have scorned his custard-pie offerings of the past. Well-directed and well-photographed, the James Forbes play has gained in comedy possibilities, in its second screening.

HIS GREATEST SACRIFICE—Fox

HERE, the storm signals are flying during the very first reel, when the film mamma leaves the church choir to enter grand opera, and William Farnum, as the film papa, kisses baby farewell, polishes his revolver and starts upon his twenty-two years of suffering. Said suffering continues until even the scenario writer becomes discouraged and ends things abruptly, pausing only long enough to predict fairer weather.

MOTHER ETERNAL—Abramson

VIVIAN MARTIN, as the wife of a true-hearted piano tuner who comes out loser in a shooting fray, thus placing her and her offspring at the mercy of the cruel world, brings touches of sincerity to the first part of this production but dispels them when she follows the sub-title "Twenty Years Later," her face an astounding study in black and white grease paint. The story is unnatural and illogical. Far too great stress is laid upon the emotional scenes, and our old friend coincidence appears in many forms. Ivan Abramson is producer, director and author. He should have provided Miss Martin with a Benda mask.

HANDS OFF—Fox

TOM MIX admirers, who delight in seeing this agile horseman risk his neck, will surely be satisfied with the excitement he furnishes them in this picture. His daring is seldom duplicated on the screen. The story is the usual, impossible "western," but Mix believes that the thrill, not the play, is the thing, and has the courage of his convictions.

THE WHISTLE—Paramount

THIS should stand out as one of the finest contributions William S. Hart has given the screen. The story is rather tragic, that of a plain, middle-aged mill-hand, who seeks to avenge the death of his son, and the love theme is entirely one of parent love. Such a plot would not make for success in a photoplay, were it not for careful direction, and the dignity and repression with which Mr. Hart enacts his role. A drab picture, painted with brilliant touch.

ROADS OF DESTINY—Goldwyn

THE success of the multi-story photoplay has never been marked, though this elaboration of the O. Henry story which Channing Pollock adapted to the stage, is unusually well presented. Pauline Frederick is excellent in her four different roles, and the scenery varies from the dance halls of Alaska to the drawing rooms of Long

Island. The theory advanced is that it is impossible to avoid or escape one's fate, which was decided at the beginning of Time. John Bowers in Miss Frederick's support.

THE LAMP LIGHTER—Fox

OF course, you read this Maria Susanna Cummins story, and enjoyed it—when you were ten years old. Shirley Mason is the waif whose cruel grandfather sends her forth into the world unchaperoned at the early age of one day, but who survives to scatter sunshine in true Pollyanna manner. We're sorry Shirley lost the kitten during the third reel. It was holding our interest.

THE DANGEROUS MOMENT— Universal

A VERITABLE League of Nations—with Carmel Myers as the Italian waitress who throws chairs and things at the Greek villain, and leaps through a skylight into the arms of the American hero. Greenwich Village is the locale, and Marcel De Sano, the young Roumanian director, holds the megaphone. This picture lives up to its title.

THE TOM BOY—Fox

A MOONSHINE still, hidden away not in the Kaintucky hills, but in a small-town stable! A beautiful girl who isn't the moonshiner's daughter, a hero who comes from the city with a shiny automobile and a waxed moustache, and a villain who works in a freight depot. Surely, the old order changeth, and hardly, it seems, for the better.

THE FREEZE-OUT—Universal

THIS is one of the best western pictures we've seen recently. Interest is sustained throughout, without resorting to the usual amount of melodrama common to this type of story. Harry Carey is the mysterious stranger who comes out of the nowhere into the here, reforms the town and wins the school ma'am.

DUCKS AND DRAKES—Realart

HERE is a decidedly clever comedy, in which four men determine to furnish a headstrong young lady with excitement, and succeed in doing so. Bebe Daniels, as the aforementioned h. y. l. is quite at her best, photographically and otherwise. If you don't take life too seriously, and appreciate being entertained and amused, you will enjoy this film. Jack Holt opposite Miss Daniels.

THE HEART OF MARYLAND— Vitagraph

THIS famed Belasco success comes to the screen in a photoplay of rare merit, with Catherine Calvert and Crane Wilbur in the leading roles. Much credit should go to Tom Terriss, the director, for having made a costume play in which the characters, not the costumes, command the most attention. The action is smooth and even, building up to the dramatic climax. Altogether, a decidedly worth-while production.

DESPERATE YOUTH—Universal

THERE'S a title, for you! Another tale of the old South, with Gladys Walton a demure Cinderella in hoop-skirts. The story does not measure up to her usual standard, but is mildly entertaining.

(Concluded on page 102)



You're going to like this tooth paste
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THE first time you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will note a delightfully fresh, clean, polished feeling about your teeth.

This means that your dentifrice has really done its work and that you have taken the proper precaution against dreaded pyorrhea.

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years of study and experiment. Its finely powdered calcium phosphate proves an ideal cleanser. A small amount of mild fruit acid assures that adequate flow of saliva which is so essential.

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Rockford Ill
March 5 - 1921

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one will find some thing
that will do as it says.
and your "milkweed"
cream is one of them.
A few months ago I
heard a very unkind
remark about my

Complexion. I purchased
three large jars of milk
weed cream. Each week
after, while attending a
club one of the
members remarked
"well Mrs B. come
on and tell us the
secret - of that complex
And from the improved
complexion in that
club. Some one must
have had a run on
milk weed cream.
Yours for success

"I heard a very unkind remark about my complexion"

IS it really true that women comment upon — actually discuss — the complexion of another?

Too often it is an experience as humiliating as that of Mrs. B—— which brings home to a woman the poignant realization that she has neglected her complexion — sacrificed so much of her charm and attractiveness.

There is, of course, no need for one to allow her complexion to be the subject of unfavorable criticism. The attractiveness of a radiant, wholesome complexion is easy to achieve. You can attain the beauty of a fresh, clear skin, just as thousands of charming women have, if you begin today the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

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A humiliating experience, and the gratifying result to which it led, are recorded in this letter. To those who are interested we will be glad to give the writer's name.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades — Light, Medium and Dark — 50c.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

MRS. W. E. A., ROXBURY, MASS.—You say if fashion dictates shorter skirts you don't know what you'll do. I know—you'll wear 'em! Oh, Jack Holt isn't dangerous at all—except, perhaps, from the screen. He is married and the father of several children. He was born in Virginia and educated at the Virginia Military Academy. Holt was once an extra. Hard to believe, isn't it? He's working now in "The Grim Comedian," at the Lasky studio in Hollywood.

PEGGY.—Why should I divulge my birthdate? These movie stars can remain silent on the subject and get away with it. It is only one of their many privileges, whereas my complete anonymity is my only refuge and recreation. Don't begrudge it me, said he in the Shakesperian manner. Vincent Coleman won't tell his age either; but it is his real name, he is unmarried, and has brown hair and eyes. Pat O'Malley in "Go and Get It." Gladys Brockwell in "The Sage Hen" for Pathe directed by Edgar Lewis.

JOSEPH D. U.—Julia Marlowe has never appeared in pictures. Her husband, E. H. Sothorn, made some photoplays for Vitagraph several years ago: "If I Were King" and "The Chattel."

M. D., BROOKVILLE, PA.—Life is not a broad highway for us to travel. There are many byways, and it is very easy to lose your way, even in these days of stationary lamp-posts. Gareth Hughes, Rubye de Remer, and the Novak sisters are not married. But they are saying Jane or Eva—I don't know which—is engaged to be Mrs. William S. Hart on a permanent co-starring contract. Time alone will tell.

BLUE EYES.—You and Mollie King. Yep—Miss King, or Mrs. Kenneth Alexander—is now singing and dancing on Broadway in a musical comedy called "Blue Eyes." The music for it, by the way, was written by Carmel Myers' young husband, I. N. Kornblum.

IRENE.—Reminds me of the Scotchman who said, "Aye, I have a match—but I'll be lighting my pipe in a few minutes and ye can wait." I am not niggardly with my matches of wit and wisdom. In fact, I am prodigality itself with such answers as: Marguerite Clark is very happily married to H. Palmerson Williams and; no, there is not the slightest possibility of their being divorced. Seriously, the Williams' are just about the most devoted couple I have ever seen. Marguerite won't give up the screen but she will make only one or two pictures a year.

CHARLES P. U., UTAH.—So you met Billie Burke's sister and she offered to introduce you to Billie Ziegfeld and also to get you a pass for the Follies. I'm so sorry to disillusion you, old dear, but you see the fact of the matter is, Billie Burke has no sister. Perhaps, someday, some kind soul will indeed present you to Miss Burke, but I'm afraid you'll have to worry along without that pass to the Follies.

A "Peach" Column From Uncle Sam's Movie Directory

By J. R. O'NEILL

May, S. C.	Frederick, Okla.
Allison, Ia.	Vivian, La.
Alice, N. D.	Martin, Me.
Brady, Tex.	Anita, Pa.
Ethel, Miss.	Stewart, Ala.
Clayton, N. Y.	Norma, Tenn.
Viola, Ark.	Talmage, Kan.
Dana, Ill.	Pearl, Idaho.
Dorothy, N. J.	White, S. D.
Dalton, Mass.	Clara, Md.
Elsie, Ga.	Kimball, Minn.
Ferguson, Ky.	Young, O.
Pauline, Neb.	

BARBARA.—Dorothy Dalton and Lew Cody have not married again—each other, or anybody else. Miss Dalton is working now in Cecil deMille's new production. She has the leading role while Mildred Harris appears in support. Conrad Nagel is leading man. Dorothy Dalton probably hasn't forgotten you—drop her a line at the Lasky studios.

HELENE I. O.—You cannot expect unswerving allegiance to all the old-timers, with so many new stars coming along. Still, I get a good many letters about Henry Walthall. There was a rumor that he was to return to pictures, but I have heard no confirmation of it. Walthall is married to Mary Charleson. He is now touring the country in Ibsen's "Ghosts."

MISS F. S., AUCKLAND, N. Z.—Thanks for your nobby note. I like to hear from you. I hope you get a large framed photograph from each of the following: Eugene O'Brien, Selznick, Fort Lee, N. J.; Dorothy Gish, Griffith, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; Billie Burke and Mae Murray, Paramount (eastern); Charles Ray, his own studio, Hollywood, Cal.

MISS EVANGELINE, MICHIGAN.—There is no fee. We are but epistolary ships that pass in the night, or flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la—whichever you prefer. By the way, why don't you ask me some questions?

C. W. G., CHARLESTON.—David Powell is married. He is also abroad. The last I saw of him was in the photograph published in our Plays and Players department in the April issue, which showed Mr. Powell pretending to read a letter on the Riviera. There are so many more important things to do there, you know. The cast of "The Palace of Darkened Windows" follows: Arlee—Claire Anderson; *The Rajah*—Arthur Carew; *Billy Hill*—Jay Belasco; *Azade*—Christine Mayo; *Captain Falconer*—Gerald Pring; *Eva Eversham*—Adle Farrington.

DOLLY DEVERE.—Ah—you're the one who dances on in the first act to say, "Girls—Harold Heavyheart is here!" I really can't recollect if I have ever seen you on the stage. Which proves that I am ungallant, but honest. Mary Fairbanks' name was Smith before it was Pickford. She was born in Toronto, Canada. Address the three Talmadge girls at their own studio, N. Y. C.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

RED OF NEW YORK.—Never say dye cannot be your motto. Natalie Talmadge is not a star; she appears in her sisters' productions occasionally. Wesley Barry is thirteen years old. Gladys Walton was born in 1904 and is five feet one inch tall. The May issue of this Magazine contains photographs of Renee Adoree, now Mrs. Tom Moore. I doubt if Mrs. Moore will ever be a film star—not because she lacks the beauty or ability, but because her husband said she wouldn't do any more pictures. Harold Lloyd, Hal Roach studios.

MARY LOUISE.—Queer, but the combination of yellow paper and purple ink doesn't annoy me as much as it used to. I suppose one may become accustomed to anything. You say your mother wants you to be a pianist, your father wants you to write, your sister wants you to overcome your temper, and your brother says you have the makings of a great singer. You will probably be a movie actress. Katherine MacDonald has been extensively advertised as "The American Beauty." Whether or not she is the most beautiful woman in America I really couldn't say. All I know is that Katherine is very, very easy on my eyes. Elsie Ferguson in "Sacred and Profane Love" and "Footlights." Lila Lee, Lasky, Hollywood.

BETTY M., MEADVILLE, PA.—Do I like to smoke? Well—is that an invitation, or are you merely compiling statistics? I do, but rarely. Someone sent me a package of ——— Cigarettes (brand deleted). I appreciate them, but I am not going to smoke them. "Know Your Men" is a Fox film with Pearl White. Ward Crane is a leading man—unmarried. This kind of leading man is very rare.

VIRGINIA ANNE.—I am sorry, but we have no record of a Peggy Gilmore. If Peggy is in our audience tonight, will she please rise and give us her brief biography, and present address?

ELEANOR.—Could I call yours a weighty question? Douglas Fairbanks tips the scales at 166 pounds. Miss Lucy Cotton, even when wearing her fur cape, makes such a slight impression on the scales that they register only 125. Miss Cotton makes a much better impression on me.

M. P. L., DES MOINES.—Rolf Armstrong is not a movie star, my dear. He is the artist-chap who paints PHOTOPLAY's come-hither covers. Mr. Armstrong is the brother of the late Paul Armstrong, the playwright, and accordingly the brother-in-law of Catherine Calvert Armstrong. Howard Hall opposite Pauline Frederick in "The Hungry Heart." I hear that Miss Frederick isn't going to return to the stage, positively, for two years. She is receiving something like \$7,500 a week for her film work, besides \$5,000 for gowns for every picture and two months' vacation with pay every year. That's what I call a situation.

JOSEPHINE.—How's Napoleon? (That's very crude of me, I will admit. But I have just seen "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and am suspicious of everybody.) Thomas Meighan played with Mary Pickford in "M'Liss." Tommy is married to Frances Ring. You say you want to see his wife in pictures. I'll speak to her about it.

MAE A. W., MAINE.—I do not know the size of Mr. Arbuckle's shoes. I suggest that you write to Roscoe yourself—care the Lasky studio. Read Mr. Arbuckle's fashion hints in the August issue.

HAZEL.—It's hard to believe. You say you are always outspoken in your sentiments. I have many correspondents but not one of them has ever outspoken you. Now, now—of course I don't mean that. Kenneth Harlan in "The Microbe," "Lessons in Love" and "Mama's Affair." Charles Ray uses his own name.

DOUBTFUL DICK.—It would be entirely proper for you to write to Mildred Davis care the Harold Lloyd company requesting her photograph. I even venture to say that Mildred will answer you. Class in etiquette adjourned

Oh, Yes, I do Remember!

By JORDON ROBINSON

OH, yes, I do remember, dear,
The rendezvous we kept—
In Yonder moonlit garden, dear,
When pale narcissus slept.
And I remember too when you
Confessed your love for me—
In yonder moonlit garden; True
The script said it should be!
Oh, darn directors—authors too!
The plot will break my heart—
What's one poor actor going to do
If held within his part!

D. M. S., BALTIMORE.—Mary Pickford is working now. The trip to Mexico has been postponed indefinitely—so has the world tour. The new Pickford picture will be "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with Mary playing the boy and Dearie, his mother. Shirley Mason has brown hair—bobbed—and light grey eyes, lashes au naturel.

DOROTHY.—You want to know Dorothy DeVore's telephone number. I can't give it to you, but I can tell you that Miss DeVore may be addressed care the Christie studios in Los Angeles, where she works every day—when she isn't being "loaned" to some dramatic company. She is not married.

MARIE P. O.—I am Job's understudy, Marie. I may get a little sarcastic at times, but you can't blame me for that. Wallace Reid and Monte Blue were both born in 1890, Viola Dana in 1898 and Constance Talmadge one year later. All are married—Miss Dana is the widow of John Collins.

MAINE FAN.—There aren't so many film stars who hail from your state. However, you can be proud of one native son. Lew Cody comes from Waterville. Wanda Hawley is married; she was born in 1897. Emory Johnson, Lasky. Bebe Daniels in "Ducks and Drakes." Have no record of Wallace Reid having lived in Detroit.

GEORGE B., CHICAGO.—No, I don't get so many letters from Chicago. Only about one hundred a week. I haven't been in the Windy City for two years so you can't have seen me walking down Michigan Blvd. Sorry to disappoint you. Franklyn Farnum is not related to Bill and Dustin Farnum, for the simple reason that Franklyn's name is not really Farnum at all. It's Smith. He was in musical comedy before coming to the cinema. (Alliteration at any cost.) "The Avenging Arrow" is Ruth Roland's Pathe serial. Harold Lloyd was born in Nebraska in 1893. He isn't married to Bebe Daniels or Mildred Davis. He isn't married to anyone.

MARY ALICE.—Very pink and very pretty—your paper, and your picture. I hope the latter color, at least, is genuine. Nothing but addresses? That's all right. Viola Dana and Jack Mulhall, Metro. Bebe Daniels, Lasky. Edith Johnson and William Duncan, western Vitagraph. Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Griffith.

ZELDA.—The only professional I know who bears your name is Zelda Sears, a legitimate actress and writer. There are no film stars called that. Zasu Pitts comes the nearest. Olive Thomas died of accidental poisoning in Paris. Mae Murray has her own company, directed by her husband Robert Leonard. Agnes Ayres in "The Furnace," "The Love Special" and "Forbidden Fruit." Webster Campbell with Elaine Hammerstein in "Pleasure Seekers."

THE GOLD-DUST TWINS.—You only remember me, I fear, when you want information about Wally. This time: where is his studio? His studio is the Lasky, in Hollywood, on sleepy pepper-shaded Vine Street. Here is the cast of "A Tale of Two Cities": Charles Darney, Sidney Carton—William Farnum; Lucie Manette—Jewel Carmen; Marquis St. Evremonde—Charles Clary; Jacques De Farge—Herschel Mayall; Mme. De Farge—Rosita Marstini; Dr. Alexandre Manette—Joseph Swickard; Roger Cly—Ralph Lewis; Gabelle—William Clifford; Jarvis Lorry—Marc Robbins. Of these actors, Farnum is still making features for Fox; Jewel Carmen's latest is "The Silver Lining"; Joseph Swickard gives an excellent performance of *Marcelo Desnoyers* in "The Four Horsemen."

E. E., JAVA.—You certainly selected an old one. But it takes a long time for films to reach you, doesn't it? The cast of "Beatrice Fairfax" follows: Jimmy Barton—Harry Fox; Beatrice Fairfax—Grace Darling; Jane Hamlin—Betty Howe; Clayton Boyd—Nigel Barrie; Rita Malone—Olive Thomas; Madeline Grey—Mae Hopkins. I believe this was the first screen appearance of the late Olive Thomas, who eventually won great success in the films.

VIOLA ADMIRER.—There are a good many of you, too. Miss Dana was born in 1898. She is a sister of Shirley Mason of Fox. Gareth Hughes was born in 1897 and is now with Metro. He played with Viola Dana in "A Chorus Girl's Romance," which was the film title of F. Scott Fitzgerald's short story, "Head and Shoulders."

M. L. N., BOSTON.—Oh, you can safely trust your letter to First National—they will forward it to Marguerite Clark. And don't be afraid of losing your quarter; they will see that Miss Clark gets that, too.

L. S., WHITEHALL, N. Y.—You are, to use the vernacular, out of luck. Earle Williams, Bert Lytell and Conrad Nagel are all married. Mr. Williams, Vitagraph; Lytell, Metro, and Nagel, Lasky. Margaret Loomis in "The Sins of St. Anthony." Shirley Mason in "The Lamp Lighter." Address her Fox studio, Hollywood, Cal.

D. F., PENSACOLA, FLA.—You say your regard for me is like unto the deep blue sea. I have always taken whatever you tell me with several grains of salt. Virginia Lee Corbin is eight years old; she is now on the stage—vaudeville, I believe. Dore Davidson was the father in "Humoresque." Frank Borzage, who directed that fine film, is now making "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," for Cosmopolitan-Paramount. William H. Strauss in "The North Wind's Malice." (Continued on page 112)



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Plays and Players



When they told Charles Chaplin that he was engaged to May Collins, pretty little film ingenue, he merely murmured, "I wonder what Miss Collins will say when she hears about it?" In spite of all the rumors, May and Charlie are still single. You remember Chaplin, not so long ago, was saying "Never again!" in reference to matrimony.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE was seen walking down Fifth Avenue with a diamond circlet clasping her dainty ankle. Her husband was with her.

MAY McAVOY is the young lady who, it seems, most all of motion picture New York is talking about right now.

May made rather a sensational success in "Sentimental Tommy," to which she brought, in the role of Grizel, a quaint charm that has never been seen on the screen before. She is, in her celluloid personation, playing a long run on Broadway. Not very many blocks away "The Passion Flower" was holding forth recently. A young man who acts in it is named Bobby Agnew. And it wouldn't surprise anybody to hear that May and Bobby were to be married soon. They deny that they are engaged, but then, so did Dorothy and James Rennie, and Doris May and Wallace

MacDonald, and a few others. And you know what happened to them.

AS a result of the threatened censorship bill, David Wark Griffith has given up his production of "Faust," which he intended to produce abroad with John Barrymore in the principal role. Mr. Griffith quite naturally assumed that if the bill were passed it would be necessary to have Faust and Marguerite united in a little home wedding in the garden, probably with Mephisto as best man. It is actually true that an Indian wedding has been introduced into the screen production of Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy" to make everything as correct and cosy as possible.

SINCE the rumor has spread so persistently, that Nazimova designs her gowns by performing Isadora Duncan dances clad considerably like Mother Eve before the

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By
CAL. YORK

mirrors of the wardrobe department—catching inspiration, no doubt—the Metro wardrobe department has had to order a new chain padlock.

ALTHOUGH it may be a trifle premature—since Mildred Harris' divorce decree isn't yet final—little birds and little rumors are certainly flying busily around Hollywood these days announcing that Charlie Chaplin is to wed again as soon as it is legally possible.

The lady in the case is pretty little May Collins, a seventeen-year-old leading woman who recently came from New York to play with Emerson-Loos and now with Goldwyn. She's an attractive little girl and is said to have a lot of ability.

The announcement of the engagement has been published in two or three of the Los Angeles papers, and while neither Mr. Chaplin nor Miss Collins would confirm the report, neither denied it.

I saw them dining together the other evening at the Maison Marcell in Los Angeles, with Florence Deshon and a gray-haired man. And it certainly had all the earmarks of a happy evening for Charlie and his pretty partner. They danced as devotedly and smilingly as a couple of high school kids.

Dear me! That same evening I saw Bill Hart and little Eva Novak in a corner, chaperoned by Bill's sister, Miss Mary Hart. Eva had Bill dancing about like a two-year-old and he seemed to like it.

I never can tell these Novak girls apart, but it's Jane that Bill is supposed to be engaged to. So maybe it was Jane. Or maybe Jane is away and little sister's looking after Bill.

In the opposite corner were Tom Moore and his new bride—pretty Renee Adoree—sitting very close on the wall seat and actually holding hands under the table. I hope that won't have any effect on the other couples.

REX INGRAM, who scored so magnificently with the "Four Horsemen" is now shooting a story by Balzac.

According to the young director, he tried very hard to get them to let him film this story when he was at another studio. "Who's Balzac?" demanded the powers that be. "Has he had any screen experience? How much does he want for it?"

"Nothing," said Ingram.

"Then don't take it. It can't be any good if you can get it for nothing," was the final word from G. H. Q.

Alice Terry, leading woman in the "Four Horsemen," is also playing the leading feminine role in this production. But she doesn't like it.

"I have too much to do," says Alice.

(Continued on page 76)



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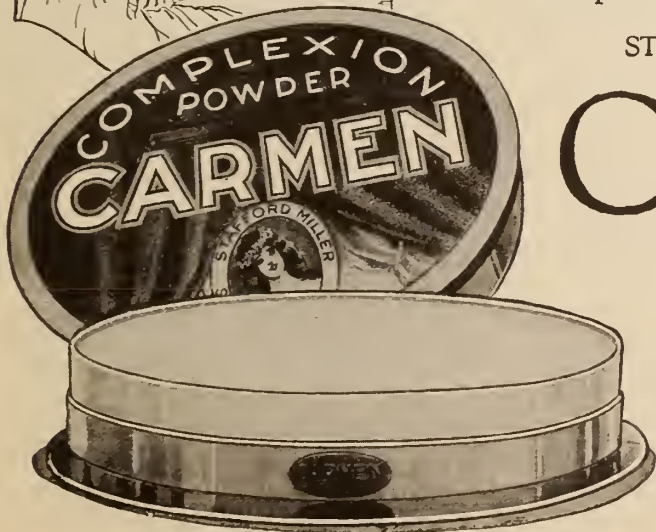
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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 74)



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Every kid in the country would be glad to change places with Carter de Haven, Jr. He employed—for half a day anyhow—the highest-salaried chauffeur in the world. A free ride to any little boy who guesses the identity of the wavy-haired gentleman at the wheel.

By the way, a little bird whispers that announcement of an engagement of longer duration than any picture contract is soon to be forthcoming between Rex Ingram and pretty Miss Terry.

Well, nothing could surprise us less.

NORMA TALMADGE said she wanted to meet all the newspaper women in New York. So her press agent sent out invitations to a tea in Norma's apartments at the Saint Regis Hotel. The newspaper women—some three hundred of them—arrived in full force, only to learn that their hostess was in bed. But that didn't spoil the party. Norma received a la empress, attired in the very latest lingerie. Sister Natalie swung a wicked cocktail shaker. Mother Peg presided. And a good time was had by all. You simply can't help writing sweet things about a star when she goes to all that trouble, can you? Apparently not.

THE Pageant of Nations held on March 28th at the Ambassador Hotel for the benefit of the Los Angeles Children's Hospital was a stunning and altogether marvelous affair and a lot of our greatest motion picture stars appeared to excellent advantage.

What in the world do they do about benefits where they haven't a host of beautiful and famous movie celebrities to act not only as drawing cards but as the mainstay of every attraction? Although the pageant for charity was conducted by the society matrons in charge of the hospital, it's a cinch it couldn't have netted the \$15,000 totalled at the gate receipts without the motion picture people's aid.

The pageant consisted of separate tableaux representing certain characteristic and beautiful ceremonies or events in the history of different nations.

The great ballroom was packed with a mob of fashionables and picture people, and the applause was uproarious.

The sensation of the evening, so far as can be judged from the actions of the audi-

ence, was Betty Blythe, who appeared as Cleopatra, in the English period, presenting the famous siren of the Nile as written by William Shakespeare. Betty wore one of her Queen of Sheba costumes reconstructed to suit the period, and when she glided on the stage, its few diaphanous folds of lace held about her by a diamond brooch, there was so much excitement I thought they'd have to call out the reserves.

The disappointment of the evening came when, for the ball following the pageant, Betty went and arrayed herself in an evening gown, which while not exactly puritanical itself, still had a lot on Cleo. Incidentally, Betty called me up at 2 o'clock that morning to ask me if I thought her gown immodest.

"Well," I said, "it was beautiful and you looked gorgeous, but if Cleopatra went around like that it's no wonder she got into trouble."

"Heavens," said Betty, "I didn't mean the costume! I meant my ball gown. The costume was art—I don't ever think about that."

Mary Miles Minter was Juliet. Mary is a sweet little girl and she looked like a spun sugar valentine, but she came about as near my idea of the Italian, passionate; emotional young lady who allowed Romeo to climb into her balcony the night after she met him, as a china doll. But then, I remember Julia Marlowe as Juliet.

The palm for beauty of the evening went, according to popular opinion, to Agnes Ayres, who appeared as a Russian bride. Walking down the long aisle in the middle of the ballroom, with a perfect glory of exquisite lighting behind her robes of white and silver and pearl, she was exquisite. She even had a sort of bridal expectancy on her face, if you know what I mean.

Elinor Glyn appeared in the French period as Empress Josephine, and gave the tensely interested audience a portrayal of that noble lady correct in every detail of dress, character and demeanor. She looked as regal as possible in her white satin and emeralds, but I've a large-sized notion that

Plays and Players

(Continued)

Napoleon would never have divorced her. She looked a match for any man. Incidentally, T. Daniel Frawley, who has so often successfully portrayed the famous conqueror, was Napoleon.

The minuet in the French period was altogether charming. It was exquisitely done and May Allison, as a Watteau Shepherdess, conducted through the mazes of that stately dance by Herbert Rawlinson, was a delight that caused repeated murmurs of approval from the throng. Mrs. William Desmond was also in this number, with her pretty curls down her back, and Mary MacLaren completed the blonde trio. I forget the other men.

Gloria Swanson was something or other Chinese, whether a goddess or empress I couldn't quite make out. Anyway, she was perfectly marvellous, though I thought the magnificence of the costume and the amount of the decorations she had to wear overshadowed her own bizarre type a bit.

After the pageant—of course there were lots more people in it, but it's just impossible to tell you about them all—everybody danced in the big ball room, and had a wonderful time.

It was quite a get-together occasion, too, between the social register, as it were, and the blue book of filmdom. Rehearsals were held in the homes of some of the leaders of the 400, and the whole thing proved a cementing tie between the two interests in the Los Angeles and Hollywood colonies.

It is to be hoped that the society leaders are duly grateful to the film folk, who after working all day in the studios, were willing to rehearse three nights out of the week and tend to their own costumes to aid such a worthy charity.

ONE of the leading actors in Von Stroheim's latest production, died in the middle of the picture.

Possibly from old age.

CECIL B. DEMILLE and Mildred Harris met for the first time this week as director and actor.

Thusly goes the tale:



Freulich

It is only an additional distinction of Marcella Pershing that she is a cousin of the General. Even if she weren't, Hoot Gibson's new leading woman would be worth seeing.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

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Little Richard Headrick gave an unsuspecting tourist the surprise of his life recently. Strolling through a Los Angeles park the tourist was startled by a wild cry from a nearby lagoon. He rushed to the spot, saw a child of three floundering in the water, and jumped in. As he struggled to shore with the struggling youngster safely in tow, he was greeted with: "You big boob—you spoiled our picture! Besides, that boy can swim better than you can!" Richard is a swimming champion and one of our most promising young actors.



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THE LEWIS SCHOOL, 76 Adelaide St., Detroit Mich.

Mr. deMille called a meeting of the caste and the technical men, designers, writers, etc., in his office at eleven o'clock for the purpose of reading the script to them.

At eleven o'clock everyone was there, except Miss Harris.

Mr. deMille waited patiently for ten minutes, impatiently for another ten, and riotously for fifteen.

A telephone call to the lady's home elicited the information that the actress had left.

At 11:46 Miss Harris, bright and smiling, walked in.

Everything was very quiet. Mr. deMille slipped his cuff over his wrist watch and sat down. He motioned Miss Harris to a seat opposite him. Then, very politely he spoke as follows:

"Miss Harris, for eight years, I have

been directing motion picture stars—some great, some small. In those eight years, you are the first person who has ever dared to be late for a call of mine.

"You now owe me, and all these gentlemen and ladies whom you have kept waiting for forty-six minutes, a public and an abject apology. Your time may not be valuable. Ours is."

"I ran out of gasoline," said Miss Harris, wiping a tear from her nose.

"Start so if you wreck the car you will have time to call a taxi," said Mr. deMille. "Because in order that this may never, never happen again, it will cost you exactly ten dollars a minute, for every minute you are late to a call of mine. You would owe me just \$460 for this affair this morning."

And then some people say motion pictures are unbusiness-like!

Plays and Players

(Continued)

"BEN HUR" has been bought, at last, and not by Griffith.

The gentlemen who believe sufficiently in "Ben Hur's" drawing powers have contributed \$1,000,000 and bought the darn thing.

The gentlemen are the Messrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., A. L. Erlanger, and Charles B. Dillingham, all theatrical magnates. Which also means that "Ben Hur" will be a photoplay soon.

DORIS MAY set May 1st as the date of her wedding to Wallace MacDonald. It was to be a regular church affair, with orange blossoms, lace veils and bridesmaids, we understand.

THE cinema stork has announced a personal appearance at Beverly Hills, sometime in July, at the home of Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo.

The Niblos have been married four years. After this interesting event, Miss Bennett plans to return to the screen with her own organization.

KING and Florence Vidor, when they finally established a California home, brought from Texas some of the servants that had long been in the family. Among them came a small pickaninny, just a trifle older than little two and-a-half year old Suzanne Vidor.

According to the good old Southern tradition, this youngster became a combination guardian and playmate for Suzanne.

One day, lovely Mrs. Vidor, leaning out the window to watch the two in the pergola, heard the following conversation:

Suzanne—"Mandy, I fink you're a much prettier color 'an I am."

Mandy—"My goodness, honey, you ain't any color a-tall. You're jes fat."

TWO pretty Hollywood movie actresses met outside the Garden Court tearoom. "My dear," said one, "I'm so happy, today is my wedding anniversary."

"Which husband?" asked the other with a guileless smile.

ALICE CALHOUN, in her new picture, makes her social debut. For the deb's party the Vitagraph company erected a beautiful drawing room set and hired a hundred extras.

According to the script, the debutante comes into the room and is greeted effusively by the extras. This action was rehearsed and the the camera began to grind. Suddenly Miss Calhoun's eyes focused on someone seated nearby among the supers.

She gasped, and ran off the set. The director swore under his breath; the cameraman gaped.

For Alice had rushed to a girl and clasped her in her arms. "Helen!" she cried, as she hugged the little extra, "wherever did you come from?"

It seems that the extra, like the star, had been born and raised in the same Middle-western town. They had been playmates and school chums but had not seen each other for four or five years until they met on the Vitagraph set.

And what's a few feet of film between friends?

THE May issue of PHOTOPLAY contained a story about the marriage of Tom Moore and Renee Adoree. Among the guests at the wedding breakfast were mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Inasmuch as there is no Mrs. Gibbons, the article caused Mr. Gibbons some annoyance. We are glad to correct it.

(Continued on page 100)



A 3000-year-old pleasure for you to enjoy

AROUND the most simple facts of living, the ancients threw all the subtle pleasures which their minds could devise.

They understood, too, as every one in the East understands today, the restfulness of sweet odors, the refreshment which comes from delicate perfumes.

Do you know the refreshment of Incense?

They knew incense, as you can know it today. For tonight, in your reception room, in your halls, in your boudoir, there can arise the subtle and delicate perfumes of the Orient—the same graceful fragrance which is arising in millions of homes throughout the world.

Vantine's—the true Oriental Incense

Burn incense, but be sure that you get Vantine's. It's very easy to make a mistake about so subtle a thing as

incense, but if you use the name, Vantine's, as your guide, you have the experience of 60 years' knowledge of the Orient guiding you to the true Oriental fragrance.

Which do you prefer?

Vantine's Temple Incense comes in five delicate fragrances—Sandalwood, Wistaria, Rose, Violet and Pine. Some like the rich Oriental fullness of Sandalwood, others choose the sweetness of Wistaria, Rose or Violet and still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of Pine.

Whichever you prefer, you can get it from your druggist or your gift shop. Practically every department store, too, carries it, so swift has been its spread throughout America.



ALL the sweet delicacy of Wistaria Blossoms is imprisoned in Vantine's Wistaria Toilet Water.

So try, tonight, the fragrance which appeals the most to you. Just name it on the margin and for 25c we will be glad to send it to you as an acquaintance package.

VANTINE'S Temple Incense is sold at drug stores, department stores and gift shops in two forms—powder and cone—in packages at 25c—50c and 75c.

Vantine's Temple Incense

Sandalwood

Wistaria

Violet

Pine

Rose

A. A. VANTINE & CO.
64 Hunterspoint Avenue
Long Island City, N. Y.

I enclose 25c for the Introductory Package of Vantine's Temple Incense.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Sani-Flush

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Sani-Flush was made for just one thing—to clean the closet bowl—to clean it better than any other means and to clean it with less labor. Sprinkle a little *Sani-Flush* into the bowl, according to the directions on the can. Flush. Stains, rust marks and incrustations will disappear like magic leaving the bowl and hidden trap spotlessly white and absolutely sanitary.

You do not have to use disinfectants because *Sani-Flush* cleans thoroughly.

The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.
Canadian Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto



Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)



Benj. B. Hampton in his Hollywood office.

Cattar Lattan, U. S. A.

The truth about movie morals and manners in Hollywood.

By

BENJ. B. HAMPTON

IN the good old days before the Hohenzollern family threw a monkey wrench into the world's machinery, every really good American cherished a desire to go to Paris and see the Latin Quarter. And many good Americans went.

Some of them thought they got their money's worth, and others decided that the Bal Bullier was composed of servant girls, cab drivers and wine agents. But all of them in their struggles with the French language on its native heath compromised by calling the Quarter Latin the "C-a-t-t-a-r L-a-t-t-a-n."

"Cattar Lattan!" What a rude shock it was to learn that the Latin Quarter was not a place but an attitude of mind. If one went across the Seine in the proper mental condition perhaps he found the Cattar Lattan of Du Maurier's novel "Trilby"—and perhaps now if he wanders into Hollywood he may find the Cattar Lattan of the U. S. A.

California sunshine will warm his blood. Flowers, vines, green lawns, shrubbery and semi-tropical trees form a setting to homes more picturesque, more quaint and more foreign than anything he has seen elsewhere on our continent. Springtime seems present always.

"Cattar Lattan, U. S. A."—Hollywood, nestling under the foothills and lazily looking across miles of meadows to the

Pacific. Hollywood, home of the movies, capital of Studio Land, where every girl's a picture star and every man's a hero. No one there looks at a salary of less than a thousand dollars a week. You know—you've read all about it in newspapers and magazines.

You are confident that Hollywood is populated with romantic young gentlemen, and bold, bad villains, and cowboys and kitteny little blonde girls dressed in one-piece bathing suits. And that all of them are care-free Bohemians, earning heaps of money easily and spending it with gay abandon. Ah! for the life of Cattar Lattan!

And what happens to be the truth? Is there a gay, Bohemian colony called Hollywood that rivals the famous Latin quarter of Paris?

Gentle reader, there is *not*. Such a place exists only in the minds of the writers who flit into Los Angeles and try to compete with painters in the use of colors. Hollywood—is most charming, most beautiful and no one could find a more wholesome spot in which to rear a brood of youngsters. Everything is good: air, water, scenery, schools, pavements, bungalows, mansions, mountains and meadows, morals and manners.

And Hollywood is the motion picture capital of the world. From East Hollywood to the sea—a distance of fifteen or

Add Pop-Corn



And Add Profit. Other dealers are doing it. Kingery's No. 990 Combination Continuous Corn-Popper and Peanut-Roasting Machine offers splendid opportunity. Handsome, durable, efficient. Gets quick attention. Creates immediate desire, thus adds extra dimes and nickels to your till. Adds profit to your income.

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Sizes and styles for all classes of trade—Drug, Grocery, Cigar, Fruit, Wholesale and Retail Confectionery, General Department Stores, and Picture Theaters. Machines to operate by hand, steam or electricity, using gas or gasoline for fuel. Add Pop-corn and Add Profit. Free book tells how. Write today.

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Established 1881.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogus, 3658 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

Cattar Lattan, U. S. A.

(Continued)

twenty miles—studio plants dot the landscape. Thousands of men, women and children are employed in the industry. They live in Hollywood, in Los Angeles and in all the suburbs of Los Angeles.

When I say these things to the authors, newspaper editors, and general run of old friends from the East, they are surprised and for a time incredulous. After I have convinced them of the plain truth of movie life, their invariable question is, "Well, how do the picture people get such a reputation?"

One important element in creating a reputation for picture players is the moderate size of Los Angeles. New York is so vast that the individual is absorbed by the mass. Los Angeles, with its six hundred thousand population, is still a metropolis in which the individual exists as a human being and is not merely a cog in a vast social machine.

Briefly, the motion picture people of New York are lost in the vastness of the six-million mob of the big town; in Los Angeles the actresses and the actors are constantly in the public eye. Thousands of tourists throng to Los Angeles, who count their journey a failure unless they see their favorite players in every-day clothes as they go about their every-day affairs disguised as human beings.

So that always in Los Angeles the spotlight of curiosity is focused on the movie people. It is small wonder then that even a glimpse of a famous player is desirable, and that morsels of gossip are eagerly rolled from tongue to tongue.

The actor folk have ever been a clannish, independent social section. They have their own code of morals and ethics. They have been wanderers who have seldom or never settled long enough in one place to call it "home." In America, New York was for years the center of their life, and there they created their own social organizations and groups and gave little thought to the society life of the city.

Los Angeles has become the home of a great player population in half a dozen years, a brief period in which to absorb a large number of such colorful folks as movie makers, and it is not surprising that neither Los Angeles nor the picture people have quite found themselves.

Los Angeles seizes upon each tidbit of movie gossip—but also, Los Angeles is proud in telling of the achievements of

How I Earned \$200 in My Summer Vacation

A personal experience

By CORA LIVINGSTONE
1108 Fell Avenue, Bloomington, Ill.

LAST spring I was asking myself the question: "Isn't there some way I can earn or save more money?" It had concerned me each year as summer approached, but last April I discovered such an easy, practical and delightful way to increase both my earnings and my savings, without interfering at all with my regular work, that I want other women and girls to know about it, too.

From girlhood, I had always wanted to be able to plan and make pretty, becoming clothes. But I became a school teacher and never learned the things about dress that I wanted so much to know.

I thoroughly enjoyed teaching and was devoted to my work, but two things about it were problems—first, there was the long unsalaried summer, when I spent a good part of my year's salary. Second, a teacher simply must be well dressed and I found good ready-to-wear clothes were so expensive that the rest of my income was needed to keep me presentable.

You can understand my interest, therefore, when I heard last spring of the wonderful success of women and girls in learning dressmaking in spare time, at home, through the Woman's Institute. When I stopped to think what it would mean to me if I could make all kinds of dainty, becoming clothes for myself at substantial savings, and could earn money sewing for other people besides, I seized the opportunity at once and became a member.

I received my first lessons in April and the enthusiasm and confidence I gained through only two months' study, April and May, led me to volunteer to sew for other people. When my school closed, I told everyone that I planned to sew all summer and would devote some time to outside work.

To my astonishment, work came in so fast almost at once that I was really frightened at the amount brought to me. A bride-to-be brought me three silk dresses and a white wash dress, and said they must be completed by July 1st, as she was going to Colorado on her honeymoon. I began her wedding dress one day at noon.

One woman brought me materials for four dresses for herself and three daughters and left the entire planning of the dresses to me. When I had worked out the patterns and gave her my ideas for the color schemes she said: "Yes, I like them all very much. It is a delight to find someone who can plan our clothes." I was really amazed to see how eager people are to patronize the kind of dress-makers who can help them plan their garments.

I began my sewing for other people in June and during June, July and August I earned \$200, besides making my own clothing and dresses.



distinctive and more satisfactory in every way than they would be had I bought them in the shops.

My studies have been a pleasure and an inspiration. Much of the drudgery of life is merely uncertainty. When we know *how* a thing should be done and *why*, tasks become pleasures. That is what the Woman's Institute is doing for its students—transforming tasks into pleasures. My course has given me ample proof that any woman can learn through the Woman's Institute how to clothe herself at a mere fraction of what her clothes would cost if bought in the regular way, and how to make money sewing for other people besides.

As I think of it now, I have not only learned to make all my own clothes at a saving of \$100 or more each year, but I really now have two professions. I can make a good income during summer vacations and I can take up dressmaking as a business the year round and have a shop of my own if I ever want to leave my teaching. And I have learned all this in spare time right at home.

Yes, I consider the money I spent on my Woman's Institute course the very best investment I ever made.

More than 100,000 women and girls in city, town, and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn through the Woman's Institute, in your own home during spare time, to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats for yourself, your family, and others, at less than half their usual cost.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy most of your



(Concluded)

Prohibition closed out this group of joy palaces and nowadays the scandal-seekers search hard for news to take back home. The real character of the picture people is slowly coming into public recognition. Los Angeles society has learned that it must distinguish between individuals in the pictures group as society everywhere distinguishes between individuals in every group. The morals of the players are no better and no worse than the morals of the "high society" group of Los Angeles or New York or Chicago or Boston or other large cities.

If there is any difference the balance is in favor of the picture people, for late hours and bad habits are quickly and remorselessly registered by the camera, and the girl or young man that regards "life as one long party" soon finds his or her own earning power decreasing.

The great majority of motion picture players are hard-working, intelligent, decent people. A small minority is bad. This minority is careless of public opinion. These careless people conduct their affairs openly and brazenly and give the entire colony a reputation that is false and unfair.

Then, too, every loose individual, male or female, that has ever seen a day's work on a studio lot enters claim to the occupation of "motion picture player." "An analysis of the Los Angeles newspapers during a year will substantiate the statement that the doubtful women of this community fly to the title of "motion picture actress" whenever trouble appears in the form of a policeman or newspaper reporter. Not only do women of this class slander the movie profession by hiding behind it, but men do the same thing.

Thus is reputation created. The facts are that during three years of my observation in Los Angeles I do not recall one case in which *one motion picture star has been involved* in one of the criminal or suicide or scandalous investigations of that period. Yet the movie profession is tried and found guilty in newspaper scareheads!

I have before me copies of two Los Angeles newspapers of the same date. One newspaper, on the front page, declares in wood type two and one-half inches high:

L. A. FILM BEAUTY POISONED
TRAGIC PLOT PROVED AS SCREEN
FAVORITE IS DISCOVERED
DRUGGED

Beautiful widely known as one of the rising stars in the Los Angeles motion picture colony, died suddenly today under mysterious circumstances in San Francisco. The police believe she may have been the victim of a murder plot. Etc., etc. The other newspaper says in large headlines:

L. A. FILM GIRL IN MYSTERY
DEATH.

Potion Fatal to Screen
Woman.

Police Baffled; Victim is
Reported to be Writer of Scenarios.

Three inches beneath these headlines, in this same newspaper, in this same article, is this paragraph in small type:

"A thorough canvass of the motion picture colony of this city failed to reveal that a Mrs. was ever associated with any of the Los Angeles film companies."

Careful analysis of the situation will prove my assertion that the "reputation" of the film people is created chiefly by newspaper headlines and not by the acts of the players themselves. The eternal exception to this rule is the "fast sets" of moviedom, the careless, noisy minority that is seldom vicious but is often unwise to the point of silliness. No one cares for the task of defending this minority—any more than one would accept the burden of defending the fast men and women who are prominent in the business life and society life of any large city. Well-known merchants and professional men may move at greater speed than the fast set of the picture colony, but the newspapers seldom or never give space to their affairs.

A testimonial to the character of the player colony is that it furnishes only a small percentage of the grist for the divorce mills. But note, please that when John Smith, dry goods merchant, is divorced by his wife, Mary Smith, who charges various interesting things and proves them to the court's satisfaction, the newspapers give the case reasonable attention. But when Sarah Jones, motion picture actress, and William Jones, her husband, decide

that Sarah is entitled to a divorce, and proper legal machinery is set into motion, the newspapers shriek and scream with all the gorgeous wood-type in their composing rooms.

Sarah makes no sensational charges against William, yet being movie stars, their affairs must be exploited to the limit. A sensation must be created.

Presto! Ah! We have it! Sarah has taken a residence in another state! Of course, fifty thousand other women have done exactly the same thing, in precisely the same manner in the same state—but *they were not picture stars.*

The courts grind along. Sarah is finally granted her divorce. Long after the dry goods merchant has passed into obscurity, Sarah and William are kept in newspaper scare-heads.

Then Sarah does the most hideously monstrous thing on record—*she marries another man.*

It happens that Sarah is a lovable, wholesome woman and that Henry, her new husband, is an artist, a gentleman, and, as he has proven—a statesman. Incidentally it happens that Sarah and Henry love each other with a devotion that inspires every member of the film colony.

No matter—they are picture players. The wood-type batteries and the slander-slingers leap into action, and all over America people shudder for months because a pair of clean, fine human beings have become married, have obeyed the laws of society and have given the world a little push toward a higher plane.

I am glad to add that Sarah and Henry are living through their uncomfortable experience. They are building a home way out in quiet Hollywood. It's a new and thrilling experience for player folks to build homes—an *event* that can never be appreciated by any one who has not spent a lifetime in hotel bedrooms. To have four walls around one, to have a roof over one's head, and lawn and flowers and a garden. To know that this is home—*our home*—well, dear citizens of this great republic, you can't understand it unless you have been a bird of passage yourself.

Hundreds of actors' homes have been built in Hollywood. More are being contracted for each week. And you'd be surprised to know that the first instruction given to every architect is to plan a model nursery.

Pompeian Day Cream



"Don't Envy Beauty - Use Pompeian"

The shaded lights can not conceal her wondrous beauty. Her vivid smile, her flashing eyes, are accentuated by the soft, beautiful coloring of her cheeks. She wins the admiration of all who see her. And why shouldn't she? She knows and uses the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct powder shade is more important than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes. See offer on coupon.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—naturelle, rachel, flesh, white. Pompeian BLOOM—light, dark, medium. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.

Marguerite Clark Art Panel — 5 Samples Sent With It

"Absence Can Not Hearts Divide." In dainty colors. Size, 28 x 7 1/4 inches. Price, 10c. Samples of Pompeian Day Cream, Powder and Bloom, Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum powder) sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada



GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Company, at Cleveland, Ohio.

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or for Pompeian shopping-hint in purse.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY

2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for the 1921 Marguerite Clark Panel. Also please send the 5 samples.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below



"Absence Can Not Hearts Divide"



Copyright 1921—The Palmolive Co. 1235

Olive Oil Makes Glossy Hair

SILKY texture and satiny gloss are attractions you need not envy. You can acquire these qualities very easily. Stop the careless washing, which makes your hair rough, dull and brittle and use Palmolive Shampoo, which cleanses more thoroughly without drying out the hair.

After a Palmolive Shampoo your hair is beautifully soft. It is silky and has that well-groomed look. Brush it carefully, massage it gently once a day and shampoo every two weeks and everyone will admire your glorious, glossy hair.

Used by scalp specialists

Palmolive Shampoo is rich in olive oil, the great hair beautifier used by scalp specialists to revitalize thin, lifeless, falling, unhealthy hair.

It gives the all-desired gloss and a beautiful,

silky quality. It keeps your hair soft and makes it seem abundant.

This olive oil is blended with palm oil, another oriental oil of beneficial action, and coconut oil is added for the sake of its lathering qualities.

Send for trial-size bottle

It is sent absolutely free, accompanied by a booklet which explains home treatment of the hair and scalp to help make it grow thick and beautiful.

Acquaintance bottle and book together introduce you to the secret of glorious, glossy hair, beautiful with health and the well-groomed look women envy and men admire.

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Follow these directions

Comb your hair over your face, freeing it from tangles. Wet thoroughly, for the wetter your hair the more profuse the lather.

Dip your fingers into the shampoo (previously poured into a cup or glass) and massage it into the scalp. You will find a profuse, fragrant lather follows your fingers, which soon envelops your head like a cap.

This lather penetrates roots and hair cells, dislodging dandruff and dissolving dirt and oil accumulations.

Wash the length in this thick lather and then begin rinsing. This is easy, as water dissolves Palmolive Shampoo instantly without any danger of leaving soap traces. Use two or three waters, or, far better, use a bath spray. Let final rinsing be cold.

Two lathers are required—the trial bottle contains ample quantity. Then dry by fanning and shaking.

Brush thoroughly (with a clean brush) and then examine the quality of your hair.

Its softness, its silky abundance, its shiny, attractive gloss, will delight you.





Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



Reasonable, What?

WILLIAM FARNUM'S father, in "The Orphan," is hanged by a man with a ferocious black beard. Little William is only four years old at the time. "The Orphan" grows to matured manhood and seeks for the blood of his father's executioner. He finds him looking ten years younger than when he did the lynching and looking a decade more youthful than William himself.

CRITIC, Pittsburgh.

An Extraordinary Case

THE General in "The Furnace" has a bad temper and a liver on the same order. He appears entering his library supported by a servant and, holding his left side, sinks into a chair. Later, in a fit of indignation, he attempts to rise but sinks back holding his right side. And he intermittently holds his right and then his left side during the entire picture.

R. F. F., New York City.

Perhaps He Ate 'Em

CHARLES RAY in "The Ol' Swimmin' Hole," is shown standing in front of his girl's house with his shirt bulging with stolen apples. A close-up is shown and his shirt is empty. What became of the apples? R. GORDON, Columbus, Ohio.

Your Guess Is as Good as Any

THE hero and heroine of "Kazan" are in a lonely cabin far in the frozen north, miles from any village. The villain breaks a pane of glass in a window to let in a lion to devour the hero. The next day the window appears unbroken, with no sign of having been disturbed. Kindly tell me if they have wandering Esquimau glaziers up there? C.H.E., Covington, Ky.

Not at All Nautical

THE scenes in Eddie Polo's serial, "King of the Circus" which were supposed to take place somewhere on the ocean, also show a salmon cannery in the background, while the cameraman's shadow grinds merrily on.

NATHAN D. REISS, Cleveland, Ohio.

This Is Too Much

I CONSIDER that I have a contribution worthy of your department. Incongruities on the screen are many and varied; but I find more to complain of right in the audience. While watching a

popular star emote the other evening, I listened perforce to a young couple reading the sub-titles in French, each two words behind the other—for the first half of the picture. The other half they occupied by looking over a photograph album which they produced from somewhere.

CHARLES HARDY, Winnipeg, Canada.

When Ignorance Is Convenient

BILL HART in "The Testing Block" reads the notice offering \$1,000 for his capture and rides up to the sheriff and collects the thousand. But later, after his wife has run away leaving the usual note, Bill laments over the fact that he cannot read.

A. C. C., New York City.

The Perils of Pearl—Continued

PEARL WHITE, in "The Mountain Woman," is waylaid by bandits. She is taken to a deserted coal mine and with her hands bound securely behind her is left in the charge of three of the bandits. The scene changes and when we again return to the coal mine we see Pearl, her hands quite free, contemplating a dash for liberty.

EDWIN R., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Month's Most Popular Error

IN "The Girl and the Law," one of Universal's "Red Rider" series, Leonard Clapham, in the role of a valiant member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, starts off in pursuit of a murderer. As he disappears in the shadows of a giant forest, he is observed to be wearing khaki breeches with a black stripe down each leg. Sunrise, and he gallops from the tall timbers. But, lo and behold, he is wearing black pants with white stripes!

Half a dozen mounted policemen hereabouts have been questioned about this and they unanimously declare it simply isn't done. The motto of the famous force is: "Get your man—then

change your pants!" DICK HARRISON, Saskatoon, Canada.

Nothing to Do Until This Morning

IN "Love" with Louise Glaum, eighteen hours constituted a working day for the star. Still, she got home from work in plenty of time to finish the evening meal, and have company later.

A. E. L., Mamaroneck, N. Y.



IT DIDN'T GET WET, DID IT?

Blanche Sweet is an extravagant private secretary! In "The Girl in the Web," when she and Dick are going home after a hard rain, they take a short cut across a grassy lawn, and Blanche allows her gown to trail carelessly along the ground.—E. C. S., Indianapolis, Ind.

Come To Minnesota

Come to the land where summer days of glorious sport and healthy fun are followed by cool, restful nights—where thousands of beautiful lakes amid piney woods and primeval forest offer you and your family invigorating recreation and recuperative rest.

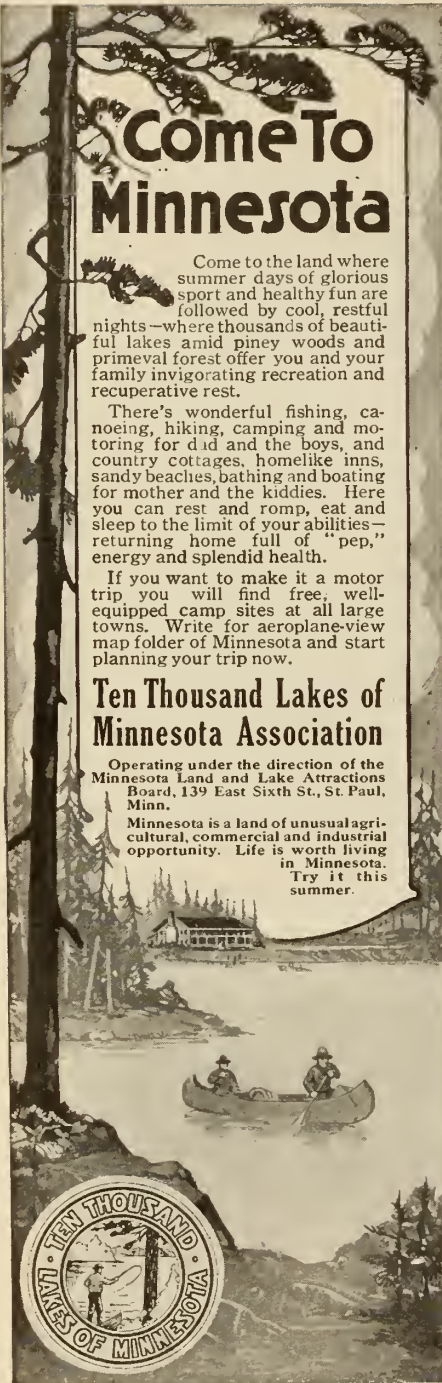
There's wonderful fishing, canoeing, hiking, camping and motoring for did and the boys, and country cottages, homelike inns, sandy beaches, bathing and boating for mother and the kiddies. Here you can rest and romp, eat and sleep to the limit of your abilities—returning home full of "pep," energy and splendid health.

If you want to make it a motor trip you will find free, well-equipped camp sites at all large towns. Write for aeroplane-view map folder of Minnesota and start planning your trip now.

Ten Thousand Lakes of Minnesota Association

Operating under the direction of the Minnesota Land and Lake Attractions Board, 139 East Sixth St., St. Paul, Minn.

Minnesota is a land of unusual agricultural, commercial and industrial opportunity. Life is worth living in Minnesota. Try it this summer.




Pearl La Sage
Face Powder

Adheres until washed off. Dust, the weather, perspiration even, will not affect the delicately soft freshness of your complexion when you use Pearl La Sage. Agrees with every skin. Exquisitely fragrant and delicate. 75c a box—of your dealer or by mail.

Send for Samples
Samples of Pearl La Sage Toilet Preparations 10c. Write today. Please give name of your favorite dealer.
PEARL LA SAGE, Inc., 4325 Drexel Blvd., CHICAGO



Big Band Catalog sent free

Whatever you need—from a drumstick to the highest priced cornets in the world. Used by the Army and Navy. Used by big catalogs. Liberally illustrated, fully descriptive. Mention what instrument interests you. Free trial. Easy payments. Sold by leading music stores everywhere.

LYON & HEALY
64-95 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 42 and 43.

L. M. C., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Sleeve styles for summer are varied. If your gown is to be of crepe or other thin material, a graceful fashion would be the bell sleeve, that fits snugly at the upper arm and flows loosely from elbow to wrist.

V. B., NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Two-strap slippers are more fashionable this summer than pumps. They are equally good with French or walking heels.

N. A. L., OHIO.—A sallow complexion is usually caused by a badly-regulated diet. You had better give up pastry, ice cream sodas and fried foods of all kinds. Eat plenty of salad, coarse vegetables and whole wheat bread. Open pores may be corrected by cleansing the face thoroughly with a good cold cream and then rubbing a piece of ice lightly over the face and neck. This must be continued daily to stimulate the skin and keep the flesh firm.

M. D. R., LOGANSPORT, IND.—Pipe your organdie frock with taffeta, either in a harmonizing or contrasting shade.

E. F., ANSONIA, CONN.—Will you tell me a bit more about yourself, your height, weight, and the way you dress your hair? Then I may be able to help you in deciding the type of hat that is most becoming.

C. E. W., CALIFORNIA.—Flesh and gray are the fashionable shades this summer in stockings for evening wear.

S. W., HAMPTON, VA.—Wooden beads are much used this season and make handsome girdles. A contrasting color of beads would be pretty with your blue frock.

A. D. Y., IOWA.—Taffeta in all shades is fashionable. If you wish a more striking material use printed crepe de chine.

E. J. E., BROOKLYN.—Unbleached cotton makes cool and effective hangings for summer. A pretty room may be obtained by making the hangings and cushions of this material, edged with bias bands of cretonne in any color you choose.

K. L., MAINE.—There is a preference for sashes in brilliant hues to accompany light-colored summer frocks.

S. R., TENN.—Shoes and stockings in contrasting colors are not worn by the best dressed women. As a rule the hair is more effective if dressed high for the evening. A great deal of attention is being given to headresses, flowers, ribbon bands and brocaded ribbon all appearing as needed accessories with evening gowns.



Copyright International.

Showing Them to the Indians

THE Bureau of Commercial Economics in Washington owns and operates the motion picture theater motor truck shown in the accompanying photograph. It is to be used to show motion pictures of travel and industry to American Indians on the various Indian reservations, and will shortly leave for a tour of the middle west. The truck is

equipped with a projection machine and other apparatus for the display of motion pictures. A screen, which can be set up anywhere in the outdoors is carried. The women, shown on the platform are Princess Tsisina, noted Indian singer, and Miss Marie Boggs, dean of the Bureau of Commercial Economics of the Department of Public Instruction.

The Proper Abandon

(Continued from page 66)

little longer anyway to be sure of it. Won't you want some other animals in your menagerie? Let me play those roles. Wasn't I a good elephant? As Becky would put it: 'I'll ask you, warn't I?'

The girl's lips set themselves yet more forbiddingly. Then they relaxed and the corners of her mouth twitched the way Peter liked to see them.

"We shall need a lion and a monkey and a goat and a horse," she said.

"I'm sure I could do them acceptably."

"Very well. Come children!"

Every morning thereafter found Peter Judkins in the park in the center of the square. Successively he was lion, monkey, goat, and horse, and then a camel and after that a dancing bear, and then all these things over again. And each successive part was harder to play, but never a hint of this came from Peter. He went at it as if he considered each ridiculous stunt more enjoyable than the last. He wore continually one of those smiles that refuses to efface itself under any conditions.

One day when it rained and there was no play period in the park for the denizens of the house across the square Peter paced back and forth in front of the Elizabeth Patterson House a round half-dozen times, trying to get up his nerve to ring the bell and inquire if they didn't have the play-period for the backward children down in the basement or somewhere else under cover on rainy days, and if he couldn't join in under cover as well as out under the trees. But he couldn't quite get his courage up to the point of doing that; so he went away very depressed and disappointed with a feeling that this was a wholly futile day so far as he was concerned; and bought a paper to scan the weather forecast, and felt decidedly better when he read the words: "clearing tonight; fair and cooler tomorrow."

Sarah Wendell meantime found herself conjuring up the most absurd and ridiculous stunts her fertile mind could devise for the distinguished-looking old-young man to do on the morrow. She was striving with might and main to find something at which he would balk; yet, strangely enough, she was more than half angry with herself and not a little disturbed to find herself hoping, however impossible that stunt might be, he wouldn't quit. And because of this she thought harder to make them impossible for him to accept; and hoped correspondingly harder that he would accept them. So it went on until Pudge Sedgwick and his camera and his alert eye for the unique about town happened into the park one morning when things were at their highest pitch.

The deep-rooted ambition of Mr. Sedgwick was to write front-page stories for the sheet whose pay-roll his name adorned; particularly the kind of stories wherein the murderer had vanished without leaving a clue and the tangled skein was unravelled by the writer of the said stories, viz.: Pudge himself, after all the flatties and plain-clothes men on the force had fallen down on the job and were digging up alibis.

But soulless powers that be who cared more for the contents of the evening rag they sponsored than for any lurking ambitions in the staff, had discovered Pudge Sedgwick was a born scribbler of just such little human interest stories as filled in the nooks and corners of the evening paper in question. And after this discovery Pudge had about as much chance of realizing his ambition as he had of becoming an angel, which is saying they were extremely improbable.

Therefore, Pudge was turned loose with a camera and his natural eye for the unique,

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The Proper Abandon

(Continued)

and wrote his delightful little squibs and illustrated them with the camera when they seemed to warrant such illustrating, and came to have an inordinate knowledge of people and places and events, and also developed that sixth sense of being on the spot when anything worthwhile in his line was about to happen.

Naturally Pudge knew a great deal about people who might at some time, present or future, be worth four or five sticks to him. So, when he poked through a little park in the middle of a square which was going to the dickens about as fast as it could go, and beheld a man who had been mentioned as a near-future district attorney, going through strange and undignified manoeuvres beneath the trees while children of several nationalities whooped and yelled and clapped their hands and a young woman in white urged on the show, Pudge paused and made sure the shutter of the camera was working properly.

The gentleman who was mentioned as a more than possible future district attorney was plainly impersonating a fiery charger. He pawed the earth and tossed his mane—a length of haircloth fringe from the basement place which had become Peter's property-room—and champed the length of twine in his mouth that was at once bit, bridle and reins.

Upon his back a small but gayly-got-up young Veronese gentleman waved grandly a wooden sword. In the offing by one of the trees a distressed little lady of undoubted Yiddish extraction yowled loudly to be saved and mentioned dire things that might happen to the knight on the charger if the saving business was not put across at once.

Human interest seemed to be rampant in the little park that morning. Pudge Sedgwick unlimbered his camera and made himself inconspicuous behind a tree. Just as the rescue got thoroughly under way, at that auspicious moment when the gentleman who was the real shining light of the firm of Bronson & Judkins galloped forth cavortingly, and the sword was flourished more grandly, and the Yiddish lady bawled more loudly and everyone else held his or her young breath, the shutter clicked rapidly thrice. It is well to be amply supplied since you never can tell how a film will turn out.

And then Pudge Sedgwick stuck around until the game was over. He was just one of that usual crowd of delighted on-lookers as Peter made his way out of the park. There wasn't a sign of a camera about Pudge Sedgwick. He was just a friendly, understanding soul as he stepped to Peter's side.

"Say, that's pretty nice of you to amuse those kiddies," said Pudge.

"You see, I wasn't exactly doing that to amuse them," said Peter.

It seemed mighty nice to discover one sympathetic soul out of all that grinning, heckling gallery who understood the situation at all. Peter looked at the clear-eyed young fellow who had addressed him. Certainly a sympathetic and understanding soul. One you could unburden yourself to if you chose. They walked together out of the park.

"You see," Peter was explaining before they reached the other side of the square, "I'm learning to play with those kids."

"That makes it even more interesting," said the sympathetic soul beside him. Naturally, it did.

Pudge knew how to draw out what he wanted, and Peter was in an expansive mood. His preceptress had smiled at him that morning in a way she had never done before; a way Peter liked tremendously. To be sure it was only the most fleeting sort of

a smile of that kind; still, she had done it. Peter talked quite freely because he was in that mood that makes it easy to talk quite freely to someone who looks as if he might be an understanding person.

At a corner some distance from the square their ways separated. Pudge shook Peter's hand warmly.

"Glad to have met you, sir," he declared. "That's about the canniest stunt I've ever known pulled; learning to play by a scientifically-taught process. I believe there are thousands of busy men in this burg who would profit by something of the sort."

Of course it was up to Pudge to spill some such soothing valedictory. He did it very well. He had practiced the art often before now. Peter wrung Pudge's hand in return. He felt he had just gone through a satisfying ten minutes with this young man. Pudge Sedgwick took a street to their right and Peter took a street to their left, and so each went as quickly out of the life of the other as he had come into it—presumably.

As the late summer dusk was shutting in that evening Sarah Wendell turned into the street where she lived. Sarah always referred to it as "One of the late Seventies." She carried copies of three evening papers. One was the paper with the most amusing cartoons; another had the best editorials; the third sheet was the one which filled up odd column-ends with delightful little human-interest stories.

Sarah climbed the steps of a solid-looking old residence and drew out her latch-key. At this season of the year Sarah had the whole house to herself. The rest of the family were scattered over various points of the map where summer always took them. A portly female of uncertain years who had grown gray in the service of the Wendell family was Sarah's cook, major-domo, body-guard and privileged adviser. She did not at all approve of Sarah's course in sticking to this work of hers, whatever it was, instead of joining in the standard summer exodus. But, since Sarah stubbornly persisted in staying, the fat party to whom Sarah was a combination of miracle, marvel and tin god, stuck too.

Sarah sat down to the solitary dinner that her servitor-guardian always had ready and waiting, no matter what the variance of Sarah's appearance. She opened the papers. She began first with the one that ran all those interesting little stories that were a delight if you took the trouble to ferret them out. Tonight, for instance, there was a quaint little yarn about the scion of a well-known family, who found his diversion poking about downtown streets with his pockets full of grain for the pigeons. And another that had to do with the wonderful poems an elevator boy picked up in his dreams and set down on paper when he awoke. Sarah took a spoonful of wholly excellent cold consommé and rustled the pages. She started violently. She was looking at a picture. It was the picture of a man down on all fours in the act of pawing the earth. He was bedecked with a fringe of hair-cloth for a mane and he was ridden by a young party of Italian extraction who flourished a wooden sword. The face of the gentlemanly charger was turned full upon her in the picture. There was no mistaking it. Neither was there any mistaking the rider nor the little lady in the background with outstretched arms and a mouth wide open as she bawled her appeals for help.

Pudge Sedgwick had done his work well behind that tree. There to the last detail was the scene of the morning's game in the park wherein Sir Pasquale Vittori rode gallantly forth to succor the Princess Yetta Melinsky.

The Proper Abandon

(Continued)

Below the picture was Pudge's story, headed: "Busy Lawyer Who Is Learning to Play with the Kiddies."

Sarah began to read it. She had not read four lines when she said: "Oh!" in tones of great distress. That same "Oh!" uttered as if something had hurt her punctuated the rest of her persual of the story every now and then. Three times Sarah read through Pudge Sedgwick's little masterpiece, and each time she read it she felt worse. Dinner was forgotten. Sarah got up. She went out of the house. She stepped over the low brownstone run that divided the steps of the Wendell house from the steps of the house next door. She rang the bell. Being impatient, she rang it again before there was the smallest chance of anyone answering that first ring.

"Is Mr. Bronson home, Matty?" she inquired of the maid who opened the door. "Sure he is! Hello, Sarah! Come in and give an account of yourself," said a voice from the other end of the hall.

Gilman Bronson came towards her, his eyes beaming upon her from behind those outside spectacles.

"How goes the great work, my dear?" He looked her over slowly. "Sarah, you're looking seedy. You're sticking too close. It isn't worth it. Better get away for a little. The hot weather is getting you."

"If I'm not looking up to snuff, it isn't work nor the weather," said she. "It's because I'm frightened."

"Frightened?" he repeated as if it was a new thought to him that the girl before him could be frightened.

"I've done a foolish, silly, mean, unjust thing," said she.

"How can I help you? I can help you, can't I?"

He led the way into the big library at the right of the hall and switched on the lights.

"Yes, you can help me. You can help me a whole lot by answering some questions." He nodded.

"And not asking any yourself." He grinned, sobered, and nodded more emphatically.

"Quite as you say about that. Fire away!" "Will you tell me a few things about your partner?" said Sarah.

"Which one?" "Mr. Judkins."

"Oh, Peter, eh? Well, Peter is thirty-six, mighty good looking, tall, lean—"

"I don't mean about his appearance." Bronson grinned again, and then grew perhaps too serious. "What I'm after is something about his early life. Did his parents die when he was very young?"

"When he was six, I believe."

"And some neighbors took him in, and weren't very good to him, and he worked very hard, and finally ran away?"

"Correct. And having run away, he came down here and slept in strange places and existed on strange viands and worked at strange makeshift jobs to keep his young soul in his body. And grew ambitious and worked his way through Columbia and the law school. Glutton for books, I believe; fearful young grind."

"Oh!" said Sarah in the same tone she had said it when she was reading Pudge Sedgwick's story under the cut of the snapshot.

"What else can I verify that he has told you?" asked Bronson with a twinkle in his eye.

"I haven't said he has told me anything," said Sarah.

Well, hasn't he?"

"I believe you weren't to ask any questions. I'm under the impression you agreed to that quite readily."

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The Proper Abandon

(Continued)

"That's so. Your pardon! You'd rather I'd talk about Peter than ask any pointed questions, wouldn't you? All right. His sad young history continues thusly: He comes into our concern as a scribbler of briefs. But he's got brains. All kinds of brains. They won't be denied. He's a partner in no time. He's the bright and shining light of the firm in no time after that. He's continued to shine more brightly with every passing year. There you are. Now is there anything else?"

"Has there been a sort of wearing out in this partner of yours lately? Has he been told to take a vacation?"

Bronson became thoroughly and genuinely serious at that query.

"No human being could hold the pace he has been hitting for the past twenty years or more," he enlightened her. "Yep, he was beginning to crack. Needed rest and something besides work. We kicked him out of the office. We've driven him hence no less than five times since that. But of late he seems to have seen the light and realized that it's his best bet to stay gone for a time. He hasn't shown up at the office, bleating that he was all ready for work again, for over three weeks now."

"Thank you!" said Sarah. "Those were the questions I wanted answered. You've helped me hugely. Good night! Some day, of course, I'll tell you the whole story."

"Your credit in the matter of delayed explanations is always good with me, my dear. You always come across with them, all in your own good time."

He saw Sarah to the door.

"Do you know," he said, as he opened it for her, "I've got a peculiar, sneaking feeling that I ought to be a whole lot smaller and younger than I am, and be wearing far less clothes, and be chubby and curly-haired and carry a bow and a quiver full of arrows, and be shooting those arrows at you and Peter; dividing them impartially between you."

"I can't seem to imagine you in that role, for more reasons than purely physical ones," said she, passing through the door and stepping across to the stoop of her own house.

Gil Bronson smiled, his head thrust out the door as he watched her.

"Nothing would suit me better than to put in my time that way; both on your account and on Peter's."

Sarah slipped her latch-key into the lock. "Peter's got all my money on him, and always will have it, Sarah. That's the sort of lad Peter Judkins is."

"Good night!" said Sarah again.

The door of the Wendell house opened and closed. Gil Bronson smiled more broadly and sighed, and wrinkled his brows and sighed and smiled. And, still smiling, he closed his own door.

Sarah was the early bird in the little park next morning. She was quite alone. She occupied a bench that commanded a view of both ends of the main path. She sat there until she saw a tall, lean, eager figure swinging through the east entrance.

"Oh, good morning!" said she, and her usual poise seemed somewhat undermined.

"Why—why—good morning!" said Peter. He seemed surprised to find her there without her tenth legion. But he did not seem at all disturbed about it, nor greatly downcast. "Where are all the little playmates?"

"I wanted to see you alone for a moment," said she. Peter looked very satisfied. "Shall we sit down on this bench for a minute or two?"

They sat down on the bench. Peter quite plainly was very ready to sit with her

on that bench. He still seemed more or less bewildered, but wholly happy.

"Which particular paper did you read last evening?" Sarah asked him.

"I didn't read any of them."

"Then perhaps this will interest you."

She passed him the sheet with the picture of himself in the role of Pasquale Vittori's charger very conspicuous on Page 17.

He took it, looked, scowled, read, and the frown grew more pronounced. Sarah watched him. There was a hint of meek apology about her. He read the whole thing through, folded the paper, and took a deep breath that was much like a sigh. But he made no comment.

"It has upset you, hasn't it?" she asked.

"No," he denied. "No. I am not upset. I'm just wondering, when I go down to the office of this sheet and have a few words with a pleasant young man I talked with here in this place yesterday morning, whether I'd better take a knife or a gun with me."

"You mustn't feel that way about it," said she. "On the whole, you should feel grateful that this picture and this story were published."

He lifted his brows as if this was open to debate.

"This little story has brought home to me the fact that I have been very unjust to you," she explained. "And I'm sorry," she added in a manner that carried conviction.

"I don't think I quite understand."

"This story gives one the impression that you believed you were learning to play by a scientific method."

"Wasn't I?"

"No."

"What was happening all the time?"

"I was just trying my best to make you ridiculous."

He thought this over. He seemed trying to take in her side of the affair as well as his own.

"Why should you do anything like that?"

Why should you want to do anything of the kind?"

"There have been many men who have expressed an interest in my work since I have been bringing the children here to play. It has been a most annoying sort of interest."

"May I inquire if you undertook to make any of those other annoyingly interested parties ridiculous?"

"No. They were put down somewhat more suddenly."

He seemed gratified that he had been singled out for rather more attention than the others.

"Well, I imagine you succeeded in making a spectacle of me," he chuckled, thinking over the various roles he had played at her suggestion.

"And you were in deadly earnest about it. You wanted to learn to play. You thought I was teaching you—scientifically."

"What has changed your impression of me? Is it the general tenor of this story, or the fact that is divulged that I am Peter F. Judkins, a presumably respectable member of a most conservative and respectable firm of lawyers?"

"For over sixty years the Bronson family and the Wendell family have lived side by side. My name, by the way, if you don't already know it, is Sarah Wendell. Last night, after I had seen this bit in the paper, I went to the house next door and had a little heart-to-heart talk with Gilma; Bronson. I learned a whole lot of things."

"Oh, I see. Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out. What shall I do about it?"

The Proper Abandon

(Concluded)

Peter thought deeply for a time. He wrinkled his brows and heaped up a little pile of gravel with the toe of one shoe.

"Anyway," he said at length, "whether you meant to do so or not, you did teach me abandon. I'm going to prove to you just how thoroughly you imbued me with it. I think the only thing to do is to start in teaching me rightly how to play. And I think the lessons should continue a long, long time. So long as we both shall live."

A soft red crept up the girl's neck and into her cheeks. She looked beyond the trees at the houses across the square. The dusty leaves rustled softly above their heads. The glory of a perfect late summer morning descended upon even the dingy little part in the down-at-the-heel little square.

"Well," said Sarah slowly at length, "I suppose I do owe you—"

Peter Judkins suddenly straightened himself with a great effort.

"Wait," he said. "Wait before you answer. You've been mighty fine and square about all this. I've got to be just as square with you."

He took a deep breath, as if he were about to dive into water that would be fearfully cold.

"Suppose you were more than half right in your surmises. Suppose you are justified in doing every last thing you have done. Suppose I did approach you that first morning I came here with some whimsical idea of learning to play; with the kids; at the beginning, but suppose that I hung around and came again and again—well, for reasons that gave you the justification I have mentioned. How would you feel about that?"

She kept her eyes on those houses across the square. The red in her cheeks deepened. There was an interval of silence that began to be oppressive and ominous.

"I think," she said at last, and at the very first low-toned, indistinct word Peter felt much better, "under the circumstances—considering—oh, everything—I should feel very happy about it, Peter."

Is The Screen to Blame?

A PARTICULARLY tragic thing happened in New York recently.

A boy of fifteen hanged himself, after witnessing "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." He was a boy who came, with his sister, from Hartford, Conn., to Manhattan to "see the sights." They included the fine film in a Broadway theater—the screen version of the famous Mark Twain story. In it, among the incidents in the cruel queen's castle, are three hangings. The boy employed the same methods as those shown in the film.

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Is Marriage a Bunco Game?

(Continued from page 23)




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relationship that is almost perfect. I am not surprised at myself—though sometimes I am at her. But we early eliminated the bunco. A writer is not an easy man to live with—for that matter, neither is a plumber, a doctor nor a Sunday school superintendent.

"Marriage—I have wandered a bit—but marriage in itself isn't bad. Of course a lot of the people who are in it aren't any credit to it. But that is true of almost everything. It is actually full of compensations, wonderful joys and solemnities. It is the bunk that people hand out—the silly senti-

mental deceit, the absolute wall of rose colored tradition, all false, that makes it a bunco game.

"Say—'marriage is here. It's a hard proposition, but if you don't like it at first you can shuffle over and get a new deal.' Then at least you're honest."

A call boy appeared. Mr. Hughes, whose next picture, "The Old Nest," featuring Mary Alden, is in preparation, was wanted on the set.

He said "Good-by" and left me to try to remember all he had said.



Mary Got Her Hair Wet!

(Continued from page 35)

She made a vacation trip to California, and Fate picked her up and set her down on the Mack Sennett lot—which wasn't exactly the place you would have picked for a school teacher.

Right now I think Mary is waiting for Fate to pick her up again and do something. She has just completed her contract with Allan Dwan. She has gained dramatic experience and poise playing leads with him. She thinks she is ready now to do big things.

I rather agree with her.

I never thoroughly understood Mary Thurman until I discovered her ancestry. She is half English, a quarter Danish and a quarter Irish.

She thinks like an Irishwoman, feels like a Dane and acts like an Englishman.

For, in spite of the hair and the figure that testifies of her Sennett days, she's a prim, dignified little thing, is Mary Thurman.

At home, she wears odd little frocks of her own designing, with long bodices, short full skirts and rounded, low necks. They suit her. She is never entirely comfortable in anything else. Up to this year, she made all her own clothes, because she liked them best. I saw her at the theater the other evening in one of her own style gowns of sea-green chiffon, copied exactly after a blue and white linen I'd seen her wear at home.

She is an oddly colorful person, much more vivid and exotic in person than she is in mind. Her eyes, which are deep blue like a new baby's, have the Irish trick of growing almost black with emotion or excitement as the pupils enlarge.

She is somehow like a gay little boat, floating on the stream of life, all gay flags and Japanese lanterns and white, wind-blown sails, passing with a bright, carefree salute—but not quite sure of her course, not quite sure of the guiding hand on the wheel.

And you can't help answering with a wave and a cheer for good-luck as you pass.

Always Looks the Part

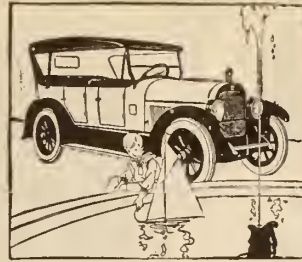
FROM his appearance, as he dodged traffic at 42nd and Broadway, it was quite evident that he had just arrived in the Big Town from up-state. A soft hat was pulled down over his gray locks, his clothes were of the mail-order variety, and one hand firmly held a heavy cane. Yet the Observer of Things-in-General smiled at an amused remark of his companion, and shook his head.

"That man never saw a New England farm," he said. "He does atmosphere work for the movies, and is always dressed for the part off screen as well as on. He's a type, you see; every casting director in town knows him, and as a result of his very excellent make-up, he is quite in demand for bits and atmosphere work requiring a rube characterization. There are hundreds of men around the studios who make their living in the same way—Kentucky colonels who were never south of the Mason-Dixon line, western ranch-owners who wouldn't know alfalfa from cactus, Englishmen, czars and butlers. Frequently they draw a higher salary check than the ordinary extra man, and each, in his heart, believes himself an artist.

"This chap, for instance, takes himself very seriously and it's true that he does add tone to a scene, because he is the embodiment of what we expect a 'rube' to look like.

"The vanity of women in atmosphere work prevents them from living a character role that may not be flattering to their appearance, but the men take quite a pride in it, and it is, admittedly, an excellent way in which to attract the eye of the casting director."

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The House That Jokes Built

(Continued from page 37)



"I says to the architect: 'You ain't goin' to tell me how to build a barn, are you? You go 'round front and play with your Louis Quince and your velvet saddle blankets.'"

middle of the front lawn. They'd a had all sorts of ideas about what pictures had done to me if I had.

"Oh, yes, an' he had a little marble pool of gold fish, too. Imagine me sayin' to some of the cow hands I know, when they come up for a little amusement, 'Let's go out and look at the gold fish!'"

"No, sir, I sent them gold fish right back to Tiffany's."

"I got a swell ring in my front yard now, too. It's as big as the one in Madison Square Garden—a regular tan bark ring."

"When I first mentioned I had it in mind, these architects and landscapers acted like Bursleson and Palmer after the election. 'You can't do that,' they said, 'nobody hasn't ever done that before.'"

"I says, that was what they said about prohibition, but good liquor costs about twenty-five dollars a quart around Hollywood now, and while that ain't prohibition, it sounds like a Republican tariff, don't it?"

"Course none of that means anything to me. I ain't ever been able to drink whisky. The taste don't suit me. For myself, I prefer a little red ink. Tastes kinda good, and makes you feel like you was still in the game without runnin' any chance of forgettin' to bet a diamond flush like I saw a fella do the other night."

"Well, gettin' back on our original trail—"

"I built me that tan bark ring, as I said, right in the front yard. I got a nice stretch of level ground there and it sure makes a fine ring. We got a seven foot brick wall around it, and every Sunday we collect a right smart crowd of contest hands down there. They do some fine stunts, too. I bet you couldn't get 'em to work like that for a hundred bucks a day. We got some goats that ain't a bit harder to rope than a flea and some mornings Polly Frederick rides over with her outfit and we do stunts."

"An' by gosh, after I got that ring all built and fixed up, that little architect guy comes out and looks it over and says to me, 'Mr. Rogers, that's wonderful. It looks great. You've got a great eye for distance. Nothin' else would a done there, would it?'"

"It certainly would not," I says.

"Oh, I got lots of compliments about that ring. You know, if it works you get the asbestos snow shoes and if it don't, you're a bench warmer."

"Doug an' Mary come down the hill one morning to look it over and right off Doug says, 'Now see, that's exactly what I wanted. I think that's swell. I always had an idea for one like that.'"

"My gosh, you know he'd never seen no such ring and never give it a thought before. Mary give me a wink. He didn't have her

fooled. Anyway, Doug ain't got any front yard, 'cause his place is built on a hill.

"Funny thing about the houses us celebrities have built in Beverly Hills. Take Doug and Mary. They've got a right nice little place, sure enough, but the one everybody points out as theirs belongs to a fella gets a million dollars a minute out of his oil wells and Doug's house would go in his cellar."

"Other mornin' a nice old lady and gent ride right up into my yard. There's a wall, but of course there's a gate too, and they come rompin' right in, in a big limousine looked like a hearse."

"He looks at me sorta stern and says, 'Ain't this Bill Hart's place?' I allowed it was."

"Told ye it was, told ye it was," he says, givin' the old lady a dig in the ribs with his elbow.

"Oh heck, I didn't see no use spoilin' their fun. They'd never heard of me, probably, and they seemed to have a lot of regard for Bill Hart. An' that's a harmless amusement."

"Inside the house, too, we got a lot of phonographs and ampicos, and some trick movie machines. But gosh, I'm no good with them things. My kids has all got me roped and tied when it comes to puttin' on phonograph records and them papers that's all shot full of holes that go in pianos. An as for those trick 'have your own pictures at home' machines—shoot, it don't seem to have any notion what it's for itself."

"Have to stop it at the end of every reel and put on a new one. I always get 'em on upside down. Once we ran a whole reel that-a-way without knowin' it."

"Some pictures are that way."

"Come on out some Sunday and I'll show you around."

"Any Sunday, except next Sunday. I gotta go down to Pomona and make a speech about the Sunday Blue Laws because they're goin' to have an election down there next Monday."

"They're tryin' to shut up all the theaters and the cigar stands—and, let me see, I can't remember whether they're goin' to let the churches stay open or not. They included 'em the time they shut up everything for the flu."

"It's goin' to be right hard on some of these preachers if they quit Sunday movies. They'll have to write a Sunday night sermon once in a while."

"But it looks to me like I haven't got much right to horn in on this anyway."

"Well, come out some Sunday and see the 'House that Jokes Built.'"

Mother O' Mine

(Continued from page 45)

smile, who sang "Pinafore" and "Iolanthe" and "Mikado" to enraptured audiences and finally married a young actor named Charles Chaplin.

He died and left her with two little boys, Charles, Jr., and Sydney. Small wonder that the bond between the young mother and her boys was close.

And small wonder that her new pride in her two sons is helping to lift the veil of her illness.

Do you remember that little trick Charlie has of covering his mouth with his hand when he laughs? And the well-known, deliciously funny shrug?

Sydney Chaplin tells me that he inherited both of them from the little gray-haired woman who sits in the window.

"Mother has—always had—the keenest, most delightful sense of humor," said Charlie, with a tender smile. "I remember it in all my thoughts of the early days. If I have any sense of fun, I owe it all to her."

Perhaps everybody is not as grateful for laughs as I am. But I feel that we owe Mrs. Hannah Chaplin many thanks—those of us who have laughed joyously at the reproductions of her in her son.

Oddly enough, his mother does not find the great screen idol particularly funny.

Perhaps that is because, during the years of the war when she lived so close to the seeming wreck of civilization and Christianity, Mrs. Chaplin became devoutly, earnestly religious. She reads little now except the Bible. She cares for little that does not, as she puts it, "tend to teach the world to believe in and live the religion of Christ."

"You seem a very remarkable young man," she said to her son. "Wherever I go, no matter what the society or the place, I hear you spoken of in terms of love and admiration. I am very glad, my son. But I do not exactly see why."

She has seen only one of Charlie's pictures, an old one called "Shanghaied."

* * * *

But now that he has so established himself, become so famous, his mother can see but one future for him.

"My son," she said to him on an evening soon after her arrival, when they all sat together in the drawing-room of Sydney's house, and she was at her best, "You must give up the screen and enter the pulpit. Think of the souls you could save!"

It staggered Charlie a bit.

And these two—the famous comedian who in real life is so simple, so sincere, so serious a person, and the little spiritual-faced woman who bore him—they had one of those discussions that mothers and sons must always have if the world is to go on at all.

Charlie tried to show her that in the pulpit he could reach but a few people compared to the vast number he reaches on the screen. He tried to explain to her his philosophy—that in making people laugh cleanly he was helping them to grow kinder, more tolerant, more law-abiding, that he was bringing sweetness into the world.

Wasn't that better?



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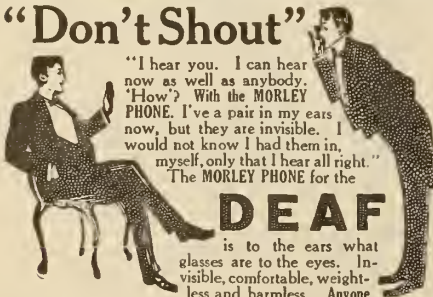
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The Photograph

(Continued from page 32)

was Sol's experience that no man could hope to understand a woman until he was very old. He himself was still learning even now . . . learning how little he knew.

“I tell you, Mrs. Wainton, an' you, Mr. Wainton, too, thar's some things that a man sees in his life that he don't never git over a-tall . . . no, nor don't understand, neither . . .”

He paused then and the husband who so far had had very little to say spoke to his wife.

“Peggy, you're tired. Why not wait and have a talk with Mr. Gritting tomorrow morning?”

“Oh! Tony, you wouldn't be so mean, surely!”

“All right,” said the husband, “if you must, you must. Mr. Gritting won't keep you too long, I daresay!”

Sol, afraid that he might be robbed of his audience, went on with his story.

“Mrs. Wainton, can you see that little hole in the woodwork to the right of the chimney . . . from whar you're settin'? Can you guess what it is?”

She shook her head. “N-no!”

“It's not the mark of a bullet, is it?” said the husband.

“The mark of a bullet,” said Sol. “Yes, sir, the mark of a bullet . . . thar was two fired . . . two of them. I guess I'd better tell yuh everything from the beginning.

“It was jest about twenty-two years ago: twenty-two years ago next March: an' it might uv been yesterday. White Gap ain't much of a place for folks to visit in March, though you wouldn't git better March weather anywheres, but in this pertickler March we had guests. Two. Man an' his wife. Both young an' sociable an' jest as much in love with each other as . . . well, as any young couple on a honeymoon could be. Yes, I dunno when I met a young feller I liked as much, an' Ellen . . . that was my wife, Mrs. Wainton: she died jest about eleven years ago last summer . . . a purty good judge uh character Ellen was an' she told me she didn't want to know a nicer young lady than the wife. She an' him was jest like a couple uh kids together. You could see them wanderin' round over the rocks an' hills, hand in hand, laughin' an' talkin' jest like the days wasn't long enough for them to say all what they wanted to say. Evenin's, they'd sit here in front of the fire, an' mebbe ask Ellen an' me in to spend half an hour or so with 'em before bedtime.

“Say, that little girl was great. Good-lookin', sure, like a picture. Not tall, smaller'n most girls, I guess, an' dark-haired, an' if you seen her once you wouldn't never forget her . . . no, sir, you wouldn't forget her, never! I wasn't surprised that the young feller worshipped her. I wasn't surprised a-tall!

“Ellen, she sez to me one day, when we'd been havin' a few words, that they was a lesson to folks what had been married long enough to forget what it was like to be lovers! But that didn't apply to me, Mrs. Wainton an' Mr. Wainton, except as a kind of joke, because Ellen an' me had growed more fond of each other each year we was husband an' wife. But it was Ellen what first noticed something was wrong. ‘Sol,’ she sez, ‘that little girl's sad!’ I didn't believe it . . . I jest didn't. ‘Yes,’ she sez, ‘it's the truth. What's more, she's had little joy out of life till now. I wonder was her folks cruel to her or what! There's something on her mind that's tormentin' her!’ I knew Ellen was right when I seen the little girl comin' in from a walk soon after with her eyes lookin' like she's been cryin' . . . she, not sayin' a word, tryin' to smile when she seen me, an' the young feller

laughin' an' pretendin' he an' the girl hadn't a care in the world. First I was scairt they'd been quarrellin', but it wasn't that. No, sir, it wasn't that a-tall! Ellen . . . she was a wonderful judge uh character, Ellen was . . . she sez they was too much in love with each other to quarrel about anything, but what was wrong with 'em was they was frightened!

“Yes, sir, they was frightened, the pair uh them! The girl, anyways! Often I'd see her, when mebbe she wasn't thinkin' folks was lookin', start an' look round quick like she expected someone to come creepin' into the room . . . an' often when she'd be laughin', she'd stop sudden an' listen . . . yes, sir, that's the truth, as true as I'm settin' here twenty-two year after it all happened, tellin' you all about it! But she sez to me one day that she'd always look back on the time she'd spent at White Gap as the happiest she'd ever known. ‘It's so peaceful an' quiet,’ she sez. ‘I could live here always.’ ‘Is that so, ma'm?’ sez I. ‘But I guess,’ I sez, ‘that you'd have a purty good time wherever you were!’ ‘Mr. Gritting,’ she sez, ‘till I came here I didn't know what happiness was!’ Queer, wasn't it! Why should a girl her age be talkin' like that?

“An' then one night the other man found them.” Sol nodded his head and looked first at the young wife and then at her husband to see what effect his story was having. They did not speak. The girl was staring at him with a curious doubt in her blue eyes. The husband gazed into the fire, his forehead puckered into a little frown.

“Yes, he found them,” continued Sol slowly. “He found them all right . . . that other man did! An' that was the finish of everything. Funny how things that you never suspected will seem quite ord'nery afterward, ain't it! Another man, hey! I tell you, Mrs. Wainton, it kind uh hurts even now when I think of it! An' who was to blame? God knows! But listen! Ellen was gittin' the supper ready. ‘Sol,’ she sez, ‘thar's someone comin'!’ Jest like my darter, Lucy, sez to me this evenin' when she hears the auto . . . only, Mrs. Wainton, what I'm tellin' you now was before autos was invented . . . or if invented, we hadn't seen none uh them in Californy. Anyways, Ellen, she sez to me: ‘Sol, I can hear wheels an' a horse's hoofs!’ An' sure enough, she was right. I went out into the lobby an' lit the lamp an' then somebody knocked an' I opened the front door.

“Thar was a big, squar'-shouldered, fattish man in city clothes on the porch. ‘Evenin’,’ he says, an' without so much as askin' my leave he pushes past me into the house. I don't understand. ‘Why, stranger,’ I sez, ‘what's this, comin' into a man's house this-a-ways? What's doin'?’ An' then he looks me straight in the face, his small eyes very cold an' starin', an' it seems like he's tryin' to see what kind of a feller I am. I was . . . now, let me see . . . forty-eight, in them days, Mrs. Wainton . . . an' I guess you woul'n't uv met a stronger man in the county fer my height. ‘I apologize,’ sez he, ‘if I acted rude. But I'm in a hurry. I guess, mister,’ he sez, ‘I got to talk plain an' act plain.’ An' then he asks me if we got any guests in the house. ‘Why, yes,’ I sez, ‘you'll gen'rally find someone here any time uh the year.’ He grins, then. ‘Man an' a girl?’ he asks. ‘Young feller an' his wife; honeymoon couple,’ sez I. He grins again—ugly as sin he is, fat an' not much younger than me. Git that, Mrs. Wainton! A man not far short uh fifty! ‘Honeymoon couple!’ he sez. ‘Right! You needn't tell me the name,’

The Photograph

(Continued)

sez he. 'Names is the easiest part uh the whole business. Let's have a look at 'em! They're friends uh mine . . . the best friends I got!'

"I wasn't lookin' fer that, somehow, not from his manner, but I hadn't much time to think what I was goin' to do because jest then when he said that the young feller an' the girl come down the stairs at the end of the lobby an' the fat man begins to laugh. Yes, sir, that's the truth—he begins to laugh, under his breath almost, with his cold eyes like two slits an' his mouth very hard an' set . . . an' the young feller stops an' looks at him . . . an' the girl, Mrs. Wainton . . . the girl jest puts her hands to her throat an' slides in a little heap to the floor.

"So you've found us at last!" sez the young feller at the foot of the stairs. 'Yes,' sez the other. 'I have. I'd like to have the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation,' he sez, 'alone!' 'Sure,' sez the other. 'An' all this time he's lookin' at the girl, not techin' her, lettin' her be whar she lay. 'Mr. Gritting,' he sez, 'will you have the goodness to ask Mrs. Gritting to step this way. My wife's fainted.' An' at that the fat man jest laughs like he's tickled to death. 'Don't disturb her,' sez he, 'mebbe she's better left like she is till we've had our talk! She'll come to fast enough after I done with you, I bet!'

"An' even then, Mrs. Wainton, I don't see how things is. I ain't quite lackin' in common sense, neither. No, sir! I slips across the lobby into the kitchen an' fetches Ellen. When I come back the two men are in here, in this very room, talkin'. The girl opens her eyes an' fer a minute she don't seem to know what's been happenin'. An' then all of a sudden she renembers. 'Whar is he?' she sez. 'What have you done with him?' Ellen sez to her she ain't to worry. Everything's all right. 'Your husband,' she sez, 'is talkin' to his friend in the dinin' room.' An' the girl . . . Mrs. Wainton, she looks like she's goin' out of her mind. 'My husband!' she sez, jest like that—'my husband! with him! Why did you let him?' she sez. 'Why did you let him? Couldn't you see what he was like? He'll kill him,' she sez. 'I know what he is. Oh, God! ain't I suffered enough!' Yes, Mrs. Wainton, them was her very words. 'Suffered enough!'

"Waal, I was kind uh scairt. I don't mind tellin' you. 'What do you mean?' sez I . . . an' the girl . . . the girl gits to her feet an' goes to the door of the room here an' tries the handle. 'You can't come in,' sez a voice. 'Keep out!' 'They've locked the door!' sez the girl. Very white she is an' like to go off in a faint again any minute. I run round to the kitchen, then, but the other door is locked, too, so I go back to the lobby ag'in. No, they won't open. Them two is in this room here by themselves . . . talkin' . . . jest talkin'! We can't hear what they say, neither. The girl keeps rattlin' the handle an' callin' to them to let her in. Ag'in an' ag'in, like she's crazy! Say, I guess she was crazy, too! Yes, sir, I guess she was. An' thar we are, in the lobby, me an' Ellen standin' round, lookin' at each other, not able to do nothin', an' the girl on her knees by the door, cryin' an' sobbin'.

"The voices is gittin' louder an' louder, an' more angry, an' the girl is beatin' on the door with her fists an' cryin': 'Let me in, let me in, fer the love of God!' like that. But they don't take no notice a-tall. An' then, sir, it happens, jest as I'm sayin' I'll break the door in. Two shots, one after the other . . . quick . . . an' the noise of a man fallin' on the floor an' then silence.

Yes, sir, jest like that! Jest silence. An' then we hear footsteps, slow an' heavy, an' the door opens an' the girl screams . . . an' the man with the cold eyes . . . the fat man . . . stands lookin' at her, grinnin' like he's amused. 'Well,' he sez, 'it's me all right. No need to be scairt, dearest! No need a-tall! I'm glad I found you, you poor little thing!' sez he. 'You've had a hard time of it with that yeller cur . . . a hard time . . . but it's over now . . . you're comin' home an' you're goin' to be happy . . . so happy . . . so doggone happy you'll hardly believe it!' An', say, did he mean it! Did he mean it . . . nothin'! His eyes is like snake's eyes an' he's lookin' at the girl like he hates her. She jest kneels at his feet, all huddled up an' quiet, like she's dazed. 'Is he dead?' she sez in a whisper. 'Is he dead? Fer the love of God, tell me is he dead?'

"No," sez the fat man, 'oh, no! he's not dead, my purty one!' He laughs an' teches her with the toe of his boot. 'Git yer coat an' hat an' make haste . . . the sooner we're away from here the better,' he sez. An' to me he sez: 'He shot at me first!' He looks at me like he's darin' me to argue. 'He shot at me first,' he sez. 'Understand that, without warnin'!' Yes, Mrs. Wainton, that's what he tells me outside the room yonder, with the girl still crouchin' in a heap on the floor, moanin' like she's hurt, an' Ellen lookin' sick an' Tom Lurt, he's the hired man I has in them days, an' Lord knows who else crowdin' into the lobby. 'Yes,' sez he, 'he fired first. I guess he'd uv added to his other sins by murder!' That man, talkin' of murder or sins, hey! That devil! He taps the girl on the shoulder. 'Come on,' he sez, 'come on home—it's gittin' late!' But the girl don't move, an' Ellen . . . she's scairt, too, Ellen is, only she don't show it, much . . . she asks him what right he has to tech her. 'What right?' he sez. 'What right! An' ain't a man a right to his own wife? His lovin' wife!' He has his gun in his hand an' he looks like he wants to use it. 'Anyone want to argue?' he sez. What can we do? What can we do that would help any? 'Go git me a coat or something to wrap her in,' sez he. 'An' make haste!' An' then I speaks to the girl. 'Is he your husband?' sez I. 'Oh, yes!' she sez. 'Oh, yes! he's my husband . . . Poor little girl! say, it's tough on her, the whole business! Tough as . . . as . . . well, it was terr'ble tough! An' then the husband . . . that fat, cold-blooded swine . . . takes hold of her by the arm an' lifts her to her feet, but she can't stand . . . she's off in a faint once more . . . an' so he has to carry her out to the buckboard.

"An' that was the last I seen of her. Or of him, neither. She went away, poor little thing, leavin' the man she loved with a bullet wound in his chest, an' never a word to explain what it meant. But we knew all right . . . we knew at last! Married to that devil, hey! An' why . . . God knows. Twenty-five years too old for her, an' bad all through. Yes, sir, he was bad, that man was, you'd only to see him once an' you knew what he was without askin'! An' why had she married a man like that, hey? God knows! Whether her folks had made her, or what . . . it's been a mystery to me to this day!"

Sol paused.

"And the other man?" asked the girl almost under her breath.

"He died. Yes, Mrs. Wainton, he died, next mornin'. We had a doctor quick as we could from Santa Teresa, but he couldn't save him. A bad time that, Mrs. Wainton . . . a bad time. Folks goin' round on



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The Photograph

(Continued)

tip-toe an' talkin' in whispers an' the lad dyin' . . .

"Before he went he said that he wanted to see me. The doctor was there an' old Ed Arlock, the dep'ty sheriff, an' little Milder, the lawyer . . . he was from Santa Teresa as well. Them three an' me, upstairs in the room, with the sun shinin' through the window . . . yeh, an' with that poor girl's things layin' round whar she's left 'em the night before . . . all but what she'd had on when she went away. An' what did he want? I'll tell yuh. He'd had little Milder write out a kind uh legal docyment to say that he'd tried to kill the other feller! See! An' that the other feller had had to shoot him in self-defense! That was all! So that thar wouldn't be no more fuss than was needed. But he didn't give no names. He kept his mouth shut an' died without sayin' a word who the man was or the girl or nothin'. An' as fer that about tryin' to kill . . . an' shootin' in self-defense . . . waal, you gotter show me!

"Jest at the end I asks if it hurts. He looks at me, like he didn't know. 'No,' he sez after a while, 'no, not half as much as it would have hurt if I'd lived an' she with him!' An' I guess that was almost the last words he said. Say, I felt bad. Mrs. Wainton an' Mr. Wainton, I guess I never felt quite so bad in my life as I did then . . . no, not till Ellen herself died, I didn't! Mebbe thar's folks 'ud say him an' the girl deserved their punishment. But I ain't so sure! No, I ain't so sure, not when I think uh that husband uh hers! Why in the name of all that's terr'ble had the girl married a man like that? What was the reason? She'd run away from him, sure . . . with another man! Wrong of her, hey! Uh course it was wrong! A bad woman, warn't she! Well, I don't know. I guess I seen too much uh human natur' in the raw to judge other folks off-hand without hearin' the evidence both sides. Seems to me thar's a deal uh truth in that what was said about castin' the first stone! It's easy to talk, but it's darn' hard to talk sense. An' how do we know what we'd do ourselves sim'larly fixed, hey?"

Sol ended abruptly and sat, with his arms folded, staring into the fire. For a while nobody said a word. And then the girl gave a little sigh.

"I think," she said, "I think, Mr. Gritting, that's the saddest story I ever heard! That poor little thing waiting outside the door . . ."

"Yes, ma'm," said Sol: "waitin' outside the door an' hearin' the shootin' an' not knowin' which uh the two she'd see . . ."

"And this was the room . . . was it!" Once again the girl looked quickly over her shoulder as though afraid even now of someone she could not see. Then she slipped her hand into her husband's and smiled at him. "It must be too awful . . . too awful to think of . . . for a girl to be married to a man that she doesn't love! I'd rather die at once and have done with it. I'm all right, anyhow."

The husband nodded his head gravely. "Yes, Peggy . . . why, of course!"

"I remember mother telling me when I was quite little that if I didn't love the man I married I'd better not get married at all. She knew, didn't she?"

"Is yer father alive, Mrs. Wainton?" said Sol.

She shook her head. "He died when I was too small to remember him. Mother always said I'd had the best and dearest father in the world. I'm lucky, Mr. Gritting! I've got the best and dearest husband as well!"

"Now, Peggy," said the young man, with

a little grin. "Now, Peggy, you'll have Mr. Gritting thinking we're not the old married couple he knows we are! Is that all, Mr. Gritting?"

"Yes," said Sol, "that's all. Queer story, warn't it! Thar's a lot uh queer things happened around this old hotel, but I guess that's the queerest. Uh course in them days folks warn't as pertickler as they is now about killin' an' things! Thar warn't much trouble about the inquest. The paper the young feller had written before he died explained all that was wanted. He was buried in Santa Teresa. Uh course, Mrs. Wainton an' Mr. Wainton, the names that they went by here wasn't their real names! I know that right enough, an' that's about all that I do know fer certain. Sometimes I'd think that I'd dreamt everything . . . but fer the bullet mark in the wall! That . . . yes, an' the picture. Say, Mrs. Wainton, mebbe you'd be interested in seein' a photo I got uh the girl. An' as far as that goes, I got a heap uh photographs in the cupboard that I'd like you to see . . . some uh the place an' some uh folks I've had stayin' here. You ain't too tired, are you, Mrs. Wainton?"

"I am rather tired now," said the girl with a little shiver. "I don't know what's wrong with me to-night, Tony, but I feel creepy. I've felt like th t ever since I came into the room. I told you, didn't I? Hello! there's Mrs. Drackett . . . did you want me, Mrs. Drackett?"

"Mrs. Wainton," she said, "I thought, mebbe, you'd like me to take some hot water upstairs . . . would you be going up soon?"

"I'm coming right now, Mrs. Drackett. Tony, I'm almost asleep. No, you wait where you are. Mr. Gritting, I'll say good-night. Thank you for telling me all about that poor little girl . . . I think I'll wait and look at the photographs in the morning, but my husband would like to see them, I'm sure. You would, Tony, wouldn't you!"

"You bet your life, Mr. Gritting . . . why, of course!"

And so Sol seated himself in front of the fire with the book of photographs in his lap and talked of men and women who had stayed at his hotel years before and had gone away, leaving as the sole reminder of their existence their pictures and perhaps their names. He had plenty to say. His memory had never been better. Long-forgotten anecdotes came back to him. It was, he felt, difficult to know where to stop.

"Yes, Mr. Wainton, it's remarkable how seein' these pictures brings things back to me . . . guess I could go on talkin' from now till mornin' . . ."

He looked up suddenly to find the young man yawning.

"Mebbe," he said politely, "you're too tired, Mr. Wainton, to see any more!"

"No . . . go right ahead. I'm most interested."

But there was in his voice, Sol knew, something that implied that he was forcing himself to do his duty, out of politeness, and after that Sol's enthusiasm went. The quicker he finished, the better for both of them. He should have waited until the morning.

He turned over a page in the book and picked up a small photograph mounted on thin cardboard.

"This is her I was talkin' about," he said. The girl's face gazed at him wistfully out of the picture, just as he had seen her years before when she had imagined no one was watching her. "Purty, ain't she?" he said. "My wife found the photo in the room after that poor young feller cashed in. Ed



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The Photograph

(Continued)

Arlock, the deputy sheriff, he allowed we'd put it aside an' not let his folks have it, seein' perhaps they didn't know nothin' about the girl. An' then two year after, the girl herself wrote an' said her husband was dead an' she was free at last an' she an' her little girl was livin' in San Francisco . . . would I write to her? She never give me her name. I never asked. I wrote care of the Post Office, San Francisco . . . an' sent her the things she'd left, but not the picture. Ellen asked her if we might keep it, as a kind uh memento, an' she wrote back an' said that we could. Purty, ain't she, Mr. Wainton?"

"May I look at it a minute?" said the young man. He took the picture into his hands.

"That's just how she was, Mr. Wainton, when she was here. Appearances was ag'in her, mebbe, but I don't care. Thar warn't a better nor a truer girl in the world than her . . . Is anything the matter, Mr. Wainton? You're lookin' queer . . ."

"No," said the young man in what Sol considered a strained, unnatural voice: "no, Mr. Gritting . . . it's the heat of the room, I guess. And so this is the girl, is it? I see . . . pretty, isn't she? you're right . . ."

"You bet! She must have had that took soon after she married that pizen skunk of a husband uh hers. Seems kind of old-fashioned to us, don't she? But I guess if we was to see Mrs. Wainton dressed up in them same clothes an' wearin' her hair done that ways, we'd be surprised how diff'rent she'd look! An' come to think of it, Mrs. Wainton ain't unlike the picture herself, anyways, is she? Say, I never seen it before, but ain't that a wonderful likeness? Only that Mrs. Wainton ain't so dark an' she's taller! Why, Mr. Wainton, what's wrong with you?"

THE young man's head and shoulders fell forward limply, as though he were no longer able to sit upright. His fingers relaxed and opened and he let the picture slip into the fire.

Sol gave a cry of horror and made a wild, despairing clutch at his treasure. But he was too late. He drew back his hand swiftly from the scorching heat and with bitterness in his heart saw the paper and cardboard shrivel into black nothingness in the midst of the flame.

"It's gone," he said, "jest gone! Mr. Wainton, sir, what in thunder was you thinkin' of . . ."

The young man put his hands to his forehead. He seemed to be in pain. For a moment he did not answer.

Sol watched him in dull amazement.

"I wouldn't uv had that happen fer anything," he said. "What did you do it fer, Mr. Wainton?"

"It was an accident, of course!"

An accident! Only the deep-rooted feeling that there could be no possible reason for the young man wanting to destroy a photograph of a girl who was a grown woman before he was born kept Sol from saying that he did not believe what was told him.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gritting. I . . . I felt queer . . . dizzy . . ."

"I'm sorry, too," said Sol gloomily. "Twenty-two years I had that picture, an' now it's gone. The only one in the world, too, I guess. Mrs. Wainton will be disappointed she didn't see it!"

"How do you know?" asked the young man. "I shouldn't be too sure about that, Mr. Gritting."

Sol was more puzzled than ever.

"You mean, mebbe, thar's other folks got copies uh the girl's picture, hey! It ain't likely, not after all this time, is it?"



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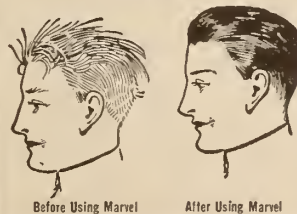
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The Photograph

(Concluded)

"Why, no, perhaps not! Perhaps not, Mr. Gritting! And perhaps the poor thing's dead by now, anyway!"

"Not as I know of," said Sol, wondering why the young man was looking at him so strangely. "I heard from her last month!"

"Last month, hey! Oh! And didn't you say there was a little girl, Mr. Gritting . . . a daughter?"

Sol, who felt that no one had ever had a better right to feel hurt and angry and disgusted, nodded his head sulkily. "Yeh, an' I guess it was havin' her, Mr. Wainton,

what made life less like hell than it might've been! She's a woman now . . . a real beauty, her mother sez, an' goin' to be married! I'd like to see her, Mr. Wainton . . . I sure would. But I never will. It wouldn't do, would it?"

"No," said the young man slowly: "no, Mr. Gritting, it wouldn't do!"

He rose to his feet, then, and stood gazing down at Sol with a grim little smile on his lips and a look in his eyes that seemed in some mysterious way to be asking a question.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 79)

THIS not only stars who when elevated to heights become temperamental.

The boys are telling this one around the Athletic Club on Bernie Fineman, manager for Katherine MacDonald.

A friend called him at the studio on the telephone recently on a business matter.

The cool voice of the telephone girl came back from the other end of the wire, "Sorry, but Mr. Fineman is at his exercises in the handball court."

Half an hour later, the friend called again and again the distant voice remarked, "You can't speak to Mr. Fineman now, he's in the shower."

Still later; "Mr. Fineman can't come to the phone just now. He's being rubbed."

Whereupon the friend decided to quit, not knowing just where he might find Bernie next time.

But it sounds like a nice life, doesn't it?

POMONA, a small town near Los Angeles, voted April 4th on Sunday "Blue Laws," including the closing of all theaters and amusements on Sunday.

The proposed closing ordinance carried by 43 votes.

That is considered the opening wedge in the campaign for Blue Sunday laws, since it is said that the forces in favor of a closed Sunday watched the results carefully to judge by the outcome as to whether to start similar fights in other towns.

The fact that Pomona is so near Hollywood, the home of the motion picture industry, made it a vitally telling point. If they could close Pomona, they could close any place.

They closed Pomona.

There will now be nothing to do in Pomona on Sunday but walk out to the cemetery, sneak off and spoon, or sleep. Your neighbors will complain if you play the phonograph.

But here, so they say, is a story behind a story, and it illustrates once again what it seems prohibition should have finally illustrated. The people who believe that if they close everything up on Sunday idle hands will find nothing but good to do, are united.

They have "got together."

So had the prohibitionists.

But apparently the people who believe in happiness on Sunday just as well as on any other day; who believe that innocent amusement is legitimate rest, haven't. Among them are, naturally, the motion picture producers.

The day before the Pomona Blue Laws election was Sunday. On Sunday the Pomona forces who wanted to defeat the Blue Laws had planned a big open air rally to be held in the town square.

The star of this meeting was to be Will Rogers, who, with all his inimitable wit and humor, was to speak against the Sunday closing of theaters. Rogers was chosen

both because as a speaker he is without an equal, and because his home life and personal character are so high that he would have the respect of the most critical.

Rogers had consented to go and to speak.

But—

Saturday afternoon whoever happened to be in charge of the Goldwyn lot, said to be one Abraham Lehr, decided that Will Rogers had to work on Sunday. The picture was behind schedule.

Now, the fight in Pomona was being conducted chiefly by First National forces since two of the three theaters there belonged to them. Immediately McCormack and Wilson, of First National, telephoned frantically to Mr. Lehr. They explained the importance of this election nationally. They explained that Rogers was the only man who would do. They plead.

Mr. Lehr said that sixty extra people had been called, etc.—it didn't seem possible to call off work for Sunday.

First National got together. They phoned Mr. Lehr again and stated that they would send him immediately a certified check for the amount of the day's overhead—extra people, Rogers' salary for a day, the studio expense and all, figuring it would amount to about \$15,000.

Lehr was stumped. He couldn't take the check without branding himself. He didn't seem able to take the responsibility for calling off the day's work and putting that expense on his company.

He told them to call again in fifteen minutes.

They did, Mr. Lehr had gone out and wouldn't be back. He wasn't at home. He had disappeared.

And the Blue Laws carried in Pomona by 43 votes. If Will Rogers couldn't swing 43 votes in any town, I'm a Mugwump.

Not so good—not so good!

THINGS are quite "het up" round the Christie lot.

We don't know exactly what happened, but certainly somebody had a fight.

Anyway, Bobby Vernon has filed suit for a whole lot of money in the courts of Los Angeles, because he declares that Charlie Christie, brother of Al, and Harry Edwards, studio manager for the comedy lot, beat him up and threw him out on his ear—as it were.

He further says that he's a little bit of a fellow and that both Christie and Edwards are big men, and that they just naturally picked on him. All this in his suit of damages for assault and battery.

So far nothing much has been said by the defendants.

And anyway, it seems to have been a private fight and probably isn't any of our business.

After all, it's Mr. Christie's studio.

(Continued on page 102)

She Laughed 'Til She Cried!

(Continued from page 27)

But she does not act upon impulse—this daughter of a new era and a new art.

Now, of course, it is perfectly true that there are no two things in the world so closely allied as laughter and tears.

If you laugh long enough you will eventually cry.

If you poke a baby in the ribs he will laugh. If you poke harder, he will weep.

Marie Prevost has spent the three years of her picture existence in comedy. From the screen she has twinkled merrily through the mazes of slap-stick, delighting with her charming self and decorating very extensively the entertainment provided by her producer. She has been a gay and giddy little figure on the silversheet. She has worn her bathing suit more than well.

Undoubtedly she has the real comedy instinct. She has managed the difficult feat of being funny without looking funny.

I believe she likewise has the instinct for pathos. I am convinced that she possesses that rare and wonderful combination of talents that can make you laugh with a lump in your throat and smile with tears on your cheeks. It is a dramatic gift that has risen to its heights in Laurette Taylor and Charles Spencer Chaplin.

If she has it, she can take the earth in her small hand and juggle it about almost any way she pleases.

"I cry easily," she said half-shamedly. "If anything happens to babies, or little animals, or old people, it makes the tears come to my eyes, even if it isn't very serious. And—it's strange—but little things, hurts, humiliations, baby tears, always seem to affect me most."

(And, you see, that is the instinct for pathos as differentiated from tragedy, as I take it.)

She is French-Canadian, with a dash—a very big dash—of Irish.

I am sure that much of her talent—or genius if she proves it such—comes from her sorrowing, laughing, hot-headed ancestors.

Her hair is blue black, and has a big soft wave. Her eyes are a sparkling gray-blue, sometimes all blue, sometimes all gray, sometimes even a bit green, and their expression is very, very merry. Her skin is white, instead of creamy, and her mouth is little and red and quite pathetic itself.

She uses her hands when she talks with the abandon of a Frenchwoman. She has a freedom from self-consciousness that is a heritage from the French side, I'm sure.

She lives with her mother and sister, who is younger than she is and also in pictures.

"I am glad—glad to be out of comedy," she said as she told me that she had followed in the footsteps of such famous predecessors as Betty Compson, Mary Thurman and Gloria Swanson and left the slap-stick for more serious form of entertainment and drama, "but just the same I wouldn't take a million dollars for the training I had. It gives you sureness and technique that nothing else on earth can give you.

"But I don't like comedy. I never read it and seldom go to see a comedy. I'd like best to do light drama—or comedy-drama with a bit of heart interest."

Personally, since Miss Taylor has refused to immortalize her own divine portrayal of Peg, I should like to see Marie Prevost as a screen "Peg o' my Heart." And I have an idea that's just the sort of thing that within the next five years will land her along side her former companions in comedy who have reached stardom with their more serious efforts.



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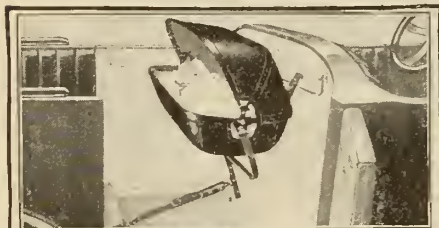
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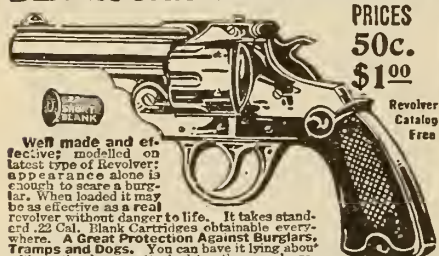
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REMEMBER—

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY is guaranteed, not only by the advertiser, but by the publisher. When you write to advertisers please mention that you saw the advertisement in PHOTOPLAY.

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 100)

LOS ANGELES paper in an announcement of a benefit recently carried the following line, "Herb Rawlinson is tuning up his ukelele for parodies on the habits of many famous film stars."

We didn't know the habits of film stars could be illustrated on a ukelele, but we are willing to be shown.

SUNSET INN still rambles merrily along. Anyone that wants to see the festive movie at play, can make a trip down there on the now famous Photoplayer's Night—Wednesday—and be sure of getting intimate glimpses of the screen great.

Last Wednesday night—which by the way, in all modesty, we wish to say was Photoplay Magazine Night, with a Photoplay Magazine Cup presented for the dancing contest—was a large evening.

At one table I saw Roscoe Arbuckle—at least he was at the table when he wasn't playing the drums for the orchestra—with Katherine Fitzgerald, Lottie Pickford, in a brown crepe de chine frock put together with wide hemstitching, Rubye de Remer, who wore a bewitching little blue silk hat turned back from her blond hair, Texas Guinan, in blue, black and orchid sequins (what there was of it, though when she sat down you actually couldn't do much in the way of description for a fashion column), Gertie Neilan, Jack Pickford, Alan Forrest and some others I didn't know.

And I saw pretty Mary Thurman, in a Quaker-cut, short-skirted frock of opal-green-blue, that set off her hair to perfection. Phyllis Haver was in iridescent sequins, with a big picture hat of black and gray, while Peggy Elinor wore mauve chiffon, with a dainty, brilliant hat of green ornamented with feathers.

Bryant Washburn and his wife, and Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscale, Bessie in black net simply made with a brilliant girdle of old rose and silver, were together, and Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman had a party of guests. Priscilla had on a marvellous hat—one of the daring kind she effects so much lately—a black velvet, fitted close to her head, with an enormous orange bird of paradise on the front of it. Her gown was black, too.

Lois Wilson was there with Kenneth Hawkes, looking demure and lovely in a sport outfit—a skirt of white and a rose silk sweater, with a silk sport hat. And Louise Glau, with some unknown gentleman, had a side table—Louise always is smart and her little frock of white silk,

with brilliant red plaid, and her bright red sailor, were very effective.

Viola Dana was there, too, very chic, and May Allison, in a black taffeta frock with one of those rounded, outstanding necks cut low, and a perky little blue and silver hat, with a cockade in front. Tony Moreno was with a stag party against the wall, but he managed quite a lot of dancing, and Tony is the loveliest dancer.

I was surprised to see the stately Mary Alden, in black velvet with a black lace evening hat, enjoying a bit of night life with some society folk from the Los Angeles country club.

Wallace Beery was there, too, with a very pretty girl, and Mr. and Mrs. Watterson R. Rothacker had a party of guests at a large table. Marie Prevost, in white satin and floating tulle, with pearls in her hair, was so bridal it gave me quite a start, but she assures me it's only sartorial.

As I said, it was a large evening.

JOHN'S, the famous all night restaurant in Hollywood, where the rovers of the colony are wont to gather at all hours of the day and night—chiefly night—had to be disciplined a bit by the good-natured police department, recently.

It seems that the boys, quite innocently, used to fling plates around, conduct ensemble musical numbers in various and varied keys, and engage in friendly, but often profane and thrilling rough-and-tumbles.

So John had to ask 'em to key down a bit, because the "long hair" element thought they were too noisy.

Well, it's a dry and harmless place, after all, is John's, and people who are doing anything very devilish don't generally make quite so much fuss about it.

"I'M not ready yet, I couldn't get an appointment for my wig."

Mae Busch was telling Eric Von Stroheim's 52nd assistant director about it.

It seems when you wear a wig in a picture you have to get it marcelled and dressed and washed just like your own head.

And if the lady in Hollywood who dresses wigs happens to be too busy to take your wig, you can't play.

JACKIE COOGAN, better known as "The Kid," paid income tax on \$52,000, according to government reports.

That boy's going to be a help to his folks when he grows up.

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 68)

WHAT'S YOUR REPUTATION WORTH?—Vitagraph

HERE is an entertaining Corinne Griffith production, despite the title. The scenes are laid in New York, with gay glimpses of Broadway night life, and in the wintry silences of the New England hills. Quite worth an hour's time.

THE PLAYTHING OF BROADWAY—Realart

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE is a smart girl. She knows that beauty is only screen deep; that pretty profiles do not a picture make, nor close-ups guarantee a hit. Therefore she, and her advisers, have insisted upon a good story and a good cast, and found both in "The Plaything of

Broadway." True, the frail flapper who is swept into the Broadway whirl before she knows it, is a common enough heroine on the screen. Meeting her as she kicks her way through the first reel we know that sooner or later she will go in search of her soul and a simple grey house gown, and probably that the prattle of innocent children will revive her interest in the maternal instincts she has permitted Broadway to smother. But if it is half way interestingly told it is invariably a human story of as definite and certain an appeal as any of them. Miss Johnstone, in her pretty profiles and somewhat studied close-ups, is complete mistress of the fluffy cabaret scenes. Crauford Kent gives an excellent performance as her leading man. But why the title?

"Jam Tomorrow— No Jam Today"

(Continued from page 61)

will ever recover any of their funds.

PHOTOPLAY has always maintained that the legitimate American film industry was sound financially and morally and no stronger proof could be had of this contention than the manner in which the industry has weathered the financial gales of the past few months. Comparatively few legitimate film companies have failed or suspended business. Nearly all of them have had to retrench but the soundness of the industry may best be gauged by the fact that only a few bankruptcies have occurred. It is likewise worthy of note that while production has been curtailed in quantity, the quality has not been affected. In fact, American motion picture companies produced a greater number of artistic pictures during the last six months of 1920 and the first six months of 1921 than during any other twelve months in the history of the industry.

PHOTOPLAY's campaign has been without malice against any single individual or company. This magazine has merely stated the facts, and the facts were bad enough. It has selected carefully a few of the most interesting cases of stock promotion to show the different methods pursued by different promoters. But there is no great variety of working methods. After you have analyzed a dozen stock sales circulars and talked to the promoters of the companies, you know the stories of practically all of these ventures. To relate the story of every one of these wild financial and business ventures would mean telling the same story over and over again with a few minor details which may vary in the cases of the individual companies. PHOTOPLAY does not propose to bore its readers with such repetitions. What we have done is to offer sufficient proof that a company started by the public sale of stock is simply doomed to failure. The cost of such financing is utterly prohibitive. It is never less than 40 to 50 per cent of the total capital. Even D. W. Griffith could not make money for his stockholders if he had to pay \$500,000 in commissions for every million dollars worth of stock sold.

In closing this series of articles, PHOTOPLAY wants to thank the Federal and local authorities for the assistance they have given the magazine in the course of its investigation. PHOTOPLAY especially wishes to acknowledge the cordial cooperation it has received from the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. Throughout its campaign this magazine has cooperated with the Vigilance Committee of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry of which Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of PHOTOPLAY, is the chairman. The legitimate motion picture industry of this country realizes today as it has never done before that it is more vitally concerned than any other else in cleaning its own house.



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"I decided six months ago that we needed a new manager. At that time Gordon, there, was one of the youngest men in the office and was pegging away at a small job. But when I started checking up around here I found he was handling that job to perfection.

"I brought him into the office one day and started to draw him out. What do you suppose I discovered? For more than two years he had been studying with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton. Prepared his lessons in the evening and during noon hour.

"I kept him talking for nearly three hours and I found that in actual knowledge and training Gordon was years ahead of any man in the office.

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The Lost Romance

(Continued from page 41)

THE honeymoon of Allen Erskine and his bride was as rich with romantic happiness as Sylvia's heart could desire and so passed in equal joys the first year of their married life. As a rising young physician Allen made rapid progress and growing reputation. There were times when the call of duty and the call of love conflicted but they faced their little daily problems bravely and with common sense that is not common at all. And then came Allen Erskine, Jr., a loving child of loving parents.

Five years slipped by, bringing their inevitable changes and the accumulation of the little things of life that, like the dust of years, dim the windows that look into the Garden of Romance.

The final issue seemed to come when an opportunity arose for Allen to advance his medical fame by participation in a famous case just at a time made inopportune and unfortunate in its interference with a planned excursion to San Francisco. Sylvia, worn and weary of the mending and household accounting and tiresome details of the business of living, had counted largely on this trip. To Allen his profession was everything. There was conflict and bitter words and tears.

At this juncture, right into the middle of this scene in fact, came Aunt Betty from peaceful La Acacia.

Little Allen, now called "Junior," was trying his best to play on the floor and be happy, despite his child's sense of something wrong.

Sylvia tried to dry her eyes and smile as of old when Aunt Betty came in. And Allen tried to be busy, whistling in pretended unconsciousness that was more than a betrayal.

Aunt Betty pulled them together. She was cheerful, firm and determined. They were to her just children.

"Come now—tell me all about it."
And like children they tried to tell the story—each with a side.

"It isn't giving up the trip for your work that I mind," sobbed Sylvia. "It's knowing the Romance is dead—you've stopped caring!"

Aunt Betty laughed at them and stopped the argumentative recital.

"So Romance and Love are both dead! And life is hopeless!" Her air was one of mock despair.

"Why, my dears," Aunt Betty went on, "you have let the little things of life cover up your romance until you think it is lost—but really the only thing you have lost is your sense of humor."

Sylvia started to interrupt, tears coming to her eyes again in a flood.

"No—don't say a word." Aunt Betty's manner was commanding. "I want you two to visit me—just you two alone, and you will find your lost Romance where you found it first—in my garden."

"You think we can?" Sylvia's manner was hopeful and hopeless both at once.

"Of course—sillies!" Aunt Betty's confidence was encouraging.

Allen and Sylvia tried their best when they arrived at Aunt Betty's for their visit alone, and with Allen, Jr., left behind in the care of Matilda, the maid.

But the first evening at La Acacia found Allen stretched out on a sofa by the fire in a most unromantic attitude, smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper when Sylvia came down, daintily gowned in an evening dress. Allen did not notice her.

Sylvia wandered out into the patio and seated herself on a bench, a garden rose in her hand. She started to put the rose in her hair, then dropped her hand again in a hopeless attitude. What was the use? She sat there dejected.

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The Lost Romance

(Continued)

Before she could speak Allen startled at something he saw in the paper. He looked up suddenly and discovering Aunt Betty there demanded her attention for the paper too. Together they leaned over an article that told of the return of Mark, gone for more than five years in the wilds of the Upper Amazon forests of South America. They read it eagerly together in real joy. The article ended, there came a pause.

Allen sighed.
 "Mark's life must be one glorious adventure of Romance."

"Come, cheer up," Aunt Betty was chiding. "Everyone's life could be if they were only wouldn't forget. Now you didn't read the paper when she was in the garden six years ago."

Allen looked up at Aunt Betty and groaned.

"Now go out to her—like a good boy." Aunt Betty was compelling.

Allen rose, doggedly straightening his collar and smoothing his hair as he went out.

Left alone, Aunt Betty picked up the paper again and hungrily reread the account of Mark's return, her heart reaching out to him.

As Allen stepped into the garden Sylvia was swept by a little nervous anticipation. She tried to make herself ready, tried to feel the zest and interest and coquetry that she had felt on that same spot there six years before. She took a dreamy attitude, a delicious thrill coming over her. Allen came up and stood behind her, saying nothing.

Sylvia sat still, her heart beating with anticipation. What was he going to surprise her with? She was eager to know. She waited. Nothing happened. Slowly she turned around. Allen was standing there winding his watch. He covered a yawn with his hand and sat down beside her.

Sylvia struggled to hide her disappointment. She raised the rose in her hand to her face, passing it over her lips. Allen frowned down at her.

"I wouldn't keep inhaling that thing—they're apt to give you hay fever this time of the year."

Romance was crushed.

Sylvia started plucking the rose to bits.

At the front entrance and out of sight from the garden, John, the butler, greeted a visitor, who stopped finger on lip, cautioning the old servant to silence. It was Mark Sheridan, the long wandering adventurer and explorer.

"Where is Elizabeth—let me surprise her."

John indicated the living room and Mark strode in.

At the door Mark saw Aunt Betty sitting on a couch with the paper in her lap. He tiptoed in behind her and softly pulling a rose from the vase on the adjacent table, silently he reached over and strewed the paper in her lap with rose petals. That was the touch of Romance.

Aunt Betty looked up in surprise and a great glowing smile of radiance dawned in her eyes as she recognized Mark.

"Am I welcome—dear Lady of the Roses?"

Aunt Betty stood up and faced him, longing to say all that was in her heart.

"Yes—Mark—yes."

He leaned over and kissed her hand.

"You are all right, Mark?"

"Yes, indeed."

Out in the garden sat Allen and Sylvia. Sylvia was trying her best to revive the old mood of the lost romance of six years ago.

"Just think, Allen—this is the very place where we became engaged!"

Allen nodded but made no response. Tears welled into Sylvia's eyes. Allen

looked at her curiously and then with an air that had resignation and effort in it but no poetry, he put his arm about her. He drew Sylvia closer. She looked into his eyes in surprise. Then she cuddled up closer.

"Damn it!" Allen snatched away his hand and clutched at a finger.

"Don't you know enough to take the pins out of your dress?"

Then both of them were more miserable than ever. It seemed hopeless. They sat together dull and still. Allen shifted about uncomfortably and looked toward the house.

"It's as chilly and damp as a graveyard here—let's go in the house."

"Oh—," Sylvia's voice was an utterance of despair. She rose with a toss of her head and started in. Allen followed.

Together they entered the living room where Mark and Aunt Betty rose by the lounge to greet them. Allen called out joyously. Sylvia stood bewildered. Allen and Mark shook hands effusively.

Sylvia stood back breathless—looking toward Mark.

Slowly, awed, they approached each other. Mark took Sylvia's two hands.

"I hope," he said slowly, "that the happiness of these years has been as great as you could have desired."

Sylvia's eyes faltered, but she offered a brave smile with her "Yes."

Mark saw the truth.

Aunt Betty, ever a diplomat, called to them to come and sit down.

Allen took a cigarette from Mark's proffered case and presently the party was listening while Mark talked of his many adventures in the wilds of the Amazon.

Sylvia sat a little apart, absorbed in listening, not to the tales he told but just to Mark. There was a faraway, fascinated look in her eyes. She idly twisted a corner of her handkerchief. Mark, looking up in a lull, caught her eyes and she flushed in betrayal of her mood. Mark understood it all too well. He resumed his story in a forced lighter vein that was far from convincing. Allen pinched at his cigarette until it broke. There was a sense of tenseness over them all.

Days passed and the situation did not change. Mark and Sylvia, outwardly calm, were both living again tumultuously in their hearts the romance that had ended those years ago—and trying to deafen their ears to the now call of the now.

It was late in the afternoon of the closing days of their visit that Aunt Betty came upon Sylvia playing the piano alone, with a photograph of Mark on the music rack before her. Sylvia looked up.

"You've been wonderful to us—but it is no use, Aunt Betty. We haven't found what we came for and we had better go home."

Aunt Betty's eyes took in Sylvia, who looked wistfully at the picture of Mark before her on the piano.

"I am sorry—but perhaps it is better, my dear." Aunt Betty was depressed. She had all but given up. She went out to leave Sylvia with her thoughts.

It was there that Mark found Sylvia, a fateful circumstance. It was a moment inspired of dangerous destiny.

Mark stood looking gloomily at Sylvia. She read his mood and ventured to speak. It was not as though she were addressing him, but rather unconsciously giving audible expression to her thoughts.

"Does romance ever come true for more than a short year or two?"

Then realizing that she had said too much Sylvia looked away in embarrassment.

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The Lost Romance

(Continued)

does!" Mark whispered it in a voice husky with passion.

Sylvia looked at him tremulously and Mark read the glimmer of hope in her eyes. She wanted the proof.

He gripped her arm. At the contact the pent up emotions of the years burst into flame. They were swept into embrace with a sudden devastating surge of feeling.

Then Mark held her away from him a little and looked into her half-closed eyes. "Sylvia, are you sure?"

She nodded and buried her face in his shoulder.

"Then we must tell Allen."

This brought Sylvia up with a realization of a new ordeal to pass.

"Tomorrow?" she whispered.

"No. Now!" Mark was dominant and decisive.

The first step was made for them when Allen entered the room and seeing Sylvia clutching at Mark's arm, half sensed the truth.

Sylvia looked at Allen wild-eyed, gripping herself to face the crisis without upward flinching.

Mark indicated to Allen that he had something to say.

Allen came up to them.

"What is it?" His voice was dry and cold, yet anxious.

Mark paused long.

"Allen—I'd rather it had been anyone else but you—but Sylvia and I—"

Allen clutched the table to hold himself steady.

Aunt Betty came down the steps and stood a moment at the landing overlooking the tragic scene from above. At last she spoke.

"So it has come."

Her words broke the tense immobility of the situation.

Allen straightened up quietly.

"If this means Sylvia's happiness, I'll give her her freedom."

The three stood still after those words. There was a wave of relief and regret across Mark's features.

Aunt Betty approached. She looked from one to another, then addressed herself to all of them.

"You don't realize what you are doing. You are all three caught in a whirl of false values and you are allowing this trick of emotions to cover the real things of life."

Mark made a move toward Sylvia, as though by action to protect their love. Aunt Betty arrested him with her eyes.

"Allen," Aunt Betty went on, "you have been unhappy because you thought that Sylvia didn't care. But she *does* love you—only she's blinded—and now you are allowing your imagination to keep you from protecting her."

Allen looked bewildered and helpless.

"You—you see she doesn't love me."

Aunt Betty swung about to Sylvia.

"You are only believing in a mirage—destroying the real things in this headlong rush toward what will prove only an illusion. When you come to where you thought it was the realization will be doubly bitter."

Sylvia resentfully shook her head. She looked at Allen and primitively hated him in that second because he was not fighting for her. He yielded, she thought, too easily.

"Once, Aunt Betty," she said, "I did believe in an illusion. I found it empty. But now I have found reality and I am not afraid."

Aunt Betty turned to the table. She had one more card to play. She took up a snapshot picture there of Allen, Junior.

"Then this little child of yours and

Allen's is only a part of the illusion which you said had brought you only emptiness?"

Sylvia flushed with a flash of pained feeling.

"No—I—I—." There was nothing she could say.

Mark's face grew deeply sober at the thought of the child. Allen turned away, bitter.

"What of the child?" Aunt Betty was pushing her point.

Allen swung about and reached for the photograph.

"No!" Sylvia spoke up eagerly. "He is mine!"

Allen's face flamed with pain and anger at the man behind his wife. He glared at them. Sylvia raised pleading eyes.

"I am his mother—he needs me."

Allen relaxed. "Yes," he said, "you are right."

"Aunt Betty," Sylvia spoke softly and despairingly, "I am going to my room."

Sylvia went slowly up the steps. Allen wandered out through a doorway, heedless of where he was bound.

Aunt Betty faced Mark. She was fired with an inspiration as she stood, the picture of Junior in her hand.

"Mark, are you sure that Sylvia loves you? That what she thinks is her love will stand through any crisis?"

Mark nodded. "What crisis," he said slowly, "could be greater than this one?"

"I wonder, too," she said. And so she left him.

Three miserable people spent that afternoon, each alone, steeling resolves against a new attack by Aunt Betty. It was a day of woe at La Acacia.

Late in the day, Sylvia had finished packing her bags. She stood in her room hat and coat in hand, sighing at the realization that she was so soon to leave the place that had wrought such great changes in her life.

Mark was pacing the floor in the big living room. Presently all the actors in this tense tragedy of life had gathered there. It was the time of leave-taking, the miserable conclusion of a wreck of happiness and friendships.

No one knew what to say. Farewell formulas seemed empty and inadequate. Aunt Betty was strangely agitated.

The telephone rang and the jangle of the bell startled them.

A maid entered and picked up the receiver.

"An important message for the doctor or Mrs. Erskine." The maid stood holding out the receiver.

Allen hastened to the phone. He was suddenly alert.

"What's that?"

Another silence. All eyes turned to Allen at the phone.

Allen hung up the receiver and faced about, breathless, desperate.

"Junior's lost—Matilda can't find him!"

Sylvia dashed past Aunt Betty and Mark to Allen at the phone.

"No, no—he can't be!" She cried out through tears.

Mark came forward. His manner told his eagerness to help. He felt strangely helpless.

Sylvia clutched at Allen's arm. Mark touched her and she did not respond, she merely looked at him an appreciation of knowing he was sorry.

Allen picked up the phone and called the police, giving a description of the boy. Sylvia clung to him as he telephoned. There was a great rift between them, but primitively nothing but a mother in this moment, she was absolutely at one with her husband in this crisis.

Aunt Betty signalled the maid to bring

The Lost Romance

(Continued)

her wraps. She was determined to go with Allen and Sylvia on their quest of the missing boy. Mark walked about uneasily. He spoke to Aunt Betty.

"Shall I go too?" He looked uneasily at Sylvia and Allen.

"Certainly," Aunt Betty replied with a voice full of meaning. "If you are the man she really loves, she needs you now."

At Allen's home there followed the usual line of inquiries from the police officer sent out on the case. There was much cross examination of Matilda, the maid, and careful examination into circumstances—all of which developed and indicated nothing. A motor car had stopped in front of the bungalow a moment. A few minutes later Matilda could not find Junior. That was all.

"It's a plain case of kidnapping," was the policeman's diagnosis.

"Kidnapping!" Sylvia was wild-eyed in terror. "Who would kidnap Junior?"

"I am going to the station with the policeman," said Allen. "You stay and watch the telephone." He started out.

Aunt Betty motioned to Mark. "We had best leave Sylvia alone."

Then she turned to Sylvia. "I'll be on the phone, dear, all night. You will call me if you need me."

"Isn't there anything that I can do?" It was Mark's last appealing word to Sylvia.

"Only find Junior." Sylvia had no thought but for her child.

Mark drew near to her, but she pushed him away. He yearned in vain to comfort her.

"Not that now," she said.

Together Mark and Aunt Betty returned to La Acacia.

After a time Allen returned.

"Have you any news?" Sylvia was eager and hopeless both at once.

Allen shook his head. Sylvia came up and took his arm, filled with a sudden sympathy for his haggard weary face. She led him toward the dining room. Together they sat at the table. Neither tasted food.

Then came the vigil of the long night—waiting—waiting—waiting. The telephone was mute. No word.

Back at La Acacia Mark sat comfortless. Refilling and knocking out a pipe that had lost its power to soothe.

"Aunt Betty?"

"Yes, Mark."

"You said that if she loved me she would need me now."

"Yes."

"But she does love me," Mark protested.

"She wants to spare Allen now. When the boy is found she will come back to me."

He looked at Aunt Betty defiantly.

"You think that?" Aunt Betty's question was not a question. It was a comment intended to set Mark to thinking.

At Allen's home Sylvia knelt weeping over the little empty bed in Junior's room. Her hands clutched at a doll with which he always went to sleep. Allen came in and found her so. They were drawn together over the child's bed, whispering each other's names brokenly. They clung to each other. In their common grief all else was forgotten.

In hauling pauses the debate between Mark and Aunt Betty continued over the way at La Acacia. Presently Aunt Betty reached a decision.

"Come," she said to Mark. Taking his hand she led him outside to where they could peer through a window into the room occupied by John, the butler.

Mark gasped. There was Junior in the bed with the butler, playfully kicking off the covers as fast as the patient butler could put them back. The youngster was too excited at being at Aunt Betty's to go

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to sleep and John was making half-hearted attempts at discipline.

Mark turned from the window in amazement, facing Aunt Betty.

"What does this mean?"

"I sent John to steal the child as the only way to bring you three to your senses," Aunt Betty explained.

"I am going to phone Sylvia at once—she shall not suffer a minute more," Mark exclaimed. Aunt Betty put her hand on his arm.

"Better one night of misery than a lifetime of it. If Sylvia and Allen do not keep vigil for this child tonight, they will never realize that they love each other as they could love no one else." Aunt Betty was appealing.

It was a critical moment. Aunt Betty knew that this might mean the loss of Mark's friendship forever. Neither would yield.

"Mark—you shall take the boy back to Sylvia in the morning. If you don't see then that she and Allen belong to each other—then I've nothing more to say."

Mark bowed his head in assent.

"She did not turn to you in her sorrow—you shall see if she does in her joy."

When morning dawned at Allen's home it found Sylvia on a couch and Allen in a chair beside her. They faced each other.

"I could not have gone through this night without you." Sylvia spoke to Allen with the calmness of despair. There was a mutual realization of their dependence upon each other in the crisis.

Exhausted by their vigil they fell asleep, Allen in his chair drawn close to Sylvia.

And while they were sleeping there Mark, leading Junior by the hand, approached. They stepped softly to the door. Mark pointed to the sleepers.

"Go wake them up," he whispered to the eager Junior.

The little lad tiptoed in. He brushed his mother's face with his stubby fingers. Mark stood in the door.

Sylvia's eyes opened and she sprang up with a cry. She was afraid it was a dream. She snatched the boy to her. Allen startled

awake and put his arms around his son. Then he reached out and gathered mother and boy to him. They ignored Mark.

As Sylvia and Allen embraced in an ecstasy of joy, Mark turned his face away.

"But how did he get here?" Allen exclaimed at last.

Mark for answer stepped into the room and handed to Allen a note from Aunt Betty

"Forgive me," she had written.

"But you have lived a night with one of the real things of life and you will understand now the real romance."

Allen and Sylvia looked at each other as they finished reading the note. There was a moment's indecision. Then Allen gathered the yielding Sylvia in his arms.

That was Mark's answer from them both. Silently he left the room to return to La Acacia.

Mark was in the living room with his bags about him when Aunt Betty entered. He was in traveling clothes.

"Sylvia forgives you," Mark said.

"And you—you are going away, Mark?"

"Yes." He took a leather photograph case from his pocket. It held Sylvia's picture—the one he had taken into the Amazon wilds with him six years before.

"Even if she married me she would always be the wife of little Allen's father," Mark said sadly.

"And does that hurt much?" Aunt Betty spoke gently.

"Why, no!" Mark answered, surprised at himself.

"Somewhere in this world you will find your true romance."

"And when I do, will you let me tell you about it?"

For answer Aunt Betty plucked a flower and slipped it in his lapel.

Mark took her hand and kissed it. Then looking back but once, he was off.

Elizabeth Erskine, looking after him, smiled and nodded to herself. In her wisdom she knew that some day he would come back to her.

"Heap Much Life!"

DURING the filming of "Bob Hampton of Placer" in Glacier National Park last fall, Marshall Neilan had marshalled about four hundred Indians in the Two Medicine Valley for the "shooting" of the "Last Stand of Custer," which is the big climax to the play. The older Indians balked when the battery of motion picture cameras was trained upon them. They broke ranks and fought shy of the camera. Neilan scented trouble and he called Chief Johnny Ground, the interpreter.

"Braves think those camera machines take their spirit away from them when white men take their pictures," Chief Ground explained.

The Chief, who had spent a couple of years at Carlisle, continued, "I think we can disabuse the minds of these fossilized braves," he said (in just that English), to Marshall Neilan whose face now spread a smile as a feeling of confidence in Chief Ground seized him.

"You see," said Chief Ground "these older members of the tribe can't shake off that old Indian superstition concerning the camera. But," he exclaimed, his eyes

sparkling humorously, "these motion pictures are different! I have an idea—get a reel of that film your men finished yesterday, set up a projecting machine in the big lounging chalet. We'll darken the place and demonstrate to these doubters."

The entire band of Indians, all of whom had rehearsed five days for the big battle scene, gathered in the lounging chalet and Chief Ground stood before the improvised, bed-sheet screen as the pictures of other scenes in the play were shown.

"See!" exclaimed Chief Ground to his tribesmen, "the camera, instead of taking the spirit from the Indian puts more spirit into the people whose pictures are taken for the motion screen."

This was the operator's cue. He sped the crank and the subjects projected upon the screen moved with an alacrity that made the erstwhile-doubting old braves grunt "ugh" in a long drawn out chorus.

"Heap much life," they exclaimed in the Blackfoot tongue as they hastened out of the building and quickly lined up in battle formation for the act, eager to get some of that "new life action."

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 102)

THE story goes that Famous Players, upon acquiring "Anne Boleyn," the foreign picture, hesitated about changing the title to something that would look snappier in Broadway electric. There has been much criticism of late about the flagrant changing of titles. So the officials of Famous decided to see if the name of "Anne Boleyn" would sell the picture. Six stenographers were asked who Anne was anyway. One knew that she was one of the wives of Henry VIII, but where she came in the category couldn't say; two knew she was an historical figure of some kind, somewhere, and three asked if she had ever worked for the company.

The new title of "Anne Boleyn" is "Deception."

THOUGH no official announcement has been made as yet, rumors concerning the engagement of Katherine MacDonald to a well-known society and clubman of Los Angeles are more persistent than ever.

These rumors are no doubt encouraged by the openly-voiced theories of the famous beauty herself.

Miss MacDonald's aspirations toward a social career are well-known. Her favorite role appears to be society queen rather than screen star.

She has stated, 'tis said, on various occasions, that she expects to work only five years in pictures—time enough to amass a considerable fortune—then retire to lead the social life she so much prefers.

Pictures being but a necessary evil in her plans, the American beauty doesn't regard them very highly, according to those who are close to her. She refuses to play anything that touches the sordid, the seamy side of life, no matter how dramatic.

However, the gentleman whom she has chosen or will choose as prince consort for her fashionable throne, is much to be envied.

For if her lack of desire and interest have kept her from screen improvement, Katherine MacDonald's beauty comes nearer to reaching the deathless fame of such names as Lillian Russell, Lily Langtry and Maxine Elliot, than any other film luminary.

THE reunion of Theodore Kosloff, famous dancer and screen artist, and his wife and little daughter, after seven years

of separation and long months of battle with the immigration authorities in New York, has been touching in the extreme. It has brought a beautiful response from film circles in Hollywood, where the three are now together again and are beginning to build a home.

Kosloff came to this country seven years ago, just before the war broke out. Unable to return, or to find trace of his family, he suffered greatly until at last he discovered their whereabouts and began the long difficult struggle to get them out of Russia during its turmoil, and bound for America.

This accomplished, another sorrow beset them, when Mrs. Kosloff and the little daughter were held at Ellis Island, because of some spinal illness on the child's part.

At last Kosloff was able to convince the government that the child would be cared for—probably cured—and the little family were able to "begin life anew" in a charming bungalow in the foothills.

Mrs. Kosloff is a charming woman of great culture and bids fair to make a place for herself among the film people who have welcomed her so warm heartedly.

THERE are no new developments in the Talmadge-Keaton betrothals. In fact, they're saying that Natalie has decided quite firmly that she doesn't want to be engaged to Buster at all. But Buster is coming to New York soon, and they do say he is a jolly chap to have around the house.

MR. and Mrs. Jesse L. Lasky announce the birth of a baby boy on March 26th, in Los Angeles. The Lasky's have one son, a handsome youngster about ten years old, and the new addition is causing great joy in the household.

According to Mr. Lasky they had a terrible time naming the young man. Having bestowed Jesse L. Lasky junior on the first son, nothing suggested itself.

"I almost decided to offer a prize to the scenario department—or the whole studio—for a name, as I do sometimes for the title of a picture."

Finally, deciding that the baby had a literary look and would possibly grow up to be an author, they gave him a name he wouldn't have to change:

William Raymond Lasky.

Quite an excellent nom de plomp, we'd say.

56½ Miles Per Hour

(Continued from page 54)

my gracious, 56½ isn't so fast. Lots of people drive faster. Look at Ralph de Palma.

There were arguments by counsel. I can tell that district attorney his wife didn't need to sit so close to him. As far as I was concerned he was as safe as a baked ham in a synagogue. I'm sure he thought because I earn my living in front of a camera instead of behind a counter, 10 days in jail would just be a foretaste for me of things to come. If he meant all he said to me about that jury, you could measure his mind the narrow way of the tape measure.

The jury filed out. The door closed. Even the days I have spent inside my cell were not so soul-trying as the moments while we waited. My scalp felt all prickly and cold drops stood on my forehead. They were out only three minutes. Well, I don't see why it should take 'em any longer to make up their minds. I knew I was doomed as soon as I saw the solemn, shamed expression on their faces.

"We find the defendant guilty as charged."

Oh well, I suppose if you live in a small town you get like that. I bet 56½ miles

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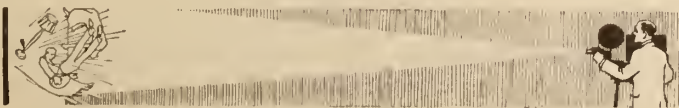
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an hour sounds awfully fast if you've been driving a plow much.

Guilty!

One word, but it has changed the face of the universe for me.

As the days went by, while my lawyer did some things I didn't understand, I felt I could stand it no longer. Like a sword suspended above my head, it menaced my every action. I found my whole life was being ordered by the words, "after I go to jail."

And something in me didn't want to slip out on a silly technical point. I wanted at least to be game. So when my picture was finished I packed my nightie and came down to get the darn thing off the slate.

"I know not whether Laws be right, Or whether Laws be wrong; All that we know who lie in goal Is that the wall is strong; And that each day is like a year, A year whose days are long."

My cell is a little, narrow room, with walls of corrugated iron painted a loath- some yellow. There are two, small barred windows—bars that blind the gracious sunshine. As I stand at these grated case- ments, I can see below the children on the jail lawns, happy, carefree little folks who stop on their way from school to look up at my windows and wish me joy.

And my poor heart swells in answer to it —for in sorrow one's heart is very soft, and one's eyes are very clear, even when tears dim them.

Of course, everybody has been wonder- fully good to me. From the dark night when, hidden by the kindly shadows, I crept up to the door—I came at night be- cause you see they count it a whole day if you get in any time before midnight— Mr. and Mrs. Lacey, the jailor and matron, have done everything they could to make me happy. In my cell, I have every com- fort. The people of Santa Ana gave me a lovely ivory bedroom set and a rug. I have had flowers and candy until I had to send them to the poor kiddies in the hospi- tals.

And visitors—I think there are 792 names in my guest book. Wasn't that a good idea to take a guest book? Jesse L. Lasky sent me the most gorgeous basket of fruit and nuts and candy I ever saw. And one afternoon I had as visitors Mack Sennett, and Lottie Pickford, and Jack, too, and Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oak- man, and Roscoe Arbuckle, and Certie Neilan and dozens of others.

They came, dear, kind friends to share my shame and lighten my solitude.

The jazz band from Sunset Inn came down and gave me a concert.

And the whole Realtar studio, every department, came down one afternoon and brought me a big black and white key made of candy.

I am grateful too, in my humble way, that they did not make me wear stripes or shave my head. I had some very pretty little jail frocks of pale blue taffeta. The hair dresser comes every morning to do my hair. Mother lives at the hotel across the street and comes over every day. Grand- mamma comes down from the city every day, too, and brings my maid to help me. My meals come from the Inn across the way.

The sheriff, who brought me in here and locked me up, has been my leading man in a lot of little jail pictures. I've really worked awfully hard in here, receiving visitors, and making pictures and—I have helped look after the other prisoners' linen.

In the next cell to me is a girl accused of bootlegging. I don't believe it. Every-

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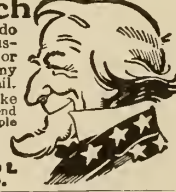
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(Concluded)



Receiving her first meal in prison. (As Bebe testifies, it's a pretty Ritzie jail.)

body that uses hair tonic nowadays they try to lock up as a bootlegger.

Nearby are two young fellows in for drug peddling. Some times they have been very noisy. They wear blue overalls, and one has a wife who comes to see him. There is a man downstairs, I don't know what he did, who has a beautiful sweetheart. When she comes to visit, they sit side by side on a bench and do not say a word. I eat with the prisoners. I have seen lots of people with worse table manners.

Seriously I have learned a lot. I think I shall go in earnestly for prison reform work when I get out. I can now speak with authority. Of course the Orange County jail is a mighty Ritzie jail. If every jail were like that,—but are they?

But now that I've told my story according to the best tradition of well known girl crooks, I'm going to put in a couple of feet of my own private opinion.

I think they made an awful lot of fuss about it all. You'd think I'd broken all the commandments, and statutes and the peace treaty—if they've got one yet. I've sprained my sense of humor and dislocated my digestion. My poor mother and grand-

mother have shed enough tears to float the Pacific Fleet.

I didn't intend to break their old speed laws.

But if you can't convict a woman of murder in this country why should you be able to convict her of speeding?

I don't believe speeding is anything that is going to permanently blot the family escutcheon. But whether I'll ever be able to get a husband now with my jail record, I don't know.

They were swell to me after they got me locked up in this old calaboose, but I do think they stacked the jury on me, when they gave me all those ancient, retired farmers. Cleopatra herself would fall flat with an audience like that.

And I know Judge Cox wouldn't have done it if he hadn't made all those campaign promises. Well, that's what I get for his having talked too much.

As jails go, it's a good jail. But they've got me tamed. If a Pomeranian growled, it would scare me to death.

Friends, my candle is burning low. And I'm lower.

I'll see you when I get out.



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WRITER'S DIGEST

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 72.)

PHILIP C. SCHAEFFER, BUFFALO.—I never said I didn't like Grace Darmond. I have never met her, but if she is as pretty as she looks on the screen, I dare say I would become one of Grace's best fans. She was born November 20, 1898. She played with Hobart Bosworth in "Behind the Door."

LOLA.—I love that name. It is so picturesque. I hope you have slightly-almond-shaped eyes, blue, with a black fringe of lashes; a somewhat petulant but very red mouth; and a becoming pallor. Oh, I do so hope you have a becoming pallor. Every novel I ever read with a girl named Lola met these requirements. Katherine MacDonald in "My Lady's Latch-Key," "Stranger than Fiction" and "Trust Your Wife," all for First National. Here is the cast for her early Paramount picture, "The Thunderbolt": Ruth Pomeroy—Miss MacDonald; Allen Pomeroy—Spottiswoode Aitken; Bruce Corbin—Thomas Meighan; Spencer Vail—Forrest Stanley; Tom Pomeroy—Jim Gordon; Mammy Cleo—Mrs. L. C. Harris.

E. G., WINONA.—You have excellent taste, I'll admit: John Barrymore, Conrad Nagel, and Percy Marmont. Mr. Barrymore is appearing at the Empire Theater in New York in "Clair de Lune," a play by his wife, whose pen name is Michael Strange. Ethel Barrymore is her brother's co-star. Mr. Barrymore is five feet ten inches tall. It was John, not Lionel, who praised Lillian Gish's performance in "Way Down East," although Lionel may have liked it too; I don't know. Nagel in "The Fighting Chance." Marmont in "The Branded Woman."

NAOMI, EAGLE PASS.—The only address I have for Raymond McKee right now is the Friars' Club, New York City. As far as I know he is not married. I know Mrs. McKee is not Shirley Mason, because Miss Mason is Mrs. Bernard Durnig. Complicated, but correct.

DIMPLES, ROCHESTER.—Glad to see you again. Particularly appreciate your using one sheet of your Christmas paper on me. Frank Mills played the husband in "Her Husband's Friend." Mr. Mills is one of our best husbands. Take that any way you want to; he's a good actor and happily married.

EDN.—Perhaps the reason why the stars' photographs are always so good is that they usually pose for them in New York or Los Angeles, and I believe many of the finest photographers in the country have studios in these two cities. Naturally they are a jump ahead of Jersey City, with all due regard for Jersey City. Joseph Dowling as the Patriarch in "The Miracle Man," Ralph Lewis as Castleback in "813," the Arsene Lupin melodrama by Maurice Le Blanc. Wedgewood Nowell played the lead.

L. M. L., SUMTER.—I like to go to pictures, too. Fortunately. Clarine Seymour last appeared in Griffith's "The Idol Dancer." She died in May, 1920. Alice Brady in "Out of the Chorus." Write to her at Realart.

S. B. K., DALLAS.—"Texas Girl" was a rather indefinite non de plume; there are so many "Texas Girls," you know. Jack Pickford is in Hollywood. He and Alfred Green are co-directors of Mary in "Through the Door" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

GUY.—Ruth Roland's eyes are blue. I am very sorry we haven't color photography so that I might prove this, but the next best thing is to write to Miss Roland herself, care Roach studios, and ask her.

ROSE OF MONTGOMERY.—I have a letter from Kenneth Harlan in which he says he has been divorced from Salomy Jane Harlan for years. Harlan fans please note. Here is the cast of "The Restless Sex": Stephanie Cleland—Marion Davies; Jim Cleland—Ralph Kellard; Oswald Grismer—Carlyle Blackwell; John Cleland—Charles Lane; Chilsmer Grismer—Robert Vivian; the Child Stephanie—Etna Ross; the boy Jim—Stephen Carr; Marie Cliff—Vivian Osborne; Helen Davis—Corinne Barker.

M. W.—Carol Halloway was never the wife of William Duncan. Duncan is married to Edith Johnson. The rumors that Mae Marsh might come back to Griffith were not correct. So few rumors are, don't you know. Miss Marsh, or Mrs. Louis Lee Arms, is not with Robertson-Cole any more. She made for that company "The Little 'Fraid Lady" and "Nobody's Kid." Mae has one little girl.

ARDIS A. ACKERMAN.—Thanks very much for the beautiful blotter. May it serve me well—blotting out, I hope, many of my mistakes, but not your memories of me. There—that's off my mind. Always glad to hear from you.

J. H., WASHBURN.—Too bad I can't tell you that Bryant Washburn came from your Wisconsin town. But he didn't. Bryant has his own company now; the first release is called "The Road to London." Mabel Forrest is Mrs. Washburn. Bessie Love may be reached care Willis and Inglis, Wright Callender Bldg., Los Angeles. Bessie is free-lancing now, having appeared opposite Sessue Hayakawa and Hobart Bosworth quite recently. Kenneth Harlan, Talmadge studio. Lila Lee and Gloria Swanson, Lasky. Priscilla Dean, Universal City, Cal. I understand that upon completing her current Universal picture, called "Reputation," Miss Dean has retired for a while. She is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. Oakman and Doris May appear in support of Jackie Coogan in "Peck's Bad Boy." Such a little fellow, Jackie, to have all those big performers supporting him. Alice Lake, western Metro. But I forget; there is no eastern Metro any more; all the productions of that company will a the future be made on the coast.

DOROTHY T., SCRANTON.—Vivian Martin was with Paramount once upon a time; so was Louise Huff. But neither is there now. Miss Huff is married and has not made a film appearance for some time. Miss Martin's latest vehicle is "Mother Eternal."

JULIENNE.—Edwards Burns played Doctor Ransome in "To Please One Woman" and Mona Lisa was the woman. It was a Lois Weber picture. I can't tell you who Mrs. Burns is, because I have no record of any such person.

MISS VIRGINIA.—I didn't have to look at the postmark to realize that you are from Missouri. I can only tell you what I know; I cannot guarantee truthful ages, etc. Dorothy Dalton has dark brown hair and grey eyes. Lillian Gish was born in 1896 and is not married.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

BROADSIDE BATTERY.—The only reason you wrote to me was that a heavy fog prevented you from having movies on the quarterdeck. I am honored anyway. Your letter was one of the best I have had this or any other month. Who is the lady star who buys hairpins with all the quarters you sent? Let me know and I will see if I can help you to get that picture. Come again—soon.

A. SWANSON, LOS ANGELES.—You neglected to send your complete address. If you will write to me again, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, I would like very much to write you a personal letter.

LYLE C., CALUMET.—I agree with you that some rules are very silly. For instance, that which tells us in case of fire to keep cool. But I ask you for your complete names and addresses as evidences of your good faith. Frank Mayo belongs to a well-known theatrical family and was on the stage before becoming a film actor. He was born in 1886, and may be addressed at Universal City, Cal. Mayo was formerly married to Joyce Moore; divorced.

T. L., NEW YORK CITY.—Rubye DeRemer does not tell her age; she is not married. Madame Nazimova was born in 1879 and is Mrs. Charles Bryant in private life. She is working now on a screen version of "Camille." Rudolph Valentino plays opposite her in this. Wonder how many feet of film it will take for the famous death scene?

DAISY.—Here's a secret: I hear that little Gloria Hope is going to marry Lloyd Hughes, the Ince leading man. Gloria is twenty years old and five feet two inches tall.

C. K., ST. LOUIS.—I'll tell you a stunt. Don't buy the hat you like; select the most expensive one you can find, take your husband to see it, and when he glimpses the tag, tell him you'll compromise with the first one. (I have never talked to anyone who tried this, so I recommend it unreservedly.) Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry are *Julio* and *Marguerite* in "The Four Horsemen." Rex Ingram directed this Metro picture and June Mathis wrote the scenario from the Ibanez novel.

G. B., SALT LAKE CITY.—I don't know why the Talmadge sisters should wish to work in California. They seem perfectly satisfied with New York. Besides, Norma's husband, Joseph Schenck, has his office in Manhattan and so has Constance's husband, John Pialoglo. If Natalie marries Buster Keaton she may move to the Coast—but isn't that a little premature?

H. P., EASTON, PA.—George O'Hara played the cameraman in Sennett's "A Small Town Idol" and you may address him at the Sennett studios. I doubt if Mr. Sennett's comedians receive as much fan mail as other stars. Still, I have been tempted to write Ben Turpin myself.

THOMAS.—I'm awfully, awfully sorry I can't tell you positively what Eva Novak's matrimonial plans are. The only thing for you to do is to hope. You might write to her at Universal City, California. She doesn't give her age, but she is five feet five inches tall, if it will help you any to know it. Yes—she is Jane's sister. Jane is divorced from Frank Newburg.

A. W. H., HAGUE, HOLLAND.—I liked your letter very much. Thanks for what you say about PHOTOPLAY. Marion Davies may be reached at the International studios, New York; Lillian Gish at the Griffith studios, and Viola Dana, Metro. No stated number of positives are printed from a film negative. Write again.

ETHEL Z., CICERO, ILL.—Sometimes, when I look at some of these art exhibits I think they should hang the artists as well as the pictures. But then I am old-fashioned, and I always suspect that the artist is trying to make fun of me. Philo McCullough is unmarried according to our records. He was born in 1890.

M. M. S., AKRON.—Jackie Coogan and Wesley Barry are both in New York at present. Jackie is having the time of his life and helping everybody else to do the same. Wesley has been helping the various relief societies that are working in Manhattan and has sold dolls for charity and behaved beautifully generally. I believe Jackie has had rather the best of it, however; he helped the Yanks win the other day and next to Babe Ruth was the most celebrated person there. Norma Talmadge was born in 1895, is five feet two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes.

JUST GIFF.—Aren't you coy! The girl who played opposite Buck Jones in "The Square Shooter" was Patsy de Forest.

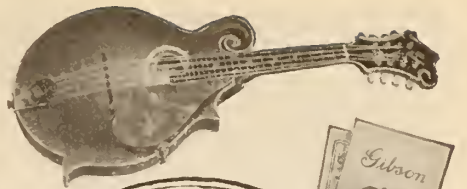
CLEOPATRA.—Your pastel, Antony and Cleopatra, arrived safely, if such a brilliant affair may be said to have arrived safely. The colors blind me, Cleo; and I can't have it framed for my office as you suggest because I wouldn't do any work. However, I am so glad you told me what it was all about—I might have mistaken them for Abelard and Heloise. Raymond Hatton in "The Concert." He is married. Frank Campeau's latest pictures is "The Killer" in which he plays the title role. Frank has done some killing in his time—on the screen. Remember when he was the villain in Doug's pictures? Will Rogers in "A Bashful Romeo." Geraldine Farrar is not doing any film work right now. She and her husband Lou Tellegen are planning a trip abroad, I believe, and upon their return they will make more pictures.

GREEN EYES.—Clara Kimball Young is not married now. Monte Blue is—to a non-professional. He was born in Indianapolis, has brown hair and eyes, is six feet two inches tall and weighs about 180 pounds. Blue plays in Allan Dwan's "A Perfect Crime" but is, I think, under contract to Paramount permanently. Yes—he's a nice chap.

MARGARET, ELMIRA.—I would be only too glad to tell you how to start a Sunshine Club if I knew what it was. And if I knew I would start one myself.

BIRDIE.—Dustin Farnum's wife was formerly Mary Cromwell. That is a beautiful name, isn't it? Hallam Cooley is married. Bert Lytell was born in 1885, and is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Lytell in "A Message from Mars."

Z. S., KENTUCKY.—I have heard, too, that Katherine MacDonald is soon to marry a Los Angeles business man. But since Katherine herself has not announced it, I will not publish it as a fact. Nigel Barrie is married and lives in Hollywood.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARY CAREY.—No relation to Harry Carey, but willing to be? Well, Mr. Carey has a wife—Olive Fuller Golden who was once a Universal actress. She has not made any pictures for quite a while now, but her sister, Ruth Golden, played with Harry recently. Phyllis Haver is still a Mack Sennett comedienne, but Louise Fazenda and Marie Prevost have both deserted the old lot for fresh fields. Louise is going to keep on being funny, but Marie is going in for drama. Thomas Meighan, Lasky, Hollywood.

THE KID.—Robert Harron died in New York City, September 6, 1920, as the result of an accidental bullet-wound. He was twenty-six years of age and unmarried. His younger brother, John, appears with Mary Pickford in her new picture.

TERRY T. H.—All is not gold that glitters; some of it is dyed. But I don't want to make you cynical. Albert Roscoe will next be seen in the May Allison Metro picture, "The Woman Next Door." Something about him? He is a mighty fine chap off screen, and he now is working with Alice Lake at the Metro studios, Hollywood. He is married.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—Why should you be any more disillusioned about your film favorites than you are about your butcher or baker or candlestick maker? I acknowledge that the latter are not generally known as "artistes," which name usually covers a multitude of shortcomings; but they are human and so are film stars. Don't let it worry you. I don't. It's none of my business. Pearl White will not live in Europe; she will return after a short vacation and go to work for Fox again.

CORA W. K.—Why do you have to call Nazimova Madame? You don't. But it happens that we often refer to foreign actresses as Madame when one of our native stars is just plain Mrs. You pronounce it *Na-zeem-ova* when you don't forget and say Nazimova instead. Gladys Walton was born in Boston, April 14, 1904. She is one inch over five feet.

GWEN.—Maude Adams is not going to act in films, but she is going to produce them. She is interested in color photography and will make a picture called "Aladdin" in a New York studio. Miss Adams has not appeared on the stage for nearly three years, but it is said she will return next season. Marguerite de la Motte is of French descent; but she was born in this country. Hoot Gibson is Helen Gibson's husband. He is with Universal.

M. P., OHIO.—Madge Kennedy has been appearing on the legitimate stage in a play called "Cornered" in which Madge, borrowing a page from her picture book, plays a dual role. The play isn't so good, in my opinion, but Madge is. She will probably come back to pictures before very long. She is Mrs. Harold Bolster in private life. Mabel Normand is not married. She is back with the Mack Sennett company and her first new photoplay is called "Molly-O." Of course I like Mabel. Doesn't everybody?

ILA, DANVILLE.—I thought I had answered this question for the last time three years ago. But no: still they come. Dorothy Davenport is Mrs. Wallace Reid. They have one son, William Wallace Reid, Jr., who is called Bill! when he isn't dressed up. The Reids live in Hollywood.

ELIZABETH.—All of the young ladies you mention are on the sunny side of twenty-five: Anita Stewart, Alma Tell, Alma Rubens, and Gloria Swanson. Miss Rubens is not making any more pictures at present. Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron; they have no children. Gloria Swanson has a baby girl. I haven't seen Gloria the Second so I really can't say if she resembles her famous mother. Mrs. Somborn is firm in her determination not to permit her daughter to be photographed.

MAXINE STEWART, WISCONSIN.—Impressionism might be suppressionism as far as I am concerned. I wouldn't know the difference. So I cannot discuss art, let alone new art, with you. More familiar ground is the age of Wheeler Oakman—thirty-one—and of David Powell—thirty-seven.

ROBERT W. TIFFIN, HONOLULU.—That was a corking letter. I wish you would write every month. Gaston Glass is in California right now. He made picturizations of two Ralph Connor stories in Canada: "Cameron of the Mounted" and "The Foreigner." He is not married. Bebe Daniels and Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywood.

CLYDE L. M.—Douglas Fairbanks' small son, Douglas Jr., attends a military academy. His mother, the former Mrs. Fairbanks, is now Mrs. Evans. Doug Jr. looks very much like his father. I don't think he has made up his mind whether he will be an actor or a fireman. I'll let you know.

RUNA W., NEW ZEALAND.—If all questions were as easy as yours! There is no glass in Harold Lloyd's celebrated spectacles. They are Lloyd's trademark just as Charlie's cane is his. Neither Chaplin nor Lloyd is married. May Allison in "The Marriage of William Ashe." There is no Mr. May Allison.

MR. J. E., JAVA.—Your letters were forwarded to the correct addresses. Oh no—over here the latest husbandly whine is "Why can't you brew it as mother used to do it?" Harrison Ford is not married now. He was born in 1892, is five feet ten inches tall, and may be addressed care Talmadge studio, New York.

A. D., IDAHO.—Olive Thomas, at the time of her sad death, was only twenty-one. You may be able to obtain a photograph by writing to the Selznick studio, Fort Lee, N. J.

M. H., SANTA CRUZ.—Just to prove I bear no grudge, I hasten to give you the desired cast. It makes no difference whether you malign or abuse me; I will answer your questions just the same. It's noble of me, really. "The Love Flower": *Stella Bevan*—Carol Dempster; *Bruce Sanders*—Richard Barthelmess; *her father*—George McQuarrie; *Matthew Crand*—Anders Randolph; *Mrs. Bevan*—Florence Short; *her visitor*—Crauford Kent.

HUGH MCC., PHILADELPHIA.—Thanks for taking the trouble to recall that I like typewritten letters. Very kind of you. Juanita Hansen, Pathe. May Allison is not married. So you liked the cover of Rubye deRemer. So did everybody.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

MERRY WIDOW.—It is indeed an empty purse which is full of other men's money. I'll forgive you this time but don't ever do it again. Wallace Reid is extremely personable, if I may trust the judgment of the majority of my feminine correspondents. He is a fine chap—I know that. So is Douglas McLean. The McLeans live in Los Angeles. Doris May is a very good friend of Mr. and Mrs. McLean. No truth at all in those rumors that they couldn't work together because of professional jealousy and all that. Miss May in "The Bronze Bell."

G. T., STAMFORD.—You like Burns Mantle's reviews but you don't always agree with him. Wouldn't this be a dreary existence if there were no discussions? Carol Dempster, Charles Mack, Ralph Graves and Edward Peil were the leading players in Griffith's "Dream Street." The Gish girls do not appear in it. Dorothy is not making any new pictures at present. Her husband, James Rennie, is playing opposite Hope Hampton in "Star Dust."

E. F. N., MUSKOGON.—I can't give you Alice Joyce's personal address because I don't know it myself. What's more, Vitagraph doesn't know it either. Miss Joyce believes—and you can't blame her—that she is entitled to a strictly private life as well as a professional one. Her husband is James Regan Jr. The new Joyce picture is "Her Lord and Master." The Lee children are still in vaudeville—their act is called, I believe, "The New Director." I have not seen it. I can't afford to go to the variety theaters. I have to depend upon books for my entertainment.

CHARMAIN.—You object to close-ups of good looking lovers. I must say I prefer that they be good looking. Theda Bara is abroad at present. She liked it so well that she went back for a second visit. Her sister Loro is married and living in Paris, I believe. Theda is not married.

MARIE.—I am *not* simply wild about you. You covered at least eight pages of purplish paper with indefinite and illegible ravings about Dick Barthelmess, demanding to know why I say that he is married, when he isn't. He is. To Mary Hay. Very happily. Read this department once in a while.

EDITH.—So you think George Stewart is the coming matinee idol. He was in "Habit" with Mildred Harris and plays with Alice Lake in a new Metro film. Mae Marsh has formed her own company. Tony Moreno is not married. He is still with Vitagraph, working at their west-coast studios.

VASHI.—At last! Wherever have you been? I was certain that I gave you a most sarcastic answer last time, and couldn't imagine why you never called again. I am as sweet-tempered as ever, as you will observe by reading the rest of this delectable department. So—it is Owen Moore now, is it? He is with Selznick at Fort Lee, and is not married.

H. E. F., CAMDEN, N. J.—Infant future presidents of the United States are becoming more rare every minute. All the babies are scheduled for screen careers. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. He is not engaged. H. B. Warner is married to Rita Warners and proud of it. The Stanwoods have two children, and live in Hollywood. Very nice folks, I think.

MARY C.—George Beban is an American I know he plays Italian characters but it doesn't follow that he was born in Sunny Italy. Just another tribute to George's genuine ability. His latest vehicle in "One Man in a Million," in which his little son, Bob White Beban, also appears.

F. R. A., VENICE, CAL.—That is Marguerite de la Motte's real name. Does it sound too good to be true? She was born in Duluth, Minn.,

THE BAT.—If I were a woman I should have blushed a deep pink when I read all that you said about me. Am I really as good as all that? No; you are just naturally good natured, that's all. Jane Wolff is not an extra—she is a free-lance, appearing most frequently for Paramount. She was born in St. Petersburg, Pa., is five feet five inches tall, weighs 128 pounds, and is unmarried—that is, I presume she is as I have no record of her husband. Marcia Manon is Russian—her real name is Camille Ankewich. In private life she is Mrs. Frothingham. Her latest appearance is in Goldwyn's "Look Before You Leap." Madge Kennedy will return to films sooner or later. With you, I hope it may be sooner. Don't forget to write again.

AZILE.—Whatever that means. Yes, I remember little Kenneth Casey who used to play in the John Bunny-Flora Finch comedies, but I have no recent information about him. He must be a big boy now. Bill Hart plans a long vacation but I doubt if he will retire definitely from pictures. You know Sarah Bernhardt said she was going to retire too. And she is now playing in vaudeville in England and on the continent. More power to her, too.

V. R., NEW YORK CITY.—Oh, I don't think New Yorkers are nearly so blase as they try to make out. Did you ever watch one of them stopping to observe a fight or a fire? You'll see exactly the same expressions as you would see in Main Street—anywhere. Kathleen Clifford won recognition for her male impersonations. She was well known in vaudeville before she went on the screen. She weighs only 93 pounds and is five feet one inch tall. She isn't married. Edith Johnson is five feet four and weighs 135 lbs.

SARAH, CHARLOTTE.—I approve of you. You are not a bit catty. Any girl who honestly admires Agnes Ayres cannot be catty. Agnes is very beautiful at home as well as in the studio. Address her Lasky studios, Hollywood. She is a member of the all-star cast for "The Affairs of Anatol."

KATHRYN.—Who is Jack Holt's wife? Mrs. Jack Holt. I really haven't her maiden name, but I know she is not a film actress.

D. G. S., SAN DIEGO.—Edith Roberts was born as recently as 1901. I think you must be confusing her with some other actress, though why I can't figure out. Edith is a star of the ingenue type, not a character actress. Here's the cast of "The Frontier of the Stars": *Buck Leslie*—Thomas Meighan; *Hilda Shea*—Faire Binney; *Phil Hoyt*—Alphonz Ethier; *Gregory*—Edward Ellis; *Ganz*—Gus Weinberg; *Mary Hoyt*—Florence Johns. Of this cast, two are legitimate players; Ethier, who appears in a Broadway play, "The Broken Wing," and Edward Ellis, a member of the cast of "The Bat."



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FOR that older generation, along with the Cashmere shawl—Cashmere Bouquet Soap was a mark of distinction.

While the Cashmere shawl has passed, the use of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap increases each year in homes of refinement the world over. It is favored for its lasting qualities and for its exquisite, lingering fragrance—suggestive of the perfumed Vale of Cashmere for which it is named.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK



The Cashmere shawl which suggested this design is a rare antique, now owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

August
25c



Bebe
Daniels



A. H. S. Co.
1921

Pour achever une Harmonie véritable de la Toilette

Ostende! Dieppe! At these famous French watering places one may mingle these summer days with the élite—les élégantes—of Paris itself. Here, Madame, Mademoiselle, one cannot but observe that perfection exquisite de la toilette which so distinguishes French ladies of fashion—“les femmes à la mode.”

But, you, Madame, need not envy these demoiselles Françaises. One secret of their subtle charm may today be yours. It is so very

simple. In the very words of France it is just this:

“Dans tous les objets de la toilette on emploie une seule odeur.” Each article of the toilette should bear the same fragrance.

So, with wisdom, will Madame choose Djer-Kiss—French Djer-Kiss—which so caressingly imparts un charme français. And remembering this very law of French fashion, (on ne mélange pas les odeurs—one must not mix perfumes), Madame will use wisely

all the spécialités de Djer-Kiss. Her talc, her face powder, her rouge, her creams, her sachet, her toilet water and even her soap will breathe gently and exquisitely the alluring French fragrance of Djer-Kiss extract itself.

To obey, amies Américaines, is to capture a priceless secret of charm—of fascination française.

Special Sample Offer:

In return for 20c the A. H. Smith Co., 26 West 31st St., New York, will be pleased to send you the Djer-Kiss Week-End Specialty Box which contains serviceable samples of Djer-Kiss Face Powder, Extract, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Sachet.

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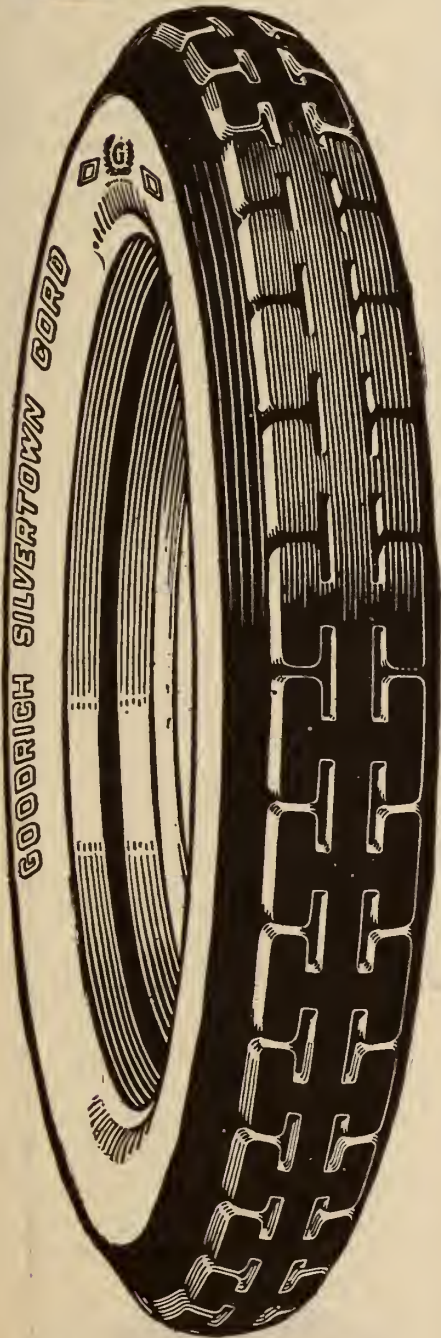
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These spécialités—Rouge, Soap, Compacts and Creams—temporarily blended here with pure Djer-Kiss concentré imported from France



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*The anti-skid safety tread
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Among tires SILVERTOWN is the name that instantly conveys the thought of the highest known quality.

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The genuine value of Silvertowns has given them first place in the esteem of motorists. Their jet black anti-skid safety treads and creamy white sides give them the air of distinction that is expected in a product which is the highest art of tire craftsmanship.

The full name—"Goodrich Silvertown Cord"—appears on each tire. Look for it, and get the genuine.

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Akron, Ohio

Your dealer will supply you with Goodrich Silvertown Cords, Goodrich Fabrics and Goodrich Red and Gray Tubes at the 20% price reduction.

PARAMOUNT PICTURE TONIGHT

PARAMOUNT PICTURES
listed in order of release
June 1, 1921 to September 1, 1921
Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"
From James Forbes' popular farce.
Cosmopolitan production
"The Wild Goose"
By Gouverneur Morris.

Thomas Meighan in
"White and Unmarried"
A whimsical and romantic comedy
By John D. Swain.

"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp production.
Made in England. With David Powell.
Thomas H. Ince Special, "The Bronze Bell"
By Louis Joseph Vance.

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.

Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner.
George Melford's production, "A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest.

Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
A comedy novelty by Byron Morgan
"The Mystery Road"
A British production with David Powell
From E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.
A Paul Powell Production.

William A. Brady's production "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan.

Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
An adaptation of the famous novel by
E. Phillips Oppenheim
"Jeanne of the Marshes."

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the
author of "Three Weeks."

William de Mille's "The Lost Romance"
By Edward Knoblock

William S. Hart in "The Whistle"
A Hart production
A Western story with an unforgettable punch.
"The Princess of New York"
A British production from the novel by
Cosmo Hamilton.

A Donald Crisp production.
Douglas MacLean in "Just Passing Through"
Thos. H. Ince production.

Thomas Meighan in
"The Conquest of Canaan"
By Booth Tarkington.

Ethel Clayton in "Wealth"
By Cosmo Hamilton
A story of New York's artistic Bohemia.
A Wm. D. Taylor production.
Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in
"Crazy to Marry." By Frank Condon
From the hilarious
Saturday Evening Post story.

And so the day ends perfectly—

A GOOD vacation means above all else *change of scene*. The city-dweller longs for the country or shore.

The country-dwellers seek the excitement of metropolitan life.

Whichever class you are in you will find that Paramount has anticipated your motion picture wants.

In the country you will find that the fame of Paramount has penetrated to your resort, whether it be in a theatre that seats three hundred or three thousand. You can see the same fine Paramount Pictures there that you were accustomed to in town.

The visitors to the cities will discover any number of Paramount Pictures to choose from.

Take train anywhere: take steamer or aeroplane, and you will inevitably arrive at one of the theatres on the Paramount circuit of enchantment.

Whether it is a million dollar palace of the screen in the big city, or a tiny hall in a backwoods hamlet, you will find that it is always the best and most prosperous theatre in the community that is exhibiting Paramount Pictures.

They both show the same pictures! Paramount Pictures.

The resort that has Paramount Pictures is in the swim—a Broadway show in the heart of the country!

Paramount has achieved this national recognition by steadily delivering great entertainment,

—entertainment conceived and interpreted by the foremost actors, dramatists, directors, writers, impresarios and technicians,

—photoplays made with the idea that each one had to beat the last,

—motion pictures so good that in the United States alone more than 11,200 theatres, not counting summer theatres, depend on them as the chief source of supply.

Whether you see Paramount Pictures in a metropolitan theatre or in a summer theatre that vanishes with the first frosts, you are equally sure of fine entertainment.

When you see that phrase, "It's a Paramount Picture," park your car, motor-boat or canoe and *go in*,

—because if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in vacation-land!

Paramount Pictures



4TH ANNUAL
Paramount
WEEK

SEPTEMBER 1921

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XX

No. 3

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Photoplay's Three Contests

WITH its three contests—world-beaters, every one of them: unique, costly, amazing—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has perhaps never been equalled in the magazine field for the general interest it has created.

There's —

The \$14,000 Fiction Contest, involving prizes of \$5,000, \$2,500, \$1,000 and \$500, which has raised the standard of American fiction, has brought a hearty response from famous writers, and has definitely established other writers not so well known. PHOTOPLAY'S Fiction Stories are *being read*.

There's —

The Medal of Honor Contest—a great enterprise which will permanently reward the film industry for its finest achievement of the year. An annual affair—an event of national importance—it is distinctly *your* Contest, for you are choosing, with your votes, the best photoplay.

And then —

The Doubles Contest. The most intimate competition of the three: finding the doubles of famous film stars. If you resemble a screen celebrity, if you have a friend who does, send in the resemblance picture to PHOTOPLAY. \$50, \$25, and three prizes of \$10, are the generous awards.

Watch the next issue for further developments!

*Three special reasons why
you had better order
your September
copy now!*

New Discovery Takes Off Flesh Almost "While You Wait"!

A pound a day the very first week without medicine, special foods, starving, baths or exercise. Results in 48 hours!

At last a simple secret has been discovered by the world's greatest food specialist which enables you to eat a pound a day off your weight without the slightest discomfort. In fact you will enjoy your meals as never before.

Thousands of men and women who have tried strenuous diets, special reducing baths, salts, medicine and violent exercising without results have found this new scientific way a revelation. A pound or more a day from the very start can be counted on in most cases and with each pound you lose you will note a remarkable increase in energy and general health.

Women so stout they could never wear light colors or attractive styles without being conspicuous, marvel at the sudden change that has enabled them to wear the most vividly colored and fluffily-styled clothes. Men who used to puff when they walked the least bit quickly—men who were rapidly becoming inactive and sluggish—unable to enjoy outdoor exercise or pleasure find their return to youthful energy almost miraculous.

How the Secret Works

The whole thing about this wonderful new way to reduce, which makes losing flesh a pleasure instead of a task, is a simple system of food combination worked out by Eugene Christian.

Some of us eat food that is immediately converted into muscle, bone and blood. Others eat food that is immediately converted into useless fat. In this latter case, the muscles, bones and blood are robbed of just so much strength and nutrition. That is why fat people succumb first in case of illness.

Eugene Christian, the famous Food Specialist, while engaged in one of his extensive food experiments, discovered the perfect cure for the "disease of obesity" as he calls it. He found that merely by following certain little natural laws, food is converted into essential tissues like bone and muscle, while only enough fat is stored up to provide the necessary energy. Elated with his discovery and what it would mean to thousands of men and women, Christian has incorporated all his valuable information in the form of little, easy-to-follow lessons under the name of "Weight Control, the Basis of Health," which is offered on free trial.

There are no fads in this course, no special baths, no self-denying diets, no medicines, no exercises—nothing but pure common-sense, practical help that will do just what we say—take off flesh "while you

wait." Eat all the delicious foods you like, observing of course the one vital rule. Do what ever you please, give up all diets and reducing baths—just follow the directions outlined in Christian's wonderful course and watch your superfluous weight vanish.

Nothing Like It Before

You've never tried anything like this wonderful new method of Eugene Christian's before. It's entirely different. Instead of starving you, it shows you how to eat off weight—a pound of it a day! No trouble, no fuss, no self-denial. All so simple that you'll be delighted—and amazed.

Here's what Christian's course in Weight Control will do for you.

First it will bring down your weight to normal, to what it should naturally be. Then it will make your flesh firm and solid. It will bring a new glow to your cheeks, a new sparkle to your eyes, a new spring to you step. It will give your charm, grace, attractiveness. And all naturally, mind you! Nothing harmful.

We want you to prove it yourself. We want you to see results, to see your own unnecessary flesh vanish. We want you to see why all dieting, medicines, bathing and exercising are a mistake—why this new discovery gets right down to the real reason for your stoutness, and removes it by natural methods.

No Money in Advance

Just put your name and address on the coupon. Don't send any money. The coupon alone will bring Eugene Christian's complete course to your door, where \$2 to the postman will make it your property.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Then glance through the lessons carefully, and read all about the startling revelations regarding weight, food and health. Now put the course to the test. Try the first lesson. Weigh yourself in a day or two again and notice the wonderful result. Still you've taken no medicine, put yourself to no hardships, done nothing you would not ordinarily have done. It's wonderful—and you'll have to admit it yourself.



The shadow of her former self—result of the new discovery!

Mail the coupon NOW. You be the sole judge. If you do not see a remarkable improvement in 5 days, return the course to us and your money will be immediately refunded. But mail the coupon this very minute, before you forget. Surely you cannot let so positive an opportunity to reduce to normal weight pass by unheeded.

Remember, no money—just the coupon. As we shall receive an avalanche of orders for this remarkable course, it will be wise to send your order at once. Some will have to be disappointed. Don't wait to lose weight, but mail the coupon NOW and profit immediately by Dr. Christian's wonderful discovery.

The course will be sent in a plain container.

Corrective Eating Society
Dept. W-2088, 43 West 16th St.
New York City

.....
Corrective Eating Society
Dept. W-2088, 43 West 16th St.
New York City

You may send me prepaid in plain container Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$2 in full payment on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course to you after a 5-day trial. It is, of course, understood that you are to refund my money if I return the course.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet, if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.



MAY ALLISON, famous Metro Movie Star, says: "I have heard many famous directors and editors warmly endorse THE IRVING SYSTEM. I am fully satisfied that yours is the ONLY method of writing that really teaches people how to write stories and plays."

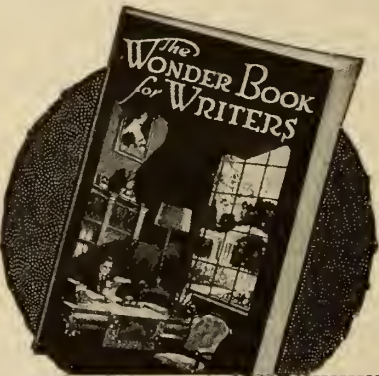
hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

LISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own imagination may provide an endless gold mine of ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your thrilling realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. GET IT. IT'S YOURS. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—story and play writing. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain! Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU.

So why waste any more time wondering, dreaming, waiting? Simply fill out the coupon below—you're not BUYING anything, you're getting it ABSOLUTELY FREE. A book that may prove the Book of Your Destiny. A Magic Book through which men and women, young and old, may learn to turn their spare hours into cash.

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Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

- ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
- (s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
- J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
- (s) Marshall Neilan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) Geo. Loane Tucker, Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) King Vidor Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., Bush House, Aldwych, Strand, London, England.
- ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.
- FAMOUS-PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.
- (s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.
- (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.
- British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
- Realtor, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.
- (s) 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
- FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York; R. A. Walsh Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod., Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.
- Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
- Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles Cal.
- Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.
- Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
- David M. Hartford, Prod., 3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
- Hope Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.
- (s) Chas. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles.
- FOX FILM CORP., (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St. New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood Cal.
- GARSON STUDIOS, INC., (s) 1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.
- GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.
- HAMPTON, JESSE B., STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.
- HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.
- HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., N. Y.
- METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York. (s) Geo. B. Seitz, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.
- ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
- SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.
- Mary Pickford Co., Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave.; Hollywood, Cal.
- D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
- George Arliss Prod., Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

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Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at school. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every

A Cosmopolitan
Production

A Paramount
Picture ~



Marion Davies

WHAT is "The Bride's Play?"—Like the shower of rice, the toss of the bride's bouquet, it is a rite for the bridal day only. It is fateful, fraught with many dangers—no lover can be sure of his bride until after "The Bride's Play."

It is the "sweetest story ever told," as romantic, as tender, as idyllic, as superbly beautiful as Mendelssohn's Spring Song.

IN Marion Davies' new super-feature a discarded suitor takes advantage of "The Bride's Play" in his effort to win her by fair means or foul. A startling, a breath-taking act of the bride saves her life's happiness.

♦♦ The Bride's Play ♦♦

Every girl—every woman—will want to see "The Bride's Play." Ask your favorite theatre to play this wonder picture.





There is constant danger in an oily skin

IF your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny—you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple. But *too much* oil not only spoils the attractiveness of any girl's complexion—it actually tends to promote *an unhealthy condition of the skin itself*.

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

You can correct an oily skin by using *each night* the following simple treatment:

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Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch;" a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; and samples of the new Woodbury Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 508 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 508 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks.



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Alfred Cheney Johnston

Indeed she is a charming Kathryn—very!
And when we've said her other name is Perry
There seems no need of further conversation
In an affair of optical elation.
(A Ziegfeld beauty first of all,
And after that, the camera's call.)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

When one has a name like Billie Dove
The easiest of rhyming words is "love."
An apple borne by such a lissome Eve
'Most any modern Adam would deceive.
(A ragged shirt, not much of any pants
—this costume seems the height of elegance!)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Narrator of Emotion, it is well
Your people gave to you the name of Tell.
Yet no Olive branch of peace are you—
Too tense and turbulent the scenes you do.
(Fair stateliness of other days,
A Rembrandt might have brushed your praise!)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

A newsgirl will be pinched for blocking traffic
If she ventures out in garb so graphic.
When admiring customers say "Oh!"
She'd better hear them in the studio.
(Pardon us, our memory so bad is!
Meet Miss Leslie—first name, Gladys.)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Are you supposed to be a Rajah's bride?
A slave with thongs of jewels tied?
A Duchess fleeing from the Bolsheviki—
Or just a vampire, sinuous and creepy?
(Julanne Johnston, if you must know,
And the artist fixed her up so!)

Actual photograph of sweater
after 55 washings with
Ivory Flakes. This sweater
and statement of original
owner on file in the office of
The Procter & Gamble Co.



This
wool sweater
had 55 washings
before this picture
was taken

A Chicago girl wore this coral wool sweater and washed it fifty-five times during the past three years. After the first twelve washings she altered the neck and armholes with some of the *unwashed* yarn. Much to her surprise the *new* yarn could not be told from the old! And through the other forty odd washings, the sweater has kept its color, its woolly softness, and its original shape. It looks good for another three years' wear.

Its owner credits this remarkable record to the fact that she used nothing but Ivory Soap Flakes for every one of the fifty-five washings. Ivory Flakes gave her the unequalled purity of Ivory Soap plus the convenience and safety of *rub-less* laundering. She says each washing took only five minutes.

You may never need to wash a sweater as often as this one was washed, but you undoubtedly own garments which you do not want to subject to the dangers of rubbing and of doubtful ingredients in soap. For such delicate pieces, Ivory Flakes will give you the utmost convenience and safety. Use it for woolens, silks, satins, laces, chiffons. It will harm nothing that water alone will not harm.

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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

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No. 3



Magic Days

THESE are the days when the meadow calls to the asphalt man, and the asphalt calls to the meadow man; when the mountains beckon with pine fingers to the plains, and the desert thrills at a salt whisper from the sea.

Magic days. Vacation days.

Vacation, nowadays, is synonymous with travel.

It means a rush there, a mad and incredibly brief sojourn amid discomfoting delights, a rush back.

The dictionary tells the truth about vacation; it calls it interruption, cessation—rest.

In the "week off," or the "two weeks on pay," or the bigger holiday of a month or three, it is quite natural to wish to "go somewhere." That wish raised humanity from the anthropoids. It found the pax Romana, the New World, steam, electricity.

But how many of us can go just where we'd like to go? How many of us fret away half our precious holiday worrying because circumstances prevented us doing exactly what we wished and planned?

"Circumstances?" sneered Napoleon; "I make circumstances!"

The motion picture has Napoleonically made the circumstances of the modern holiday.

Fresh air and exercise, the indispensables, are within reach of every American, even if they're to be found only in the upper pasture or the city park.

For the rest, if you can't get to Atlantic City or Monterey, Nipigon or Champlain, the Selkirks or the Ozarks—for the rest, consult the screen.

Before you is the greatest window ever designed by any architect save God. It is an open window, and through it blow at once the spices of Cathay and the iced airs of the Arctic; through it radiate ocean blues, tropic emeralds, minaret whites, volcanic reds, and the polychrome of all the earth's bazaars. You can't leave home? Then you may, on a celluloid ticket, ride forth into the panorama of the world!



THE LASKY LOT

By
RALPH BARTON



The Brothers deMille—William C., left, and Cecil B., right—the presiding geni of the Lasky Lot, who have done more for Motion Pictures and Riding Breeches than any other family in the business.

Mr. William Raymond Lasky (four months old) looking over the place with a view of taking charge.



Panoramic view of the Lasky plant in Hollywood showing the acres of modern studio buildings. Mr. Roscoe Arbuckle in the foreground.



Mr. and Mrs. Anatol—Little Wally Reid and Sic Transit Gloria Swanson—standing outside Gloria's bungalow-dressing-room wondering if Herr Schnitzler is going to have screen credit, and if so, why?



Why artists leave studios. Penrhyn Stanlaws, having cast off his smock and sneezed out the last particle of pastel dust, takes up the arduous task of directing Betty Compson. Some people have all the luck.



Conrad Nagel and Theodore Kosloff playing a scene in an oil-well-town—i. e., a gold-rush-town brought up to date.



One of Anatol's Affairs

By
DELIGHT
EVANS



In the little old-fashioned frame at the left above, you see Agnes Ayres at the age of fourteen, before the films claimed her. And, directly above, the same young lady, now a famous deMille heroine.

IT is only fair to tell you, at the outset, that this is not going to be an interview with Agnes Ayres. It is not going to be an interview at all. If you read on and on in the hope that it is going to be one, and then learn it isn't, don't blame me.

How can it be an interview when the interviewee, in a filmy negligee of rose color, is curled up in a bed piled with soft pillows and downy covers? With her gold hair hanging, and her eyes still deep with sleep?

She rubbed her eyes and ate an orange.

Interviewees very, very seldom eat oranges. There is nothing more difficult, as I suppose you know. It is practically impossible for a very pretty woman to eat an orange—a whole orange, from a basket—without transferring the greater part of her complexion to the orange, or vice versa. Agnes' complexion stayed on. It's that kind of a complexion.

It was very early in the morning for a visiting film star who had been dined and first-nighted the evening before—very early, indeed, for an interview. So this isn't one.

She went to the window and opened it, letting in the good old ozone and a generous streak of sunshine. The sunshine touched her hair and her cheeks and her eyes. She looked like a sleepy baby.

By this time I knew she was one hundred per cent human being. Also a beauty. Because:

My eyes are in fairly good condition.

She did not apologize for being in bed or having her hair down.

She did not call me "dear."

After you have interviewed people for four years, little things like that mean a lot to you.

She did not, either, ask me to contradict a certain interview which gave the world to understand that she said nothing but yes or no as if she were a mechanical doll. She did not have to.

She has a Greek-coin profile. A girl with a perfect profile can rule the world.

She very often lets you see her full-face. Not many girls with perfect profiles do this.

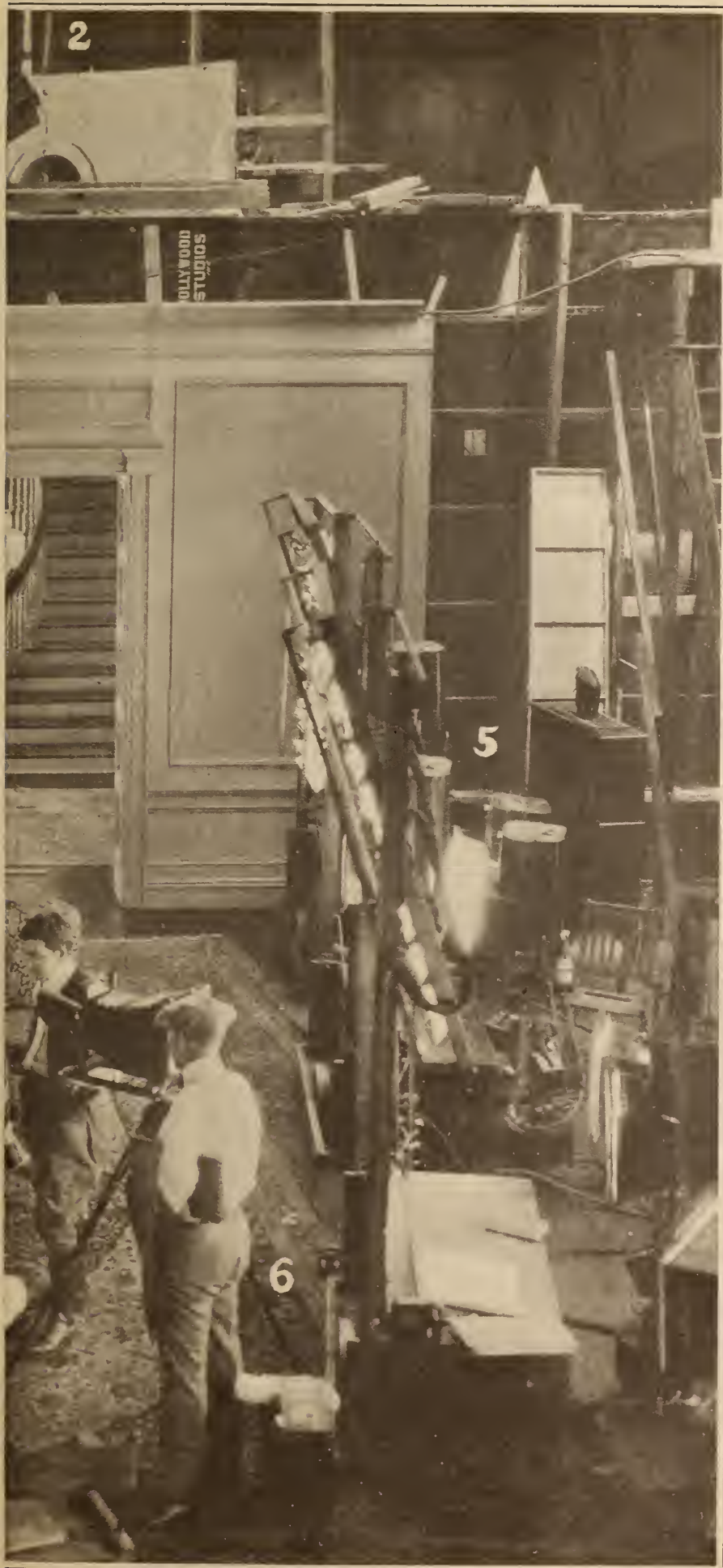
Oh, yes, she can talk, too. I like that slow drawl of hers. Some women drawl because they have so little to say they have got to fill the conversational pauses somehow. Agnes' drawl is as much a part of her as her half-smile. You can't imagine her without either.

In that little half-smile of hers, Agnes Ayres provides one of the rare visions that has intrigued poets and painters and minstrels and men since time began. One of those inspirational women. One of those who provides the theme, the motif, the imagination for masterpieces. She is inscrutable without knowing it.

If you told her all this, she'd laugh at you.

Because she is quiet, she is not necessarily indifferent. Not at all. She is simply not a girl (Continued on page 72)





Here's How It's Done

MARION FAIRFAX, long a scenario writer of international reputation, is at last carrying her thoughts all the way from script to finished photoplay—she's her own director, now. This is the first interior scene from her first production which she is making at the Hollywood Studios. The average patron of pictures, while knowing that photoplays are the result of a combination of sunshine, celluloid and electricity, has little idea of the enormous mechanical detail of motion picture photography, nor of the amount of science and technical skill entering into the taking of the simplest scenes of nowadays.

(1) Banks of Cooper-Hewitt lamps, a fairly familiar studio sight. This pale, greenish light, caused by a current of electricity flowing through mercury vapor, is eminently adapted for clarity and detail, though not for sharpness of photography. Kind as it is to photographic reproductions, the Cooper-Hewitt ray is ghastly in its reflections upon the players' faces.

(2) Spotlights, intended to throw down strong illumination for closeups and particular scenes.

(3) An "open arc." This powerful, yellowish-white light gives great brilliance to the entire setting, and is highly necessary for sharp detail of all the surroundings. This is the open lamp which causes the complaint known as "Kliege eyes" among the players: an intense, irritating affliction caused by microscopic carbon-dust biting beneath the lids, and so called from a particular brand of open electric lamp.

(4) A "baby spot." This cute little implement of the electrician's revelations is particularly a feature illuminator. It is as portable as a chair.

(5) A reserve battery of extra Klieges, spots, floods and arcs. In addition to the number of pieces of electrical artillery actually on the illuminative firing line, a strong reserve corps awaits emergencies.

(6) The technical director, and in front of him, the "still" camera and two operatives. "Stills" of every important scene are made with ordinary photographic processes that one finds in the best portrait studios, as a motion film is for motion only, and does not reproduce well when its small single prints are taken and enlarged.

(7) The camera, with photographer Rene Guissart about to photograph an intimate little scene between Marjorie Daw and Noah Beery—sitting on the couch, while back of them, hand extended, is the author-director, Miss Fairfax herself. Pat O'Malley, by the way, leans forward, interestedly, upon that nearby chair. The motion picture camera is a complicated a piece of mechanism, costing as much as a fine automobile.

(8) A chandelier. Nowadays all lights in a picture setting are "practical"—that is to say they work, with switches, exactly like the electroliers of a dwelling; but in a picture they register merely their own natural illumination.

Finally, notice the setting itself. This picture is an unusually fine example of the modern technique of interior construction. In the old days they built merely one room at a time. Here, you see a whole lower floor. The big room opens into two others, and beyond it you may behold the vestibule of the mimic dwelling, and stairs leading to a presumable second floor.



The same old Mabel—just as she looked when you first saw her on the screen! When you go over to the same old Sennett lot and see Mabel working in "Molly O," it seems as though the hands of the clock had been turned back!

Hello Mabel!

Glad to see you — missed
you a lot—you're looking
fine—SHAKE!

By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

AGNES AYRES and I were cosily watching the gorgeous mannikins parade peacock-wise down the long French room at a fashion show in a smart Los Angeles shop the other evening.

Suddenly a girl in a sable cape with a black taffeta poke bonnet with red roses came down the aisle in front of us.

"Oh, see that pretty girl in the black bonnet," said Agnes Ayres. "Isn't she sweet? She looks exactly like Mabel Normand used to look when I first saw her on the screen."

I nodded agreement.

Just then the girl came opposite us, and as she raised a white-gloved hand in gay greeting, we said in flabbergasted chorus, "Why—ee, Mabel!"

Because 'you see, it *was* Mabel Normand.

But we hadn't known her because she *did* look like the Mabel Normand of ten years ago and not at all like the Mabel we have seen for the past two or three years.

She slipped into a seat beside pretty Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton, and while I watched the lure and fascination of gowns, my eyes kept straying in her direction.

How sweet she looked! How smooth and round and girlish her face was under that adorable poke bonnet! How bright and smiling and interested her big, brown eyes as she whispered to Mrs. Hamilton!

The same old Mabel.

I have a very vivid picture of the first time I ever saw Mabel Normand. It came back to me then. It was a long time ago—all of ten years, I'm sure. It was at night, in Al Levy's restaurant—at that time the most famous cafe in Los Angeles.

The man with whom I was dining, after suddenly putting down his fork, said in a hushed tone, "There's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life."

I turned. She was.

A round, youthful, exquisite thing, with enormous, deep velvet brown eyes between ridiculous, exaggerated golden lashes, a skin like peach-bloom and a saucy, curling, red mouth. All in white, with her glinting red-brown curls tucked under a big white leghorn hat.

Mabel Normand—at sixteen.

So that when I saw her about a year and a half ago just before she went to New York, it did not seem possible that she



Mabel Normand as she looked just before she went away to fight her courageous battle back to health. Contrast this sad little smile with the superlative one on the opposite page!

could be the same girl whose arresting prettiness had made us gasp in Al Levy's that night.

She was sitting in her car on the Goldwyn lot.

She looked ill. She looked unhappy. But more than that, she looked harassed, eaten up inside by something that was bitter to her spiritual digestion.

Smiling—yes, but we all know that Mabel will go to meet St. Peter with a smile on her face, no matter what road she goes.

Her face was sunken so that her eyes looked uncannily large and dark. Her cheeks were the gray-white of a sea fog. Within her rich clothes she seemed wasted away, their gorgeousness hung loose about her thin frame.

She haunted me. It hurt to see her—as it hurts to see a gorgeous, fragrant, budding Jacqueminot rose suddenly cut from a bush and flung carelessly on the ground, helpless, fading, bruised by sun and wind.

There were constant stories as to her failing health, her fading beauty. There were rumors that she was photographing very badly, and that Goldwyn—paying her an enormous salary—was most unhappy. (Continued on page 94)



Edward Thayer Monroe

ETHEL CLAYTON stands for something very definite in the photodrama. She has given her best efforts, since the days of the two-reelers, to establishing a sweet and sincere character upon the silversheet. She has not always had vehicles worthy of her talents—but her radiant charm and her fine sense of dramatic values have made every picture in which she appeared worth-while. After a vacation trip abroad and a period spent in the eastern studios, she is at home again in Hollywood, California.

SOME PEOPLE

A Constellation of Impressions by Julian Johnson



Joseph Urban

Goethe, had he been an architect; Heinrich Heine, as Ziegfeld's chief electrician; hearing Wagner through the eyes; Caruso's voice in a paintbrush.



Frances Marion

Mme. Balzac; if George Sand had been beautiful; an Encyclopaedia Britannica bound in ebony and gold, purple and ivory; the sleek beauty of a sixteen-inch rifle.



Marshall Neilan

Eating peanuts at "Camille"; practical jokes in a barrage; Leon Errol as Sentimental Tommy; "Romeo and Juliet," rewritten by George M. Cohan for a Grand Canon setting; Wes' Barry grown up.



Mary Pickford

Orchids from an old-fashioned garden; a Chopin nocturne played on a May morning; Cinderella in Chicago; an orphan child who laughs to choke her tears when other little girls have Christmas presents.



James Kirkwood

The fellow who toils to make the love-nest in Evanston while she sees Paris; September night under Western stars; Charles Darnay in a Bastille of the Rocky Mountains; Miles Standish at Delmonico's.



Mary Alden

A magnolia-blossom in an ivory vase; during an entr'acte at the old French opera in New Orleans; the embattled women of the Confederacy; Vengeance, a statue in pale lava by Rodin.



Charles Chaplin

The most serious man in town passing a comic mirror; a glossary of laughter; Aristophanes weeping and Sophocles laughing; Cyrano de Bergerac calling on Mr. Vanderbilt in a brown derby.



Seena Owen

Salamambo; the bride of a Rameses; a statuette from Carthage in a Copenhagen drawing-room; dreams after reading Bjornson; Nora Helmer.



George Fawcett

A great adventure re-told at sixty; Indian summer; June twilight in the Saskatchewan; long-cherished rose-leaves, smoked in a brown old meerschaum; an acting Voltaire.



Olga Petrova

Night of a Romanoff day in winter on the Nevsky Prospect; Tolstoy's women; a formal Italian garden; Portia, before the Supreme Court; Mary, Queen of Scots.



John Barrymore

Byron at the Waldorf; lightning on a moonlight night; The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, written by Edgar Allan Poe; Boccaccio in Bagdad; Mr. Moliere of Park Avenue.



Lillian Gish

A Tschaiowsky melody, played on a harp; lilies bending before a hurricane; pearls in a scarlet box; Madame Butterfly, born in Boston.

—AND THREE LOVELY CHILDREN—

Involving a battered push-cart, an abandoned baby,
a big-hearted cheese merchant, and an occasion
when children are a family's greatest assets.

By

T. L. SAPPINGTON

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

"AW, dry up!" snarled Mr. Muggins, addressing the infant on his knee as it began to cry, and joggling it faster than ever. "Dry up, can't you? If ever a man had a life I got one. Dry up!"

Mrs. Muggins, busy at the stove getting breakfast, two older children playing near her, turned to glare at him. "Dry up yourself!" she retorted. "You ain't fit to be a father! Three lovely children, and you—"

"Hush!" said Mr. Muggins. He held up his hand ominously. "Hush, before I let go of myself. I know all about my three lovely children. Three lovely children and not even a push-cart. A man that's fixed like me oughtn't to have no lovely children. Three lovely children! Ho! I guess so! And the minute I scrape up enough for a new cart along'll come some more lovely children, you see. Oh, what a life!"

Opening her mouth to make an adequate response, Mrs. Muggins suddenly thought the better of it, remembering that Mr. Muggins since the day before yesterday had been a subject more deserving of sympathy than censure. What man was there who would not have railed at life when the very foundation of his business career had been destroyed? The foundation in this case being a highly ornamented pushcart with red wheels, a sky blue body, and the name of J. Muggins lettered upon it in bright yellow characters. All the handiwork of J. Muggins himself.

Muggins was a huckster; a vendor of vegetables; an authority upon the salable qualities of the lowly carrot, the succulent turnip, and the ever necessary potato, with a dash of cabbages now and then. Every morning, rain or shine, except Sunday, he was abroad with the milkman on his way to the docks to secure his stock in trade. And all through the long day that followed he haunted the alleys bawling his wares at the top of his lungs. Believe it or not, every cent J. Muggins made he earned.

Looking forward as he toiled he had visioned the time when the sky blue pushcart would give place to an equally ornate four wheeled chariot with a cover, and a steed of some mettle to draw it. But now, what was the use? He had not even the pushcart. A careless twist of the steering wheel of a motor truck by a heedless chauffeur in the crush of traffic at the docks, and presto! J. Muggins' vehicle was no more. Fervid cursing there had been on both sides, even a few blows exchanged, and then the officer on duty had shooed J. Muggins from the scene, insisting that he had no business in the middle of the roadway.

Calling it all to mind, Mrs. Muggins, as she served the breakfast, admitted it was no wonder J. Muggins had told the baby to dry up. She even regretted that she had told Mr. Muggins to do the same thing. An engine had to blow off steam, why not Mr. Muggins? Dumping the sausages on the table and gashing a few slices from the loaf, she poured Mr. Muggins' coffee, and bade him hand over her offspring and draw up to the festal board.

"Come to think of it, Joe," she said, thrusting the nipple of the bottle for which the baby had been shrieking into its eager mouth, "come to think of it, I don't blame you for being put out with things. But what's a knock down now and then as long as you still got your legs to get up with?"

"Legs! Legs! What's legs, I'd like to know?" growled Mr. Muggins from the depths of his coffee cup. "Legs don't hold vegetables, do they? If my legs was bags now, it might be different; but legs as legs is nothin' to me."

Mrs. Muggins, unable to answer this argument on the spur of the moment, busied herself cutting bread. J. Muggins, on the alert for her retort, eyed her aggressively.

She was a thin, anaemic looking creature with straggling hair, but wiry and strong for all her looks, as was evidenced by the "washes" she did daily. Rather dirty, too, if one were a little particular, but no dirtier than J. Muggins himself, or the children, or the two rooms they lived in.

Life for the Muggins held no elusive problem; to keep warm in winter, cool in summer, and as full of food as possible at all seasons, was all that puzzled them. So far, despite the arrival of the lovely offspring referred to, they had managed to worry along fairly well.

But this morning, under the influence of Mr. Muggins' gloomy remarks, things began to take on a decidedly grayish tinge. Hence Mrs. Muggins' delay in answering.

"Well," said Mr. Muggins, after waiting a moment, "why don't you say something?"

"What's the use," responded Mrs. Muggins, "when I ain't got nothin' to say? Though I will say this, it's lucky it's spring with no winter comin' on."

"Oh, it is, eh? It is, eh?" scoffed Mr. Muggins. "Ain't I told you a hundred times that spring and summer is my best months? Ain't that the time for vegetables? Green ones! All kinds! Cheap and plenty, and everybody eatin' 'em instead of meat. And me without a cart! Oh, what a life!"

Mrs. Muggins sighed. Then draining her cup she pushed back her chair. "Well, anyhow," she said, "I got my washes. That'll keep us going for a while. And maybe you can hire a cart."

"Tried it!" announced Mr. Muggins, shortly. "No go—not this time o' year! We're done for! That's what!"

"No such a thing!" protested Mrs. Muggins, savagely. "I ain't if you are! Not while I got my washes. And I'd be ashamed, Joe Muggins, givin' up so easy, with a good home and three lovely children. I tell you—"

Lighting his pipe with a live coal, Mr. Muggins spat into the fire viciously. "That'll do! That's enough! And now where's them clothes you want me to leave for you at the Schultz's?"

"I'll leave 'em myself," said Mrs. Muggins. "You go set in the square on a bench in the sun. It'll do you good."

Mr. Muggins hesitated. He knew what sitting on a bench in the square meant; it meant his three lovely children would sit there with him. Therefore he hesitated, and, hesitating, was lost.

Swiftly snatching up a shawl Mrs. Muggins wrapped it about her youngest and thrust the mite into Mr. Muggins' arms before he could remonstrate. Then clapping dilapidated coverings on the heads of J. Muggins, junior, and Annie, "after her mother," she pushed the quartette to the door and down the staircase.

"Good bye!" she said. "And set over by the fountain so the children can see the sparrers bathin'. And look out for the baby's bottle I put in your pocket."

J. Muggins, resigned to his fate, and disdaining any response, plodded down the street with the baby on one arm, and J. Muggins, junior, clutching his free hand and towing his sister after him.

The square—a small one—one of the city's breathing places, was only a few blocks from the Muggins tenement, but the benches by the fountain on a fine day like this were apt to be filled.

So Mr. Muggins in his determination to secure one moved at a pace somewhat faster than legs like those of J. Muggins, junior, and Annie, "after her mother," were built for. As a consequence, two of Mr. Muggins' three lovely children, after desperate efforts to keep up with the procession first by trotting and then by galloping, threw up the sponge in despair and



Maryleron 21.

"Hush, before I let go of myself," said Mr. Muggins. "Three lovely children and not even a push-cart! A man that's fixed like me oughtn't to have no lovely children!"

allowed themselves to be hauled along like the sacks of potatoes Mr. Muggins frequently handled. Mr. Muggins, becoming aware of this after a few moments travelling, stopped impatiently.

"Are you comin', or ain't you?" he inquired of his bewildered progeny. "Maybe you think I'm going to carry you, too. Well, I ain't!"

After which he resumed his way with a rush and was immediately rewarded by a repetition of the potato sack performance. "Lord love us!" remarked Mr. Muggins, stopping again. "Ain't we ever going to get there? Here you two,—run in front of me, an' keep your feet agoin' so I *can't* upset you."

Two benches faced the fountain in Webster Square, as the breathing spot was known, one on each side at the intersection of the pathways, and on but one was there room for Mr. Muggins and his family. A stout man with a red face sat at one end of that. He had his hat off and was mopping his brow with a bandanna handkerchief. When he observed the new arrivals he stopped his mopping and smiled at them.

"Hot, ain't it?" he remarked. "Almost as hot as summer. Gee, I hate hot weather. Cold is what I like. Freezin' cold."

Mr. Muggins, with the baby on his lap and the other two children in solemn attitudes on the far side of the bench, smoked solidly. He had nothing to say. What was the weather to him?

"Them kids now," went on the stranger, after a moment, "why don't you let 'em play around a bit? It's good for kids to play around."

Turning, Mr. Muggins eyed the other sourly. "You let 'em alone," he growled. "They ain't a-hurtin' you, are they?"

"Sure they ain't hurtin' me," replied the fat man, rather abashed. "I only thought it was kind of dull for 'em settin' there. Me, I like kids around. And my wife, too. We been married twelve years and not a chick or a child."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Muggins. He loosened the baby's shawl a trifle and wiggled his knee as it began to fret. "Well, what you kickin' about then? S'pose you had three like I got? What a life! Them that wants 'em don't get 'em, and them that don't, does."

The fat man nodded. "That's what my wife says. And if we don't get one, she says, we'll take one from a home or something. It's lonely without no kids. Not so much for me, maybe. I got my shop—delicatessen shop, you know—cheeses and all. But my wife gets lonely. What's the baby's name?"

"Nothin'!" responded Mr. Muggins, curtly. "What's the good of giving her a name when she ain't a-going to grow up to use it?"

"Eh!" said the fat man, rather startled. "Sick, is she?"

"No, she ain't sick," retorted Mr. Muggins, producing the milk bottle from his pocket, "but she will be if she don't get plenty of this. And how is she going to get it when I'm ruined? Clean ruined! Done for!"

"Oh, that's it!" said the fat man. He nodded gravely. Then leaned forward the better to watch as Mr. Muggins gave the infant refreshment. "Gee, but don't she like it? Why don't you take the shawl off her legs so she can kick better? Cute little tike. See? She's kind o' laughing at me! Don't take much to make a baby happy, does it?"

"Don't take much to make nobody happy!" snarled Mr. Muggins. "But if you can't get it, what then? Just look at me! A good business a couple of days ago, and now—nothin'. Done for! Oh, what a life!"

Had Mr. Muggins been a philosopher he would have known that the best way to bear your troubles is not to dwell upon them. But being merely a vendor of vegetables he stubbornly refused to erase them from his memory for a moment. As a consequence he was rapidly approaching a condition bordering on frenzy.

The prosperous appearance of the fat stranger irritated him. A fine business and nobody but himself and wife to provide for. No lovely children to feed or fret over. Why couldn't he have had the baby instead of it coming to the Mugginses? His wife was crazy for a baby. She was even thinking of taking a charity kid. A charity kid that was already being well taken care of where it was. Why didn't she take a kid that needed to be taken care of? What was the matter with J. Muggins' kid? The fat man liked her. Sure, he did. Look at

him poking her, now she was through with her bottle.

Slowly a daring idea crystallized in Mr. Muggins' brain. Three lovely children might be all right from Mrs. Muggins' viewpoint, but if you asked him, J. Muggins, he'd tell you that two lovely children were to be much preferred under present distressing conditions.

In short, Mr. Muggins suddenly decided to pull off a near imitation of the old, old stunt of leaving his infant child on somebody's doorstep; but where the originator of the scheme forsook her offspring for good, Mr. Muggins intended that his separation from the baby should only be temporary. Even had he wanted it otherwise he knew Mrs. Muggins wouldn't have agreed. Maybe she wouldn't agree anyhow, that is, at first, but after he explained, she would. Wasn't it all for the baby's good? Didn't it even mean the life of her, maybe? Sure it did! Mrs. Muggins would certainly see that.

Sooner or later, just as Mrs. Muggins had suggested, he'd be on his legs again. Until that time he'd leave the kid in the fat man's charge and take a walk with J. Muggins, junior, and Annie, "after her mother." Then some day when he was back on easy street, he'd hunt up the fat man, give him a spiel about an accident that had kept him from coming back to the park, and how he'd been hunting for the baby ever since.

The sheer cleverness of the scheme thrilled Mr. Muggins. He was amazed to think he could concoct such a plan. He hadn't dreamt it was in him.

(Continued on page 96)



Drawn by Norman Anthony

THE END (When the star directs her own picture.)

An Open Letter to Mme. Alla Nazimova

THE most important news of the month, to the writer, is the fact that, by mutual consent, you have severed your connection with the Metro Pictures Corporation, after three years' work with them.

You have announced no plans for the future.

I am thinking of you, Madame, in "A Doll's House" and in "Hedda Gabler," and I remember how, when I was a college girl and had a week's vacation in New York to see the shows, I went seven times to see you do "Nora."

I remember how I followed you from Salt Lake City to a neighboring town, to see you do "Bella Donna" a second time.

I am thinking of the first time I saw you on the screen in "Revelation" and of how I walked out of the theater with my throat tight and my head high, because in a sense you "belonged to me" and had done so nobly. My mind was all alight and singing with the demonstration that we could have as great acting on the screen as we have had on the stage. I rejoiced that Mary Pickford need not be the only artist to hold high the torch of great dramatic art on the silver sheet.

And, as I walk along the quiet streets this later evening, I whisper over and over, "Why?"

Madame, why?

What has happened to the great actress, the splendid genius, the incomparable artiste?

Where is Nazimova, the tragedienne, the comedienne?

How can the woman who *made* New York like Ibsen, who actually startled the American theater into newness of life, make pictures like "Madame Peacock," "Billions" and "The Brat?" And now "Camille," played with a Fiji Island make-up?

No worse, of course, than many other pictures—but as Nazimova pictures—Good heavens!

How can you, Alla the Great, still capable of such flashes of dynamic emotional triumph as the death scene in "Camille," attach your name to a conglomerate, meaningless, inhuman, grotesque characterization like "Madame Peacock?"

We say very little when day by day producers present to us pretty doll-baby stars, who charm our eyes like the pictures in a baby's "Mother Goose" book. What can we expect from these girls? They do all they promise or offer to do.

But Nazimova—

You are a different story. For we are also very business-like. We do not like to think that we are being cheated. We do not like to have "anything put over on us." If a manufacturer falls down on the quality of his goods, we cease to buy them.



A very fine actor, who must be nameless, but whose work on stage and screen has always represented sincere and honest effort and a high degree of merit, said to me the other day: "I resent it. I resent it hotly. I feel that the work which Nazimova has done of late—so inferior in every way to the work we all know she can do—is an insult to her art, and to a public which has exalted and enriched her."

I feel just like that.

Nazimova, you *are* a great actress. I cannot bring myself to write "have been a great actress." Things that you have done in the past stand side by side with the great things of American acting. But can it be a great actress who asks us to accept such pap as "Billions"—a great actress who offers us such burlesque as "Madame Peacock?"

It is not because you have not had opportunity. With Metro you have had the choice of everything, the pick of everything. You have been favored in every way, to the exclusion of everything and everyone else. You have had all the money for yourself and for productions you could ask. You have demanded and received probably the largest salary ever paid a star by any company.

You have insisted on selecting, casting, practically directing, cutting and titling your own pictures.

In the opinion of many who have worked with you, you have tried to do too much. Either you have feared to trust anyone else, or you have decided that you are more efficient in every line than anyone else. Or both.

Perhaps you have come, unfortunately, to that place where you believe the whispering chorus that says "The Queen can do no wrong." Perhaps you forget all the props that held you up in "Nora." Perhaps you think the (Continued on page 94)

EXPRESSING THE MODE THAT FOLLOWS



HOW could anyone resist this French hat of organdie—with its blue crown and its delicious brim of white petals edged in blue? There is, too, a fascinating black ribbon which curls coquettishly over Mademoiselle's little ear and in soft summer breezes follows her faithfully to tea. For your organdie frock you should have such a chapeau as this.

(Model from Maison de Blanc Grande.)



ALTHOUGH my pages are called a "Fashion Department," I am not at all sure that they are anything of the kind! For I have not attempted and will not attempt to dictate the mode. There are many fashion magazines whose sole aim it is to accomplish this. I wish simply to take every woman reader of PHOTOPLAY for a stroll up Fifth Avenue, New York's great street of smart shops, and talk to her, as we stroll, about the many wonderful things we should see. When I go to Paris I shall go chiefly for her benefit, bringing back to her the observations of my visits to the Parisian ateliers of fashion. In short, she will see, in this Magazine, every whim of the moment's mode as though she had journeyed to Manhattan or Paris in person! And any question she wishes to ask will gladly be answered.

Carolyn Van Wyck

I AM sure you will agree with me that a most important part of every woman's summer wardrobe is a silk sweater. For sports or informal afternoon wear, this one, above, is highly desirable. It is striped in many shades—you may take your choice of grey and pink, blue and orange, or any contrasting colors. Wearing it, you enhance the beauty of the summer day.

Model from Maison de Blanc Grande.

CONTINUING the Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck, who conducts PHOTOPLAY'S Fashion Department. "Carolyn Van Wyck" is the nom de plume of a New York society woman who is an established authority in matters of dress. She was chosen to edit this department not only for her good taste, but because her peculiar gifts enable her to discuss fashions with every woman—whether she is one of those fortunate beings who can indulge her every sartorial whim, or one of the many more who can count her frocks on the fingers of one hand. As a service to the readers of this Magazine, Miss Van Wyck will answer any questions you may care to ask her, by mail or in PHOTOPLAY. If you wish an answer by post, enclose stamped addressed envelope. This month Miss Van Wyck's answers will be found on Page 108.

NOTHING more delightful has ever come to us from Paris than LeGolliwogg: this impertinent, fuzzy-haired black boy who guards so well your favorite scent! His head may be removed whenever his grin becomes too persistent—or whenever you wish a drop of the perfume. From Vigny comes Le Golliwogg.



ALL THE MYRIAD MOODS OF SUMMER



JUST little things, sketched at the left, but so important! To my mind, no summer costume is complete without the correct belt or collar or kerchief. A collar and cuff set is indeed indispensable to the girl on vacation. I consider these the most interesting of any I have seen, in white net, with black ribbons to make saucy little bows at neck and wrists. You see, sketched here, two very new belts, which you may wear with your sports costume or your tailored suit.

They are in brown and black with chains of galalith. Here, too, is just the handkerchief for your glove—with round corners and initial. The stripe may be in any color—to match your blouse and hat. (From *Maison de Blanc Grande*.)

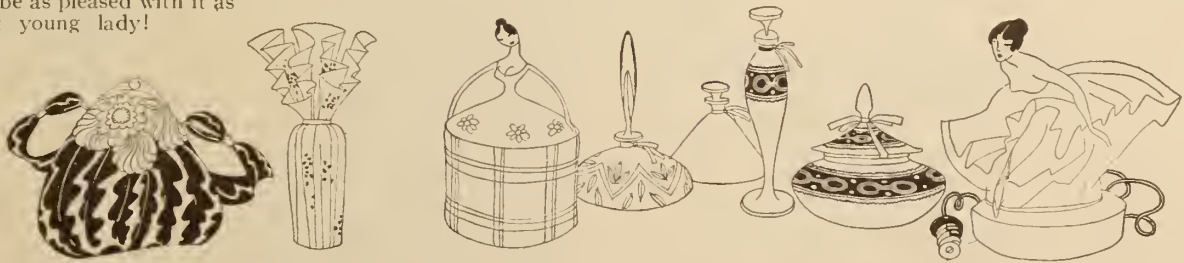


The Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck



WHETHER you have only one suit or several, you can scarcely get along without at least one of the crisp little guimpes. One of the smartest I have noticed is this, above from *Maison de Blanc Grande*, which is hand-embroidered in blue dots upon white organdie. You may, if you are clever, make one like it yourself. Doubtless you will be as pleased with it as this pert young lady!

A CHARMING sports costume is that sketched above. I would choose it whether I were a lady with unlimited wardrobe, or one who may have only one frock for summer outings. It is practical because of its simplicity. This model, from the *Maison de Blanc Grande*, is developed in brown with darker stripes. See the jaunty fringe on skirt and pockets—how unmistakably French! With it, wear a dainty blouse of silk.



YOUR Parisian lady of fashion takes as great delight in her boudoir accessories as in her costumes. The perfume containers on her dressing-table are often as rare as the scents themselves. For powder, perfume, and bath salts there are graceful bottles of glass and enamel, or powder boxes disguised as curtsying china dolls. A few graceful examples from Leigh's of New York have been sketched for you above. The bowing ballet dancer at the extreme right is really a necessary part of a perfume burner. Sprinkle your favorite perfume in the jar in which she rests, attach the electric bulb which is hidden by her skirts, and your boudoir is scented with jasmine, lilac, violet—. Please do not overlook that most original little bottle there, at the left of the china lady. Simply a bit of gay paper deftly twisted about the container!—but very, very French! Finally—at the left—I am showing you the newest silk handbag, imported by *Maison de Blanc Grande*, which has been developed as a daisy, with unusually graceful petals and leaves of galalith.



Wanted: a Chance to Ride!

Jack Holt is the expert equestrian
of the film colony—but he never
made a “western” in his life!

By
JOAN JORDAN

IN nine out of every ten movie scenarios submitted to the readers of the great producing companies, the hero is called upon to ride hoss-back.

Sometimes the hero is a dashing cowboy or a daredevil sheriff and as such is supposed to lope down the village street astride a calico pony or a bounding bronch', a Mexican saddle atop.

Sometimes the script calls for him to ride in a saddle about the size of a pigskin bill-fold. This is called the English gentleman style.

Otherwise the hero may trot briskly (really, it is the horse who trots, you know) astride a McClellan army saddle.

Most screen heroes do not care for these parts.

After a week of rehearsals and the real shooting of the scenes, they are prone to eat their breakfasts off the mantel-piece, which is a somewhat undignified manner of breakfasting, especially for a leading man.

But Jack Holt yearns for these parts. He never gets 'em, and thus the irony of Fate is once more drawn to our attention.

Jack Holt is a horseman, a regular horseman, because he likes it.

The fact that Holt looks real heroic in riding toggery has nothing to do with it. He positively likes to ride hoss-back, and he likes it so thoroughly and extensively that he rides hoss-back between home and studio every day of his life.

He's the only man in Hollywood I know who consistently rides hoss-back. Of course, there are a lot of people who take a ride once in a while. But Holt actually rides back and forth from his home to the Lasky studio every day. And when you see him, you feel such an exhilaration that you wonder why more people in this country don't take advantage of their opportunities.

One star whom I questioned on that point (it happened to be Wally Reid) explained it this way: "You see in the old days when we made nothing but westerns, we rode all day six days a week to earn a living. Then on Sunday, because most of us couldn't afford cars in those days, we rode for amusement. We rode back and forth to work because that was the only way we could get there. Now we are so fed up with horses we're glad if we never have to look at one again."

But Jack Holt never made westerns. And he was brought up in a hard-riding, fox-hunting country, where a man rode just the same as he ate or took a bath.

Off a hoss he's a quiet, normal sort of chap, courteous, easy to talk to, possessed of a gentle, dry humor that gets by you unless you are watching for it. He isn't particularly interested in pictures. He refuses to talk shop. He goes to the studio as another man goes to his office. It is a business with him, that's all.

He is a "family man," in every sense of the word. A charm-

ing wife whom he adores and three lovely children, the youngest only a few months old. He tells you about them and even carries snapshots in his wallet, like any other proud young father. He showed me the first letter his eldest, a girl of nine, had written him when they sent her to a famous out-of-doors school near Hollywood for a few months.

"Dear Father," it read, "I like it hear very much. Please send me a wrist watch some leggins some jacks the big kind a red tie for my middy blows two books a riding horse and a dollar. Love to all."

Then some snapshots of a beautiful boy, nearly two, evidently the idol of his father's heart.

"He's got my number," he admitted with a sheepish grin. "When he doesn't want to go to bed at night, he climbs in my lap and begins to hug and kiss me, so I'll let him stay up."

The Holts live in a beautiful, simple country place, far enough back in the foothills to seem entirely removed from city life in any form. It is very English, with its gables, rambling wings and sweeping terraces, somehow a fitting setting for Jack Holt and his horses.

Altogether, Jack Holt seems to lead the life of an English country gentleman rather than an actor. His estate absorbs all his spare time. His family absorbs all his spare thoughts. He is, I think, getting a great deal more out of life than most people do today. He has not been dragged down into the maelstrom of speed that has absorbed most men in this era. He is a good bit of a philosopher and the burden of his philosophy is that once having learned that there is nothing but content to be gained from life, one need not strive for such outside things as wealth, fame and power beyond a certain limit.

"I like being outdoors," he said as we strolled down the lawns to view a bed of hyacinths of which he was justly proud. "People don't stay outdoors enough. It's a mistake to let either work or play become your master."

"There are certain things that are a legitimate right—home, children, pleasures, congenial work. Evolution and revolution are leading us to see that everybody must have these things—neither more nor less. But we must get back to the outdoors, back to such things as gardening, tennis, swimming, sunshine,—to the simple, normal pleasures."

"I enjoy a good many things. I don't propose to give them up or to wait until I am too old to enjoy them. The world will go on and you will go on just the same if you don't get too excited about things."

He likes his work in pictures. He particularly enjoyed—so he told me—working with William de Mille in "Midsummer Madness." He liked the depths and riches of that director's leisurely mental processes. He liked the time to enjoy his characterization.



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

WELL, Folks, I
Am Among
The Immortals.
I
Had Luncheon
With
The Queen of Sheba.
All Alone—Just
The Queen
And I—Solomon
Wasn't Around. And
She Was
Just as Gorgeous
As Ever—Except
That she Wore
A Few More Beads.

Gee, but
I Just Love
Betty Blythe!
You Never Saw a Girl
Any Prettier
Than Betty Sheba; and she
Has the Disposition that
Usually Goes
With
A Snubbed Nose
And Freckles. She's
As Unconcerned as
The Venus de Milo and
Never Seems to Notice it
When Everybody
Turns Around and
Stares after her—
On Broadway, New York, or
Broadway, California.

There
Was a Duchess—a Real One—
Stopping
At the Same Hotel
With Betty
In Manhattan; but
Nobody Knew
She was There. Betty
May have Been Born
In Los Angeles, but
She has it All Over
A Lot of People who
Were Raised Right in
History's Most
Romantic Cradles.
(There— isn't that
A Smooth, Round Phrase?)
She May Do
"Mary Queen of Scots" for
The Films; and if she Does,
She'll Go Abroad
To Make it—exchange
Hollywood for
Holyrood, in Other Words.
And Just to Show you
That I Think she's
A Good Actress, I'll Bet
She'll be Just as Convincing
In Mary Stuart's
Stiff Brocades as
She was
In Sheba's Beads.
And that's Going Some.



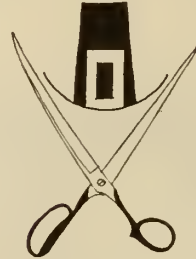
Wally Reid was being shaved
and still he looked human.

WALLY REID
Was Being Shaved.
His Famous Features
Were Well Disguised.
His Immaculate Hair
Was Smeared with Soap.
And Still—
He Looked Human.
"Glad to
See You, after
Three Years,"
He Gurgled,
"I haven't
Changed a Bit—honest.
But now
They've got me Crying
As 'Peter Ibbetson' still"—
Slap—
"I'm the Same Old"—
Splush!
"Anatol
Was a Part I Liked.
Peter is about as Far from
Anatol as"—
Swish—
"You know, I'm
Human—too Human, Maybe.
Anyway,

I Love—"
The Barber
Pulled him Back
By the Hair—
"I Love
Life. I Love
Fun. And
Romance.
That's why
I Loved to do Anatol.
He was a Real
Human Being."
The Reason Wally
Was Being Shaved
Was Because he
Had Five Engagements
For Four-thirty, and he
Was Trying to Keep
Two of them.
"Say—you ought to see
The Kid.
Here"—he
Knocked the Barber Down and
Grabbed a Picture in a
Silver Frame—
"This is Bill. He
Looks like an Angel but
He isn't. He's
A Roughneck. He—"
The Barber
Successfully Smothered
The Rest in a
Hot Wet Towel.
Wally wears a Ring, with
A Crest—"Toujours l'Audace."
Remember his Picture,
"Always Audacious"?
It's a Good Motto.
He was Nearly Mobbed
The Other Day at
Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.
The Cop
Stopped Traffic when he
Found out it was Wally Reid—he
Probably Knew his Daughters
Would Never Forgive him
If he Missed a Chance
To Shake Hands with Wally.
Every Girl in New York
Is Trying to
Get a Job
As Extra in
"Peter Ibbetson."
Can't Say I Blame 'Em.
There's Nothing
Upstage about
Wallace Reid.
In fact, he
Says the Reason
He Can't Get Along
With Some Upstage People is
Because they're
Riding on the Elevated
And he's in the Subway.
And then he Left
To Keep that Appointment—
One of them.
He was Only
Half an Hour Late.

SNIP GO THE CENSOR'S SCISSORS

Forty Years of Bathing
Fashions—Has Civilization
Progressed?



OBERVE, oh gentry, the comfortable, commodious and carefree swim-suit worn by the young lady above. It is, as I suppose you know, an Annette Kellerman, which means that it's a suit to swim in. If they don't permit her on many public beaches, the censors surely aren't going to allow her to swim in celluloid.



ABOVE: Helen Ray. She is modest and shy, in her modern beach costume of satin and sequins, but that will not prevent the snip of the censors' scissors from separating her from the picture she was to have played in. Personally, we can find no fault with Helen or her marine manners; but then, we are not a censor.

HERE we have a model which has been called "The Censors' Delight." Who would guess that its wearer is the same young lady—Maurice Gostin, by name—driving the frog? This is the bathing costume in vogue in Godey's Lady's Book and the deserted beaches forty years ago. It may be the vogue next season, if the elderly ladies of both sexes have everything their own way.



"Our box at the opera will be unoccupied tonight — and Caruso is singing *Pagliacci*." It was the voice of the tempter.

THE SIGN ON THE DOOR

From the scenario made from
the play of the same name

by CHANNING POLLOCK

A tale of many loves that were
false and one that proved true,

by GENE SHERIDAN

THE swift burst of the windborne storm of rain and lightning sent Lafe Regan out over his ranch to round up his stock into the safety of the corral near the little home tucked up in the remoteness of the Wyoming hills. By his side on this strenuous mission rode his staunch friend and companion, Colonel Bill Gaunt. The evening twilight had fallen and the lights shone from the windows of the cabin with the cheery glow that means home over all the world.

With the cattle safe in the sheds the rugged riders galloped toward the house.

"It's good to be married and have a home on a night like this," Regan shouted across in the storm to Gaunt.

The laugh in his voice died as he saw the cabin door swinging in the wind. Hurriedly dismounting Regan strode into the cabin and over to the cradle where his baby girl Helen lay under her quilts. Gaunt was close behind him.

Regan bent over the baby.

"Where's your mother?"

Gaunt's quick eye took in the scene of confusion and the signs of a hasty departure. He swept the walls and came upon a scrap of a note.

"Regan!" he exclaimed. "Look at the wall!"

"Gone with Steve," the note said.

Regan read the note with horror and anger mingling in his countenance. Gaunt looked on with awed sympathy.

Regan jerked himself out of his stunned stupor and slapped savagely at his revolver holster. He swung out of the house, pushing Gaunt aside as he interposed an effort at calming words. In the yard Regan leaped on his horse and rode off at a gallop through the roaring storm down the lone and single trail that led toward the settlement and civilization. Gaunt hurried after him.

In the distance down the trail speeding as fast as they might Regan's wife and the interloping Steve rode.

Flood water from the storm swept over the bridge ahead across a stream that cut the trail, turning it into a dangerous ford.

On their horse, exhausted with his double burden, Steve and Mrs. Regan pulled up at the raging stream. Behind them in the deluging rain Regan came thundering down, with Bill Gaunt riding close behind.

Regan pulled up beside them as Steve tried to urge his horse into the stream. The rancher snatched off his hat and slapped across at the head of Steve's horse to blind it, meanwhile with his other hand clutching at his revolver.

Steve with a frenzy of spurs forced his horse forward, fumbling at the wet holster at his belt.

As the horse bearing the runaway pair pushed into the torrent Regan whipped out his revolver.

Gaunt, coming up just as Regan was ready to fire, knocked the gun from his hand.



"You see you are my daughter—the one I never had—and I'd give my life to save you a tear."

"No, Lafe, she isn't worth it."

Regan, thwarted in his revenge, flamed with wrath.

The eloping wife and Steve gained the opposite shore and galloped over the trail and out of view.

"Come, Lafe!" Regan turned to look into the kindly eyes of his friend Gaunt. He sat a moment perplexed, then reached out and took Gaunt's hand in silence.

Presently the men turned their horses back on the trail and retraced their way to the ranch house. The day was to come when Bill Gaunt was to be repaid for his sympathy in his own coin of kindness, in another time and place.

* * * * *

IN the hills of Wyoming the virtue and sanctity of woman is an accepted traditional fact and the living contradictions of it are as uncommon there as they are unfortunately frequent in the mephitic glamour of the lights of Broadway in the great skyscraper-spired city on the seaboard across the nation to the eastward.

While Lafe Regan was winning himself back to happiness, sanity and prosperity on that Wyoming ranch, destiny was playing tricks with the girl way across there in New York who was later to figure so importantly in his greatest joys, his greatest sorrows and in the bliss of his ultimate peace.

The office of old John Devereaux, banker, took a note of poise from the winsome personality of his secretary, Miss Ann Hunniwell. Ann was a calm, collected, sincere type, brunette, dark-eyed and thoughtful. She had that precision and accuracy that typifies the secretaries of big business men, and she

had over and above this the charm of a femininity that was not aggressive.

Old Banker Devereaux was busy with his mail when his swaggering son Frank walked in and sauntered up to his father's desk. The young man looked at Ann with an evident interest and attention. Frank Devereaux always noticed women. His father turned to Ann.

"That's all now, Miss Ann."

Ann picked up her papers and withdrew to her adjoining office.

Devereaux scowled up at his son.

"What is it now, Frank?"

"Nothing but a little money, dad," the young man returned lightly. "About three hundred."

The older man touched a button. Ann appeared.

"Please make out a check for Frank Devereaux for three hundred dollars."

Ann withdrew on her errand.

Frank swaggered out of the office, through the door into the niche where Ann sat at her desk.

"Here's your check." Ann held it up to him. As he took the check she busied herself with her papers.

"Miss Ann!"

She looked up, surprised to find him still standing there.

"Miss Ann, will you let me take you out to dinner?"

Embarrassed and surprised, Ann looked up at young Devereaux and colored. While she was trying to find a graciously polite way to say no, Frank leaned closer to her with his most coaxing smile.

"Our box at the opera will be unoccupied tonight—and Caruso is singing Pagliacci."

Ann's eyes lighted up at this, but she sobered in a second.

"No, I think I had better not."

But Frank urged and pleaded. He won.

The evening at dinner and the opera passed swiftly for Ann, radiant with pleasure at this little touch of gaiety in her rather modestly frugal life.

Frank rushed her into his motor car.

"It has been wonderful of you to give me this pleasant evening," said Ann in expression of a genuine gratitude.

Frank felt rather pleased with himself.

"And now some supper for Cinderella!"

"Oh, but really,—no—I have to be up early in the morning, and—"

But again Frank Devereaux had his way.

The car stopped in front of a cafe. There was the jumbling of sensuous jass orchestras and the sound of dancing feet. Above at the head of the stairway was a hall on either side of which ranged the flagrantly famed private dining rooms of the Cafe Mazzarin.

Into this lobby and up those stairs Devereaux led Ann.

At the head of the steps the proprietor met them and bowed with deference to young Devereaux, throwing open a private room. He ushered them in.

Ann looked about her, slightly disquieted by her discovery of the planned privacy of the place and its appointments. The small table in the center of the room was attractively set for two.

The waiter took Frank's hat and stick and hung them on a hall tree. Ann followed the action with her eye and caught a penetrating glance from the waiter.

Ann stood ill at ease.

Frank smiled at her uneasiness.

The supper was well under way when the waiter entered with wine on a tray, pouring a glass for each of them.

"But Mr. Devereaux, I do not drink." There was alarm in Ann's protest.

"Oh, come now—it's wonderful wine." Devereaux put his most persuading smile into his plea.

Trying to be at least polite about it Ann took a sip, making a wry face before she tasted the drink. Frank smiled.

"Now try it again."

Ann did. She came up with a smile.

"Yes, it is nice."

The waiter went out. As he left Frank leaned over and put his hand on Ann's arm.

Ann drew back with a look of fear in her face.

At this moment the waiter entered again, bearing a tray with another course. Frank scowled at the interruption. Ann sensed something in his attitude now that made her tremble within. As the waiter was putting the new course on the table she rose.

"I think I'd rather go home, now."

"Nonsense," Frank interposed. "And supper not finished! Please sit down, Miss Ann!"

Frank gently pushed her into her chair and ordered the waiter to hurry up the supper. But Ann was ill at ease and thoroughly alarmed.

When the waiter came again he placed the order in an uncomfortable silence. Even he could read the contempt with which Ann was looking at Devereaux.

The service completed, the waiter drew up to Frank's chair with his most deferential manner.

"May I speak to you a moment, sir?"

Together the waiter and Frank stepped aside.

"There's a gentleman downstairs asking for Mr. Devereaux," the waiter whispered hesitantly. "I think it's your father, sir."

Frank frowned with a look of annoyance and went out.

The waiter stiffened, alertly eyeing the door. He looked over at Ann.

"I beg pardon, Miss—but do you know where you are?"

"Why—why, yes," Ann stammered, vague and amazed. "The Cafe Mazzarin."

"No, you don't know! I didn't think you did," the waiter answered with a dry laugh. "That's why I spoke."

Ann's breath came fast. Her heart sank. What the waiter had said was enough to confirm all her fears.

"What shall I do?" She looked at him beseechingly.

"Get out now."

Ann gave the waiter one surprised glance, then ran to the hall tree and seized her coat.

The waiter hurried to assist her and thrust two one dollar bills into her hand. She protested. The waiter was impatient. "You've got to get out of here, quick."

Ann excitedly fumbled at her hand and pulled off a tiny gold ring set with a diminutive emerald, thrusting it into the waiter's hand.

Below, Frank Devereaux came upon the proprietor and asked if anyone had been inquiring for him. The proprietor shook his head.

Ann was just at the door expressing her thanks to the waiter when she heard Frank returning. She drew back into the room in a flash and tossing off her coat sat at the table again.

Frank entered scowling.

Across the street from the Cafe Mazzarin in a dark doorway stood a police captain. A plainclothes man emerged from the cafe, strode casually out and down the corner. There he met his chief in consultation.

Devereaux pushed a glass of wine toward the girl. She shook her head.

"I must go now—really."

"You mustn't do that," Devereaux protested. He took on his most engaging air.

"Please, I want to go."

Devereaux snarled at her.

The girl sprang toward the door. Devereaux intercepted her and turning the key in the lock slipped it into his pocket.

Ann stood up infuriated.

"Open that door!"

Ann rushed to the door and shook it violently.

"They're used to ladies who get theirs and then run away," Frank sneered.

"I have had enough of this!"

For reply Devereaux seized her arms and pulled her to him.

"Now give me a kiss, little madcap!"

Strong in her fright Ann struggled against her captor.

"Kiss me!"



"I have the negative. The photographers call that a print. Your husband might call it proof." There was a mocking, triumphant sarcasm in his tone.



The flashlight from the Cafe Mazzarin—damning circumstance—and a lie.

Devereaux crushed Ann to him and kissed her full in her protesting mouth.

The girl closed her eyes in revulsion, then summoned her strength for the struggle. Devereaux threw her against the table and she sprang back from it as he seized her again. She clawed and struck at him ineffectually, with all the hideous terror of one running from an inescapable horror in a nightmare. She screamed at the top of her lungs and beat at his chest with her clenched fists.

Across the street the police captain emerged from his doorway and looked up and down the street. He signalled to his men. The raid on the Cafe Mazzarin began.

Police plunged into the lobby and ran up the stairs. Officers battered at the closed doors of the private dining rooms. Protesting painted women flung insults at the officers.

The battle of Ann and Frank Devereaux was going on. The girl was fighting back Devereaux with all her strength. The raiders reached the door of their dining room.

"Open up there! Open up."

Devereaux looked alertly about him a moment, then sprang to the door and unlocked it.

Ann, exhausted, disheveled, drew her cloak about her as the police entered. A newspaper photographer was behind them.

"Why do you interrupt our supper?" Frank was self-possessed and assured now. He pointed at the table.

The policeman in charge smiled with a sneer. The situation was too obvious.

"Come on." He urged them toward the throng of arrested couples in the hall.

The photographer stepped back and raising his camera pulled a flashlight, picturing Ann and Frank in the custody of the policeman.

Frank started and turned on the photographer. He pulled a handful of bills from his pocket.

"Give you a hundred dollars for that negative."

"Sold," replied the photographer, pulling the plate holder from the camera and handing it to Devereaux.

The police bundled off the crowd from the Cafe Mazzarin to the Night Court. Ann and Devereaux appeared before the judge.

"I'm innocent. I did not know where I was going. I did not want to go there," Ann pleaded.

The worldly-wise and weary judge shook his head skeptically.

"I do not believe any young woman can be taken some place that she does not want to go—you are fined ten dollars each for disorderly conduct."

Devereaux grinned and reaching into his pocket tossed two ten dollar bills on the desk of the clerk of the court.

Together Ann and Devereaux went down the aisle. He was grinning and carefree. She went with head down, crimson with shame.

(Continued on page 101)

Were You With the First Hundred Thousand?

NO, we didn't mean the British Expeditionary Force. We meant that snappy tenth of a million who leaped to it with their choices in the forthcoming award of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor—a truly magnificent tribute for the best American photoplay, executed in solid gold by Tiffany & Co. of New York, after a design by a world-famous artist.

Thousands in that First Army of Answers had made up

their minds, and dropped those minds into envelopes, almost before the ink on our announcement was dry!

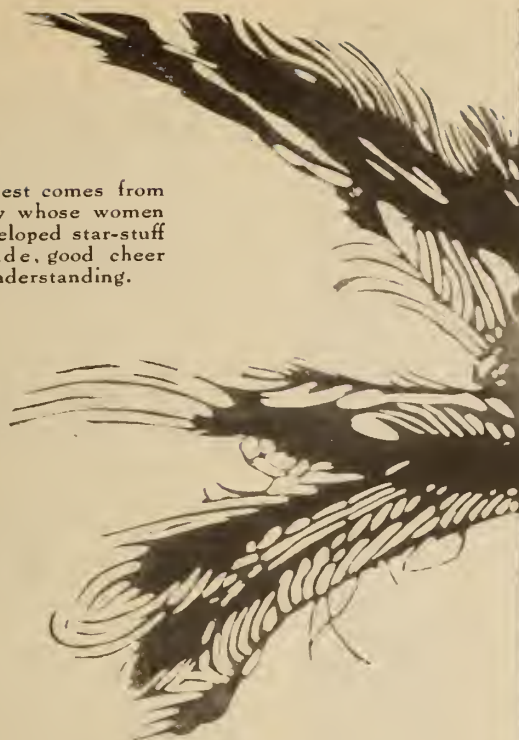
What was the best American photoplay released during 1920?

It's for you to decide.

Your answer must be in the office of the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, New York City, before October first.

Particulars of this contest can be found on page 45.

Ann Forrest comes from a country whose women have developed star-stuff—fortitude, good cheer and understanding.



A DAUGHTER OF THE VIKINGS



By JOAN JORDAN

YOU know, it's rather a difficult thing—this word-painting of people.

Sometimes those who are the most vivid, the most emphatic in their impressions, are hardest to delineate.

I don't know anybody in the world of whom I have a more clean-cut mental impression than Ann Forrest.

And in assorting in my mind all the phrases, all the descriptive words that I know, I find one that somehow wholly brings her before me—"the good comrade."

As I say it, it brings instantly before me her hearty greeting when she sees you—maybe a noisy hail across the boulevard, maybe a swift grin and a wave of the hand on the set, maybe an impetuous hug, but in any case conveying to you a heart-warming knowledge that her day is brighter for having seen you.

It brings me a vision of her small, vigorous frame, with its suggestion of energy and purpose—her live, strong, unusual little face, generally smiling, or if not smiling gripped by some emotion—never just "blah," never placid.

I have a picture of her as I saw her one day not long ago on the Lasky lot—her short gray dress tucked up about her knees, an enormous gingham apron tied about her, her yellow, heavy hair flying in all directions, her happy face streaked with dirt.

She was "house-cleaning" her dressing room. And having the time of her life doing it.

She actually fell down four steps, threw one arm high in an



enthusiastic welcome and yelled, "Hello, everybody. I'm looking for some soap."

And it didn't make a darn bit of difference to Ann Forrest that Adolph Zukor happened to be leaning up against the railing not ten feet away—even if Mr. Zukor is president of the Famous Players-Lasky Company.

By that I mean that Ann has always been too busy *living* to bother with pretense or affectation.

There she is—she hopes you'll like her. But if you don't, it's just a part of the game, and she isn't going to be any different.

By that I do not mean that Ann Forrest is a hoyden. Far from it. Ann has all the adaptability of her type and nationality. I have dined in parties with her in the best homes, the best cafes—to use the trite expression of popular phraseology. And she is enough the lady to be strictly inconspicuous.

But I do mean that she's as natural as a puppy.

She is a bundle of emotions and feelings. You can tell Ann the most trivial happening and she is as interested as though you were a veritable Shakespeare. Her eyes fill with tears when you tell her about the death of the new canary bird, and she goes into peals of laughter over the simplest remark of any of your children.

She likes most everybody. And most everybody likes her. I love to hear her talk. She still has (*Continued on page 93*)

Traditions? Never Heard of 'Em!

Rex Ingram calmly kicks
over all directorial
precedents.

By
JORDAN ROBINSON



Hoover.

He's an Irishman—born in Dublin
and brought up in Tipperary!

Rex Ingram Smashes a Few Traditions

Rex Ingram waited for the interviewer.
This was an awful shock.

Rex Ingram thanked the interviewer for
being so kind as to come and see him.
This is very unprofessional.

Rex Ingram asks advice from "extras";
how they think the scenes ought to be
played. *This is fantastic.*

Rex Ingram "shoots" scenes when it is
well on toward dusk; never in the sun-
light. *This shatters all traditions.*

Rex Ingram declares all the credit be-
longs to the author. *This is director-
ial insanity.*

WE do not like to interview directors.

We have interviewed directors before. We have breakfasted with directors; we have lunched with directors; and we have dined with directors. Likewise, we have motored with directors, and played golf, kelly pool and sea-quits with directors. We have been flattered by directors and we have been roundly snubbed by directors.

So we departed feeling very sorry for ourself. You see, we knew in advance just what Ingram would talk about. Being an old hand at the drudgery of interviewing, we knew that Ingram would talk about—Ingram.

He was waiting for us, which was the first shock. We are in the habit of doing all the waiting. He proved to be a tall, good-looking young man with a fierce grip in the hand-shaking fetish, and a boyish smile. He was embarrassed, too, and we were suspicious at once. This youngster could be no great shakes of a director. He had none of the regular props.

So we felt rather patronizing.

(We had not seen "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Now that we have seen it we would give four weeks' salary to do the interview with Rex Ingram all over again—that is, to salve a salty conscience.)

But we had not talked the usual commonplaces five minutes before we were aware of Rex Ingram. Here was no common sandlots director. Here was no studio autocrat who was going to tell us all about himself. As a matter of fact, he wouldn't talk about himself at all. It was most confusing.

"Directing a big picture is a matter of attention to detail, of

course," said Mr. Ingram. "That's why Griffith is the greatest director. We have all learned the rudiments from him."

I wondered if I heard him aright. Here this young fellow was giving us an interview and talking about other directors.

"And I'll tell you another great director," he went on. "It's a man named Robertson. I don't know him. But I saw 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' which he did, and I never

want to miss one of his pictures. He is one of the best directors in—"

"Wait a minute, please. You know we came over to interview you. We want to know how you did 'The Four Horsemen'."

"Oh, I did it because Ibanez, the Spanish novelist who created it, wrote such a wonderful book. When I read the book I knew it had great picture possibilities. But it was only after we got right down into the job of making the picture that I realized it was so great.

"Ibanez creates human beings when he writes. I mean by that, you see the heart and soul of every one of his people. He never describes them as being so tall, and weighing so much, nor having a certain complexion or color of hair and eyes. He paints the real soul of every character so accurately, so painstakingly, that you can't miss them when you want to visualize them. Hundreds of characters appear in the picture, and each one of them fits in so neatly that, somehow when I was drafting the list to be sent to the casting director, they leaped into life to me. It was easy enough to select the 'types' then."

"But why does a picture done so easily cost so much money to make?"

"Ah, I didn't say that it was a picture done easily," smiled Ingram. "It was a picture that required a tremendous amount of time. One couldn't do an Ibanez story without every minute detail being exact. At that, we were forced to hurry on the picture before it was half over. But, as I say, the characters drawn by Ibanez were so startlingly human that once the big cast was assembled, the story unfolded as naturally as if every step was an actuality—not a picture."

Detail was certainly observed with a vengeance in the filming of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." In the scenes reproducing an underworld resort in Buenos Aires every trifling detail is true, down to the Argentinian spurs worn by Julio and the ribald legends chalked upon the rough walls of the place.

Mr. Ingram admitted that he had theories about making pictures that are not shared by other directors.

He remarked that the other directors are probably right and that he is wrong since they are in the majority. But still, he preferred to hold to his own ideas and ideals.

In the first place, he never "shoots" scenes in sunlight.

"I usually make pictures out-of-doors from four to five-thirty in the afternoon. The light is then soft, mellow and even. So we can work with the lens wide open. There are no high lights. Every crack and crevice does not stand out. The picture is soft and natural and meets the eye restfully. It is an effect that I value more than anything else."

You see, young Mr. Ingram explodes one of the most ancient and honorable traditions of the art right away.

"And close-ups," he said smilingly, "—I use more of them than any other director, probably, but no one seems to notice it. There has been an idea generally that everybody overworks the close-up. But you'll not think there are so many close-ups in 'The Four Horsemen'—but they're there."

In making close-ups, Ingram said that he depended upon his art training (he did not say artistic sense) he obtained under a sculptor-teacher at Yale.

"Allowing for the difference in medium," he said, "practically the same laws apply to the production of a film play which has artistic merit, and to the making of a fine piece of sculpture or a masterly painting. The rough preliminary sketch made in a plastic medium or on paper by the sculptor for his proposed job has its parallel in the synopsis made before the motion picture scenario is blocked out.

"Before a scene is taken in a film play, provided ideal conditions exist in the studio, the scenario is completed, for without a well-constructed script, nine times out of ten the efforts of a director will fail to convince. He may have the human note, humor, pathos, fine characterization, and photography, well-composed pictures and good lighting, but unless he convinces in telling his story, all these things stand on a foundation that wobbles.

"The sculptured figure or group of figures first takes form in an armature or firmly constructed frame built according to the propositions of the job. This frame is composed of steel braces, wood and lead piping, all wired (Continued on page 95)

Announcing
a New Contest:

WHOSE DOUBLE ARE YOU?

FOR every famous film star there is—somewhere in the world—a double.

Make-believe Mary Pickfords, or Norma Talmadges, or Theda Baras. Twins of celluloid beauty and fame. Girls whose resemblances to celluloid celebrities are so startling, that they might get past the studio gates, don't makeup, fool directors and cameramen, and even draw the stars' salaries!

Are YOU one of them? Or have you a friend who closely resembles one of the well known players.

PHOTOPLAY wants to find these doubles. Every reader of the magazine wants to see the girls who look like their favorite stars.

That is why we are offering \$100 for the best resemblance, \$50 for the second best, and \$25 for the third and fourth best.



Send in your resemblance picture. The four best photographs will be published. Don't overlook this opportunity to see yourself in PHOTOPLAY, where every artist of the screen has been pictured sometime or other. Don't miss this chance to win \$100—or \$50—or \$25.

Address Doubles Contest Editor, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. Send in your pictures before October 1, 1921, with your name and address plainly written on the back. If you wish the photograph returned, postage must be enclosed.



Harry always tries to do something funny when the director is looking, in the hopes that he'll recognise him as a coming comedian.

Clarice telling the girls what she would do to the star's part if they would only give her a chance at it.

Harold was hotel clerk for twenty feet of film and is very upstage about it.



Bill is going back to the garage. It's safer than extra in a "brick" comedy.



Tessie has been suping for two years and the director hasn't even noticed her yet.



Bessie is imitating one of the "400" in the big ball-room scene. She gets her dope from the society pictures in the Sunday papers

Smithson is sore. The lead in this picture is a paper-hanger. He was one for two years and the director won't let him play the part.



"E-X-T-R-A!"—By Norman Anthony

What Was the Best Photoplay of 1920?

The timeliness of Photoplay Magazine's Medal of Honor—
what it means to American Art—one hundred thousand
have already voted—send in your vote today!

THE first hundred thousand won the glory. But the hundreds of thousands following won the war. So ran the story of Allied valor on the fields of France.

One hundred thousand readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, in a flood of mail which has fairly inundated a whole corps of clerks, have given their choice for the forthcoming first annual award of *The Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor*—a magnificent and permanent tribute to the best photoplay of the year.

Although this great company of whirlwind correspondents wins the palm of promptness and the laurel of decision, the tournament of excellence has only begun.

We are waiting for your opinion. What do you say? If you are a patriot, what does your patriotism mean to you? Palpitation of the heart when the flag passes? Loud applause for the Monroe Doctrine? Cheering when the American Legion has a parade? Contemptuous sneers for anything that comes from the East bank of the old Atlantic pond?

Those things are only demonstrations, and demonstrations aren't patriotism. Patriotism is helping your own country to the uttermost in whatever practical way the time demands.

When we were threshing about in our stupendous war you could help your country by money, by your personal service, by joining its fighting forces up on the firing lines.

One of America's very greatest peace-time needs is honest artistic patriotism.

She wants her own citizens to help her be as great in the realm of imagination as she has proven herself to be in the realms of force and actuality. She wants her own citizens to believe in her capabilities—to acclaim her accomplishments—to demonstrate that she possesses genius inferior to no genius.

You have heard a great deal about the invasion of the American film field by the pauper labor of Europe. You have heard of the injustice done in spending our money for film plays wrought by brothers and sisters of the men who shot

down our American boys on the battlefields of France. You have heard about the throttling of the American studio. You have perhaps seen some actual boycotting of foreign films.

You can't choke art or strangle science. Ban a book, and you raise its price and increase its circulation. Boycott a film merely because it's foreign, and you denominate yourself a coward.

The way to beat the photoplays of every invader on earth is to make every American movie patron realize the truth—that our own country *does* lead the world on the screen.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S Annual Medal of Honor has been established to testify to and proclaim this fact—to institute a serious search for the producer worthy of most honors—to acclaim the best screen work of Americans.

What, in your opinion, was the best photoplay of the year 1920?

The only condition is that the picture was released between January 1st and December 31st, 1920, and that it was of American manufacture.

The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor has been permanently established as an award of merit to a producer whose foresight made him venture his money, his reputation and his position in the industry in the selection of story plus director plus cast. No critics, no professional observers can adequately make this selection. Only the motion-picture

patrons of America, most representatively assembled, probably, in the two and a half million readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, are competent or qualified. In case of a tie, decision shall be made by three disinterested people. Fill out this coupon and mail it, naming the motion picture which you consider the finest photoplay released during the year 1920.

These coupons will appear in four successive issues, of which this is the third. All votes must be received in PHOTOPLAY'S New York office not later than October 1st. You do not necessarily have to choose one of the list of fifty, appearing on this page, but if your choice is outside this list, be sure it is a 1920 picture.



Suggested List of Best Pictures of 1920

Behind the Door
Branding Iron
Copperhead
Cumberland Romance
Dancin' Fool
Devil's Pass Key
Dinty
Dollars and the Woman
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Earthbound
Eyes of Youth
Garage
Gay Old Dog
Great Redeemer
Heart of the Hills
Huckleberry Finn
Humoresque
Idol Dancer
In Search of a Sinner
Something to Think About
Jes' Call Me Jim
Jubilo
Love Flower
Luck of the Irish
Madame X.

Man Who Lost Himself
Mollycoddle
On With the Dance
Overland Red
Over the Hill
Pollyanna
Prince Chap
Remodelling a Husband
Right of Way
River's End
Romance
Scoffer
Scratch My Back
Trumpet Island
Suds
Thirteenth Commandment
Thirty-nine East
Toll Gate
Treasure Island
Virgin of Stamboul
Way Down East
Why Change Your Wife?
Wonder Man
World and His Wife

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Editor Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., N. Y. City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1920.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Use this coupon or other blank paper filled out in similar form.

A BAD ACTOR FROM BILDAD

Proving that there's a lot of good in
the worst of bad men—and sheriffs.

By
J. FRANK DAVIS

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

FAR ahead, as Hood came down through the pass and turned his horse toward the south where the ill-defined trail would lead to the railroad at the Big Springs tank, the summits of the western hills were glowing with the fair pinkness of a cloudless dawn. He adjusted the package nestling against the saddle where it had slipped a little when the pony had come sliding and skithering down the roof-like, pebble-strewn pitch of Devil's Slide, which, most men of the section said, could not be negotiated at night, and drew a long breath of relief.

Eighteen miles ahead was the tank at Big Springs, where two westbound passenger trains a day stopped for water, and the first one would be there at eleven. He would make it, now, without trouble. The little horse had been taking it easy all night; there was no fear the animal would not hold out to the railroad. After that, Yuma or Los Angeles. He chuckled.

He had practically decided on Los Angeles. They would not look for him anywhere to the westward, in all probability. One leaving Bildad hastily, at night, as he had left, would be expected to strike east, where there were well-settled communities, fair roads, frequent trains. Nobody would look for him to cross the hills to a railroad more than forty miles away, and especially no one would credit him with being such a fool as to attempt to come down Devil's Slide in the darkness, which was why he had done it. Hood grinned faintly and briefly. Already he was out of danger; he knew it as well as though he were aboard the train, flying west. He patted the little bundle at his knee. Nine thousand five hundred dollars. And no officer of the law at Big Springs, even if there was the slightest chance they would think to telegraph there.

Off to the north, twelve miles, the sheriff at McKinley might be watching; they probably would have telephoned there on general principles, even though they wouldn't expect him to have headed west; the way across the hills from Bildad to McKinley was no defier of dare-devils like Devil's Slide. But the sheriff would be watching toward the east, and perfunctorily.

"Li'l red hawse, we done fooled 'em," Hood told the pony, amiably. "Back there at that Bildad place, they never even heard I knew how to ride. When they found I didn't get aboard that night train right there, or anywheres down the line, they figured I made a getaway in the fliiver. Place we hid that tin peace chariot, they prob'ly won't find it for a week. Even if they do, they don't know anything about you being tied out right handy there."

The animal flicked its ears.

"Yes, suh," Hood declared. "I don't guess they know it's me they're looking for, either, although I ain't sure about that. That guard had a funny look in his eye. It might 'a' meant he knowed me—or thought he did. The handkerchief didn't show my face none, and the big, out-size hat shore covered my hair, and there wa'n't nothing about my clothes he could identify, but he might 'a' knowed my voice." The rider laughed shortly, comfortably. "Or that look in his eye might 'a' meant he was plumb scandalized when he found that gun of his wasn't

loaded. He'll be wondering for a year who unloaded it for him and never get around to suspecting it was me, myself, while he was eating supper. We planned that hold-up pretty rotten, didn't we, li'l red hawse? The payroll for three big oil companies, and not much risk taking it."

Daylight, after a little, crept over the hills to their left as the horse ambled unhurriedly down the valley, and searched out the face of the rider. The peeping sun, if any word had come to him while he was absent on the under side of the earth of the robbery the previous night at the boom oil city of Bildad, might have experienced surprise that the instigator and sole actor in it did not more worthily look the part. A desperado he surely was; just as certainly a desperado he did not look.

He was young, not more than twenty-seven or eight, straight-shouldered and regular featured, with a heavy thatch of dark red hair and eyes that twinkled humorously on small provocation. It would take a brighter, more concentrated light than that first one of early morning to show up the little lines of dissipation already limned on the face, and some emergency of peril to shift the optic twinkle to such cold hardness as had looked out above the blue bandanna mask of the evening before, augmenting the threat of the steadily held pistol that covered the payroll guard. A reckless youth rather than an intrinsically bad one. Yet bad enough. Bar the time taken up by his little share in the Expeditionary Force exercises in France, he had been drifting for eight years, and the drift had never been upward.

Not many men in Texas now file notches on the barrels of their pistols, but he was entitled to two. The circumstance that lenient juries, in both instances, had agreed the incidents were covered by certain loose but accepted rules touching upon self-defense, had given him freedom but no acquittal from the reputation of being a killer. Some rumor of this, he suspected, had reached Bildad. Men had been looking at him oddly, of late.

They came to a waterhole, where the little red horse drank satisfiingly. It was while they were standing there, with only the snufflings and swallowings of the beast to break the vast morning stillness, that a faint, wavering cry came floating upon a vagrant breeze. The horse heard it first, and pricked his ears; immediately afterward it came to the less sensitive hearing of the man.

"Hi-i-i-i!"

A high-pitched, childish voice, coming, seemingly, from up a draw that they had passed while nearing the waterhole.

Hood's right hand slipped automatically to the region of the pistol swinging at his thigh, and every muscle of him tensed into guardedness. For thirty seconds he stood, statuesque; the horse, beside him, his head lifted from the water and turned toward the sound, his ears pointed. The cry came again, shrill, immature, broken:

"Hi-i-i-i! Oh, mister!"

"There's somebody in trouble up that draw," the man told the little red horse. "Can't be but one of him, I don't guess. Anyway, we got to go take a look."

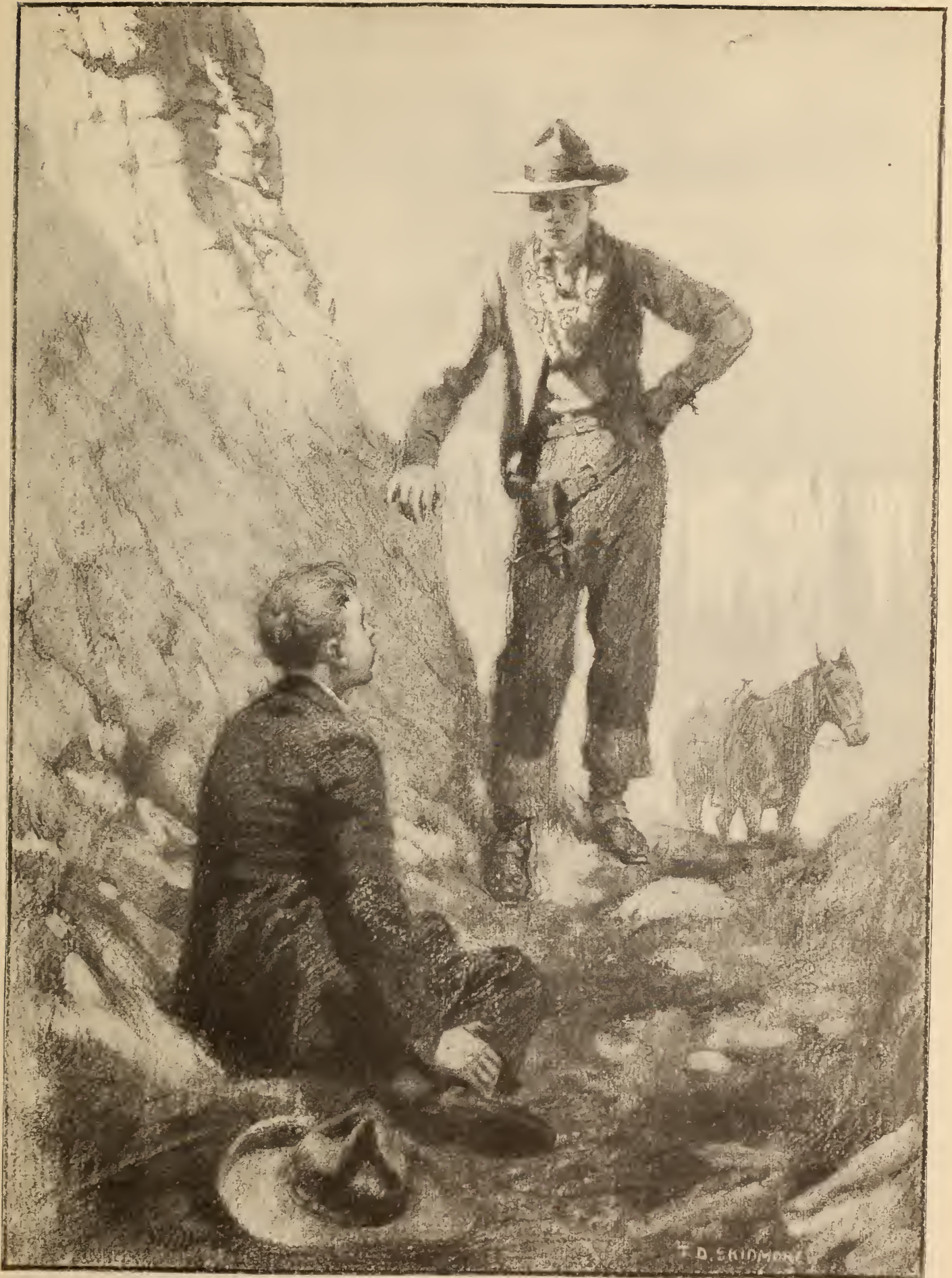
No. 16

In Photoplay Magazine's series
of 24 original short stories from
which are to be picked the winners of

\$14,000

in cash prizes.

Are you reading them all? It
will be interesting to learn if
your opinion will be that of
the judges.



"Gee, I'm right glad you come, mister!"

He moved slowly and cautiously to take it, his pistol clutched. A hundred yards from the main trail a boy sat on the ground—a boy of nine or ten. Hood's hand fell away from his weapon.

"Gee, I'm right glad you come, mister!" Plainly the child would like to have it appear that he was able to undergo untoward events casually; there was apparent a stout attempt to act as though it was nothing out of the ordinary in his young life to be calling for help an hour after sun-up a dozen miles from anywhere. "I was afraid I couldn't holler loud enough. I kinda had dropped off to sleep, and all of a sudden I heard you go past, down there. Stopped for water, didn't you?"

Hood nodded.

"Reckoned you would," the boy said. "If you hadn't, I'd shore been up against it good." He moved a little, winced, and forced a pale smile.

"Got a twisted ankle," he said. "Can't seem to get up on it a-tall. Hawse done throwed me."

Immediately he felt a necessity for defense which Hood, himself a Texan, understood and appreciated.

"I mostly can stay on a hawse, but this one is plumb scared of snakes, I reckon, and nobody hadn't told me. He's a new hawse my father bought out Arylulu way. We're moseying along here quiet, heading for that water where you just been, and there's a big rattler starts singing right ahead of him. I stayed on six or seven pitches, mister; honest, I did! When me and him parted, my foot caught. Sprained my ankle, it acts like."

He sighed with a little sob in his throat, striving to be as philosophical as the grown men he knew would have been: "S'pose I ought to be glad it didn't stay caught. Say, mister, you couldn't give me a drink of water before you do anything else, could you?"

Hood unscrewed the top of his freshly filled canteen. The boy gulped eloquently.

"When did all this happen?" the man asked. Already he was resisting temptation to look over his shoulder down the draw. Somebody, seeking the child, might be coming any moment.

"Yesterday evenin', about three or four," the boy said. "Gee, mister, but it's been a long night."

There were sandwiches in Hood's pockets, enough for two or three scant meals. He passed two of them to the youngster. "Bite into those," he said, "and then I'll have a look-see at that foot. Where do you live?"

"McKinley," the boy told him, his mouth full. "My father is Sam Wingate. I'm Bill Wingate."

Hood felt himself stiffening at sound of the name almost as he would have stiffened at sight of its owner. Sam Wingate, famous across many counties, was sheriff at McKinley.

"Your father, as soon as that hawse that pitched you got home, must have started out to find you," he opined. "At least as soon as it was light—"

"Shucks!" cried the boy. "How do you figure anybody's going to read any sign off the rocks up here in Flint Canon? And they don't know which direction I went in; it's years since my father has made me tell him when I was going to ride and where I was heading for. Besides, that hawse never

showed up there a-tall. He turned up when he went hellily-larrup out of this draw, not down. That hawse is home by now—but home where he used to live."

"But your father will be searching."

"You bet you my life he will. And a right smart of other folks, too, if he asked 'em to," he added with obvious pride. "There ain't much the folks at McKinley won't do for my father."

"I've heard of him," Hood remarked, as he examined the swollen ankle with as much tenderness as the necessities of the case would allow.

"Ow! Go ahead, mister. Don't mind if it hurts a little;

I don't. Of course you have. Pretty much everybody in this part of the country knows my father. You don't live in McKinley, do you? But you must have come through there. Didn't you hear anything about anybody being out looking for me?"

"I didn't come through McKinley," Hood replied shortly.

"Ow! She's swelled some bad, ain't she? I s'pose I didn't do it any special good, trying to walk on it. I must 'a tried to walk a dozen times." Hood soaked a handkerchief from the canteen and swathed the ankle. "How come you wasn't in McKinley. You was going south just now, wasn't you? There ain't any town north but McKinley. You couldn't have come over Devil's Slide. It ain't rideable in the night."

"I come by McKinley without stopping. Feel any better?"

"Shore. It feels fine, now. How are we going to get home?"

Hood had already decided how he would meet this. He said, soothingly:

"It's a darn shame, son, that I can't turn round and get you home, but I just natchully can't. I've got business down south o' here that has to be done; it won't wait, nohow." He saw the hurt look of disappointment in the lad's eyes and the quivering of the mouth that the little fellow couldn't quite repress, and added, hastily: "I'm going to leave you my canteen, all filled, and these other sandwiches, and you'll be all fine and dandy until your father or some of his friends get here; it won't be much of any time, now, before they come along; they're bound to look this way first, practically."

"Yes, sir," replied Bill, trying for philosophy. "I expect it couldn't be later'n noon that they got here, anyway. Do you think it could?"

"Not as long as that," the man assured him. "And we'll fix you up so you'll see them as soon as they come—and they'll see you, too."

Shrewdly surveying the surroundings, he picked a spot down at the mouth of the draw where a southerly rock embankment would furnish shade through the whole day and where no one seeking the waterhole could fail to pass within easy sight and sound, and carried the boy to it. He went, then, and refilled the canteen, gave it to the boy, with all the food he had left.

"All right now?" he asked cheerfully.

"Yes, sir," said Bill. "I'm all right. And thanky' kindly. You didn't tell me what your name was, mister. My father, he'll want to know."

(Continued on page 88)

Ah, Happy No-Sho and Yung Fin

BEBE

DANIELS

is always thinking about other folks' comfort.

She is a considerate baby,

We'll say.

For

instance,

Think of No-Sho and Yung Fin.

These are her two pet Chinese goldfish.

They are intelligent little creatures and terribly sensitive and shy.

So what do you suppose Bebe Daniels has gone and done?

Just this:

She noticed that No-sho and



Yung Fin

Seemed unhappy, and distraught, Aye, embarrassed in the crystal aquarium

In which they lived. So Bebe ordered a new aquarium

With the glass

frosted, and therefore

Not transparent.

See?

"The poor fish," murmured Bebe—

(She was referring to the goldfish and

Not to some director or author or something)—

"The poor fish,

They ought to have

Some privacy!"

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

IN some circles of the motion picture business they're trying to bar foreign films. Those German pictures, they protest, are crude, vulgar, and full of historical inaccuracies. They've got nothing on "The Queen of Sheba," Mr. Fox's recent contribution to education. She had next to nothing on herself, and we prefer crude historical pictures to crude anatomical ones. We could almost hear the director say in every second scene, "Miss Blythe, are you afraid of catching cold? Please register more flesh."

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, in England recently, fervently endeavored to convert George Bernard Shaw to the cinema. Mr. Shaw suddenly interrupted: "It seems hardly necessary for us to continue, Mr. Goldwyn. You see, you are interested only in art, while I am interested only in money."

A BOY in Dubuque recently committed enough boyish offences to put him into the hands of the law. But neither the boy nor his mother, the police nor the newspapers, blamed the movies for his misbehaviour. What on earth is wrong?

INCIDENTALLY, it is always interesting to remember that there were no jails, no reformatories, no bad little boys, no naughty little girls, no wicked men and women—nothing ever wrong, in any way, with this just too perfectly sweet old world before the celluloid serpent came writhing in!

THE trouble with youngsters nowadays is that most of them know twice as much as they ought to know, and not half as much as they should.

THERE'S no magic about the methods of Ernest Lubitsch, the Polish director of "Passion," "Deception," and "Gypsy Blood." Lubitsch is said to employ competent departmental chiefs in lighting, photography and art direction, and to place entire responsibility upon each in his particular specialty. Then, the director has each player familiarize himself with the entire story, and, calling the company together, listens non-committally to all suggestions. Then he conducts many and long rehearsals. Finally, he shoots his picture.

THE Cleveland School of Education, William M. Gregory, curator, has added to its curriculum a six-week's course in "visual education," carrying a regular university credit. Here school supervisors, teachers and assistant instructors are to be taught the mechanics and educational use of the motion picture, and of lantern slides where a projection machine for films is not available. The world moves. Sometimes it seems that our American world moves fastest in its middle. Certainly the Cleveland educators are able to show the schoolmen both east and west a sterling example of down-to-the-minute thinking and quick action.

MARY THURMAN tells the story of a little Hollywood girl, lost in a Los Angeles department store. "Why didn't you hold on to mamma's hand?" queried the matron, soothingly. "S-s-she had her arms full o'

bundles!" was the faltering answer. "Then why didn't you take hold of her skirt?" And the baby wailed: "I c-c-couldn't reach it!"

THE manager of the Theatre Montaigne, in Paris, recently intrigued the critics by installing a restaurant and sleeping apartments for their accommodation after the arduous labor of reviewing new plays. A rival has begun giving elaborate early morning cabarets for the pen fraternity. In New York they might lure the hatchet men by showing them, after some of our very unreal plays, a few of our very real photoplays.

JUDGING by recent German logic, President Ebert is being advised by the Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.

ONE of the new picture actresses is Julia Hoyt. But Julia is Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, in reality; leader of New York society's younger set, and, socially, the "smartest" of American recruits to the screen. Her entry, just as an actress, into the Norma Talmadge studio, made a Metropolitan sensation. She seems to be sincere. She says she has tired of a butterfly's life, and wants to do something really worth while in the world. All this is quite laudable, and we hope that Mrs. Hoyt will have the success she so earnestly desires, and for which she says that she is willing to pay the price of drudgery and unremitting physical and mental toil. But Mrs. Hoyt should realize fully that that is the only way she will ever achieve any success worth while. In the thousand and one Hickvilles where pictures are sold on their merits she will be Julia Hoyt, and nothing more. And if Julia Hoyt proves herself a genuine actress, she can take her place alongside some others who never even saw a member of the 400. What has happened, by the way, to the much-heralded film ambitions of Lady Diana Manners and Mrs. Morgan Belmont?

LATE last winter a Massachusetts war-profiteer of the ultra-snobish sort visited Coronado, in Southern California; and, swinging into an informal polo game of a morning, reined his horse up beside that of an expert but silent young player whose high-bred game he had been jealously admiring for a full half-hour. "Delightful to be down here among gentlemen!" he exclaimed, mopping a very plebeian brow with a very aristocratic kerchief. "Around Los Angeles one cawn't motor or play tennis or even dine without mingling with those annoying film persons! I'm Charles Edward Barne-Jones, of Dorset-on-Sea." "Charmed!" replied the gentleman addressed. "I'm Charles Spencer Chaplin, of Hollywood-on-Location!" And he dug in his spurs.

OTHER continents, other customs. In Japan the censors take out the kissing and leave in the cussing. While here . . .

THE snappiest sub-caption we've heard lately is the one dictated but not read by Dr. Jack Dempsey, who has been training at the Film Market studio in Atlantic City. When asked if he had any particular

choice concerning the referee for the forthcoming engagement between himself and Prof. Carpentier, Dr. Dempsey replied: "It don't make no diff to me . . . if he knows how to count."

SINCE Gettysburg is in Pennsylvania the famous speech should have concluded: "that government of the censors, by the censors, for the censors shall not perish from the earth."

IN Brooklyn, recently, a test on the Ten Commandments was given to one thousand school children. Of the thousand, three hundred and fifty-seven had never even heard of the Ten Commandments! Sons and daughters, no doubt, of the model parents who may some day say that Sallie and Johnnie went bad because they loved motion pictures.

STARVED little souls! Blindly searching, on the street or in the theater or under a dock for the knowledge and information that should emanate from homes which, instead, are barren and tawdry and slatternly and quarrelsome.

IF another war comes we hope the government will realize that the movies can spare fifty heroes better than one Ben Turpin.

WE'D like to see a statue of Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska, erected on the State House grounds at Albany, N. Y. The Eastern experts in everybody else's business crowded a censorship bill through the New York legislature, and Governor Miller signed it. The same sort of tactics put the same sort of bill through the Nebraska legislature—and Governor McKelvie vetoed it! In explanation of his veto in the face of tremendous pressure by the Puritan machine the Governor issued a long statement, in the course of which he said: "I am thoroughly convinced that public opinion, when it is left free and untrammelled, will control the entire situation. . . . Let us then place the responsibility with the people themselves, where it belongs, realizing that if we as a nation are to be a strong, virile, self-governing people we must assume the full responsibilities of citizenship without expecting the state to relieve us from the ills that are self-imposed, and that are within our range to control, without the aid or direction of statutory law."

THE New York Evening Post sees in the campaign against German films "a crusade to protect innocent admirers of the California vamps and bathing beauties against the immoralities of history."

IMPROVIDENT as actors are, it isn't the lack of something laid by for a rainy day which concerns most of them now—it's the lack of something laid by for a dry day.

HARD times are with us, they say. Yet the manager of New York's largest bill-posting company has informed would-be purchasers of space that he cannot find room on his miles of boards for another sheet of motion picture paper before November first.

THERE'D be some sense to censorship in Bolshevik Moscow just now. Of course they'd eliminate all rich fathers, club-fellows, the young hero's country home, his father's big business office, valets, dinner-jackets and ball-room scenes.

THE screen doesn't need moral censorship one-tenth as much as it needs intellectual censorship.

AMERICA'S most distinguished theatrical visitor this year, or for many years, was not an actor,

nor even a dramatist; he was William Archer, the most distinguished English-writing critic of the stage, and, in the minds of many, the foremost theatrical critic, adaptor and essayist of this generation. Archer has been a vital force in theatrical writings for fifty years, and his most noteworthy additions to actual dramatic property were the plays of the Norwegian Ibsen. The Archer translations are still the standards. In addition, he has quite curiously made his own authorial debut—and a very successful one—at the age of 65, with "The Green Goddess," a thrilling and elegant melodrama now being played by George Arliss in New York. Mr. Archer finds that the screen, despite its enormous vogue, is curiously without any intellectual influence in America. This is quite true. The greatest amusement in the world, and in its representations of fact one of the rising educators and informers, the screen has yet to mold or sway public opinion in its fictional forms. But Mr. Archer feels that America has not yet scratched the surface of her dramatic possibilities; he says that in our stupendously varied life we can—and will, doubtless—create the most picturesque school of drama that the world has ever seen. Mr. Archer is of the theater; what he does not see is that the leader of that school, in the years to come, will be the drama of silence, because the screen alone proffers infinitely varied material for the depiction of the infinitely varied American life.

A YOUNG star was entertaining friends at dinner. There was a butler, and caviar, and orchids at every place, and everything. The dinner went smoothly; the star was radiant; her guests impressed. Came coffee in fragile cups, and highbrow conversation. Then the star's maid entered and in an audible stage-whisper inquired: "Beg pardon, ma'am, but the butler says can you pay him now, ma'am?"

SOME dumbbell student association in Harvard recently placed Charlie Chaplin in solemn nomination for the university presidency. An honor in its way, no doubt, but Mr. Chaplin is quite, quite too busy.

WHEN David Wark Griffith made "Intolerance," four or five years ago, he gave the multitude a new phase of history. Familiar for many generations was the Biblical account of the fall of Babylon: the writing on the wall, followed by the capture and sack of the city by the hosts under the Persian Cyrus. What the general public did not know were the facts as pictured by Griffith in all the fascination of a great adventure story: the feud between Nabonidus the regent, and Belshazzar the young King, on the one hand, and the intolerant priests of Bel on the other; resulting in the betrayal of Babylon's gates by the priesthood to Cyrus, who in a mood of great spiritual practicality had caused the worship of Bel-Marduk in his camp. Now Mr. Griffith did not decipher these facts from any clay tablets in Assyria, but he did get them from obscure texts known only to the professors and the intenser students of Assyriology. Mr. Griffith published the first *popular* history of the end of Babylon. He has just been substantiated, in every particular, by H. G. Wells, whose popular "Outline of History" is at great pains to narrate, with identical detail, what Mr. Griffith so graphically painted in tint. Mr. Wells agrees with Mr. Griffith in all his character conceptions, and there is an almost startling facsimile of the Hollywood picture of the ancient Nabonidus, who abandoned the throne and his warlike pursuits for the secluded researches of an antiquarian. Here, at least, the photoplay served as history's unerring advance announcement.

WHEN an assistant director wears puttees, who does he think he's fooling?



Youth (Richard Barthelmess) hears Ambition's call and leaves his mother (Kate Bruce) and Love (Marjorie Daw) to seek his fortune.



Experience — played by John Miltern—who is to teach Youth many things about life.



Youth first encounters Pleasure, Beauty, and Wealth. He asks Opportunity to wait for him. But Opportunity cannot!

"The story of Youth—a story as old as yesterday's ten thousand years—as new as tomorrow!"

EXPERIENCE

Told from the Paramount Photoplay.



Youth is enthralled by Pleasure and, while Experience looks on, is welcomed into the gay party.



Youth's funds run low and Chance directs him to a gambling house where he can double his money. At first he wins, but later luck leaves him.



Temptation (Nita Naldi) fascinates Youth. She intercepts a letter telling Youth of his mother's death.



Experience meanwhile teaches Youth to know Excitement. (Sybil Carmen.)



And smirking Conceit (Robert Schable) with his ever-present mirror.



And Intoxication (an all-too-pleasant companion)—played by Helen Ray.



And—eventually—the sanctimonious Prohibition, played by Leslie King.



Finally, accused of theft, he is ejected to the gutter.



Crime seeks to persuade Youth to rob Wealth's house.



But Youth returns home, where Love and Hope await.



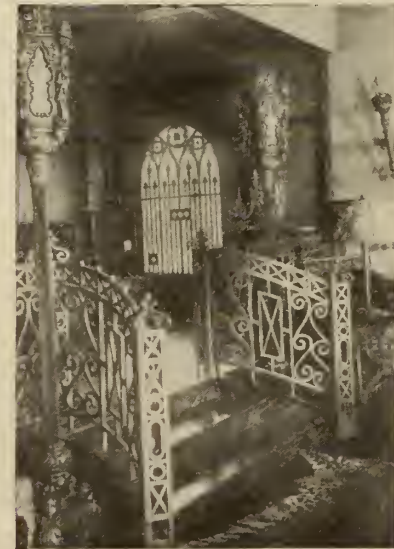
With Love at his side, Youth is enriched by Experience.



This is the startling, life-size hall ornament that faces the visitor as he hangs up his hat. It is a bronze cast of the One Armed Charioteer, an ancient Roman work.



This old Venetian couch is the central object in the drawing room. It is covered with Italian silk in reds and blues, as are the cushions on and before the couch. A victrola is hidden in the throne chair on the right.



Opening from the drawing room on the right is the replica of a small garden. It resembles an Italian garden in the grill balustrade and the grilled window. At either side of the marble steps that lead to this garden room is a magnificent bronze lamp.

Miss Murray at the piano in her drawing room. The carved gold chest on the piano is a relic from a Venetian palace. Above the piano is a rare Madonna, an ancient masterpiece restored.

*Photography
by International.*

MAISON MURRAY

A star's haven
amidst antiques from Italy.

THE heading is euphonious, but phoney. For Mae is not Miss Murray. She is Mrs. Robert Leonard. The little blonde dancing star, and her directing husband, live in this quaint Italian home in Manhattan, in a sumptuous studio building called "The Hotel des Artistes." As far as Mae is concerned, the appellation is entirely correct. She designed all her own sets—by that we mean that every room in her house is decorated according to her own taste, and finished under her supervision.

When she was abroad she rifled the antique shops, and while she is in New York, she is a faithful patron of interesting auctions. For years she has been collecting the rare pieces that fill her home. Her taste inclines to the antiques from old Italy; it has always been her dream to live in an atmosphere inspired by the marvellous art of the Florentines. It is a tribute to Miss Murray that her apartment does not resemble a curio shop; it is a home, a little bit of artistic Italy in Manhattan!



Miss Murray stands at the heavy grill gates of her dining room. She has changed since she was a chorus girl and impersonated a Nell Brinkley drawing. Her face has become finer and more characterful.



A corner of the drawing room, showing in detail the historic window of stained glass. The middle picture painted on the window represents the Santa Maria, the ship on which Columbus sailed to his discovery of America.

The most al fresco dining room in New York that is not actually out of doors. It is lit by day through large windows like garden wicket gates. Vines climb up on the lattice and about the windows. There are garden settees beside the windows. The walls are sky colored. The floor is of small cobblestones. The fruit bowl on the table is of old Italian style. The telephone is hidden inside the cupboard.

*Photography by
International.*



What Is a Director?

PHOTOPLAY feels that it is fulfilling a long-felt want in raising, on this page, a question that has long puzzled film audiences, producers, actors, extras, and assistant directors.

By

STARS, SCENARIO WRITERS,
CAMERAMEN—AND DIRECTORS

William deMille

THE director is a tearful creature with a megaphone growing out of his face.

His function is to take charming stories and deliberately ruin them. He has no manners and his morals are awful. He knows nothing about life and spends his time thinking up scenes which will debase the youth of the country and turn a perfectly respectable audience into a gang of criminals. He counts that day lost in which he has not

usually goes down with it. And if the voyage is safe, nobody thinks much about it.

Al. Christie

A motion picture director is just a human being.

The more horse-sense he has and uses, the better he'll get along and the more human will be his pictures.

Our motto has always been: "Show real human beings in perfectly natural human situations."

To do that one only needs to use a very plain and garden variety of horse-intelligence.

And horse-intelligence isn't low-brow. It is the highest form of education in the world.

May Allison

A director is like a husband—that is, some husbands.

You'd like to get rid of them, but you don't know what you'd do without him.

He's the one that tells you when you look your worst. He's the one that won't let you have even an hour off on a summer day to go swimming.

There isn't anybody in the world that you feel is so much like a relation as a director.

Seriously, a director has the destiny of a star very much in his own hands. He can make or break her. I really believe that the largest part of the motion picture industry, its future, its possibilities and its achievements, rest upon the director.

He is the one man who really has authority. The rest of us only have ideas.

Betty Compson

To me a real director is a man who has an artist's soul, who lives the part of each and every person in the cast, who has sympathy and understanding for the player and is willing to listen to his principal's advice on the picture.

A director must be like the keyboard of a wireless. And like the keyboard, distribute the message without any visible signs of motion.

(Continued on page 109)



produced a scene which shows the lure of vice and the futility of virtue. He is a national menace.

If the director could be eliminated there would be nothing in motion pictures to find fault with.

Let us pass a law that in the future directors be allowed to produce only the Elsie books, the Rollo books and Sanford and Merton.

Betty Blythe

A director is the only man besides your husband who can tell you how many of your clothes to take off. I know.

James Kirkwood

the famous actor, seen in "The Money Master" and "The Great Impersonation":

The director is a fellow who runs around the set with a megaphone annoying the actors. With the help of really efficient actors, electricians, assistants, location men, art directors, cutters and cameramen, he sometimes manages not to spoil the work of his players.

Some directors help you, but most of them are an unmitigated nuisance.

James Kirkwood

well-known director of Mary Pickford and other stars:

The director is the most important factor in the making of a motion picture. His duties are so manifold. He is the man responsible for every angle of the picture. He is like the head of a big business corporation. The managers of the various departments are all under his charge. He must know lighting, interior decoration, acting, stories, and humanity.

The director—the one branch of the art that motion pictures have not adapted but actually created—is the captain of the ship of every motion picture production. And if there's a wreck, he



The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Review of the new pictures by Burns Mantle and Photo-play Magazine Editors.



"Through the Back Door" takes Mary Pickford back to the days of wide smiles and a curly head. She is a Belgian orphan come to America.

By
BURNS MANTLE

HAVING failed to answer the other queries in the questionnaire, what," said I to Jane, "would have been your reply if the old boy had asked you: 'Why is a bad movie?'"

"Because it's a stupid entertainment," snapped Jane. "And a good movie's a joy because it is good entertainment and costs no more than a couple of ice creams. Let's go."

Jane, I should say, would make a good censor. Her criticisms might not be profoundly analytical, but they would be short and snappy.

"How long have they been at this business of reforming the stage?" she demanded the other day, when Dr. Straton made the first page of the morning paper with a new attack upon the immorality of the theater and theater folk.

"Oh, a matter of three or four hundred years," I answered. "And, naturally, they have made some progress."

"They have," agreed Jane; "I saw 'Ladies' Night' last week. It was celebrating its 300th performance on Broadway, and several of the girls in the bath scene were wearing new Turkish towels. It's a cleaner show than it was."

"Oh, well—it's all in your imagination, anyway."

"It is," said Jane; "that's why I had to stop reading the newspapers. I wonder, will they go after the magazines and the novels and the naughty postcard people after they get the movies fixed up?"

"All producers of entertainment should be idealists—in theory, at least," I ventured.

"They should be," agreed Jane. "In fact a lot of them have been. Too bad they starved to death."

"Well, anyway—you'll be glad of one thing," I said. "The producers are certainly doing their part in trying to interest the most eminent of authors in writing for the screen. Did you hear that Maeterlinck, and Barrie, and Gertrude Atherton—"

"I don't care who writes them," she interrupted. "I don't care who writes them or who produces them, so long as they entertain me. M. Maeterlinck can write enough legends to fill a library, and if they won't screen, or if they are not interesting when they are screened, I shall walk out on them. I am the Peepul. Give me good stories or give me nothing. Give me good entertainment or let me stay at home."

"But only by interesting eminent authors can we hope—"

"Only by interesting authors with screen sense and plastic minds can we hope for anything; straight-thinking, clean-thinking, men and women. All the eminent authors in the world can move to Hollywood and live the rest of their lives within earshot of the director's megaphone; they can each average a new picture story a month, and Griffith's ice floe and 'Way Down East,' and Fox's chariot race and 'The Queen of Sheba,' (not to mention the complete exposure of Betty Blythe's impressive nonchalance); Metro's 'Four Horsemen,' Cosmopolitan's 'Humoresque' and Tucker's 'Miracle Man' will outdraw them ten to one—unless they achieve plays that are fundamentally human and holding, dramatic and interesting."

"But you do admit there is a chance for improvement?"

"I do—if they will let the educators do the educating and keep the entertainers entertaining. I am the Peepul. What's the best picture in town?"

THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED—
Cosmopolitan-Paramount

HERE is a picture in which the fine skill of Robert Vignola and his cast has taken what might have been another of those tales of a bad woman cast upon a desert island and regenerated through the influences of the simple life and the inspiring presence of a noble gent and made of it a really gripping,



In "Reputation" Priscilla Dean is an actress of marked ability, in spite of her long stay in "crook" dramas. She gives an unusual portrayal to a difficult dual role.



In many ways the French film "J'accuse" is extraordinary but in its present fourteen reels it is of wearisome length depicting devastation and death.



"Get Your Man" is one of the best western pictures we have seen in months. Buck Jones plays the role of a Northwest Mounted policeman.

always interesting drama. It really is the story of a woman's trial for murder, begun at the assembling of the court, told through the visualization of the testimony of the principal characters and concluded with the rendering of the court's verdict. The story was told in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY. There is sound psychology, both in the story and in the titles, many of them written by no less an authority than Dr. Frank Crane.

And while the text uses up a lot of footage, and is occasionally too elaborately explanatory, it adds more to the interest than it takes from it. Pictorially, Vignola reveals many fine scenes, the Tahiti incidents being beautifully pictured and the court scenes excellent in their detail. The argument of the counsel for the defense, that a criminal should be sentenced on her life after, as well as before, the crime, also gives the audience something to think about, and not many pictures do that. Seena Owen is the heroine and E. K. Lincoln gives an excellent performance as the detective. It ought to put Miss Owen in the star class right away.

THROUGH THE BACK DOOR—United Artists

A NUMBER of interested folks had a lot to do with this newest of the Pickford pictures, evidently. As a result, the story is a little choppy and the effort to inject a new element of suspense every hundred feet or two interferes with the continuity of interest. Yet no one of the episodes is without some claim of merit, and the fact that the early reels take the popular Mary back to the days when she was a lovable cutup with a wide smile and a curly head, a gift of pathos and an adorable sense of comedy helps a lot. She skates over a soap-smear floor on scrubbing brushes, and she has an amusing experience with a cake-walking donkey to add to the fun of the picture without disturbing seriously its logic. The plot itself takes Mary from Belgium, where she is an abandoned orphan, to America, where she becomes a maid in the home of her own mother and is likely to be put out when she discovers a way of thwarting a villain and re-establishing herself in the affections of her neglectful parent. The star was helped considerably by Marion Fairfax, who made the adaptation.

TWO WEEKS WITH PAY—Realart

AGAIN they have, with reasonable plausibility, given Bebe Daniels a chance to wear pretty frocks and fraternize with the rich and exclusive without sacrificing her hold upon the flappers who adore her and like to picture her as struggling against a shop girl's poverty. "Two Weeks with Pay" is a nice little story sufficiently novel to give it an individual flavor and it contains enough pretty shots of Bebe to justify it. Maurice Campbell, who directed it, includes both sanity and good taste in his equipment, together with a nice sense of comedy, and they are invaluable assets in the treatment of so light a story. Miss Daniels plays two roles, those of a manikin sent to a summer resort to display her employer's gowns, and a moving picture actress whom she agrees to impersonate at a benefit. She differentiates the roles with a reasonably sure technique and is equally effective in both.

THE LOST ROMANCE—Paramount

WILLIAM deMILLE, continuing his study of the problems that beset the way of married folk, gives the old story of the two men and a girl enough of an original twist to save it from triteness. It is a human story, and though plainly twisted this way and that to suit the picture need of the moment, the interest is well sustained, both by the pictures themselves, which are rich in background, and by the acting, which is excellent. Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel are again neatly paired as the young married people, and Fontaine La Rue and Jack Holt do nicely by the other pair.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS—Goldwyn

THERE is more in Irvin Cobb's story of "Boys Will Be Boys" than Clarence Badger and Will Rogers have extracted from it. But whether they deliberately cut it to four reels, or whether it was cut by the theater manager to shorten his bill we do not know. As it stands it is two-thirds preface and one-third story, which is disappointing. The Kentuckian "white trash," Peep O'Day, who inherits \$40,000 and starts out to enjoy the youth he missed as a boy, isn't a

particularly attractive character, even with all the human appeal that Rogers can give him. But his adventures, after the shyster lawyer brings a show girl from Cincinnati to pose as his niece and rob him of his inheritance, do offer dramatic and comedy possibilities of which no advantage is taken. Rogers is fairly successful in establishing the character, and the titles, half Cobb and half Rogers, are especially good.

SHAM—Paramount

THERE is little that is convincing about "Sham." But it is an average program picture and fairly entertaining, thanks mainly to the favoring sense of comedy that permits Thomas Heffron, the director, to make the most of his material. The story is the familiar one of the young woman reared in luxury who tries to keep up appearances on an income of nothing a year. She "grafts" outrageously from her rich relatives and her rich friends and is about to marry a wealthy suitor she doesn't love while there is a broad-shouldered Westener waiting around the corner with whom she knows she would be much happier. Just why these fascinating lovers always have to be western men I do not know. Some day a picture author will spring a novelty by giving the eastern boys a chance. "Sham" is well played by Ethel Clayton and a cast that includes Theodore Roberts, a fine actor continually wasted on small and insignificant parts; Clyde Fillmore and fat Walter Heirs to provide the fat Walter Heirs comedy.

THE WILD GOOSE—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

BEING reasonably familiar with the story of the husband who either neglects his wife, or makes a fuss over her extravagances in the shops, and thus throws her into the arms of the other fellow, the average movie fan is inclined to be extremely critical of the way it is told. It happens that in the screening of Gouverneur Morris' "The Wild Goose," it is not well told, but it is no worse than hundreds of other triangle plays. I do not think the audience took kindly to the statement of the play's theme, that the wild goose, once mated, can be depended upon to stick to the home nest. For another they might not believe that a husband who discovered, after a period of years, that his wife still loved another man, and was eager to help him, would deliberately help her by putting himself out of the way. The fact that he carried the villain with him when he drove his motor car over the cliff did not offer a sufficient excuse for his useless sacrifice, and so the situation might be accepted as comedy rather than tragedy. The acting was competent, Mary MacLaren, Dorothy Bernard and Holmes Herbert playing the principal parts. Albert Capellani did the directing.

THE HOME STRETCH—Ince-Paramount

HERE is the engaging Douglas MacLean in the sort of thing he does best—the adventure of a wholesome youth who is buffeted by fate for four reels and rewarded in the fifth. With a racehorse on his hands it was natural to anticipate that when the hero was down to his last copper, the horse, named "Honeyblossom," would come romping home with the prize money and clear up both the mortgages and the love interest. But it happens in this instance that Honeyblossom stumbles in "The Home Stretch" because Douglas runs in front of him to save the life of a little girl. An exceptionally graphic bit, this race scene. Eventually the hero does acquire money, and starts overnight for a tour of Europe, leaving the heroine disconsolate. But she reaches the dock in time to wave her hand at him and he promptly dives over the rail and swims ashore.

SNOWBLIND—Goldwyn

WE did not care much for "Snowblind." The effort to force an interest in a story that, as it is told on the screen, is not particularly interesting, nor concerned with interesting characters, left us as cold as the background of the frozen north against which it is set. There is, however, an idea back of the story that gives it some value. An evil-tempered man of middle age is hiding in the north country after having murdered a man in England. With him are his younger brother and the woman who was the boy's nurse. After fifteen years of exile the hunted murderer picks up a girl who has wandered away from a traveling theatrical troupe and been blinded by the glare of the snow. Falling in love with the girl, he lies to her about himself and the people with him until he has convinced



"The Woman God Changed" is the story of a woman's trial for murder, directed with the fine skill of Robert Vignola. This should put Seena Owen in the star class.



"Boys Will Be Boys" is two-thirds preface and one-third story. Clarence Badger and Will Rogers did not seem to extract all that Irvin Cobb put into the story.



We enjoyed "The Ten Dollar Raise" because Peter B. Kyne wrote into it strength of plot, a flash of adventure not illogical, and an appealing human-ness.



"Two Weeks Without Pay" gives Bebe Daniels opportunity to wear pretty frocks. It is a nice little story of a mannikin and a movie actress, both roles falling to Bebe.



The talents of the amateur detective are defied to discover who fired the fatal shot in "The Scarab Ring." The ending will surprise you. Alice Joyce is starred.



"Love's Penalty," featuring Hope Hampton, is a dramatic story that ends flatly. Not a picture of which the censors will particularly approve.

her he is the one worthy person in the group, but she recovers her sight in time to know the truth and immediately transfers her love to the younger man. The hunted one is well played by Russell Simpson. Pauline Starks, Cullen Landis and Mary Alden give good support. Reginald Barker directed.

WHITE AND UNMARRIED—Paramount

EVEN as a crook Thomas Meighan is an alluring sort of hero. And after he inherits a million dollars in "White and Unmarried," and reforms, you rather expect him to turn out a gentleman. His fine clothes and his careful speech stamp him as a good catch, even for a beautiful heiress. But the makers of this photoplay wanted to be consistent, so while they start Tommy's interest in a fair young blonde of the upper set they turn him over frankly to a shimmy dancer in a Parisian cafe. It is an entertaining picture, despite its failure to follow a set line of developments. There is a suggestion that the director and his assistants would have enjoyed burlesquing it if they had dared. The titles make fun of the action frequently, which will amuse as many as grasp their intended subtleties and mystify the rest. But the Meighan performance and the pictures as pictures will satisfy the majority. The two girls are played by Grace Darmond and Jacqueline Logan. Tom Forman did the directing.

A WISE FOOL—Paramount

IT is high time that some one stepped in and saved James Kirkwood from any more stupid and badly written stories. Here is one of the fine actors of the screen being made a cats-paw to pull involved and uninteresting scenarios out of the cinema fire. "A Wise Fool" is the latest—and if Sir Gilbert Parker made his own adaptation for the screen, as it is said he did, he had better turn the next one over to the hired men of the studio. The attempt to tell the life story of a picturesque French Canadian is justified by the possibilities of the yarn, but the construction which starts the hero on a pilgrimage to Paris, then as abruptly brings him home again without giving him a chance to arrive; then marries him to a little girl in the steerage he met on the way home without any reasonable action to excuse his interest in her, has wasted a reel or two on nothing at all of story value. We found "A Wise Fool" dull and uninteresting. George Melford did the directing, and Mr. Kirkwood, whose performance was sympathetic and intelligent, was capably assisted by Alice Hollister, Ann Forrest and Alan Hale.

By Photoplay Editors

REPUTATION—Universal

AFTER several years of fighting her way through "crook" melodramas, Priscilla Dean emerges, in spite of them, an actress of marked ability. This she proves in "Reputation." For the story itself, taken from the Edwina Levin novel "False Colors," little can be said. It is melodramatic, its discrepancies are glossed over with casual titles, and an extraordinary amount of credulity is demanded of the audience. Miss Dean, however, through her unusual portrayal of a difficult dual role, reveals talent that would do credit to an older and more experienced actress.

LOVE'S PENALTY—First National

REMEMBERING a former Hope Hampton photoplay, we approached this one with a pessimism rivaling that of Schopenhauer. However, we are glad to say that Miss Hampton redeems herself in a dramatic story not lacking in entertainment value. It is regrettable that so many of this season's film offerings end flatly, and that this one must be numbered among them, but there are flashes of originality and suspense which prevent interest flagging. Percy Marmont is the man-in-the-case. Not a picture of which censors will particularly approve, and don't take the children.

J'ACCUSE—Marc Klaw

COMES now the Frenchman Abel Gance with a war picture written, produced and directed by himself. At present, in its fourteen reels it is of wearisome length depicting as we saw depicted during the early days of the World War, horror, devastation and death. In many ways the production is extraordinary and though faulty of (Continued on page 82)



Drawn by Norman Anthony

Director—"You'll have to go out and bring in a bunch of extras to clap.
The star says she can't go on without applause."

NOT LISTED IN THE GUIDE BOOKS

At the right: a lot of Hollywood scenery—so much of it that it is very difficult to photograph Rex Ingram's hillside bungalow at all. It isn't a regulation movie palace, the home of the young director of "The Four Horsemen"—but it's comfortable! We understand the bungalow may have a new mistress before long, if Alice Terry decides to become Mrs. Ingram.



Above: the home of Mary Maclaren, Katherine MacDonald, and their mother. Mary built it several years ago, in the fashionable Wilshire district of Los Angeles. Who would suspect from its demure exterior that it sheltered two world-famous film stars? Not the tourist from Iowa!



If you ever see a picture of this home as belonging to any motion picture star, somebody lied! While it has been reported the property of everybody from Mary Pickford to Ben Turpin, it really belongs to two old bachelors named Burnheimer.

The quiet, unpretentious home of a princess of thrillers. Ruth Roland's white plaster California home, pictured below, might belong to any prosperous merchant with a bridge-playing wife and three lovely children. Instead, it provides just the right atmosphere of relaxation after Ruth's strenuous studio days.



At the left—another home so successfully hidden that the rubber-neck men seldom take the trouble to point it out at all. It's Jesse Lasky's vine-covered dwelling. Lasky is vice-president of Paramount, you know.

Photography by
Stagg

Hidden away in the
Hollywood hills are homes
the tourist seldom sees.



The home of James Cruze, Lasky director, and his wife, Marguerite Snow, is really a charming place—if one could only see it. It occupies the top of a little hill all its own in Hollywood, the particular province of little Peggy Snow Cruze who is, incidentally, quite a big girl by now.

You would rather expect Colleen Moore to live in a real, homelike place like this one above, wouldn't you? Miss Moore built it for her mother after she graduated from Christie comedies to be a dramatic star under Marshall Neilan's direction.



The cottage above doesn't look much like the Queen of Sheba's palace, but Betty Blythe, who played that historic lady, wouldn't trade this little bungalow in the Hollywood hills for any royal dwelling. Her husband, Paul Scardon, lives here, too.

Elliott Dexter's new home—pictured at the right—was built by Carrie Jacobs Bond, the composer—who wrote "The End of a Perfect Day." She called this house "The End of the Road" because it symbolized the realization of all her dreams. It meets all of Elliott's requirements, too.





Dorothy Davenport Reid (Mrs. Wallace Reid) still remembers hearing that Victory Bateman had more men in love with her than any other woman in New York.

THE WOMAN WHO CAME BACK

"The girl with the golden voice"
Broadway called Victory Bateman
thirty years ago.

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



OUT on one of the studio lots in Hollywood there is a character woman named Victory Bateman. I happened to see her name the other day on a typewritten cast list, in the casting director's office—"Mrs. Smiley . . . Victory Bateman." I read them—re-read them, those four words. And I felt numbed, startled, as I still do when I discover that the whole history of the human race is right at my door, if I but look for it.

Four words. But I sensed somehow that back of them lay all the drama, all the heart-throbs, all the joys and sorrows that a woman's life could hold.

I said to a director who was standing there, "Victory Bateman. Not *the* Victory Bateman?" But he only shook his head. He had never heard of *the* Victory Bateman or any other Victory Bateman. Nor did he care.

But—I did. So I went to find out. And this is what I discovered. A year ago, this woman named Victory Bateman went to a famous author on the Metro lot, who has been intimately connected with the theater for many years. *He* knew her.

And she said to him, "I need work. I have been very ill for a long time. I don't dare go back east to face the cold winter there. Get me something—anything—to do."

I don't know what else she said. I don't know what story of bad luck, hopelessness, sickness, loneliness she told him. There are some things that it is better to leave covered with the kindly veil of silence.

Anyway, the famous author got her a "bit"—no, honestly, it wasn't even a bit, it was just "atmosphere."

But she took it. She needed it. So Victory Bateman was one of a score of extra people in a cabaret scene in May Allison's starring vehicle "Are All Men Alike?" To the cameraman, the director, even the star, that is all she was—one of a score of extra people.

Victory Bateman!
Yet suddenly, without anyone knowing how

or why, she seemed to stand out from the crowd. In her character of a broken-down cabaret singer, she radiated realism, embodied the whole intention of the sequence. With masterful strokes, she created this old wreck—her eyes trying to smile gayly through tired tears, her painted mouth awry above false teeth, her quivering hands—a living thing for them all to see.

They gave her a long scene. Nobody knew just why. Nobody realized that they were all in the grip of great dramatic genius.



As she is today, in "Cinderella's Twin," with Viola Dana.

Today Victory Bateman is playing leading character roles. She is now cast for a big role in Bert Lytell's new picture, "A Trip to Paradise." She has leaped in those few months into the front ranks of motion picture character women.

She has multiplied the five dollars she got that first day to ten times that much.

Some people wonder, and watch, and speak of luck.

But the old-timers, the few people who know the history of the theater and who remember Broadway and its favorite thirty years ago—they know.

Victory Bateman!

No wonder she rose instantaneously from extras to high class character parts.

No wonder even the cold eye of the camera was drawn by her dramatic power and understanding.

No wonder that by sheer merit and ability, without telling the old friends who knew her, without asking help of anyone after that first day, without telling anyone who she was or what she had done, she climbed meteorically to the top.

For you see, she was Mansfield's leading woman, Edwin Booth's favorite and most famous "Lady Macbeth," she was co-starred with Lawrence Hanley, Aubrey Boucicault and Nat Goodwin. She was a member of the original all-star cast of "Diplomacy" with Rose and Robert Coughlin. Thirty years ago she was the most popular and most famous stock leading woman in America, the idol of thousands, the toast of Broadway, one of the little, glittering coterie of stars in New York.

"The woman with the golden voice" they used to call her. Over and over the great critics declared that she alone of American actresses could rival the divine Sarah in exquisite tones and vocal spell-binding.

She created the leading feminine role when Mansfield first presented "Cyrano de Bergerac" in New York.

She created "Dora" in "Diplomacy," one of the greatest successes the American stage ever saw.

And though she weighed only 90 pounds when she played the tremendous and tragic role of "Lady Macbeth," Edwin Booth declared he would rather have her than anyone else because her dramatic power and the magnificence of her voice gave her the real force and supreme conviction for the role.

So you see, I was not surprised when I found what she had accomplished.

I was only surprised that she should ever have had to accomplish them.

I know a very fine actor who always claimed that she was the greatest actress this country ever produced, and who always illustrated his points by stories of her achievements on the stage of yesterday.

John Fleming Wilson, the author, said to me the other day, "It didn't matter where Miss Bateman played, whether she had any scenery, any cast, any costumes. She was so superb an artist that she overcame everything. I do not think I have ever known an actress who has so tremendous an effect upon audiences."

(Continued on page 99)



Drawn by Norman Anthony

Manager—"I've got a great part for you—twin sisters!"
 Star—"Then you'll have to double my salary!"

Hidden Children of the Screen



"Primping Up" on the employer's time. This vanity costs big organizations, the movies show, thousands of dollars each year.

A NEW and novel use for the moving picture screen has been developed in the United States which promises to elevate the cinematographic art to a point little dreamed of by Edison in the kinoscope days. This use, for want of a better term—the enterprise is so new—is called "employe morale," or "morale" pictures, and a dozen of the biggest employers of labor, skilled and unskilled, in the country are experimenting and some have gone far beyond the experimental point.

Movies have for years been produced with an eye to attracting the nickels and dimes of the average man and the producer has had to be, above all, a judge of public taste and the public taste of many kinds of people in order to draw the crowds to his screen. Thousands of dollars are now being spent, however, on productions which will never be seen by anybody but the employes of one commercial concern—the concern producing the picture—and after it has had its run before such limited audiences it will be filed away.

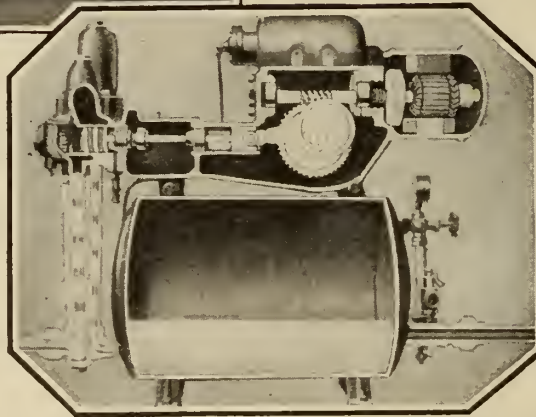
These morale productions are new and must not be confused with the ordinary industrial or business picture. They are not intended to sell goods, to advertise, and in fact, not to educate; they are designed to raise the morale of groups of workers—men and women—in given factories. They tell no "story"—they have no plot; they do not preach. They carry the story of the "big office" to the busy thousands in the lathe room, stock room and machine shop, and induce loyalty and better understanding between employer and employe.

They are intended to prevent waste, to increase personal efficiency and to prevent restlessness and awaken the worker to a better understanding of his relationship to the organization. They also make clear the problems of the business which the employe is apt to overlook in his distance from the front office and the firm's executives.

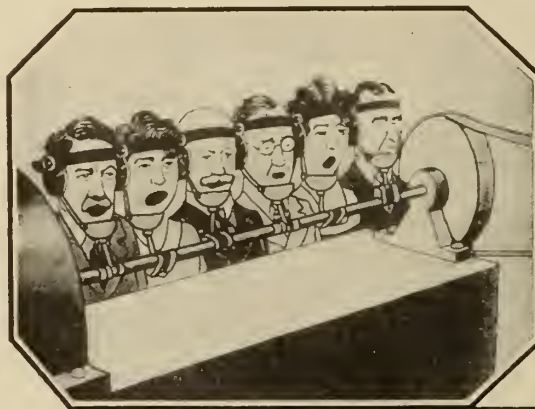
Jam Handy, of the Bray Studios, originated and has pro-

Morale movies, seldom shown outside the workshop, are promoting a better understanding between capital and labor.

By
**LYNE S.
METCALFE**



A scene from a motion picture produced by J. R. Bray, demonstrating the action of an electrical water pump. The principles of animated cartooning are applied in the making of this film.



A suggestion that appears in the National Cash Register film, "Waste Can't Win"—the idle chatter of inefficient employes might be "harnessed" into usefulness.



Sharpening a pencil seems to be an unusual operation, according to this scene from "Waste Can't Win." It requires the attention of five employes.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By
CAL. YORK



Little Mary Fauntleroy and D'Artagnan Fairbanks. There is no truth to the widely circulated rumor that an heir is expected in the Fairbanks home. Mary is quoted as saying, "If such a wonderful thing were true, there would be no reason to deny it. But if such an event were imminent, I should certainly not be working in pictures."

SPEAKING of engagements makes me feel just like one of these dear society editors, I have so many of them to announce this month.

It's been a terribly rainy month in Hollywood, no golf to speak of, not much work and very little to drink, so everybody apparently has spent the time getting engaged.

Betty Ross Clarke appeared in the Los Angeles papers on May 18th with the headline, "Cupid Corals Pretty Betty." Isn't that sweet?

Anyway, she admits that she has fallen in love and will become Mrs. Arthur Collins to prove it. And if a girl is willing to go as far as that to prove a thing—'nuff sed.

Mr. Collins is a young business man in Los Angeles, was a lieutenant in the British Royal Air Forces and was severely wounded in France. At present he is in charge of the Foreign Exchange Department of a Bank. (Doesn't that sound financial and everything?)

They fell in love at first sight at a dinner dance—don't know whether it was their table manners or their dancing—but the wedding is to be as soon as possible. The bride-to-be has recently played the leading feminine role with Roscoe Arbuckle in "The Traveling Salesman" and in the Ince production "Mother o' Mine."

MMARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE is to become the bride of Mitchell Lyson, art director for William de Mille. And I guess everybody in Hollywood is glad of it. If there were ever two people so much in love that they weren't any good to the rest of the world, it's been Mitch and the lovely Marguerite. Their love affair has extended over the past year, but Miss de la Motte, who is only just turned eighteen, thought she was too young to marry. However, the wedding bells are about to burst forth.

LLOYD HUGHES—by the way, there's an awfully nice boy and a regular fellow—and Gloria Hope have announced that they are soon to be the principals in a little domestic drama. Just when the minister is to be called upon to make them one they haven't decided, at least they say they haven't.

GLADYS BROCKWELL is also soon to become a bride again. Her engagement to William Scott, a promising young juvenile, has caused considerable surprise and excitement in the film world this month. Miss Brockwell evidently believes in the good old adage about three times being the charm—because this is her third venture on the matrimonial seas.

So, with Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy ready to take the fatal plunge and Doris May and Wallace McDonald a month out on their domestic voyage, Cupid certainly can claim a thriving business in the movie colony.

AND of course there is pretty May Collins, with her bobbed hair that Charlie Chaplin cut with his own hand, blushing refusing to deny her engagement to the famous comedian, while he does the same.

And there is a consistent rumor that Katherine MacDonald is engaged to a young society millionaire, whom she is to wed at the end of her two-year contract with First National.

THE month's saddest news:

The Selznick company has purchased screen rights to John Galsworthy's famous play, "Justice."

John Barrymore did some of the finest acting of his career in this play, on the stage.

Conway Tearle, Eugene O'Brien, and Owen Moore are Mr. Selznick's—Lewis, Myron's, and David's—male stars.

Write your own reviews. We haven't the heart.

By the way: the principal production of the Selznick studios in Fort Lee seems to be their electric signs. They are very fine flourishing signs, occupying prominent positions on Broadway.

It must be nice to have signs like that. And to advertise.

But why waste perfectly good signs on Miss Zeena Keefe? Not that Miss Keefe is not a capable actress and a charming young lady. Not at all. But the signs would seem to indicate that she was to be a Selznick star. In fact, it was announced in a grand manner, that, after serving an apprentice-

ship as leading woman opposite several male stars, she would be an individual luminary. The announcement was issued many months ago. And now we hear that Miss Keefe is no longer with Selznick; we know that she worked in a picture for Cosmopolitan, and the latest is that she is going back to vaudeville, whence she came. The public forgets, but you can't fool it all the time.

What, as George M. Cohan would inquire, what's all the shootin' for?

EDITH HALLOR and Jack Dillon were married this month, at a beautiful home wedding in Shirley Mason's apartments at the Hollywood Hotel.

The actual event was a surprise, though rumors connecting the star and director have been flying about for some time.

Shirley Mason was matron of honor and her husband, Bernard Durning, was best man.

WHEN Tom Moore—the poet, not the Goldwyn star—wrote "Believe me if all those endearing young charms—" he didn't know a film producer would make it the theme of a motion picture. Even if he had, he might not have objected, until he learned that the title of the picture based on his innocent poem was "The Supreme Passion."

Is there any excuse for this sort of thing? Sugar-coating a drag-'em-in title by advertising the fact that the story was based on a famous poem?

(Continued)



"Mother" Sylvia Ashton and "Daddy" Theodore Roberts, the most popular film parents in the world. Yes, that cellarette effect at the lower left of the picture contains juice, but not the kind you mean. It's only part of the electrical equipment. You stumble over them in every studio.

JACK PICKFORD was asking Rubye de Remer about the "e" on the end of her first name.

"Why Ruby-e?" asked the youngest member of the Pickford family.

"Well, it's like this," said the blonde star, "when I was a kid going to school in Denver, I had two sisters. Their names were Lucy and Sady. We all decided our names weren't romantic enough, so we put the e on. And I've always kept it, so that now I couldn't get along without it."

And when sister Lottie came trooping in with the statement that she was on her way down to see "Over the Hill" and wanting to know what Miss de Remer thought of it, Ruby-with-an-"e" answered,

"Well, all I can say about 'Over the Hill' is that it's the kind of a picture where you want to take off all your mascara before you go or they'll think you're doubling for Al Jolson when you come out."

A CLOUD has hovered over the studio land in Hollywood for the past few weeks, owing to the serious and possibly incurable illness of George Loane Tucker, creator of "The Miracle Man."

At his home in Los Angeles, Mr. Tucker has hovered for some weeks between life and death, and latest reports from his bedside have been discouraging in the extreme.

Several operations have been performed in an attempt to meet the cause of his illness, and the last one was believed for a time to have been successful. But a collapse a few

days ago again sunk his friends into despair.

The director who made what is easily the most beloved film of recent years, is a young man and the film world has expected much from his genius.

Everyone who knows him is clinging to the thought that "while there's life there's hope" and that Mr. Tucker will rally and gain his strength once more.

Blanche Sweet has also been seriously ill, and left a Los Angeles hospital only a few weeks ago in a condition that caused her family and friends much concern. The beautiful little star is said to have weighed less than seventy pounds when she came home to begin recuperating.

However, she is much better, is eating well and hopes soon to be herself again.

THIS is really too good to keep.

We hear that Eileen Percy—the little blonde Fox star—is in training to take on the winner of the Dempsey-Carpentier battle.

Anyway, 'tis said that Miss Percy, who is an exceedingly athletic young woman if she doesn't look it, when insulted or annoyed can take care of herself to the extent of breaking a fellow's nose in a couple of places if necessary.

Rumor hath it that she has demonstrated her power to this extent upon a recent occasion, the receiving end of the punch being a gentleman—of alcoholic tendencies—not connected with movie pictures.

Speaking of the Dempsey-Carpentier

mix-up, it is a scream to see the various western film stars trying to fix up their schedules so that they can go to the scrap, while the lesser lights are scraping together enough coin to make the journey, or looking for a job as somebody's valet, press agent or baggage smasher.

RAH, rah, rah, Betty!

Betty Blythe has been elected the histrionic queen of Princeton.

She succeeds such worthy rulers as Maude Adams—who for many years held this honor undisputed—and Norma Talmadge, who won it last year.

The queen is elected by the entire student body of Princeton for beauty and ability.

Betty Blythe has every right to the honor and deserves it, and we're glad she got it.

She wired the Princeton boys her sincere thanks and appreciation and is going to take a trip down there to see them while on her eastern visit.

Just about the same time, Elsie Ferguson was voted the favorite actress of the seniors of Yale University.

The screen is having everything its own way, it seems.

THERE is one woman in Los Angeles who is grateful to pictures and who certainly has a system.

She is the mother of thirteen children, ranging from a few months up to fourteen years of age.

All of them work in pictures.

In the morning the mother gets out the Ford from the garage, takes her note book and pencil, and starts distributing her flock.

She leaves little Tommy here and little Annie there, noting in the little black book where each one is. When she has them all delivered, she returns to superintend the youngest.

The sound of the five o'clock whistle is practically a self-starter for the Lizzie and she makes the rounds and picks up her troop and takes them home.

HEARING a loud and apparently disastrous noise in the backyard the other morning, Dorothy Davenport Reid, wife of Wallace Reid, went in haste to investigate.

She found the four year old heir to the Reid fortunes sitting on the chest of a little girl from across the street, much older than himself but apparently getting the worst of the battle, as young Bill pummelled her vigorously.

"Billy, Billy," cried Mrs. Reid, taking her son by the collar and removing him, "what in the world are you doing? That's dreadful, dear. What made you jump on Helen like that?"

Bill's lip quivered, he hid his face on his mother's skirt and at last said, between bitter sobs, "Mother, she—" sob, "she said my daddy,"—sob "was—was pretty!"

ONE of PHOTOPLAY's fiction contest stories, "The Gossamer Web," by John M. Moroso, has been purchased by Universal to be adapted into a photoplay for the dramatic use of Edith Roberts. It should make a good picture.

HARRY CAREY is no longer the boss of his ranch in California.

Henry George Carey, Jr., arrived in May.

FAMOUS Players may sign The Kid. If he—or rather, his father—decides that Jackie Coogan will become a Paramour, a new name will probably be added to the all-star cast of "Peter Ibbetson," which already includes Wallace Reid, Elsie Ferguson, Elliott Dexter, George Fawcett, and Montagu Love. To George Fitzmaurice falls the pleasant task of allotting the same number of closeups to each luminary.

(Continued)

WILLIE Collier, who came to Los Angeles last week in "The Hottentot," was given a great welcome by the movie folk, with whom he is an immense favorite, professionally and personally.

The opening night brought out most of the famous film stars—more than I have seen anywhere except at the Al Jolson opening a few weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford) occupied a front box to which Mr. Collier directed some special attention. Mary looked adorable, her curls done up under an exquisite hat of Copenhagen blue, with a broad curving brim and a fascinating ribbon under her chin. She wore a gown of white satin, with blue, that had the newest opening down the back from the throat to the shoulders, and she carried an enormous and beautiful corsage of baby roses. Doug, sporting the new moustache which he has grown for the "Three Musketeers" and Mrs. Pickford, Mary's mother, in black lace and a black and rose hat, sat beside her.

In the box across from them were Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lytell and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner—the first time I have seen Mrs. Warner out since the new heir to the Warner name arrived. She looked very sweet, wrapped in a fur coat, with a black poke bonnet. Another party was composed of Allan Dwan, Mary Thurman, in ivory satin and a chic green tulle hat with a cocky little feather over one ear, Lila Lee, very stately and young-ladyfied in black with a big Spanish comb in her smooth dark hair, and Alice Lake, glittering in silver, with a diamond circlet holding her hair. Ruth Roland was in a box, with an attentive suitor. She wore black net, very low cut, and a big, drooping black hat and in her hands she held one gorgeous American beauty rose, which she raised daintily to her nose every now and then. She was really quite a picture. Shirley Mason, in black sequins and rose velvet, tripped out between acts beside her handsome husband, Bernie Durning. She looked about as big as a minute—she just comes above his waist line, you know.

King and Florence Vidor—Mrs. Vidor really is almost too lovely when she wears those soft shimmering gray things at night—had a box party and Betty Compton was there, also in gray georgette with lace dyed to match, which gave her rich, dark red hair the most wonderful tone possible.

BETTY HILBURN was married, in the merry month of May, to one Arthur Worth, the son of a New York merchant.

Will Betty give up her screen career? We wouldn't be at all surprised. She hasn't been given much of importance to do since she cast her lot with the Griffith company, and that isn't very satisfactory to an actress with Betty's ambitions.

THAT time-honored favorite, "The Two Orphans," is not to be allowed to rest in peace.

A certain producing director, whose most recent success was the subjugation of an ice flow, is engaged in taming the Two Orphans for his next super-extra-special production.

MARSHALL NEILAN has announced a new policy. He is going to make only two pictures a year. Each will require six months in the making. The first will enlist the services of a well-known stage star, it is said. The other will feature Colleen Moore.

Marjorie Daw, the little actress who supplied the sweetness and light for some of Mr. Neilan's finest productions, has left to join the newly-formed Marion Fairfax company. Pat O'Malley, also a former Neilan player, will act opposite Miss Daw in the first Fairfax release.

(Continued on page 83)



Evans

ENGAGED!

Above, at the left, observe Miss Gloria Hope, who has just engaged herself to Lloyd Hughes. The marriage will take place sometime in the fall. "We're going to stay married!" says Gloria. "It'd be six months earlier, if I had my way!" says Mr. Hughes.

The profile at your right is disconsolate because it has to be pictured here alone, while the others are all, in a manner of speaking, photographically attached. But it's Marguerite de la Motte's own fault, because she is engaged to Mitchell Lyson, who isn't an actor, but an art director.



Evans

Hollywood, the scene of so many make-believe romances, is experiencing the real thing. Never before in the history of the famous colony have so many engagements been announced. Pictured on this page are a few—just a few—of the young set of the real-life romanticists.



Evans

Above: A pre-view of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert. Perhaps Mr. Gilbert will insist upon being known as John when he is married to Leatrice Joy. To tell the truth, Jack and Leatrice have been engaged for some time, but they wouldn't admit it until recently.



*Photograph by
Edward Thayer Monroe*

Adele Rowland, the songstress—(Mrs. Conway Tearle)—believes that part of the duty of a screen idol's wife is to be the conscience of her lord. "It is not enough that he does well his work in pictures. He has a certain duty of amiability. It is part of my job to keep him looking and feeling up to his lithographs."



Conway Tearle on the farm at Chappaqua, New York.

Girls—be careful! This handsome actor's wife reads all his letters! "It is well for maids who pour out their hearts in letters to know this," she says.

BEING a SCREEN IDOL'S WIFE

As Adele Rowland confided it to Ada Patterson

BEING the wife of a screen idol is one long fight against his insensibility to his state of being idolized.

One must be valet, conscience and memory to such a spouse. Valet because he may be of real man-stuff kind, like my husband, Conway Tearle, who won't have any other valet about him.

"I won't have some fellow around to lay out my one sock. Or my other shirt. I won't," says Conway Tearle, whom at home I call Freddie. His first name is Frederick. So there is but one thing to do. I lay out the "one sock" and the "other shirt" and say "Now get into them. There's a dear!" If my consort becomes a multi-millionaire, which he nor anyone else is likely to do at the present falling prices of movie actors, he will never have an obsequious "man's man" bowing around him. His wife will have to be his wardrobe mistress. As some men loathe barbers, and as others detest waiters, so he contemns valets. To him they are the superfluous hes.

It is the part of Conway Tearle's wife to understudy a valet, and I do. Why not? An actress once publicly sighed for a return to good old domestic times. She wanted to darn socks. I hope she has had the chance. I darn my husband's socks if the darning woman fails. And as I say, I lay them out well within the range of his vision. If I did not he might follow the example of the Kansas statesman and eschew them. He might become the sockless Jerry Simpson of the silver screen. One never knows what an absent-minded hero may do. My life is watchful waiting for frayed collars and instant confiscation of them.

One must be the conscience of her screen idol lord. That is, she must be his mentor as to what he owes his public. It is not enough that he does well his work in pictures. He has a certain duty of amiability and consideration—a courtesy, a quid pro quo for its support of him. He must answer its letters. I help mine in his task. I first read them. It is as well for maids who pour out their hearts in letters to know this. Some feminine eyes are fairly sure to read the outpourings before they reach the man for whom they

are intended, if only those of his secretary. It is a devoted wife who reads all her husband's appreciative letters. It happens that I am devoted and that I do.

For instance, this: "Adorable Conway Tearle of the midnight eyes and the hair like the raven's wing; I am the girl in the pink scarf. I stood close to you when you came out of the theater where you made your personal appearance this afternoon. I reached forth my hand and timidly touched the sleeve of your coat. I thought your arm vibrated an answer. I hope so. Did it?"

I read this to Freddie while he ate his four-minute boiled eggs at breakfast and his three slices of toast. Sometimes he eats four slices. He has a robust appetite. One must have an unromantic appetite to create the romantic roles of the screen.

My husband made a face. "Fudge!" he growled. "The girl's crazy."

He confides in me that he dreads exhibiting himself in public. "Being so conspicuous makes me self-conscious,"



"I have a devoted husband. Mr. Tearle nurses the fond delusion that no one can sing as well as I, nor look so well."

(Continued)

he complains. "While I was on the stage I wanted people to look at me and whisper behind their hands, 'There goes Conway Tearle.' But it's different now. I thought I would like it, but I don't. They get so near when they whisper. One hears them. It makes one think about himself and a chap looks and feels so silly when he is thinking about himself."

It is part of my job to keep him looking and feeling up to his lithograph. We were driving down town last evening to see a play. An automobile driven by a girl and filled with girls approached. I saw their quick look of recognition before he did. He was inspecting the skyline and wondering whether he would awake next morning in time to get to the studio by seven. Even with the aid of an alarm clock. That is his dominant thought.

I spoke to him. He didn't hear. I pinched him for emphasis. I said, "Look pleasant, Freddie. Your audience comes." He looked down guiltily and smiled vaguely. The girls waved their hands and shouted, "Hello, Conway!"

We love our Sundays on our farm at Chappaqua, New York. Arrived there we get into our oldest clothes. My husband's best beloved trousers are a shocking, baggy, fruit-stained pair. He looks so happy in them I haven't the heart to execute my threat to burn 'em. He set out last Sunday collarless, coatless, blissful, to walk to the next farm for cabbages. In a faded blue gingham dress I accompanied him. No 'Arry and 'Arriet on their Sunday walking out in London could have been lighter of heart. We borrowed cabbages and eggs from a neighbor who won't sell us anything because she "do like Mистер Tearle" and started home with them.

Conway carried a huge basket of the enormous cabbages. I trotted beside him carrying a smaller basket of eggs. An automobile whizzed past. We heard it slow down. I looked over my shoulder and saw it turn. It came back slowly and I heard a shriek of laughter as it passed us. A woman in a henna hat was shutting a slide of her camera. She had snapped my poor Freddie from the back. Alas! The perpetuity of the film. He will live with his cabbages and trousers, a monument to simplicity and carelessness.

"Never mind, dear," he comforted. "I never care if I don't see them. It's facing strangers I dread."

"But, darling, you look so unlike your three sheets," I mourned.

"Whadda we care?" replied this boy person I married.

As we neared home I hurried ahead. The cook wanted those eggs for a custard pie. Freddie lingered to pick some wild raspberries that thrust their heads up alluringly from the bushes. Three half-grown girls sauntered down the road toward me.

"Mrs. Smith told me if we came this way we would see you coming back," said the oldest shyly. It was a transparent ruse.

"Come on, darling," I called. "These maidens want to see you at closer range. They say they want to see me but I know it is you."

Outwardly I was gay. Inwardly I was fearful. "Dear Lord, don't let him be sulky," I prayed.

My prayer was granted. He came up the road with a strained smile on his face. The girls blushed and blushed.

"These are from your audiences," I said meaningly. He smiled a little more and shyly nodded. They fell into the back-

ground and we continued our journey home.

There's a popular impression that a screen idol's wife is jealous of the attentions he receives from his public. Avaunt, foolish thought! She is delighted with such attention, for it spells success.

True, some of the letters are pointedly personal. Particularly those from the Latin American countries, whose writers do not know well our English. Some of their letters would be shocking but for the fact that they indicate a great love for his pictures as well as himself. The screen idol's wife who is jealous of the writers of the missives in his voluminous mail is being jealous of the prosperity of her household.

Gifts come. Hundreds of them. A handkerchief with his monogram, worked by a woman who said she was eighty and still embroidered without glasses, my husband accepted. But practically all gifts he returns. A gold pencil he gave to me because the sender did not give her address and he could not return it.

All girls who write to a screen idol do not make love to him. Some of them tell him they have seen me and like me. Or say that they have heard my voice on the records and like it. We both like that, but my husband cares more than I do.

For unromantic though it be from the standpoint of screen enamored girls, I have a devoted husband. Mr. Tearle nurses the fond delusion that no one can sing as well as I, nor look so well.

When I sing he sits in the audience and scratches his nails until his fingers bleed. He is fatuously confident that I will sing well but is nervous in sympathy with my nervousness. While I was singing in Irene

(Continued on page 87)



Cherchez La Film

By RANDOLPH BARTLETT

A PERFECT little angel was Augustus Sankey Beecher. Never pulled the kitty's tail nor spoke till he was spoken to. But once, insisting two plus two was five, he killed his teacher, which so distressed his parents that their hearts were nearly broke in two.

Asked for explanation
Of his murd'rous cerebration,

Gus replied, "A moving picture was my only inspiration."

The seven deadly virtues housed themselves in Percy Goozible.

For years he handled cash without the shortage of a dime,
But one day a nosey auditor unearthed some inexcusable
Embezzlements by Percy, and embezzling is a crime.

Interviewed in jail,
This was Percy's tale:

"I learned it from the movies. That should do instead of bail."

A simple, sinless son of toil was Ethelbert MacGillicuddy,
Happy as a lark and whistling while he wheeled his mortar.
To vary the monotony he took to robbing everybody.

When they nabbed him in a bank he said to a reporter:

"I didn't know 'twas wrong
To take what don't belong

To me, because the movies show such doings right along."

As nice as nice as nice could be was Angelina Bone;

She never left her chewing gum where it would cause profanity.

So all her friends were mortified to hear that she had flown

With another lady's husband, and they called it psychinsanity.

But Angelina wrote

A purple-scented note:

"It's a trick I learned from watching all them movie queens emote."

O wraiths of burglars dead and gone! O ghosts of ancient rippers!

Where *did* you learn the rudiments of all your arts precarious?

Where *did* you serve your 'prenticeship of jimmy, gun and nippers?

Before the movies greased the ways into careers nefarious?

In days ante-celluloid

How on earth were you decoyed

From the straight and narrow? Tell us, please, how *were*
your souls destroyed?



Mary Nash—who believes in adding to natural beauty the charm of perfect grooming—posed for this charming photographic study of her lovely hand because she is a Cutex enthusiast. She says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better. They are really lovely."



What happens when you cut the cuticle—a microscope would reveal it frayed and raveling—like a rope that had been hacked with a dull knife.

See what cutting does to the cuticle

NO matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through to the living skin.

Over these tiny cuts nature quickly builds up a new covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This makes the nail rim more uneven than before. If you should examine it under the microscope you would see that it was frayed and raveling, like a rope that had been hacked with a dull knife.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and makes hangnails, it must be removed somehow. The safe and easy method is to do it without cutting. Just a dab with Cutex Cuticle Remover about the base of the nails, a rinsing of the fingers, and the surplus cuticle simply wipes away.

This has made manicuring so simple that any woman can now keep her own nails looking always lovely.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes, at 60c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each of the Cutex products comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c.

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set, to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or if you live in Canada, to Dept. 708, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

Northam Warren, Dept. 708,
114 West 17th Street,
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Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....



First, the *Cuticle Remover*. Dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover and work around the nail base. Wash the hands; then when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off.



Then the *Nail White*. Cutex Nail White will remove stains and give the nail tips an immaculate whiteness. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.



Finally the *Polish*. For a delightful, jewel-like shine use first the Cutex Paste Polish and then the Powder, and burnish by brushing the nails lightly across the palm of the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre instantaneously and without burnishing, by giving them a light coat of the *Liquid Polish*.



Cutex Traveling Set, \$1.50

(Continued from page 21)

who would express her enthusiasm for nature by dancing bare-foot on the lawn, for instance.

A very wise man once said that woman was made to be loved, not to be understood.

Why not let well enough alone, then?

She may be a twentieth-century Mona Lisa. But only in odd moments.

If Leonardo da Vinci were alive today, and asked to paint her, as he undoubtedly would, Agnes would probably say regretfully, "I'm so sorry, but I'm just leaving on location for 'Cappy Ricks.'"

She was talking about "The Affairs of Anatol":

"I saw the finished picture just before I left California," she said, "it is wonderful. I feel about it the same way a small boy probably feels about a serial—that he just can't sit back in his seat until he sees how everything will turn out. The acting is splendid. Gloria Swanson (you know Gloria and I were together at Essanay in the old days) does her finest work, I think. Bebe Daniels is simply great. Wanda Hawley is a revelation. And as for the men, Wally Reid is the perfect Anatol—and Elliott Dexter and Theodore Roberts and Monte Blue—think of all those fine actors in one production! Not one of them has ever done greater work. As for temperament—there wasn't any. It is ridiculous to think that there is bound to be unpleasantness when there is more than one star in a picture. They were more like one big family than an all-star cast."

"I thought you were in it."

"I am—just think of actors like Theodore Kosloff and Clarence Geldart playing small parts!"

I gave it up.

She is completely devoted to her nine-months-old niece, Agnes Ayres II.

"I didn't want them to name her after me," she said. "I wanted them to name her anything else in the world but Agnes. But then, I'm only her aunt, so what could I do?"

She likes babies, anybody's baby, but particularly her own family's baby. She says Gloria Swanson is a wonderful mother. She would rather talk about babies than almost anything else.

I happen to know several very nice things about her that she didn't tell me. I know that she helped an aspiring candidate to

screen honors to gain entrance to the California studios—she had not met the a. c. since long before her name shone in electric. I know that she has not forgotten the days when she, too, was among the aspiring ones. I know about her friendship with Alice Joyce, whom she remarkably resembles. It is rather a tribute to these two actresses that this friendship, which began when Miss Ayres was at Vitagraph, too, endures today. Oddly enough, they are much alike, personally as well as artistically. Both are quiet, sensitive, with an undeserved reputation for being "upstage." Both have at times that delicate hauteur, that almost insolent indifference which is only a mask for their real personalities. And—both are the idols of the Carr family; that interesting group over which presides the gentle Mary Carr, of "Over the Hill." Her sons have played the screen children of Alice and Agnes and the pictures of both stars now hang in places of honor in the Carr library—both inscribed in no uncertain terms of loyalty and affection.

It is nice to know things like that.

Because in the studios, acquaintances and friendships are made only to be broken by continual changes. And, in the long meantime, an actress is elevated to stardom, and necessarily her sphere changes. And the old "bunch" resentfully imagines that she has changed with her career; and the bunch tells the world so; and the story spreads, the rumor grows, until the unsuspecting actress would not know herself from the description current among her erstwhile friends. And so it goes. Often it is true; sometimes it is not.

About three years ago, the Editor of *PHOToplay* looked across a hotel dining-room and saw a slim little girl with sad eyes and wistful mouth. He watched her for a moment. Then he turned to his companion.

"That girl," he said, indicating her, "is star-dust."

The girl was Agnes Ayres.

Miss Ayres will, according to present plans, soon be a star in billing as well as in popularity. She will be the first American actress really to go abroad for Paramount to make pictures in England and the continent. She will probably sail in the late summer or fall, accompanied by her mother, her company, and

(Concluded on page 107)

HOME-FOLKS

By MARGARET SANGSTER



"WHEN all th' supper things is washed, an' wiped, an' put away, My mother says: "I guess I'll go an' see a photoplay." An' then she ties her bonnet on, an' steps out spry as spry, An' say—you'd oughter see th' look that sparkles in her eye!

My mother's not as young as some; her hair is kinder white, But when we argue 'bout th' stars my mother's always right. She knows th' movies inside out, she knows 'em upside down, An' say, I guess she loves 'em more than anyone in town!

I wonder how they'd feel to know th' way my mother cares? She's diff'rent from th' sort that laughs, an' picks on them, an' stares; She b'lieves in all th' things they do—an' all th' things they say . . . I kinda guess they'd like to know my mother's that-a-way!

She talks real friendly 'bout "that Doug," an' of "dear Charlie Ray," You'd think she'd met 'em on th' street just only yesterday; An' "Mary had her hair done up—she looked most awful sweet!" She'll say, just like Miss Pickford lived somewhere across th' street

It's kind of funny how she talks—why, it's like she enjoys Their doin's just as if they was her little girls an' boys; Th' salaries they draw don't count, or who they are, or were, She feels real neighborly to them—they're like home folks to her!



America's biggest maker of yarns tells how to wash knitted things

FOUR out of every five women who knit use The Fleisher Yarns. Beautiful in color, uniform in size, weight and finish, these yarns are used for every type of garment that can be knitted of wool.

Because knitted garments usually receive such hard and constant wear, they must be laundered frequently. Read this letter from the makers of The Fleisher Yarns. They tell you here the method of washing they have found to be safest and best.

Send today for "How to Launder Fine Fabrics"

Fourteen leading manufacturers of silks, woolens, cottons, blouses and frocks give their own tested recipes for washing fine fabrics in this comprehensive new laundering booklet. Expert and full washing directions for every kind of garment. Write for your copy today. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. S-8, Cambridge, Mass.

How to keep knitted garments shapely and fluffy

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring.*

Colored Woolens. Have suds and rinsing waters barely lukewarm. Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone won't cause to run.

Woolens should be dried in an

even temperature, that of the ordinary room is the best. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry woolens out of doors except on very mild days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

Knitted garments should never be wrung or twisted. Squeezewaterout.

Sweaters will not retain their shape if put in a bag and hung to dry. Pull and pat them into shape being careful not to stretch them. Spread on an old towel to dry.

THE FLEISHER YARNS PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Knitted garments can be washed as safely and as satisfactorily as cotton if the proper methods are used. The wrong methods will ruin them in the very first laundering.

We are suggesting to women who buy our yarns to wash them in Lux. A harsh soap would shrink woolens.

The Lux flakes are so thin that they dissolve quickly and completely. This means that there is no possibility of bits of solid soap sticking to the soft wool and yellowing it.

Rubbing cake soap on wool, or rubbing wool to get the dirt out makes its scale-like fibres mat up and shrink. We recommend Lux particularly because its thick lather eliminates rubbing of any sort. The dirt dissolves in the suds and leaves the garment soft and unshrunk.

Our wool is so pure and so well spun that it will remain soft and fluffy after repeated launderings, provided the washing is done in this safe way.

We are glad to say that we can trust yarns of the most delicate color and weight to Lux with the assurance that the result of the washing will be entirely satisfactory to our customers and to us.

Very truly yours,

S. B. & B. W. FLEISHER

LUX



Won't injure
anything pure water
alone won't harm



Why-Do-They-Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



Oh, Well, It's Customary

IN "Hearts Up," Mignon Golden goes to a French window, opens it, and while listening to a conversation between Harry Carey and a neighbor, neatly projects her nicely-rounded elbow through the door where the glass ought to be. Why did she open the door at all?

J. RAY MURRAY, Chicago, Ill.

Too Much for Us

PERHAPS you can explain how the blind man in "The Man Who Had Everything"—in the scene where Prue enters his room—is seen reading a book. And it didn't have raised letters, either.

P. SAMUELS, East Orange, N. J.

Too Easy

IN "The Silver Lining," in the scene in which Jewel Carmen takes a man's watch from his pocket, no one except the movie actors showed any curiosity at all. It isn't done in real life.

VIRGINIA BOEBNER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

With Pleasure

WILL you kindly call the attention of producers and directors to such things as the following? Medical students and a large proportion of the general public consider such mistakes laughable.

In "The Plaything of Broadway," first: there is an operation on a child in a dirty tenement-house room by a doctor in his shirt sleeves. Second, a stethoscope is applied to a patient with all his street clothes on. Third, the pulse is felt in the middle of the wrist by four fingers through a kid glove.

DR. R. M. ROGERS,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Can You Blame the Post?

THERE were some funny things in "The Kid" that Charlie Chaplin didn't direct. For instance, in the fight between Charlie and the bully, the latter swings at Chaplin, misses him, and hits a lamp-post instead. But the lamp-post fell over an instant before he hit it.

Edna Purviance, as "The Kid's" mother, leaves the hospital and walks through a park, wearing low-heeled oxfords. A little later as she stood on a parapet she wore pumps with high French heels. In the next scene, as she hurried back to get her baby, which she had left in a car, she again wore the low-heeled oxfords. Is it customary for an actress to carry several pairs of shoes about with her?

L. M., Tenafly, N. J.

An Obliging Blizzard.

I should not mind being caught in a blizzard like that in "Isobel".

In the scene in which House Peters and Jane Novak were in the Arctic blizzard, I noticed, fifty feet behind them, a pine tree that was not even quivering, while the trees they were standing beneath were twisting furiously from the force of the wind. The snow didn't even stick to their clothing, either.

JOHN PERRY, JR., Rochester, Minn.

Some of Sydney's Subtle Humor?

In the fight in the banquet hall in Sydney Chaplin's comedy, "King, Queen and Joker," one of the king's soldiers is shot. He falls against a stained glass window which very considerably bulges about a foot, just like a sheet of rubber, and snaps back into place when he falls to the floor.

J. EDWARD HAWKINS, Cary, N. C.

Page Henry Arthur Jones!

In "Whispering Devils," with Rosemary Theby and Conway Tearle, Mr. Tearle is introduced at the beginning of the picture as the Rev. Michael Feversham, but later on one of the titles reads: "I have heard enough, Mr. Faversham." No wonder the devils whispered!

A. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

Those Poetic Titles!

When Lon Chaney, in "Nomads of the North," finds his pet bear cub and dog, the scene is preceded by the subtitle, "And then that day, just as the sun was setting—". As a closeup of the cub and dog is shown, one can plainly see by their shadows that the sun is still high in the sky.

MAX C. K.,
Rochester, N. Y.

A Star Overnight.

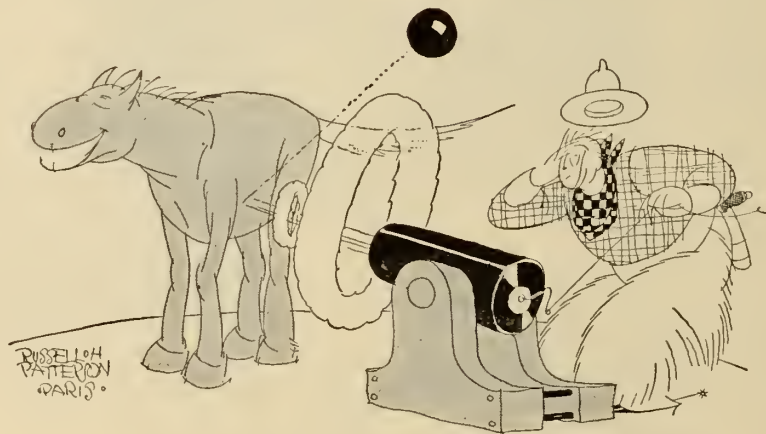
In "The Midlanders," when Bessie Love went to the city to be an actress, there was a very small boy in the family she lived with. One would think she must have been gone a long time, because she becomes a celebrated star—but when she returns the baby is still the same size!

D. E. L., Sonoma, Cal.

It Should Have Been the Other Way Around.

One of the soldiers in "The Last of the Mohicans" is fighting with an Indian. When the fight starts his hair was very white. After the combat his hair was raven black!

NORMAN L., Taunton, Mass.



A LITTLE NATURAL ACTING

In "The Country God Forgot," with Tom Santschi, when the posse is hotly pursuing the fleeing villain, they are shown looking at the place where the horse lay that had supposedly been shot after breaking its leg, when that animal calmly raises its head and surveys the scene!



Helene Chadwick, Goldwyn star, whose beautiful hair has helped her to success

In your hair lies hidden charm

So says dainty Helene Chadwick

An interview by Dorothy Davis

“OUT of every hundred girls, there may be one or two who can qualify for moving pictures, and they are the ones who have learned that in a girl’s hair lies her biggest asset.”

Miss Helene Chadwick was talking on her favorite topic, for she is a firm believer that it is possible for even the plainest woman to have more than usual attractiveness.

As she arranged her own lovely, radiant hair, I could see that it had been one of the stepping-stones to her success.

“In every woman’s hair,” she went on, “there is extra charm, extra beauty, which can be brought out by a new, simple treatment—a hairdresser’s discovery.

“This treatment is more than just shampooing. For while shampooing with the proper preparation does

make hair clean and soft—it can never end dandruff—it can never bring out all the hidden charms which make women truly lovely.”

The hairdressers’ way

These simple directions will change your whole appearance:

First: Wet the hair and scalp with warm water.

Second: Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and rub to a rich, creamy lather. Rinse with clear warm water.

Third: Apply more Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, massaging lightly, and rinse three or four times. Dry thoroughly.

Fourth: Apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the roots of the hair, massaging thoroughly with the finger tips.

Fifth: Moisten a sponge or cloth with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Wipe your hair, one strand at a time,

from the roots clear to the ends. Dry carefully.

Send two dimes for four complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you four complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wildroot products at all drug and department stores, barber, or hairdresser, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. P 8, BUFFALO, N. Y.

I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveller’s size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.

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Address.....

Druggist’s Name.....

Druggist’s Address.....

WILDROOT

Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic

The Proper Care of Children's Hair

How to Keep it Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soap soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water.

Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This



should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear,

fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Sham-



poo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept



perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the



hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

LILY BELL.—One of the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la? Or perhaps it's a little late for that, after all. From the sweet sun that pours through my window, it seems that summer has arrived with all the trimmings. Oh yes, I love the country. I have never been in the country, but I love it. Grace Darmond is not married, Lily Bell. Billie Rhodes, the widow of Smiling Bill Parsons, is now playing opposite Victor Potel in a comedy called "The Stolen Umbrella," which I believe is from an Ellis Parker Butler story.

PEGGY S., PORTLAND.—Ah, but Dante did not marry his Beatrice. Both married, but not each other. Dante married two years after his ideal died, and had four children! It is said he only saw Beatrice three or four times. Perhaps that was why he loved her, say I cynically. Gaston Glass has gone to California to play with Mary Miles Minter in a new Realert picture. When Mary completes her latest film she will go abroad on a three months' vacation. I wish I were a fillum star! I am sure I work just as hard, but I am not beautiful, so no European jaunts for me. (And they never even send me a postcard!)

BETSY B.—Why, may I ask, do you wish the personal address of John Pialoglo? He is not an actor; he is a business man. I am afraid you'll have to be satisfied with Constance Talmadge's address, which is the Talmadge studio, New York City. Natalie married Buster Keaton Tuesday, May 31, 1921.

G. B., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—Is that where all the cedar chests come from? You didn't break a single rule, my dear. Which proves that your letter was precise, but uninteresting. Clyde Fillmore, Lasky, Hollywood. Ann Forrest is not working in the Cecil deMille company. She is still with Paramount, but her latest appearances are in the George Melford picture, "A Wise Fool" and "The Great Impersonation," in both of which she plays with James Kirkwood.

MADLINE.—Did you say I was very sensible for my years, or very sensitive about my years? Please set me right in this matter. May McAvoy is now a

star, although she was only a leading woman when you wrote. She was elevated to stardom for her performance of *Grizel* in "Sentimental Tommy." Her first stellar vehicle for Realert is "Everything for Sale." May lives with her mother in Hollywood. She's a nice little girl and a fine actress, I think. She's still Miss McAvoy. Faire is Constance Binney's younger sister.

E. J. D., CHICAGO.—I have no record of Jack Gilbert's appearance in a Fatty Arbuckle comedy. However, I shall rattle the probable skeleton and ask Mr. Gilbert if—before he was a scenario writer, director and Fox star—he ever played in Keystones, and let you know as soon as I do.

SCHOOL GIRL, FOURTEEN.—I always say what I think. Perhaps that explains why I don't say much. Harrison Ford probably left Lasky before your letter reached him, but in that case it should have been forwarded. Mr. Ford is now a member of the Norma and Constance Talmadge companies. Address him care Talmadge studio, 318 East Forty-Eighth Street, New York City. He isn't married. Oh, joy!

M. I. S., BERWYN, ILL.—I understand a great many letters addressed to film stars are marked "personal," so I wouldn't trouble to add it. Elliott Dexter, as far as I know, has no secretary to answer his mail. If you enclose twenty-five cents, he may send you his photograph. Address him at the Lasky studio. He plays in "Peter Ibbetson" and "The Affairs of Anatol." Marie Doro is Mrs. Dexter.

M. S. M., SOUTH NORWALK.—I hate to disappoint you, but Fannie Ward wasn't born in France; she's a native of St. Louis, Mo. However, she and her husband, Jack Dean, live in Paris. Doubt if you can get in at the Griffith studio in Mamaroneck. I can't help you any.

D. R., DETROIT.—Billie Burke has left Paramount and at this writing has not joined any other film company. The report is that she will star in pictures made by her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, but I don't know how true it is. Marguerite Clark is in Louisiana now. She came up to New York to make one picture, "Scrambled Wives."

Gloria Swanson's eyes are blue. Lillian Gish is not married. Dorothy Gish—Mrs. Rennie—lives in New York City.

GRACE AND ALMA.—So you live in a house that goes back to George Washington. Is that so? What's the matter with it? Richard Barthelmess, Percy Marmont, and Jerome Patrick were the three leading men in "Three Men and a Girl." Corinne Griffith was born in 1899; Betty Blythe, in 1893; and Priscilla Dean, in 1896. If these three ladies—all of whom I particularly admire—were not so young, they would doubtless cherish resentment against me forever. As it is, they will probably never send me those photographs they all promised me sometime ago.

G. J., AKRON, O.—Wonderful, wonderful! After much thought you have come to the conclusion that George and Raoul Walsh are brothers. Right, Sherlocko! Mrs. Raoul Walsh is Miriam Cooper, who is featured in her husband's productions, "The Oath" and "Serenade." Brother George plays in the latter film.

C. C., TEXAS.—Bebe Daniels is not married. She is quoted as remarking that no one will have her now that she has served a term in jail. It was for speeding, as I suppose you have read. Bebe was only in for ten days, but that was ten days too many, according to Bebe. Did you read her own story of her trial, in July PHOTOPLAY? It's Bebe's real name.

NITA.—Here is the cast of "A Daughter of Two Worlds": *Jenny Malone*—Norma Talmadge; *Kenneth Harrison*—Jack Crosby; *Sue Harrison*—Virginia Lee; *Slim Harrison*—Wm. Shea; *Black Jerry Malone*—Frank Sheridan; *Sam Conway*—Joe Smiley; *Harry Edwards*—Gilbert Rooney; *Sergeant Casey*—Charles Satterley; *John Harrison*—E. J. Radcliffe; *Mrs. Harrison*—Winifred Harris. Quite a family, the Harrisons.

MRS. R. A. K., SOUTH HILL, VA.—The easiest question I've answered: who was the girl who played with Charlie Chaplin in "A Dog's Life"? Edna Purviance: the same young lady who has played with Charlie in every one of his comedies since the early Keystone days. The newest Chaplin is called "Vanity Fair." Norma

(Continued)

Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck. Mr. Schenck is "in pictures" to the extent of managing the business end of the Talmadge productions; but that's all.

ESTHER, NASHVILLE.—I wish all my correspondents were like you. Your letter was charming, and I am sure you are, too. You needn't worry that you'd be disillusioned about Lillian Gish when you met her. She is just as delightful as she seems, and then some. I shall certainly say hello to her for you. Miss Gish always says that her ambition is to please you children. Tell your mother all these movie stars aren't nearly as bad as she thinks them. I know lots of them and they are regular human beings. That is the Gish girls' real name. Please write to me often.

PEGGY WILLITS, CAL.—Peggy is the most popular nom de plume this month. So Constance Talmadge and Blanche Sweet never answered your letters. Perhaps they were on their vacations. Seriously, Miss Sweet has been quite ill; she has only recently recovered, and is not making any pictures now.

D. P. L., INDIANA.—Your state of mind is the state of won't mind. Why don't you read the rules—and follow them? Only one of your five questions I am permitted to answer: that I can't give you a pass to visit the Pickford-Fairbanks home in Beverly Hills. It isn't a museum, you know; it's a private house. Try again.

E. J. O., WASHINGTON.—I am very glad to forward your letter to Miss Agnes Ayres. In fact, I am just about to the point where I may write Miss Ayres a fan letter myself. She came east, you know, to make "Cappy Ricks," with Tom Meighan, and I met her, and—well, I hope she comes again. Mr. Meighan visited PHOTOPLAY's offices while he was in town and nobody did any work for the rest of the day. He's a fine chap—I like him. So does everybody.

ERNESTINE.—Crane Wilbur and Martha Mansfield are appearing together in a vaudeville sketch in the small towns near New York. Martha is still a Selznick star. Wilbur was in "The Heart of Maryland." Miss Mansfield is four inches over five feet tall and Clara Kimball Young, whose new picture is "Charge It," is two inches taller. Very compact little answer, that. (You see I have to hand myself roses; nobody else will do it.)

L. B. B., WISCONSIN.—You say you have been told that you would be a heartbreaker in the movies on account of your eyes, and ask, "Is that what you want in the movies?" It's what I want, but unfortunately I am not a film producer. I cannot help you to become a screen star, and neither, if I am not much mistaken, can Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. However, you might write to them anyway. Mary Hay was born in Fort Bliss, Texas.

LITTLE BILLY.—You are, as the saying goes, out of luck. Gloria Fonda was with Universal several years ago, but has since retired from the screen. However, she may see this and decide to come back. (I wouldn't count on it.)

KITTY.—Yes, my child, the newspaper clipping was right. It took you some time to read it, I should say. But it's entirely true that Dorothy Gish married James Rennie and Constance Talmadge became Mrs. John Pialoglo at a double wedding ceremony performed in Greenwich, Conn. Of course, I don't wonder that you were

skeptical; it was only printed in several hundred papers, and there was only one story about it in this Magazine and I have only answered 957 questions about it.

ADELAIDE D., WALES.—Charming letter you write. But you didn't ask any question, so how can I answer you? Just like this—and nothing more. Call again soon.



Fantasia Impromptu

By
AGNES SMITH

THE scene is a Fifth Avenue bus, in New York City. The speaker is a lady clothed in sables. The two listeners are ladies dressed in mink and seal. The author described, briefly, the costumes of the ladies to warn you that you are travelling in the best society.

The lady in sable speaks: "Yes, it's a shame that Alice allows him to make her life so miserable. The entire household is ordered to suit him; the servants are absolutely governed by him. He is worrying Alice to death and it's a great pity. Of course, she is making a mistake in allowing him to have so many nights out. The man is simply going to the dogs. He has spent four hundred dollars at a dramatic school and he mourns because he is not in the movies. And it is a shame, because he is such a wonderful butler."

Another tragedy, for which the movies are to blame.

PEGGY McL., SAN ANTONIO.—I'm afraid there wouldn't be time for you to dash up to New York before Wally Reid goes. You see, he is only in Manhattan for a month. You had better plan to go on to California, where, if luck is with you, you may catch a glimpse of a streak of red in a cloud of dust. Wally will be in it. His chief ambition is said to be to own all the red automobiles in the world. I should say he was near realizing that ambition. His latest characterizations are "Anatol" in "The Affairs of Anatol" and "Peter Ibbetson," in the production of that name.

E. P. J., WISCONSIN.—You say you have seen my face before. That wouldn't surprise me—it wasn't the first time I'd used it, you know. But I would ask you how you knew it was me? Or how you knew it was I? Take your choice. True, I used to live and work in Chicago, but then, so did many other men, several of whom may have been handsomer than I. Elaine Hammerstein is not married. She's with Selznick and may be addressed at that studio, in Fort Lee. Don't mention it, Earle.

G. V., SAN FRANCISCO.—I can see that you have not been a film enthusiast long, or you would know that Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. They have another sister, Edna Flugrath, who is in pictures abroad.

IRENE.—All together now: Eugene O'Brien is not married. His new picture is called "The Last Door" or words to that effect. We seem to be having an epidemic of exit and entry titles lately, beginning with Mary's "Through the Back Door." Frances Marion's new picture which she adapted and directed is called "Just Around the Corner." I shall produce one called "Hanging Out the Window." It's so hot today, Irene!

F. F., OTTAWA.—Now that Pearl White is said to have gone to Paris for the express purpose of divorcing Wallace McCutcheon, I suppose there can't be any possible objection to my telling you folks that she is married. You want a picture of Douglas McLean and Doris May on PHOTOPLAY's cover. But they are no longer playing together; and besides, Wallace MacDonald mightn't like it. He's Doris' new husband, you know. Miss May has never been married before; neither has Wallace MacDonald.

R. M. C., DENVER.—Now, now, don't get excited. You may like my department, but I don't insist that you be "just terribly interested" in it. Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell, who has been directing her. In Vitagraph pictures.

MARIE.—You want to know if Enid Bennett is married or divorced, etc. She is married, and very happily, to Fred Niblo, who is directing Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." Mrs. Niblo has retired into private life to await an interesting event, I hear. Eddie Polo and Thelma Percy in "The Vanishing Dagger." Polo is forty, and married.

IRENE E. C., DOVER.—"While New York Sleeps," like a gloomy day, seems overcast to me when I have to give all the characters who played in it. Otherwise it bears absolutely no resemblance to a gloomy day or any kind of a day. Although, of course, some New Yorkers do sleep in the daytime, but not so many. Here goes: Act 1: "Out of the Night": *A Wife*—Estelle Taylor; *Her Husband*—William Locke; *A Strange Visitor*—Marc McDermott; *A Burglar*—Harry Sothorn. Act 2: "The Gay White Way": *The Vamp*—Estelle Taylor; *The Man*—Marc McDermott; *The — er — Friend*—Harry Sothorn. Act 3: "A Tragedy of the East Side": *The Paralytic*—Marc McDermott; *His Son*—Harry Sothorn; *The Girl*—Estelle Taylor; *The Gangster*—Earle Metcalfe. Would you mind asking for a program next time? Thank you.

G. K., N. C.—You win the embroidered doughnut. Rudolph Cameron *did* play with Anita Stewart in "Clover's Rebellion," for Vitagraph, several years ago. He has not done any picture work since he married Miss Stewart, however. Anita was born in Brooklyn in 1897, has been on the screen since 1912 and married Mr. Cameron in 1917. They spend their winters in California and their summers in Bayside, L. I.

RHODA.—No, no, Doraldina is not one of the Fulgrath sisters. In other words, she's not of the family which produced Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. She made only one picture for Metro, "Passion Fruit."

(Continued on page 110)



Posed by Virginia Lee in "If Women Only Knew"—a First National motion picture. Miss Lee is one of many motion picture beauties who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

Is your complexion fair and charming during August's hottest days?

Or does the burning summer sun redden and coarsen your skin?

BATHING—will your complexion stand the hot rays of sun on the water? Can you enjoy a dip secure in the knowledge that your complexion will be as clear and delicate at dinner as it was before your swim?

Motoring—out for hours in the scorching sun and dusty air—can you be certain that your face will be free from an irritating roughness at the end of the trip?

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If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use today. You will find that its special therapeutic property will soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its *continued* use will keep your complexion as soft and clear as you want it to be.

Read this booklet of hints

When you get your first jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream to protect your complexion from hot sun and dusty wind—how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin, whatever their cause. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—it will mean so much to you.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream



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Announcing Marriage Contest Prize Winners

IN the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE appeared an article written by Madame Elinor Glyn in which she raised the interesting question: "Marriage is good, and art is good—but do they assimilate to perfection?"

In the April issue, the most notable artists of the screen gave their views on the subject, and the readers of this Magazine were asked to contribute their opinions in competition, in letters not to exceed 300 words, with an award of \$50.00 for the best letter; \$25.00 for the second best; and for the third best, \$10.00. The contest closed May 1, 1921.

The three prize-winning letters follow:

First Prize Letter (\$50.00)

Herbert W. Cornell, 3405 Chestnut Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Second Prize Letter (\$25.00)

Miss Margaret Germaine, 821 Fourth Avenue, Peoria, Illinois.

Third Prize Letter (\$10.00)

Elizabeth Caney, 64 First Street, Waterford, New York.

First Prize \$50

MARRIAGE is the oldest of human institutions; art is the oldest form of human expression. Both exercised their profound influence on the development of the human race long before any alphabet was invented, any permanent building constructed, any religious faith developed or any knowledge of the natural sciences acquired. The two have been with us from before the dawn of history to this day. Hence, to say that they do not naturally go together, or that they are mutually exclusive, is to say that the fundamental nature of art has changed, or the fundamental nature of marriage has changed. Is this so? Are essential conditions of human society any different today than in the days when sculpture reached its pinnacle of development in Greece or painting achieved its greatest glory in Florence? Our material surroundings may be different, we may use a thousand inventions which belong to this age alone, our outlook may embrace the

world instead of a small community, but human nature remains human nature.

Andrea del Sarto became the "perfect painter" because his wife posed for him and encouraged him in his work. Many an obscure and unknown aspirant of today will live in history for a similar reason. The crude, stolid mind can see nothing beyond the commonplace in the marriage relation; it means washing dishes and sweeping floors, the soul-depressing details of humdrum existence. But no one with the soul of an artist will have his imagination held down to this level. Even as the noblest poetry is that which is the most simple in expression, so the simple tasks and uneventful but delightful companionship of marriage will furnish the greatest incentive to true self-expression.

HERBERT W. CORNELL,
3405 Chestnut Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Second Prize \$25

ELINOR GLYN is a bit of a cynic, I fear. Doesn't she intimate that there is no grand passion—that it is fleeting, paltry; or does she believe that, experienced by the artist, it should be slain on schedule time to permit of "a change of partners" and the variety of experience necessary to the development of the artistic temperament? And does not the lady fail to appreciate that the American, young in spirit, needs every help which convention can lend him to keep impulse within bounds, while the born-old European goes gunning for emotions?

From a long experience as a business woman, I claim a fair knowledge of just everyday man-and-woman nature. Business people and screen people seem very much alike to me; and, on an average, sane and decent.

Sentiment aside, we are a law-abiding people as a whole. Temperament is real and must at times be considered, but it is not confined to artists. One meets it in business, manifested often in admirable ways; but it frequently explains lawlessness in business men and women as it does in artists: explains, not justifies. Temperamental children we called "spoiled."

Those who proclaim marriage a failure as an institution may be right—examples of failure are plentiful. But that marriage is a failure for the artist because he is an artist is—piffle! Just so well might the artist be exempt from all other regulations that distinguish us from the savage, who is free from "ties that prevent experience."

MARGARET GERMAINE,
821 Fourth Avenue,
Peoria, Illinois.

Third Prize \$10

IT is as natural for people to marry as it is for them to breathe; and artists are people, the height of their art depending only upon the quality of their loving and their willingness to work, for what is art but understanding, and who shall find understanding without love? The greater the love the greater the art. Before art was thought of as such, marriage was a flourishing institution, and all the arts come back

to it for sustenance. The trouble is not so much with marriage as with the attitude of those entering into it. When marriage fills its place as a sacrament, it is a boon to art of every kind, but when it is a mere contract entered into with scarcely as much consideration as the purchase of a pair of shoes—at least we aim to have these fit—what can one expect of it?

So let the artist marry, provided he can

A New Perfume!

The most exquisite perfume in the world, send for sample—sells at \$15 an ounce and worth it. Rieger's Flower Drops—made without alcohol, made direct from the essence of the flowers themselves. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of the delicate odor lasts a full week. Hence, an absolutely superior odor becomes economical at \$15 an ounce! Never anything like this before!

Send for Sample

Other Offers

Direct from us or at dealers. Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks.

Lilac, Crabapple \$1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, . . . \$2.00
Mon Amour Perfume sample offer, 1oz. . . \$1.50

SOUVENIR BOX
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes . . . \$1.00

Send 20c (silver or stamps) for a sample vial of this precious perfume. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lilac, or Crabapple. Write now.

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(Since 1872)

Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Marriage Contest Prize Winners

(Concluded)

say, "For better or for worse," and mean it. Then whether it be for better or for worse, so long as they keep the honor of the pact, art reaps the benefit. But oh, I beg of you artists and all the rest, if you intend to marry "just for the experience," with the divorce court fading in even as the wedding procession fades out, for art's sake and for the sake of the world in general—*don't*.

ELIZABETH CANEY,
64 First Street,
Waterford, New York.

And the Moral of This Is—

FRANKIE DUGAN of Williamsburg went west and grew up, not with the country, but with the film business. He emerged temporarily last winter, returning to the east as Francis Duganne, the prominent leading man. Frankie-Francis took his good looks, his excellent clothes and one of his motors across the Williamsburg bridge, and into the part of Brooklyn which had known him as a freckle-faced boy with a sunny disposition and one pair of very veteran trousers. He found few whom he knew, though many who recognized him—not as an old resident, but as a screen celebrity.

Not even Mrs. Mahoney, whose kids he had licked, and who in turn had licked him; whose bread and butter he had eaten and whose dog he had tin-canned—not even Mrs. Mahoney knew him. But she was very glad to see him, and wept a little, and laughed a little, and immediately began to recall happenings of other years, as is the way with all old women everywhere.

But there were so few of Frankie's old gang left. Mrs. Mahoney's boys were all afar, and moderately successful, as she noted with timid pride to one who had evidently made a very great success in life.

"Do ye remember little Timmie Flannerty?" asked Mrs. Mahoney, in a sudden brightening of interest.

"Surely!" exclaimed Frankie. "He's the lad who wouldn't stay in school. I've often wondered what happened to him. Did he ever learn anything, in any way?"

"I'll say he did!" returned Mrs. Mahoney, without meaning to be slangy. "He got a contract hauling brick across East River, and then he got a barge, and then another barge, and a year ago he was controllin' all the contractors' barges on both East and North rivers. He'd made a million dollars, though he couldn't read or write."

"I'll declare!" exclaimed Frankie, genuinely impressed.

"And then, late last summer," continued Mrs. Mahoney, "he bought one of them private yachts, an' took his friends fer a crooze—or what may ye call it? It was a hot day, and the boys on the deck took off their clothes, and jumped into the water. Timmie, to be outdone by none, jumped in too, but he had got fat and soft, and he went down like one of the bricks he'd been carrying all his life . . . and he didn't come up no more . . ."

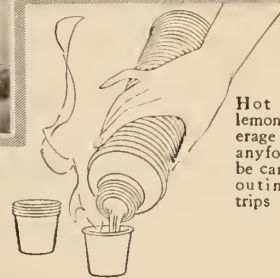
"Lord, that's unfortunate!" sighed Frankie. "Poor fellow, just in the prime of life, too. He'd made a million, and he'd never learned to read nor write."

"Nor swim!" concluded Mrs. Mahoney, grimly.

Hot or cold refreshment can be kept always at hand in these graceful Icy-Hot carafes.



Ices, or ice creams, can be kept without ice in this wide-mouthed Icy-Hot Jar and served when you like.



Hot coffee, iced lemonade, any beverage hot or cold—any food or fluid—can be carried for lunch, outings or motor trips

How to Entertain Successfully

—a Secret Every Experienced
Hostess Knows

When company drops in and there comes one of those awkward pauses that everybody dreads, the successful hostess knows what to do—

She serves something—something "to break the ice."

The Method of Successful Hostesses

Whether she is expecting guests or not, the successful hostess always has something prepared. And with Icy-Hots she is never at a loss for something appropriate and inviting, prepared in advance, kept just right, *and ready*.

She isn't required to desert her guests—chilled drinks, hot chocolate, ices—any refreshment—can be prepared in the morning and placed in an Icy-

Hot. When company calls it's there, ready to convey the spirit of hospitality.

Every Woman Should Have Icy-Hots

Every woman who entertains; every mother; should have Icy-Hots—they're so convenient for keeping foods or beverages—to carry foods or drinks on outings; to provide a hot lunch at work or school; to keep ices and frappes without ice—for the buffet; for the sick room.

Icy-Hots, which keep their contents cold for 72 hours, or hot 24, are made in many shapes—wide-mouthed jars for solid foods, or soups; bottles, jug sets, lunch kits, carafes and motor restaurants. Any good store can supply you.

THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO., 131 Second St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Every Icy-Hot is thermometer tested before shipment. It will keep water steaming hot 24 hours, or icy cold three days, regardless of outside temperature



FREE—a Booklet Every Hostess Should Have
Can you imagine anything more convenient than a dainty little booklet telling what to serve—a booklet full of refreshing recipes that can be made up in a minute? We have such a booklet, write for it today.

ICY-HOT

VACUUM PRODUCTS

Made in America



**Hair that Stays Curly,
Wavy and Beautiful:**

**Such Lively Lustre
It Fairly Scintillates!**

Adopt the simple Silmerine method and you will have just the prettiest curls and waves—so perfectly natural in appearance! The waviness lasts ever so long, even in damp weather. No more bother with loose strands stringing about your face—nor with burnt, uneven ends! Your hair is bright and glossy, instead of dull and dead looking.

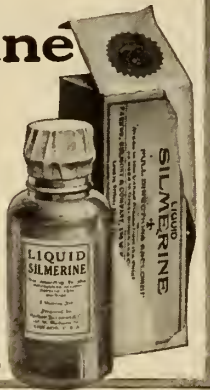
Liquid Silmerine

Smart women now regard Liquid Silmerine as a real necessity. Recommended by leading members of the theatrical profession. Large Bottle \$1.

Parker-Belmont
Rose Compact - \$1
Parker-Belmont
Powder Compact 1
Powdered Tarkroot
(face restor) - 1
Powdered Barriflower
(depilatory) - 1

Sold by druggists and department stores generally.

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Old Shoes
Tight Shoes**



all feel the same
if you shake into
them some

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder
for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, Sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army & Navy during the war.
Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 58)

construction is, technically speaking, superior to other foreign films recently released in this country, especially as regards photography. Yet it is doubtful that the American public will take kindly to "J'Accuse." Its story trails uncertainly through a vast maze of war material, frequently being lost entirely to view, reappearing at intervals, to fade away again before the onrush of armies in combat. The tragedy of "J'Accuse" is not alone of plot. There is the tragedy of untimeliness. It is four years too late.

THE SCARAB RING—Vitagraph

MURDER mysteries apparently are popular this month. Vitagraph presents Alice Joyce in an interesting photoplay of this type, and defies your talents as an amateur detective to discover just who fired the fatal shot. Whatever your attempts to solve the puzzle, the ending will surprise you. And who doesn't like surprises—and Alice?

GET YOUR MAN—Fox

THIS is one of the best western pictures that we have seen in many months. The story opens in the coal mines of Scotland and is completed amid the snowy peaks of the Canadian northwest. There is enough material for two or three ordinary westerns but an unusually well-told story precludes any possibility of the action seeming overcrowded. Buck Jones is excellent as a member of the Northwest Mounted Police.

THE TEN-DOLLAR RAISE— Associated Producers

WE like the masculinity of Peter B. Kyne's stories. He writes of life intelligently, convincingly and with a deft sureness that gives strength and vigor to his plots. And because of these things, and because he has placed in this picture a flash of adventure that is not illogical, and an appealing human-ness that does not border upon weak sentimentality, we enjoyed it very much. We believe that you will, also.

CHEATED LOVE—Universal

A DECIDED improvement upon anything Carmel Myers has done recently, despite the title. The subject deals with life in the New York Ghetto, a very real love story is woven into the plot, and though the latter part of the picture becomes somewhat trite, interest is maintained through consistent direction.

APPEARANCES—British-Paramount

WERE it not for interesting glimpses of English countryside, London streets and tea-shops, and an honest-to-goodness castle, we'd vote this an indifferent offering from the British studios. The background of the picture, which was new, interested us. The foreground, which was old, did not. David Powell and Mary Glynne in the leading roles. Edward Knoblock is credited with the story.

THE GUIDE—Fox

CLYDE COOK goes comedy-hunting in the Alps. Also, his trained horse doubles for an elk, antlers and all. We haven't seen a better combination recently. Two reels of laughter threaded with amusing titles. A comedy deserving the name.

THE LAST CARD—Metro

WHEN a jealous husband kills his wife's admirer with an axe and succeeds in throwing the blame upon an innocent man, things are bound to happen. If murder mysteries of this sort find favor with you, this film will prove fairly interesting. Even, you may ignore its faulty production. May Allison is featured, but Frank Elliott as the criminal gives the outstanding performance of the picture. From the Maxwell Smith story, "Dated."

CLOSED DOORS—Vitagraph

THIS picture does not register above the ordinary. There is the middle-aged business man, whose young wife, Alice Calhoun, delights in driving aimlessly around the countryside with a casual acquaintance—a wolf in sheep's clothing, of course. The usual things happen in the usual way. Miss Calhoun is pleasing, but has had better vehicles than this one.

COLORADO PLUCK—Fox

HERE we have William Russell portraying the role of a rough westerner who invades the portals of High English Society (as conceived by the Fox scenario staff), wins the daughter of an hundred earls and takes her back to good old Colorado where, despite much evidence to the contrary, she shows herself to be True Gold. Just a motion picture.

THE WALLOP—Universal

WRITERS of western photo plays usually choose their villain from one of three varieties. He may be Mexican, he may be a sheriff, or he may be the dance hall owner. Harry Carey, however, provides all three varieties in his latest offering. There is an exciting battle on the cliffs and a hanging at sunrise. Our hero comes off both conqueror and vanquished in an unusual ending, but is always, and pleasingly, himself.

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE— Hodkinson

IN an almost Griffith-like manner, Lloyd Ingraham has placed this gentle little story of Myrtle Reed's upon the screen. Frail and delicate as rare lace, it could easily have been ruined through careless handling, but its thoughtful presentation gives it a quiet charm. Marguerite Snow, Seena Owen and Louis Bennisson head an excellent cast.

BEYOND PRICE—Fox

PEARL WHITE rivals that western Fox star, Tom Mix, in furnishing excitement throughout this decidedly lively motion picture. It's a series of amusing predicaments, rather than a connected story, but Miss White's loyal followers will undoubtedly enjoy it.

KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE— Hodkinson

A MILDLY pleasing picture, though hardly containing the material necessary to a successful photoplay of the present day. The lack is not alone of suspense, but of sustained interest. It simply rambles along, in narrative style, to its obvious conclusion. From the story by Irving Batcheller.

Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

BIG TOWN IDEAS—Fox

IT is possible that this picture might have some slight amusement value, were it not for the coarse, vulgar titling throughout. According to Fox publicity, it is the story of a girl who "shook a lively flap-jack turner." If this intrigues your interest, the picture may please you. It did not please us.

THE MAN TAMER—Universal

GLADYS WALTON, in this circus story, does some very daring work with snarling lions, and then, as the title indicates, turns her attention to training a young man in the way he should go. Miss Walton has some real material to work with, and we venture that this will prove one of her best liked pictures so far. See it.

THE HIGH ROAD— Non-theatrical Distribution

THIS three-reel picture was made for the Bureau of Social Education and the Woman's Foundation for Health. It is a narrative expounding a new constructive health program and is of especial interest to Y. W. C. A. organizations and Women's Clubs.

THE SILVER CAR—Vitagraph

DUELS, intrigues, exiled dukes, secret treaties, more than fill the life of Earle Williams, who in the role of an adventurer with a price on his head, invades one of those fancied kingdoms bordering vaguely on "the Balkans." Earle has quite a strenuous time, and is forced, at the ending, to leave things in rather a tangle, though that may have been the fault of the scenario writer. It's a lively picture certainly. From the story by Wyndham Martyn, "The Secret of the Silver Car."

A RIDING ROMEO—Fox

EVERYONE knows the ability of Tom Mix as a horseman. But in his latest western, which by the way, he wrote for himself, he reveals marked prowess upon the bicycle, and talent as a comedian that should not be overlooked in his future photoplays. The story does not suffer through this innovation, however. It will appeal to all who enjoy western films, whether they take them seriously or not.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 67)

IF you remember Florence Lawrence and Mary Fuller, Maurice Costello and Arthur Johnson—you must remember Ethel Grandin.

She was a popular starette in those early days, and her last appearance was opposite M. Costello in a serial called "The Crimson Stain Mystery." And now—a little belated, but nevertheless, now—she returns to film activity in a production called "The Hunch."

FLORENCE VIDOR is now a star. This announcement is not guaranteed to cause a sensation in film or fan circles, inasmuch as Mrs. Vidor has been a star in popularity, if not in billing, for some time.

She will not work under her husband's direction, but her pictures will be made in his studio, which sounds as if it might mean the same thing.

For Sunburn



Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

THE CHARM OF YOUTH

Cooling, soothing and quickly restoring,—when the skin is red and tender. Safeguarding from injury the complexion that's gently treated before and after outdoor exposure.—Unsurpassed in refinement. Simple in application. Gratifying in results.

These Superior Toilet Requisites, Attractively Packaged. Quality and Purity Guaranteed.

- Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, in bottles 50c
- Hinds Cold Cream, in tubes 30c
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- Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder, large boxes 60c
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Try your dealer, but if not obtainable, order of us. We will send postpaid in the U. S. and guarantee satisfaction.

For Trial—Each Cream, 2c. Talc, 2c. Face Powder, sample 2c, or trial, 15c. Soap, 8c. Enclose these amounts, but no foreign stamps. Write

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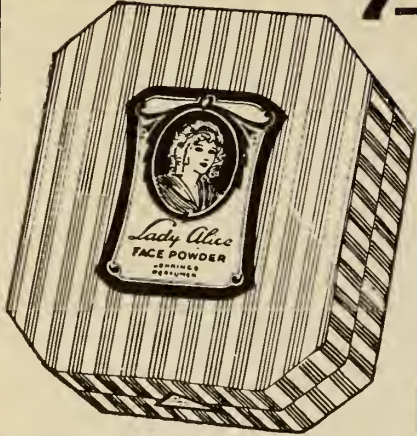
Miss Vivian
Martin



Plays and Players

(Continued)

Lady



Lady Alice Face Powder

Of velvety smoothness, soft, invisible, and clinging. Delicately scented with the elusive fragrance of the popular Lady Alice Perfume. Of paramount purity Lady Alice Face Powder for years has been the favorite of those who have discovered its winning charm. Made to suit your especial needs. Four tints—flesh, brunette, pink and white.

Have You Used It Recently?

You may buy more expensive toilet preparations, but none better than Lady Alice Perfume, Toilet Water, Shampoo, Cold Cream, Talcum, Rouge, Almond Cream, Sachet, Greaseless Cream and other requisites. If not obtainable at your favorite store we'll supply you immediately.

Use coupon for trial samples

THE JENNINGS COMPANY
Perfumers
GRAND RAPIDS,
U. S. A.

Makers of
Dorothy Vernon Perfume
and Toilet Preparations



Alice

The Jennings Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10 cents for your trial package containing Lady Alice Perfume, Lady Alice Shampoo and Lady Alice Face Powder.

WE are given to understand that Eric von Stroheim's masterpiece, "Blind Wives," is completed.

We hesitate to believe such news. We had decided that "Blind Wives" was one of those things like the babbling brook—that go on and on forever.

It is rumored that Mr. von Stroheim has purchased his ticket for Germany, where he will continue to make pictures.

He will sail before "Blind Wives" is released, such of it, that is, as can get by the censors.

The picture is said to be magnificent, in scenery, daring, nerve, and several other things.

It certainly cost enough—somewhere very close to the million mark; and took long enough—a little over a year—to produce great results.

But it is possible that von Stroheim's methods of directing are in some measure responsible for the length of time.

For instance, at Del Monte, where the best hours for shooting were from eight in the morning until two in the afternoon, and where von Stroheim had an enormous company living at the fashionable—and costly—Del Monte Hotel, the director would give an eight o'clock call and then stroll down himself about 12 or 12.30.

Night sequences, with a call for nine o'clock to the company, would find von Stroheim strolling in about eleven thirty.

The funniest episode in connection with the picture—if it happens to be true, and it is being told by people who claim

to be eye witnesses—took place in Del Monte. Von Stroheim lost his directorial temper one afternoon to the extent of "cussing," with unnecessary violence, the electricians and carpenters working on the set.

At noon, said electricians and carpenters held an indignation meeting, after which they sent a message to Mr. Eric von Stroheim to the effect that there was a train leaving for Los Angeles at 5.10—that unless he apologized for the various names he had seen fit to call them, they would be on that train—and that they were members of the electrician and carpenters' unions—or something like that—and he'd have a darn hard time getting others when he got back anyway.

Von Stroheim came. And he apologized.

Expense might also have been spared in instances such as this—the director ordered a balcony scene, the balcony to be set with expensive and exotic palms and plants in costly jars. Arriving to view the scene at eleven something, von Stroheim decided he didn't like the palm and plants and kicked them all off the balcony. At so much per kick, as it were.

IF you live in New York and had five dollars, you probably were there. But if you don't, or hadn't, you'll want to hear about the Famous Players-Lasky ball.

The Commodore Hotel was the scene, and as many stars, directors, executives, newspaper writers and fans as had evening clothes, the aforementioned five dollars, and sufficient strength pushed their way in. Wallace Reid was there, and played the saxophone, but didn't dance. Everybody was sorry—that he didn't dance, of course. Wally led the grand march with Elsie Ferguson, followed by Tommie Meighan with Agnes Ayres. Miss Ferguson was gowned as beautifully as usual, and Miss Ayres was a vision in her Lucile creation. Jeanie McPherson postponed her departure for California to attend, and Jesse Lasky dropped in before the evening was over. George Fitzmaurice was there.

There was a studio playlet in which Constance Binney played the shero, Reginald Denny the hero, and Wally Reid the Cameraman.

Fischer's orchestra furnished the music until midnight, when

they had to leave to play at the Midnight Frolic. If Famous Players had given the ball two weeks later, the orchestra might have played till morning. The Frolic, in case you haven't heard, is now a thing of the past. Prohibition did it.

LOST and Found:

Louise Huff, who has been absent from the studios since she became Mrs. Edgar Stillman, has gone back to work as George Arliss' leading woman in "Disraeli." Marguerite Snow—Mrs. Jimmie Cruze, you know—returns to film activity in "Lavender and Old Lace." Dorothy Bernard is available to Broadway audiences from two to five and from eight to eleven in a new play called "Personality," which features Alice Brady's husband, James Crane.



If anyone but Norma Talmadge were wearing this fish dress we would be facetious about it. It's called the "deep sea gown" because it is made of shaded blue and green fish scale sequins overlapping with sapphire tulle at the sides. We don't know what all that means; we only hope Norma will wear it in one of her pictures.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

THERE was a time when the mere thought of performing in a motion picture theater would have sent celebrated artists of the piano, the voice, and the violin into hysterics.

But just the other day, Percy Grainger, a pianist of real renown, ended a week's engagement at the Capitol Theater in New York City, as a featured part of the program. Then Sascha Jacobsen, the violinist, played a week in the temple of motion pictures on Broadway.

It was S. L. Rothapfel's idea. And if he keeps it up, he will earn the right to drop a letter from his last name. He spells it Rothafel now.

PARAMOUNT has shut down its huge new eastern studio and all the producing units will be transferred to the west coast.

Two weeks' notice was served the employees the latter part of May that the Long Island City plant, which has only been in operation about six months, will close until next January.

Why?

Jesse Lasky says the transfer was made in the interests of economy, not to cut down production. The eastern studio will be opened again when the rainy season sets in in Los Angeles.

Between five and six hundred employees of various departments have been let out. The enormous expense of electricity, or overhead, will be eliminated, and the production of Paramount pictures will be carried on in California, London, and possibly Germany, where Zukor recently acquired a studio near Berlin.

"Peter Ibbetson", directed by Fitzmaurice, was the last large production to be completed in the east. Among the stars who will probably travel westward are Elsie Ferguson, Thomas Meighan, who has always alternated between the eastern and western studios, director Fitzmaurice, and the Realart luminaries, Alice Brady and Constance Binney.

This leaves only a few important picture factories in the east. International and Fox, in Manhattan, are the largest of these. Then there are the Selznick studio in Fort Lee, which are not doing much; the Talmadge studio in New York City, and the Griffith studio in Mamaroneck.

KIPLING is said to have triumphed over the censors.

In spite of the fact that Pathe had to throw a sop to them, by marrying the Indian girl and the Englishman in their picture "Without Benefit of Clergy"—and that they couldn't, and didn't change the title to correspond with the purification of the theme—the completed production is declared by those who have seen it to be a masterpiece.

But they really should have inserted a caption at the beginning to explain that the title of the drama was merely Mr. Kipling's little joke.

IF Betty Blythe does not do "Mary, Queen of Scots," the screen will be deprived of an interesting characterization. From present indications Miss Blythe will not be able to play the part because of certain contract difficulties.

The John Drinkwater play "Mary Stuart," which was an artistic success and financial failure of the late season in New York, had for its heroine Clare Eames, an unusually fine actress who unfortunately lacked the physical appeal necessary to make the Queen an outstanding character.

The same could hardly be said of Miss Blythe.



Try This Way

See how your teeth look then

Here is a new way of teeth cleaning—a modern, scientific way. Authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

Ask for this ten-day test. Watch the results of it. See for yourself what it means to your teeth—what it means in your home.

The film problem

Film has been the great tooth problem. A viscous film clings to your teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old ways of brushing do not effectively combat it. So millions of teeth are dimmed and ruined by it.

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.

Germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Combat it daily

Dental science has now found ways to daily combat that film. Careful tests have amply proved them. They are now embodied, with other most important factors, in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

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

Millions of people now use this tooth paste, largely by dental advice. A 10-Day Tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

Its five effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It highly polishes the teeth, so film less easily adheres.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Modern authorities deem these effects essential. Every use of Pepsodent brings them all.

See the results

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

This test, we believe, will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. And benefits you never had before. Mail coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free ⁶⁴⁵

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

Plays and Players

(Continued)

CLEAR YOUR SKIN




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MAY McAVOY, between her new pictures as a Realart luminary, will play "The Little Minister" under the direction of William deMille. Which leads us somehow to the absorbing question: will she play "Peter Pan?"

John Robertson, who directed "Sentimental Tommy" to the eminent satisfaction of all concerned, including even the author himself, is now in England talking over the production of "Peter Pan" with Sir James. Probably Barrie will have something to say about the selection of the actor or actress for the role. He is said to prefer a boy. But as he professed himself pleased with May McAvoy's work as *Grizel*: he may have no objection to her doing *Peter*. We wouldn't.

THE S. Rankin Drew Post of the American Legion staged a big benefit at the New York Hippodrome, in which several of the bright lights of celluloidia participated. Betty Blythe, "The Queen of Sheba," who crossed the desert to visit Manhattan, was much applauded for her lovely voice—among other things.

Dorothy Gish, assisted by her handsome young husband, James Rennie, and Arthur Rankin, of the Rankin-Drew Clan, presented a very clever pantomime. It was Dorothy's first stage appearance in years. Dorothy has successfully dodged theatrical managers for some time but it is doubtful if she'll get away with it after her success in her sketch.

David Griffith directed Frank Bacon (Broadway's most beloved star, who has played in "Lightning," in the same theater for three years) in a motion picture scene.

Mae Murray, wife of Bob Leonard, and Wallace McCutcheon, who married Pearl White—danced.

All in all, it was a large evening.

FEW kings have been feted by eastern America as has "The Kid."

The little five-year-old child who made one of the greatest personal hits in film history, in Charlie Chaplin's classic comedy, came to New York with his parents in the spring. Not only did he meet the Mayor and Babe Ruth, but he was entertained by society.

Jackie Coogan was the principal guest at a luncheon given by the Princess Braganza, and afterward was the chief spectator at a special showing of "The Kid," for charity, at the Plaza Hotel.

Prince Miguel de Braganza is just a kid himself, so he and Jackie had a good time at the luncheon given by the Princess' mother. After the performance of the picture in which he is a co-star, Jackie was introduced to many important Manhattanites.

A few days later, when his presence was requested at another luncheon given by a prominent New Yorker, Jackie could not be induced to leave until he had sent a message of love and sympathy to his idol, Charlie Chaplin, who had been slightly burned during the making of some scenes for "Vanity Fair."

Let's hope social success doesn't spoil The Kid!

IN London, according to cabled report, Pearl White has completely captivated the representatives of the press. One reporter is said to have interviewed her when she was wearing a crepe negligee, red slippers, and no stockings to speak of. The interview he wrote is one of the most favorable Miss White ever received.

In Paris an eager populace followed her about the streets on her picture-making missions. She is shooting scenes over there for her new picture.

EVERYONE else who has sailed from film fields for the Old World has taken care to let the New World know it. Not so Carol Dempster. This young lady kept up her reputation for diffidence and went abroad with Albert Grey—D. W. Griffith's brother—and his wife, without telling anyone about it at all.

Miss Dempster is a rather quiet young person, with few intimates, they say. She is talented in a number of ways: a pianist of more than ordinary ability, a dancer, an accomplished swimmer, and a writer. She is said to want to write more than anything else.

Some of the unkind critics see no reason why she should not pursue a literary career. But then, perhaps they're prejudiced.

LOWELL SHERMAN has gone to California to become a member of the Mack Sennett forces.

We thought at first it must be a mistake until we remembered—no, not Mr. Sherman's work in "Way Down East"—but the fact that M. Sennett is forsaking the slapsticks to indulge in comedy-drama. If Mr. Sherman has indeed joined the Sennett company he will be a colleague of Ben Turpin, recently elevated to stardom on the strength of his optic ability.

MAE MARSH is in New York.

Yes—Mae Marsh, the Little Sister of "The Birth of a Nation."

Because Mae Marsh is getting back some of her old-time wistful charm. She has also lost much unnecessary weight. To speak thus is neither feline nor fanciful, because Miss Marsh herself admits that she was, if anything, slightly inclined to embonpoint, and will take care not to get that way again. When she attended a performance of "The Birth of a Nation"—the revival at the Capitol Theater—she looked almost exactly like her old self.

Just to make it seem more like old times, she's going back with Griffith, to make a longer version of "Sands o' Dee", which was a Griffith-Marsh opus back in Biograph days. She will also make her first stage appearance in the fall.

REX BEACH is now an artistic associate of Chaplin, Pickford, and Fairbanks.

He has, in other words, become a United Artist, whereas he was only an Eminent Author.

The popular writer of those rugged, red-blooded stories will devote all of his time in the future to writing and directing for the screen. He may dash off a scenario for Charlie or Mary or Doug in his spare time.

WORK was suspended for the afternoon in the Famous Players home office not long ago.

Wally Reid was in town and dropped in at 485 Fifth Avenue for a little visit. The secretaries and stenographers and clerks and office boys were just as thrilled over seeing the well-known Mr. Reid in the flesh as if they worked in an office devoted to the distribution of jute instead of motion pictures.

Just what is jute, anyway? Does anybody know? Page Mr. Edison.

MISS DAGMAR GODOWSKY, until the other day, had only one claim to fame: she is the daughter of Leopold, the pianist.

Now she is more widely known as the co-respondent in the divorce suit brought by Mrs. Frank Mayo against her husband, the Universal star.

Miss Godowsky has been seen opposite Mr. Mayo in several pictures.

(Continued on page 91)

Being a Screen Idol's Wife

(Concluded from page 68)

he saw the play eighteen times. His frequent attendance at the Vanderbilt Theater was a joke on Forty-Eighth Street. One theater manager, to whom he applied for a pass, said, "Conway Tearle, are you going to see anything but Irene? Don't be untrue to your wife."

I saw him first in the audience when I was playing at Maxine Elliott's theater. I saw him night after night for seven days. I asked, "Who is the dark man who sits in a front seat on the right?" "That is Conway Tearle," some one told me. The same evening a friend of mine said, "Mr. Tearle wants to meet you. Do you mind?"

I said I did not. The men brought him back through the alley. They were passing the window of my dressing room when the presenter looked up and saw me through the window. He performed the introduction at once. So that I first saw my husband through bars. I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen.

* * * *

We three went out to supper that night. Three years later we were married. It has been a most happy marriage.

When I went to Europe last winter without him there were rumors that we had separated. The truth is that he remained here to fulfill a contract. My Christmas present and "Welcome Home" was the ivory-tinted limousine that is waiting at the door.

He is an ideal husband. He is an artist at saying pleasant things. He always deals in superlatives when he talks to and of me. I find it hard to return this. It isn't easy for me to say extravagant things to anyone. Though I think I am the most fortunate of women to be his wife.

I am jealous of no one in the world. For he is all mine. I am only jealous of his reputation as a man and an artist. That is why I serve the role of valet and conscience and memory. Because I want him to live up to his lithographs, I preside over his dressing. For the same reason I keep before him his continuous duty to be pleasant to fragments of his audience when they pass him in the flesh. And I help him to remember this duty. A screen idol's wife should be a flesh and blood motto, "Lest we forget." For no star may forget his world-wide audience.

The adulation which the stage star receives is impersonal. That of the motion picture star is personal.

The woman in the stage star's audience turns an eye or makes a slight motion of the fan, to tell her neighbor that they are in the presence of the luminary. The woman of the screen star's audience says frankly and distinctly, "Oh! 'Conway Tearle.'" It is a warm-hearted audience, this world circling one.

The mission of the screen star's wife is to guard him against becoming impatient with these attentions. To become so is fatal. As Mary Pickford sweetly said: "We are complimented by them."



And, as the guests arrive, the subtle fragrance greets them

FAINT, and at first imperceptible—a fragrance—a new note of beauty—plays upon their senses.

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A Bad Actor from Bildad.

(Continued from page 47)



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"Chuck," said Hood, on whimsical impulse.

"Yes, sir." Hood swung into his saddle. "Well, so long, Mister Chuck. Hope sometime I see you later."

"Good luck, Bill!" the man replied. He rode away, without once looking back. He was uncomfortably afraid, if he did, that perhaps the youngster wouldn't be keeping a stiff upper lip. He passed the waterhole, went on up the valley to where the trail turned, into the little pass that marked the end of Flint Canon, and out toward the south—the railroad—the call of the cities. "Mister Chuck!" he mused. "Sounded funny, didn't it?"

Queer that he had given the kid that old nickname, when Brown or Smith would have done as well. Why had he? Nobody had called him "Chuck" since he left home. Back there, most of them hadn't. His father had called him "Jackie" when he was little, and his mother had said "Son" usually, as long as she lived; it was only Buddie that had always called him "Chuck." It dated back to a day when the little fellow couldn't make his tongue say "Jack."

And Buddie, while time had been sliding along for good and bad, he hadn't seen for eight years. Buddie would be eighteen, now. His hair would be a whole lot darker; yellow hair like that never holds its tint into manhood. Hood wondered if the boy would be glad to see him, now. He had cried when his father opened the door and roared that John was to go through it and that his shadow was never to darken his threshold again. More than half right, too, the old man had been, although, if he hadn't been so harsh, so puritanically strict, perhaps—. Nobody had cared much what happened except Buddie.

Well, that was all right. John's way hadn't been like that of the rest of the family up there in the Panhandle and across in the Territory. One of the things his father had said, that last night, was that he wasn't going to have him around leading Buddie into sin. As if he wouldn't have protected Buddie from everything! That innocent face, that mop of yellow hair—

Suppose Sheriff Sam Wingate of McKinley didn't happen to think of Flint Canon when he set out to look for Bill. Suppose, if he did, he thought it an improbable place and looked almost everywhere else first, and didn't get there until tomorrow. Somebody else would come by, of course. That is, somebody else ought to, but this was not an often used trail; there must be days on end when not a living human happened to want to pass that waterhole. Suppose the injury—it looked like a simple sprain, but things could be wrong that only a doctor could determine—needed extra prompt attention. Without treatment for a day, what layman could swear there mightn't be some sort of blood-poisoning set in, or something? There were rattlers in that valley; it was a big one that had scared his horse. Suppose a rattler—

Hood exclaimed disgustedly, and drew the little red horse to a stop.

Carefully he looked about him until his eyes rested upon a stone of peculiar configuration, three paces from the base of a slope that had a little twisted tree at the top of it. He guided the horse to the spot, slipped off, bridle over his arm, detached the package of money from its place against the saddle, and hid it beneath the rock.

"I'm a fool, li'l red hawse," he confided, as he resumed his place in the saddle. With which explanation he turned the animal's head to the northward and urged him into a canter along the trail over which they had just come.

The boy, as he came into sight, dashed a swift hand against his cheekbones; Hood identified the gesture with a poignant little stab of self-condemnation; why had he thought he could callously ride to safety and leave a child to loneliness and fear? There was nothing of commiseration in his face or voice, however, as he approached.

"I reckon maybe we'd better try to make McKinley," he said, merely. "Figure it won't do my business no harm to wait." Little Red Horse stopped as he spoke and he alighted. "Thing is, now, to dope out how you're going to ride easiest."

Bill Wingate swallowed hard, hesitated, then bravely said the proper thing:

"I wouldn't want to put you out none."

"None whatever. I won't take you plumb to McKinley; just ride down that-away until we meet somebody, and then I'll turn you over to them. It's going to hurt some, riding."

"Yes, sir," agreed the boy, "I expect so. But I won't holler. Last night when it was cold, and I couldn't seem to get comfortable, and she ached like thunder, I didn't holler—much." He sighed regretfully. "I expect my father, when he was a boy, wouldn't have hollered a-tall."

Hood was making saddle adjustments "We'll start in riding you behind me," he said. "If that don't work satisfactory, you go in the saddle and I'll hoof it awhile alongside."

Bill was observing the little red horse critically. "Don't look very tired," he remarked, always striving for casualness. "Can carry double, I s'pose, if we don't hurry too much. Although I'm right heavy for my age." It struck him suddenly that the man might think he wanted to occupy the saddle and make him walk—which wasn't what he had in mind at all—and he hastened to say:

"But I don't guess I'm too heavy. You'll have to give me a little boost; I don't believe I could get up alone; but after I'm up I won't make no trouble."

"Getting you up'll be one of the easiest things we do." Hood was speaking and acting with the same matter-of-fact casualness as the boy. "I'm going to put you up on this tall rock, here, and li'l red hawse—he's plumb gentle—will edge around there and stand while we get you forked on proper, and then all you got to do is to hold on to me. Take a good drink of water first; it'll be some dusty and you'll be using both hands."

Not without moments when the tears refused to stay out of Bill's eyes—although the man never happened to be looking into his face at such times—they accomplished the double mount, Little Red Horse sensing emergency and living up to his reputation for gentleness. Behind him, as the animal began to pick its way toward the northern mouth of the valley, Hood heard Bill breathing hard, through clenched teeth. There was nothing he could do to make the tortured ankle more comfortable; he talked to take the boy's mind away from it.

"Go to school?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. And I'm way up in the Fourth Reader." He felt a necessity for making it honestly clear that the McKinley public school did not inevitably advance boys of eight or nine so incredibly far. "My father, he helps with my studying. I can do long division."

"Mother?"

"I ain't got no mother. She died when I was a little boy."

The next question was unpremeditated: "Where'd you get that head o' hair?"

"My father," was the proud response. "His hair isn't like it at all, now, but when

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A Bad Actor from Bildad

(Continued)

he was a kid like me he says it was just about the same kind o' yeller." That his pride was not in the present shade of his tumbled locks was evidenced by his next remark: "Maybe, when I grow up, I'll look like him."

"Pretty good father, I reckon."

"Well," explained Bill, in fairness to other boys whose fathers were different, "there ain't only him and me in our family, you know."

Over the brow of a rolling foothill they caught their first glimpse of McKinley, a little scattered, dusty village of low frame houses. "It's just about four miles from here," Bill said. "And we ain't met anybody yet. If I'd stayed back there they wouldn't 'a' got there by noon, would they?"

Hood did not reply. There was an anxiety in his eyes that the boy, behind him, could not see. He could never go into the town. Yet unless they met someone before they came to its farthest outpost, he must enter it. And not enough strangers passed through McKinley for his presence not to be commented upon and his appearance described, especially with such an errand bringing them there. He ought to set the boy down somewhere, now, and turn back; Little Red Horse would be hard put to it, at best, to reach Big Springs, and that earliest train would soon be gone. He would be fortunate indeed to make the later one.

Once he half turned his head to tell the boy he planned not to go much farther. As he did, Bill spoke:

"Gee, I bet a bed won't feel so rotten! And I reckon maybe the doctor'll be able to get her not to aching almost right off. Do you think he will, Mister Chuck?"

"In almost no time," Hood told him, looking forward across the horse's ears. They plodded on. Ten minutes later a man on horseback came into sight, alone.

"Somebody coming," remarked Hood. The boy craned his neck to look around him. He shouted with delight: "That's my father!"

Hood saw even at that distance that the sheriff was on a fresh horse. Hood lifted a hand and waved it; he turned for a moment at right angles across the trail so the approaching man could see that there was a second figure on Little Red Horse's pack. The reaction was instantaneous. Sheriff Wingate lifted his arms; seemed to life his horse. The animal, a handsome roan, came thundering.

Wingate was out of the saddle while still the roan was sliding to a stop.

"He's all right," Hood assured him cheerily. "Nothing but a little twist to his ankle that fixed him so he couldn't walk. No bones broken a-tall."

"That cussed new hawse done throwed me," Bill confessed. He was still striving for casualness, but now his lips were quivering beyond any possibility of concealment. As the sheriff, still unspeaking, strode quickly to the side of the little red horse, his arms outstretched, his eyes eloquent, his face twitching as few men had ever seen it twitch, the boy forgot he had to act like a man. "Daddy!" he cried. "It was an awful long night!" and buried his face on the big square shoulder as his father lifted him carefully from his seat.

It was several moments later, when the sheriff had satisfied himself the boy was neither badly hurt nor seriously exhausted, that he turned for the first time to Hood, who had remained in the saddle, watchful.

"I'm shorely grateful to you, stranger—" he began, and Bill interrupted:

"His name is Mister Chuck. He come through Flint Canon, there, and he had

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A Bad Actor, from Bildad

(Concluded)

business off beyond thataway, but he put it off to bring me home. He didn't come through McKinley, so he didn't know about my being lost."

"We've been hunting ever since dark last night," Wingate said. "But nobody'd seen him leave, and we hadn't got to searching in this direction until I just got a fresh hawse and came out. There's parties out in pretty much every other direction. Some of my deputies handling 'em." He explained: "I'm sheriff."

"Yes, suh," Hood said. "So Bill told me."

The little red horse hitched around uneasily, and Wingate for the first time observed that Hood was wearing a holstered pistol. It is contrary to law in Texas to carry a pistol, either concealed or otherwise, without a permit, and permits do not run in other counties than those in which they are issued. The sheriff is cognizant of all those in his jurisdiction who have the right to go armed. While he was hesitating, wondering if he could successfully seem not to be aware of a violation of one of his most strictly enforced laws, he realized that Hood's right hand had not moved for moments—and that it rested, back forward, fingers bent, within two or three inches of the pistol butt. His eyes lifted quickly to Hood's face, rested there searchingly, and Hood saw in them the light of identification.

There ensued a brief, tense period of silence. Then the sheriff said:

"I'm right sorry, but we're pretty strong in this county on the pistol-totin' law. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to let me have that gun."

Hood did not move. His eyes met the sheriff's squarely.

"I'm hoping, suh," he said after a second, "that you put the little feller out of range before you come to take it." He smiled thinly. "Unless you'd feel safer to have me handicapped."

"I don't have to have no boy for a shield," Wingate retorted hotly, and Hood replied, still smiling: "That's good. For two reasons."

Wingate bit his lip. This was defiance, and a self-respecting sheriff could be expected to do one thing, yet he hesitated.

"For the moment I ain't going to start anything," he declared himself. "You'll get due notice, and there won't be anything to interfere. That is, if you're agreeable to letting the cards lay that way, temporary."

Hood nodded and let his pistol hand relax. "Suits me," he said. "You've got a reputation, among other things, for keeping your word."

"You've got some reputation of your own," Wingate replied, "according to what the sheriff at Bildad telephoned last night. Two little killings, ain't it? One in South Texas and one in Arizona. Sheriff said get you to going and you shore was a bad actor. How'd you come to be up there in Flint Canon? Did you make Devil's Slide in the night?"

"Where is Devil's Slide?" Hood asked.

"And the money. Ninety-five hundred, they tell me. You must have cached it."

"What money?"

"Cached it after you come across Bill, I reckon."

"I don't know what money you're talking about," Hood said, with no attempt to be convincing, "but you can let it go at that."

"And you was heading for Big Springs," The sheriff's frown deepened. "You'd have made the eleven o'clock."

Hood affected lightness.

"There's other trains."

"But you ain't going to be—do you think I'm the kind of a man to let you go, just because Bill here—"

Hood interrupted him. "Not for that reason whatever," he said. "But as to whether you're the man to let me go, that remains to be seen. You can walk away twenty, thirty feet from Bill there, and tell me when you're ready. Whatever we do, let's do it. Time's flying."

Bill had been scowling in an effort to follow this cryptic conversation. The last two exchanges had at last straightened it out in his mind that some unexplained reason existed why his father and the stranger should fight. Not for a second did any apprehension for his father enter his head; his thoughts were all of the consequences to the other.

"Daddy," he said. "Mister Chuck done give me his sandwiches—and all his water. He could 'a' left me alongside the waterhole, but I'd 'a' been laying out in the sun and prob'ly it'd hurt to move around to get a drink, so he left the canteen. That was when he went off south, before he figured his business would let him bring me home."

"Yes, son," Wingate said softly.

He glowered unhappily at Hood, who no longer smiled. "You see, I'm one of the kind," he told him, as though there had been a question asked which needed answer, "that takes his oath of office sort of serious."

"I'd figure so from knowing Bill," Hood replied soberly. "Kind o' tough, sheriff—but I'm aiming not to be took."

"If I hadn't been able to hold on behind, he was going to walk," the boy put in.

"Nonsense!" Hood scoffed. "I knew you wouldn't let me. You're some man, Bill."

"There ain't but one thing to do," snapped the sheriff. "If you hadn't picked Bill up, how far would you have got by now?"

"About to the Big Springs tank."

"That's six hours' ride from here—with a fresh hawse. Get down."

Hood, puzzled, made no motion.

"That hawse of yours is plumb done up," the sheriff urged, irritably. "He wouldn't get you to Big Springs in all day. He's a good hawse, when he ain't tired; I can see that. It's a fair trade. Take the roan."

"You're going to let me make it?"

"I'm going to let you start to make it," Wingate amended. "You can do as you please, but if I was you I wouldn't take no train, because there'll be telegrams. I'd keep on going and try to make the border. You'll be at Flint Canyon by twelve o'clock, you'll have the payroll money in no time after, and you'll hit the railroad at Big Springs at four o'clock, say." He dug into a pocket and produced a package. "Here's some sandwiches. You've got water in your canteen, haven't you? I'll say much obliged for Bill and me. Get to going!"

"If we ever meet again—" Hood began, and the sheriff broke in on him sharply: "We'll meet again some time tomorrow, unless you have better luck than I'm hoping you have. I'm going to get Bill fixed up, now. At four o'clock this evening, about the time you're coming in sight of the railroad if you ride fast—with a long ways yet to go before you come to the border—I'm leaving here after you with the blamedst posse of hard riders you ever saw. And I'm advising, I ain't aiming to let you get away from me twice."

"Fair enough," agreed Hood, gravely, and swung to the ground. He shifted his saddle to the roan and threw his leg over it.

"So long, Bill!" he called to the wide-eyed boy, as the animal's head turned to the south. "Did anybody ever tell you your father was some man?" His eyes crinkled. "I don't know, if anybody crowded me for my opinion, but what I would go so far as to say he's as much of a man as what you are."

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)

"WHAT'S the matter with your watch, son?" Will Rogers inquired of his son Jimmy, who was shaking his wrist watch with more energy than discretion.

"Nothing the matter with it," said young Rogers, "It's just lost its tick, that's all."

LADY DUFF-COOPER: a new photograph showing the famous Rutland pearls." Or "Lady Cooper, the former Lady Diana Manners, now a J. Stuart Blackton Film Star, Registering Grief."

When one sees all these press appearances of the English noblewoman one wonders when she gets time to make motion pictures. Undoubtedly she is making them, because we have also read stories about her camp-chair—you know all movie stars have camp-chairs with their names printed on them, and even if she is a Lady, Diana had to have one, too.

That settles it, doesn't it? My word, yes!

A LONG about the first of June, everybody was talking about the expected heir in the Pickford-Fairbanks home in Beverly Hills, in September.

The Los Angeles newspapers first printed the story that a visit from the stork was anticipated by the famous Fairbanks', and the report spread to every corner of the country like wildfire. And then—

Mary Pickford denied the report and said that she would not be working in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" if it were true. She expected to be busy on this new picture until the first of September.

When seen at her Hollywood studio, Miss Pickford was making dual exposure scenes, appearing as Little Lord Fauntleroy and also as Dearie, his mother. She was wearing the traditional Little Lord Fauntleroy costume of velvet knickers and blouse and lace collar and she looked more slender and childlike than ever in this garb. While the published report claimed to have come from a close friend of Miss Pickford, her friends today said they were certain no such event need be expected at least until after the divorce action now pending in Nevada—in which the state of Nevada will attempt to prove that Mary Pickford's divorce from Owen Moore was not legal—is settled.

LILLIAN GISH is going into the "legitimate" drama next season.

She will not star on Broadway—oh, no, nothing so plebeian as that—but will be the associate of Arnold Daly in Mr. Daly's contemplated repertoire at the Greenwich Village Theater, down in the more or less artistic section of Manhattan. They will do "Candida" by Shaw, among other plays.

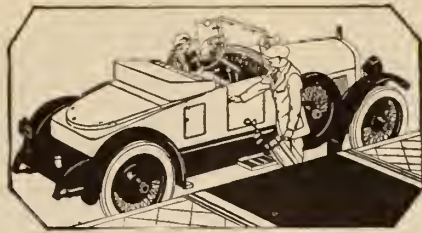
Pauline Frederick is said to have made up her mind to come back to Broadway, although it doesn't seem probable that she will give up a \$7500 a week contract with Robertson-Cole to do so. And have you heard that Polly may become Mrs. Willard Mack again? It is, at any rate, among the possibilities—providing Mr. Mack proves that he can devote himself seriously and earnestly to his art to the exclusion of all diversions.

MILDRED HARRIS, who has done some real acting—according to rumor—aided by Cecil deMille and a very becoming blonde wig, will go into vaudeville.

DOROTHY GISH is seriously considering a season in stock as the co-star of her young husband, James Rennie.

Incidentally, it is said that the high salaries formerly demanded and received by cinema celebrities for flies into the legitimate, have been considerably reduced. So that the aforementioned artists are probably in it for Art's sake. Probably!

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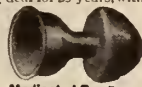
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Plays and Players

(Concluded)

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, Mrs. Anne Stillman, whom James A. Stillman, New York banker, has been suing for divorce in one of the most sensational cases ever brought in American courts, has been offered \$100,000 to be a film star.

On the advice of her new attorneys, according to the newspapers, Mrs. Stillman has declined the offer.

But it is only a case in point.

Whenever the heroine of a scandal or murder is given wide newspaper publicity, immediately stories are circulated that she has gone into the movies, or has had offers to go into the movies. In some cases, the actual attempt has been made. And always it has failed. In others, the entire report has been fiction. But the result is the same. It prejudices the decent, sane majority against the films.

The admirable stand taken by influential California film men against the film debut of a self-confessed murderess deserves wide support and emulation. It is to be noted that the woman's screen debut has been indefinitely postponed.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S domestic affairs are being aired in a Los Angeles court.

"Rudy's" wife has brought suit for divorce against the ex-tango dancer and present leading man. Mrs. Valentino—who was Jane Acker, an actress—says Rudy was a nice boy until he went to New York to appear at the Broadway showing of "The Four Horsemen," in which he plays a leading role. When he returned to California he was a different man, she says. Broadway, in short, has spoiled him; and Mrs. Valentino wants a decree of divorce, and temporary alimony, and everything like that.

JUST about the same time that Jack Gilbert's engagement to Leatrice Joy was confirmed by both young persons, Jack was made a star by Fox.

Young Mr. Gilbert has been a scenario writer, assistant director, full-fledged director, film cutter, and actor. He has served Maurice Tourneur in all five capacities.

His fiancée will be chiefly remembered for her work in "Bunty Pulls the Strings."



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ONE of the most unforgettable of all Rudyard Kipling's Indian tales has reached the screen. "Without Benefit of Clergy" has been produced by Pathe, with Mr. Kipling's aid.

The famous writer could not leave England to assist in the filming of his story; so a scenario expert went abroad to instruct Kipling in the technique of the screen. When he arrived, he found that Mr. Kipling had already completely mastered the essentials of scenario technique by studying a script. Kipling's ideas were all set down in the scenario, and his own sketches of the streets of the Indian village, and the costumes of the characters, were faithfully followed to the smallest detail, when—in California—James Young later took up the actual work of directing "Without Benefit of Clergy." Thomas Holding plays the Englishman and Virginia Faire Ameera.



Top picture, the two principals, Thomas Holding and Virginia Faire, in a scene from the photoplay. Above, a village scene in the making.

A Daughter of the Vikings

(Continued from page 41)

the most delicious little accent—just sufficient to make her voice distinctive.

I don't know just what her affect upon men may be. To me, she has absolutely none of this cultivated and advertised "sex-appeal." She is—even though I think she must be all of twenty-five by now—still more the girl than the woman.

But dog-gone it, if Ann Forrest is a friend of yours, you know you've got one friend you can count on to go to the bat for you any old time at all.

As so often happens, while her strong point on the screen is pathos—never will I forget the moment in "The Prince Chap" when, as the dirty little slavey, she brought up her home-made doll for the Christmas tree—while she can today, I believe, express pathos on the screen more effectively than any other actress, the strongest point of her character off the screen is humor.

When she was recently in the hospital in Los Angeles for a couple of weeks, she kept the entire floor in gales of laughter all the time. In fact, she had such a good time, that the doctor became much concerned for fear she wouldn't give herself a chance to get strong again.

"I have never heard anybody laugh so much," he said to the nurse.

But you see, Ann Forrest has the "understanding heart."

Her soul—if you will excuse this simile—is turned outward to the world. And its windows are always open.

She comes of course from a country where the women have developed fortitude, courage, good cheer, strength and understanding.

I can never remember the name of the little island off the coast of Denmark where she was born. But it is a small, difficult country, where little Ann grew almost to womanhood. There she developed among women who knew life early, who are forced to look within themselves for happiness, who generally experience the widest range of emotions, both happy and sorrowful.

She came to America only some ten years ago. I knew her first when she was playing small bits on the old Triangle lot—a happy, hard-working, carefree little thing, always in for a good time, always ready to work herself to a shadow. She has worked hard for her success. And she will work hard to maintain it.

It's funny, but until this moment I never thought very much about Ann Forrest's looks, one way or the other. As I stop to analyse it, the only beautiful thing about her is her eyes. They really are wonderful. It is their expression more than their color or size or shape that fastens itself upon you.

Ann is now playing a long term contract with Famous Players-Lasky. Her most recent success was "The Faith-Healer" and she has just completed a difficult emotional role in "The Money Master," a Sir Gilbert Parker story starring James Kirkwood.

It was Cecil deMille who first attached to her the name, "A Daughter of the Vikings."

It is not only that she has the Norse fairness of skin, the sun-yellow hair, the strongly marked features. But there is about her whole make-up some thing indomitable. You can easily imagine her starting out across uncharted seas, unafraid and fired by the enthusiasm of imagination.

Yes, Why?

IF the city has the right to censor moving pictures before being shown, why not have a board to examine the traveling "legit" shows before allowing the public to see them? —Portland (Ore.) Journal.



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Hello, Mabel!

(Continued from page 25)

And now—this superlative, rejuvenated, curved and sparkling Mabel.

"How did you do it?" I asked her a few days later.

We were curled on a big, soft divan before a snapping wood fire that wiped away all memory of the cold, drizzle without.

"I don't know," said Mabel, smiling.

The same old Mabel. Inarticulate and shy about herself, in spite of her fun and frankness.

But gradually, as the flames died into a glowing mass, and the silent maid drew the curtains and lighted a dim lamp or two, she unconsciously drew for me the startling outlines of a picture which, with the assistance of history, I could fill in for myself.

Strangely enough, too, we talked mostly about books. Stephen Leacock—her favorite, speaking somehow of the same desire for comedy and frivolity shown by the boys home from the front; the new Russians, from whom she shuddered away as a person does who has seen reality and tragedy enough in life itself; Knut Hamsen, whom she surprisingly, tenderly understood; Ibanez, to whose indirectness she could not respond.

Reading between the lines, it brought me an understanding of Mabel Normand's come-back.

Because it *is* a come-back.

One word—her creed, her ideal, her philosophy—sums up the method, the reason and the reward.

Courage.

How Mabel Normand adores courage. It is to her the supreme characteristic. Almost breathlessly she says of this woman—of that book-character—of such and such a hero, "What courage! What courage!" It is her highest praise.

She has had to learn courage—the sparkling, vivid, sixteen-year-old butterfly.

The story of Mabel Normand's life—such a short life to have packed so much between its covers—is almost as well known as that of Mary Pickford.

In a world that watched with intensity every movement of the early motion picture stars, it was not possible that Mabel Normand should live without an audience.

To the motion picture people themselves and to a large part of the motion picture public, Mabel Normand's history is well known.

They know of her comet-like rise from complete obscurity to fame and fortune. They know of the adulation and riches and opportunities heaped instantaneously into the lap of this pretty, excitable, impulsive, big-hearted kid, who stood against this onslaught with very little either of education or tradition to help her.

The kindest mortal I have ever known.

I have seen her take off an expensive new hat that she liked and give it to a cash girl that looked at it wistfully. She could not bear the sight of suffering.

Her fame, her success, her money never made any difference in Mabel. A friend was a friend. A need was a need. Never any of this, "I meet so many! What is *your* name?" stuff about Mabel.

Four years ago Mabel was in a very serious automobile accident. For months her life hung in the balance. For weeks she was not expected to live.

But the doctors had failed to count on Mabel Normand's heart—on that courage which she rates so high.

Somehow, she won that fight with death. Gaily, smilingly, wide-eyed and unafraid, she fought against the overwhelming odds, not particularly because she wanted to live, but because she did not think it courageous to die.

She won—but that was the beginning of all that followed. For several years, Mabel's health—not even then cared for as it should have been because Mabel would not care for it—sank steadily.

And then, Mabel Normand disappeared.

The Goldwyn lot, where she was working, knew her no more.

But in the rock-ribbed hills of a New England state, in a small village and in surroundings without comforts or indulgences of any kind, a girl was beginning her real fight for life.

For six months, Mabel "rested." With that smiling courage of hers, she took up the steady, soul-grinding task of building up a wrecked nervous system, of recuperating a weak and neglected body.

She made good. She has come back. The whispers and the words have all changed now. It is—"Doesn't Mabel Normand look wonderful?"

There is hardly a gathering in Hollywood where her return to health and beauty is not discussed. Her quiet, systematic way of living is talked of now.

Coincidentally, Mabel is back on the Mack Sennett lot where she made her first pictures, and where for years she was starred to such advantage. Comedy queens and bathing beauties may come and go, but there is only one Mabel Normand. They could not replace her. So when you go over to the same old lot, and see the same old Mabel, it seems as though the hands of the clock had been turned back.

Picturesque, brilliant, warm-hearted little comedienne; I don't care what they're paying her—even the reputed \$7,800 a week—she's worth it.

We loved her then and we love her now because she's always—the same old Mabel.

An Open Letter to Mme. Nazimova

(Concluded from page 31)

public will be satisfied if they have enough of Nazimova, no matter in what, no matter how she acts. Perhaps you have decided that at your worst you are better than most screen actresses.

But you are wrong! We judge Nazimova not by the standard of the screen but by the standard of—Nazimova. Less than your best is no more acceptable than a bad copy of a great masterpiece. It is not fair to offer to the public pictures bearing the name "Nazimova" that possess nothing that name stands for.

You have no plans for the future—at least, you have announced none. That you will again have the chance to do big things,

no one can doubt. The name—Nazimova—still stands for too much.

That is why we take this opportunity of asking, what will you do?

Will the spark of genius light again, and shall we see the Nazimova of "War Brides?" Will that Nazimova *make* us love Ibsen on the screen, as she did on the stage? Will she, with her fine daring, do what European film men are doing, take the great stories of history that have lived and thrilled through centuries, and make them for us? Will the Nazimova who once fought her way to the top of the ladder over terrific obstacles and in the face of terrific odds, re-assert herself and give us back—the *real* Nazimova?

We can only "watch and pray."

Traditions? Never Heard of 'Em

(Concluded from page 43.)

together. Upon this structure the clay is then roughly massed.

"Just so, the moving picture director must have a thorough knowledge of scenario construction, as the sculptor must be familiar with the making of the foundation. But the film often presents a more complicated problem than either paint or clay. The compositions of painter and sculptor are studied out, and when finished, remain as their creator left them, but the moving picture composition changes momentarily. Often a fine bit of grouping that has taken the director a long time to compose will be changed to an unbalanced, disconnected mob scene through some alteration in dramatic action." He knows human nature. He knows it so well that he absorbs gobs of it in its crude state.

Can you fancy a director of Ingram's calibre making pals with the tattadermillion crew of extras on the studio floor and familiarly inviting their ideas?

When Ingram admitted seriously that this was his custom, we were constrained to a low mirthful chuckle.

"But don't you see, if they don't know what they're supposed to be doing, they can't be natural. I don't teach them how to act! I don't want them to act. The minute they start acting, they're no good, that's all."

Ingram gave us that fierce hard grip again as we said goodbye.

"I'm awfully much obliged to you for coming over to see me," he said in parting.

This was the last horrible shock and we tottered feebly away. To think of a director being much obliged for anything!

Enquiry over the telephone, as we finish the story of our interview, reveals the fact that Ingram is only twenty-nine. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, and brought up in that city and in Tipperary. In 1911 he came to America and got a job working in the freight yards at Belle dock, New Haven, Conn. He worked for the railroad about a year and then entered Yale, class of 1914. At the art school there he had met Lee O. Lawrie, who was professor of sculpture. Ingram studied under Lawrie and later served as his assistant. But he is a comparatively old hand at the picture game. He first went with the Edison company about six years ago, writing scenarios and acting. Then he became a member of the old Vitagraph stock company and played opposite Lillian Walker, Leah Baird, Helen Gardner and Clara Kimball Young.

Ingram tired of acting and went to Fox where for more than a year he wrote original stories and continuity for Betty Hansen, William Farnum, Nance O'Neill, Theda Bara and Robert Mantell. The first of the Universal Bluebird pictures, "The Great Problem," was directed by him. Other pictures of this series were "Broken Fetters," "The Chalice of Sorrow," "The Reward of the Faithless," and "Black Orchids."

Then came the war and Ingram joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1917 in which he was commissioned a second lieutenant.

When the armistice was declared, Ingram was relieved of military duties and directed two Jewel productions, "The Day She Paid," and "Under Crimson Skies."

Joining Metro, he picturized James A. Herne's famous play, "Shore Acres," and "Hearts Are Trumps"—and then "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

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And Three Lovely Children—

(Continued from page 30)

Eager to test it, he prepared to spring the trick upon the fat stranger.

Holding up the empty bottle he gazed at it in apparent dismay. "All gone," he said; "and she was only supposed to take the half of it. What could I have been a-thinkin' of. Drat it! Now she'll be squallin' again in no time!"

"My," said the fat man, admiringly. "She's some eater, ain't she?"

"Naw!" responded Mr. Muggins. "She don't each much. It's the milk. It's no good. You can't get good milk unless you pay something terrible for it. I'll have to get her some more. How'd you like to hold her a bit while I go for it?"

"Me?" said the fat man, a mingled expression of terror and delight spreading over his face. "Why—why I don't know. I—I've never had any babies. I'm—I'm kind of afraid I might break her somewhere."

"Rats!" retorted Mr. Muggins. "What do you think she is? Crockery? Here, put her on your lap and try it. All you gotta do is to keep your hands on her so she won't roll off. See?"

The stranger, his hat on the back of his head, and his red face redder than ever, stiffened perceptibly as he took the bundle Mr. Muggins handed him. "All—all right," he said, beaming like a full moon. "I don't mind. But don't be long. It—it makes me kind of creepy holdin' anything like this."

"Bunk!" was Mr. Muggins' comment as he got to his feet and thrust the empty bottle into his pocket. "You'll get used to it in no time. Just play with her a bit and there won't be no trouble. Come along, you!"

Grasping J. Muggins, junior, by one hand, and Annie, "after her mother," by the other, he hurried away, the fat man staring after him anxiously.

Once out of the square Mr. Muggins turned a vast number of corners, traversed several ill-smelling alleys, and then, as he felt, having thoroughly covered his trail, headed leisurely for home.

As he travelled, though, he seemed to get less and less satisfaction out of the feat he had just performed. In vain he told himself he had only loaned the kid to the fat stranger, and that he was going back for it in a few weeks. Everywhere he looked he saw the baby's scared blue eyes, and its fretful little mouth, and felt the clasp of its tiny clutching fingers. He even remembered the smudge of down on its head.

If it had been a big, fat baby now, he thought, that didn't need so much looking after, it would be different. But such a skinny little thing, getting nothing but watery old milk that the stores cheated you with. Doggone! It didn't have a fair show. And that fat fellow, maybe he was just talking. Maybe he wasn't so crazy about kids after all. What if he went off and left the baby on the bench? Or s'pose he wouldn't give the baby back when J. Muggins went for it?

Summing up his own doubts, he began to vision the total that Mrs. Muggins might also accumulate. He wasn't so sure now that his explanation would explain after all. Oh, well, if she insisted he'd go to the fat man and get the baby back right off. Maybe it *would* be just as well. Maybe—

And then quite suddenly J. Muggins stopped in his tracks and gasped. He was within sight of the familiar doorway leading up to his apartment, but though his two remaining children had dashed ahead and gone indoors, Mr. Muggins seemed to have

no inclination to follow. Indeed, the thought of facing Mrs. Muggins almost terrified him, for Mr. Muggins' plan, like most products of the human mind, had had its flaw. He had quite forgotten to get the fat man's name and address before leaving the park.

For perhaps five minutes J. Muggins remained in a state of stupefaction. Then with an inarticulate remark he whirled about and fled back to Webster Square as fast as he could go. Although more than an hour had elapsed there was still a chance that the fat stranger might be waiting for him.

But when he got to the fountain, there on the bench where the fat man had sat was an ornate colored couple having a confidential chat. Mr. Muggins stopped in front of them and glared.

"Where's he gone?" he inquired, breathlessly.

"What?" responded the dusky escort, rolling his eyes uneasily and nudging his companion.

"A fat feller with a baby," explained Mr. Muggins. "Here's the baby's bottle. Don't that prove I'm its father?"

"G'way fum heah!" blustered the dusky escort, shrinking back against the bench. "I—I ain't got yoh baby!"

"I know! I know!" sputtered Mr. Muggins, wiggling his hands frantically. "A fat feller with a red face! He's the one! Wait till I get him! I'll—"

But his words drew no response from the dusky gentleman and his lady friend. Hastily they arose, and eyeing him fearfully they made off down one of the pathways as fast as they could.

"Stole!" gasped Mr. Muggins, dropping on the bench with a thud. "The baby's stole! He ought to be hung! Oh, what a life! First the pushcart—now the baby!"

Gradually J. Muggins' sense of proportion came back to him. He mustn't let himself get rattled; if he did he'd never find the baby. Let's see! What was it the fat fellow had said about his business? Oh yes, a delicatessen store. Well, then, all he had to do was to go around to all the delicatessen stores until he found him. And when he found him he'd tell him what for. The idea of going off with a baby that didn't belong to him just because a person didn't come back for it right away.

Well, he'd better be starting. There must be a bunch of delicatessen stores in town, but he'd find the fat man if he had to go to every one of them.

All that afternoon Mr. Muggins pursued his quest; his mode of procedure rather erratic. He would go into a shop, inquire for the proprietor, then when that worthy appeared, stare fixedly at him for a moment, shake his head mournfully and walk out, much to the gratification of the tradesman, who undoubtedly classed him as a first grade lunatic.

The sight of a baby carriage on the street was the signal for further demonstrations. Regardless of the remonstrances of whoever was wheeling the vehicle, he would make his way to the front of it and peer under the hood in a frenzy of hope.

That he escaped arrest was a marvel. Indeed, one stout, apoplectic looking gentleman whose build was remarkably like that of the fat stranger in the park, did bawl for the police when Mr. Muggins grabbed his coat tails and demanded fiercely what he had done with his offspring. Fortunately, Mr. Muggins, realizing his mistake, had presence of mind enough to escape around the corner of a warehouse.

And Three Lovely Children—

(Continued)

By six o'clock J. Muggins was all in, both physically and mentally, and half the delicatessen dealers were as yet to be interviewed. Gloom sat heavy on his soul.

Like a miser deprived of a portion of his savings, he kept counting his children over as he trudged wearily homeward. Only two lovely children now where but a short time ago he had had three. And whose fault was it? He might have known better than to trust that fat fellow. Letting on he knew nothing about children, and all the while making a business of stealing them.

Mr. Muggins groaned. Well, it was no wonder. Hadn't he given the stranger to understand that he was sick of his three lovely children? Hadn't he told him he wasn't even going to name the baby? Poor little kid! No father and mother to look after it now, only a fat man and his wife; and maybe not even them. Oh, what a life!

Once more Mr. Muggins drew near the tenement where he dwelt, but this time his steps did not falter. He was indifferent to his fate. Mrs. Muggins couldn't think any worse about him than he thought about himself. Why hadn't that truck smashed him instead of the pushcart?

About the doorway was gathered a group of the neighbors. As he approached, Mrs. Phelan who, with her husband, a longshoreman, had the rooms just beneath, made a rush for him. "Gee whiz! Where you been? You're gonna kech it! Mis' Muggins has been havin' a coupla dozen fits about you!"

"Oh, has she?" responded Mr. Muggins, dully. "Well, that's all right! She can have fits if she wants, can't she?"

"You wait! You'll find out!" was Mrs. Phelan's ominous rejoinder.

"Aw, dry up!" growled Muggins, elbowing his way inside. "Dry up and blow away!"

Slowly he climbed the stairs. The palms of his hands were moist, and he rubbed them against his trousers irritably.

Doggone! What was he commencing to get stewed up about? He hadn't tried all the shops yet. Tomorrow he'd find the kid, sure, so Mrs. Muggins had better not be so smart and have her fits ahead of time.

As he neared the landing above, his heart began to pump violently; it infuriated him. With a sudden resolution he threw back his shoulders and stalked into his apartment with a bravado he was far from feeling.

At his entrance Mrs. Muggins looked around from the pot she was just stirring, and fixed him with her eye. "So! You decided to come home at last, did you? Well, where's the baby?"

Mr. Muggins, loaded to the muzzle with information all ready to fire at Mrs. Muggins about the infant in question, suddenly found himself mute. Finally, after opening and shutting his mouth several times, he threw up his arms and emitted a guttural sound.

"I should think so!" remarked Mrs. Muggins, scornfully. "You ain't fit to be a parent! You ain't even fit to keep chickens! Three lovely children, and you go and leave one of 'em with a feller you never seen before."

Mr. Muggins gaped at her. "What's—what's that?" he gasped, falling limply against the door jamb. "Why—why who told you?"

"I told myself. I seen him. Maybe if I hadn't a-seen him he might have gone off with the baby, not knowin' whose it was. Then what would you have done?"



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And Three Lovely Children—

(Concluded)

Once more Mr. Muggins gave vent to a throaty rumble.

"I was comin' through the square," went on Mrs. Muggins, "on my way home from leavin' the wash at Schultz's, thinkin' to s'prise you, when who should I see settin' on a bench by the fountain but Mr. Schultz hisself with my baby on his lap. He was pokin' his finger in and out of her mouth and snickerin' to beat the band just as though it mightn't have choked her. I could a-shrieked. But I didn't. No, seein' it was Mr. Schultz I just went up and snatched her away from him quick, and my, but he looked scared. And then he told me you'd give him the baby to hold while you went and got some more milk. What'd you want more milk for? You knew she didn't get no more till noon time."

"Why, I—I—I—" said Mr. Muggins, "I don't know. I—I guess I was afraid she'd yell. Gee, I'm glad you found her. I—I thought she was stole. So that fellow was Schultz, eh?"

"Yes, and he's got the grandest store on Spring Street, and he's terrible fond of children. Me and him had quite a chat. He walked home with me. I told him all about your pushcart and everything, and he says, oh, yes, he remembered you sayin' how you were ruined, and maybe you could

stop around and see him 'cause he had a pushcart he didn't use no more account of gettin' a motor delivery wagon. And then he says it wasn't right not to name the baby something anyhow."

Mr. Muggins coughed. Crossing the room he picked up the infant and held it in front of him. The scared blue eyes met his solemnly, the little mouth puckered. Mr. Muggins looked away uncomfortably. It seemed almost as though she knew.

Turning, he faced Mrs. Muggins. "Sure thing we got to name her! What color did you say the cart was, eh?"

"I didn't say. I don't know. But you can paint it up, can't you, like you did the other one? That looked swell!"

"Swell? Ha! Wait till I'm through with this one! Sure thing we got to name the baby. Or I tell you what, we'll take her down with us when we go for the cart and let that there Schultz name her hisself. Gee, ain't it great not to have no troubles?"

"Grand!" agreed Mrs. Muggins. "Didn't I tell you you'd git on your legs again? The idea o' fussin' so! Even if you hadn't a-got a cart, you gotta good home, ain't you? Sure you have."

"Sure I have!" echoed Mr. Muggins, hugging the baby tighter than he ever had before. "A good home, and three lovely children!"

If They Wrote Those Interviews as They Sometimes Happen!

THE Editor called me in. "Well," he said, "we're pretty hard up for personality stories this month. So hard up you'll have to go get a story out of that prize simp, Seraphonia Sourapple."

I went to Miss Sourapple's home. It was an apartment house overlooking Riverside Drive—overlooking it entirely. I walked up to a man who was cleaning the brass plate near the door that read "Superba Apartments"—"Does Miss Seraphonia Sourapple live here?"

The man shifted his gum. "Her? Oh, sure. Three flights up—the elevator ain't runnin' today."

When I reached the apartment three flights up I became convinced the Sourapples were having cabbage for dinner that evening—and decided not to stay. I rang the bell. A scurrying sound within. A voice: "Ma—go answer that bell. I bet that's the guy from the magazine."

A frightened woman came to the door. She had an apron on. "Come in," she said in a scared voice.

Seraphonia entered. "Hello!" she said. "Hello," I returned brilliantly.

"Was there any particular story you wanted to get about me?" she yawned after a short pause—it couldn't have been more than three-quarters of an hour.

"Oh, no, not any particular story," I stammered. "That is, not any particular story."

"That's good," she gurgled. "Then we can just talk and be real chummy, can't we? By the way, I wish you would spell my name right. The last time there wasn't any i. And will you tell that Answer Man not to say my eyes are gray? They're really blue—sapphire blue. Remember that, old man, if you can."

"And if you're not writing any particular story about me, I wish you would mention

my library. My books—both of them. I have the most wonderful li—no it isn't here now; it's being done over—a library has to be done over ever so often, don't you think? Last year I had it done in blue, but this year it'll be in green. You get so tired of the same old books, otherwise.

"My hobby is—next to reading—skiing. I dearly love to skii. I fell for skiing, in fact, the very moment I tried it.

"I study French. That is, I did up to a week ago. Then the teacher didn't come. It seems that he had heard I was a movie actress and went to the theater to see my latest super-feature. The next day they took him to Mattewan. He was crazy about me—imagine!

"What do I think about getting those highbrow authors to write stories for pictures? Well, I think they pay them too much money, for one thing. Why, one bird I never heard of actually got a thousand dollars for a story. They could get just as good stories in other ways. Now, I wrote a perfectly dear little story—just dashed it off between scenes—that was all about a little girl who lived on a farm and went to the city to visit some rich relatives. While she was there she met the villain. It goes on like that until finally the poor girl comes back to the country to die. I've always wanted to die—"

"How I should love to see you," I interrupted.

"In pictures," she finished. "Oh, listen—you don't have to go yet, do you, old dear? Have a cigarette—have a cigar—have a pipe! I'm sorry, but that's all I can offer you. I'd send you home in the car but I'm having the monogram changed. The one I had didn't look well so I bought a perfectly stunning coat of mail—I mean coat of arms—for it. Please don't forget to say my eyes are blue—sapphire blue, old bird! Tooodle-oo!"

The Woman Who Came Back

(Continued from page 64)

Dorothy Davenport Reid, who even though she is now Mrs. Wallace Reid, had the prior distinction of being a niece of Fanny Davenport and consequently a member of one of the oldest and greatest theatrical families of this country, told me the other evening that she still remembered hearing that Victory Bateman had more men in love with her than any other woman in New York.

I went to see her—of course I went to see her. I could hardly wait for the day of our appointment.

Let me tell you what I found.

A short, plump little woman, in a magnificent short kimono of white embroidered silk, over a rustling petticoat of peacock blue taffeta—the recognized negligee of twenty-five years ago. Her face looks neither younger nor older than the fifty-five years she is credited with. Her hair is dyed a very pretty shade of golden and is carefully dressed. Her skin and hands show signs of the care a lady gives them.

The only thing that remains of her once famous beauty is her eyes. Her feet and hands are very tiny and when she weighed ninety pounds must have been exquisite.

But her voice—her magnetism—her distinction—her power of expressing herself and getting over a point!

The voice is a bit blurred—but it is still there, so that beneath its golden tones the plump little figure herself faded away, and I saw instead the slender, beautiful woman who had once been as great and as famous as any of them.

Her face has a really remarkable sweetness. Everything has been burned away except the kindness, the warmth and understanding.

What does she care for motion pictures? What does she care for the visions of the youths of today?

Can you imagine for one instant how lost she is in this new field, robbed of the weapon of her voice and the spontaneity of her acting and the inspiration of her audiences?

Yet even so, she is successful.

She told me that it took her weeks of concentration to stop turning around whenever the director spoke to her.

At least she has lived.

I did not ask her much about why she was in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in New York when her own lack of business ability held her back as she grew older.

But it seemed to me impossible to connect the two. The new generation of motion picture fans will accept her almost as a new identity.

Her gracious manner, her dignity, her past fame were too much for me.

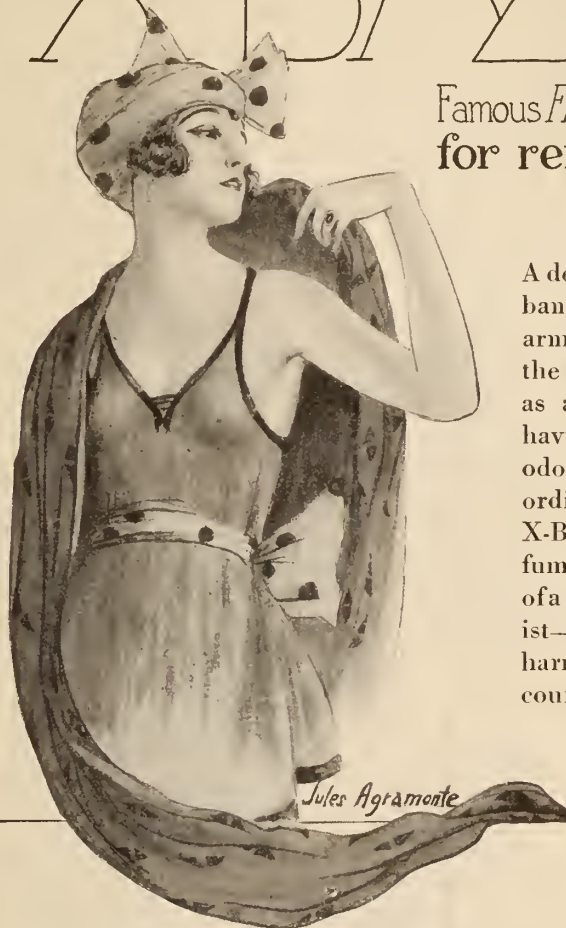
I only felt somehow that she shouldn't be there. That she shouldn't have to bother with this new angle. That she should be somewhere in a lovely home of her own, among her own people, able to sit back in lavender and old lace and "remember."

Or that, like Mrs. Fiske, she should still be playing suitable roles on the New York stage.

But Fate deals a lot of different hands. It isn't possible to see even a little way into the strange things that build one life one way and one life another.

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Hidden Children of the Screen

(Continued from page 65)

the diversion of materials and labor to war work. It is shown that production of peace time goods suffered greatly during the war, and that to make up this handicap every worker must double his efforts in order that production may keep up in the "race" with sales.

Cartoons of a motor race between "Production" and "Sales" illustrate this with the score board tabulating the steady gain in sales and falling off in production.

The film is really an arraignment of the employes, but in order to prevent hard feeling and antagonism, an element of good humour has been maintained throughout. The employes are enlisted as actors in many of the scenes and even a touch of the tragic is utilized to make a lasting impression of the results of carelessness and waste. No book could as graphically portray the startling things that occur around a big factory, no matter how well managed, as the film.

It is shown that expensive parts of machines are tossed into waste boxes and dumped into the refuse heap by careless mechanics, at the firm's expense; that so many dollars might as well be thrown out; that bushels of costly machine parts are picked up each month in the plant yards, thrown from the windows at stray cats and dogs by employes. It is shown how one employe threw a machine part at a dog, two stories below, and struck the gardener on the head, almost killing him.

The office loafer is treated to a picture of himself in "action," the noon hour flirt and the girl who powders up for an hour or two in the wash room—on the firm's time. The slight error that can be made in the assembly of an intricate machine and the cost of the error to the firm is visualized dramatically and with a high degree of human interest.

Several thousand employes saw this film together and the effect was said to be almost electrical! The film had accomplished what lectures and tracts had failed to do because of the dramatic aspect of realism possible in motion pictures.

As a connecting link between employer and employe, the moving picture is assuming surprising importance. A score of big industrial firms are now producing "annuals" which are shown at the yearly conventions of salesmen and dealers, in which the most interesting and important characters in the business are actors; the past year is pictorially reviewed and the policies for the forthcoming year are presented briefly and in pictures that combine the animated drawing and the cartoon.

One middlewestern manufacturer of electrical devices has had seven reels of films produced within the past year visualizing the inner workings of intricate water pumps and farm lighting systems for the benefit of employes. These pictures are of the new X-ray type and rip off the top of the machinery and reveal its intricate parts in motion just as in action under actual working conditions.

Over forty large industrial concerns have built model projection rooms into their plants for the instruction and entertainment of employes. Standard projection machines with seating capacity of up to 900 are features of these "theaters" and the pictures shown range all the way from Burton Holmes to animated cross section drawings of cash registers or sewing machines.

Frequently a comedy is presented and not infrequently a five-reel feature drama.

It has been found possible to train "green" mechanics by means of the screen. Many operations of machines can better be shown and the reasons why made clear by the picture that shows processes in motion, thus obviating the necessity of stopping

work to train a new man or using up the valuable time of one already proficient.

In any large machine plant the operation that falls to the average mechanic is simple and brief. He may not know what the man at the next machine is doing and it has long been realized that this is not a healthy condition. Consequently, they are depending upon movies to convey to the operator a general idea of what he is doing and more important yet, why he is doing it; also the relationship of his operation to the work of the next man and the man ahead of him as well as to the finished product. Five hundred or more men can be taught at one time by means of the screen.

Several important manufacturing concerns are accumulating libraries or pictorial catalogs of their patents which may be projected on short notice for the benefit of lawyers or experts. One electrical company is contemplating the production of a master reel to which will be attached a series of short length supplements, each visualizing an individual product, such as their flat iron, chafing dish, toaster, etc.

The main film pictures the factory and workers who make the products and the short lengths, which are spliced on as wanted, go into the operation of each article manufactured. In this way an Iowa women's club may be given a screen version of the company's newest electric iron while a Pennsylvania engineers club may be treated to an exposition of their latest electric office fan, both clubs also witnessing the main picture showing factory operation.

Moving pictures are being used less to advertise merchandise by business houses than for other purposes. Big Business has recognized in the screen a great persuader and convincer. They know that they can get their people to look when they cannot get them to read or listen. They know that the great mass of workers have the movie habit and welcome pictures—even those which inform—providing they are produced in an interesting manner.

To this end, Handy has given intense study and has already made great progress. He combines psychology with a knowledge of popular appeal and business efficiency. He works with the executives of each concern. He has cast aside the time worn "story picture" pointing a trite moral lesson which formerly formed 80 per cent of the so-called "industrials" of the last ten years. These pictures wasted half their length in a poorly told drama which subordinated the main idea and failed to impress. An industrial drama must necessarily be more cheaply staged than a dramatic feature picture, therefore it cannot be as good. It must compete, however, with the feature picture and at a great disadvantage. Whereas, modern facilities and methods permit a high degree of novelty that holds the attention of the workman, very much in the same way that popular mechanics holds him.

Brevity, novelty of the striking variety, the latest facilities offered by advanced cinematography, the perfected cartoon, the animate diagram all furnish a "key board" upon which the producer can play—getting over almost any policy or process desired by the man of big business who had about given up hope of ever reaching his people effectively on vitally important questions. The movie is the "bridge" over which helpful ideas pass from front office to workshop and smooth over misunderstanding which are admittedly to blame for most of the industrial unrest today.

When a business house will spend several thousand dollars to show its employes a picture that lasts only forty-five minutes on the screen, there is hope for the movie beyond its service as popular entertainment.

The Sign on the Door

(Continued from page 40)

At the door of the night court they parted.

Devereaux watched the girl go down the street. He shrugged his shoulders and turned away whistling.

But the significance of that night was to hover long.

WITH the honestly-won foundation of fortune gleaned in the hills of Wyoming, Bill Gaunt, now known as "The Colonel," and Lafe Regan found themselves established financially and politically in the busy whirl of the metropolitan affairs of New York.

There was now a Mrs. Gaunt, a pretty, soft sort of woman. From Mrs. Gaunt one got the impression that she was something that the Colonel had acquired in a lighter

The Sign on the Door

NARRATED, by permission, from the First National photoplay from the play of the same name by Channing Pollock. Adapted by Mary Murillo and Herbert Brenon. Directed by Herbert Brenon with the following cast:

Ann Hunniwell.....	} Norma Talmadge
Mrs. Lafe Regan.....	
Lafe Regan.....	Charles Richman
Frank Devereaux.....	Lew Cody
Colonel Gaunt.....	David Proctor
"Rud" Whiting, the District Attorney.....	Paul McAllister
Helen Regan.....	Helen Weir
Alan Churchill.....	Robert Agnew
"Kick" Callahan.....	Mack Barnes
Inspector Treffy.....	Lew Hendricks

moment along with the city polish which now obscured but did not obliterate the characteristics of the cattle rancher that was.

The Gaunts were seated in their luxurious living room, the Colonel reading a newspaper, when the butler announced the arrival of "Mr. Lafe Regan and some gentlemen."

It was the nominating committee of their party, headed by Regan on the joyous errand of notifying his friend Gaunt of his choice as the party's candidate for the governorship.

Frank Devereaux, now the representative of the Devereaux millions, a still gay bachelor, with a dash of politics as a sideline and diversion, was a member.

The formalities of the notification of the chosen candidate were soon over and Devereaux lingered to chat with Mrs. Gaunt, while his fellow committeemen went into Gaunt's study.

Devereaux looked Mrs. Gaunt overappraisingly. This was the beginning of another conquest.

When Lafe Regan returned to his suburban residence he sprang lightly up the steps and cheerily into his big library.

Ann Hunniwell, now private secretary to Lafe Regan, sat in the big study typing at papers concerned with the affairs of the party.

Ann worked with a deft, smooth, well-poised manner. She looked up as Regan entered.

"Well, Sir! We notified the Colonel." Lafe was jovial and happy about it.

Ann smiled her appreciation of his mood. Then she went on with her work, bending over her typewriter.

Lafe Regan stood looking at her worshipfully from a distance.

Ann was far more than just a secretary-

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Whose Double Are You?

See Page 43

The Sign on the Door

(Continued)

stenographer to Regan, although until now he had not let himself realize it. The impulsiveness that he brought with him out of the big west welled up in him.

"Ann."

It was the first time he had called her that. She looked up at him.

"Ann—I want you to marry me."

In a moment Lafe Regan had Ann in his arms.

When Helen Regan, once the babe abandoned by her mother in that remote cabin in Wyoming, came tripping into the library she found them there in oblivious embrace.

"Why, father!"

Lafe laughed at his daughter. He stepped back gravely.

"Helen, Ann is to be your new mother."

Ann drew Helen to her with maternal tenderness.

There were hours when Ann was sorely beset by conscience. She felt that she should tell Lafe about the episode of the years before at the Cafe Mazzarin, but she could never bring herself to it.

The time came when Colonel Bill Gaunt, the nominee for the governorship, found it necessary to sail for Europe on a business errand. Mrs. Gaunt stood waving farewell to him from the pier head as the liner was warped out into the bay.

Then Mrs. Gaunt turned away and walked out to the street. A limousine was waiting. The shades were drawn about the windows. Mrs. Gaunt stepped in beside Frank Devereaux.

Affairs were flowing with the even tenor of domestic happiness for the Regans. It was one afternoon in the big library when Ann was sitting, child-like, on Regan's knee with his big arm around her when the butler entered. Ann jumped up with a start.

"Mr. Devereaux to see you, sir."

"Show him in," Regan instructed.

"Committee business, I suppose," he observed to Ann.

Devereaux entered and Regan rose to greet him.

"You haven't met my wife yet—Mrs. Regan."

Ann stood motionless as Devereaux moved a step nearer to her for the presentation. She nodded her head very slightly.

"Why, yes, I have, dear. I've met Mr. Devereaux before. I was employed in his father's office once."

Helen Regan came gaily in and rushed up to greet the smart Mr. Devereaux, with a vast girlish effusiveness.

Devereaux returned the girl's warm greeting with the sleek sort of matinee hero flatteries best calculated to sustain her interest.

After Devereaux was gone, Regan found his wife standing at a window staring out, unhappily. He went up to her.

"Dear—I—I wish you would not have Mr. Devereaux at the house again."

"Why—what's the matter with Devereaux?" Lafe was quite unsuspecting.

"Oh, well," Ann passed it off at that.

While they were talking of him there, out at the curb at the edge of the grounds Helen was standing chatting with Devereaux at the step of his car. He found the promise of a youthful conquest enticing.

Lafe Regan was sitting in his club in the city soon after when a page boy, seeking him, came up with a wireless.

Regan opened the message, read it, dropped his hand to his side and whistled softly to himself, in expression of surprise.

Waldron, a fellow clubmember and intimate, also a member of the nominating committee, noted Regan's excitement.

"What's up, Lafe?"

For answer Regan showed him the message, which said:

"Arrive tomorrow on personal business; shall need every ounce of your friendship."

"I wonder what's up?" Regan murmured, hardly intending to ask a question in his speculation.

"Don't you know?" Waldron spoke as though surprised at Regan's ignorance. "Everybody's heard it—Devereaux and Gaunt's wife."

Regan was shocked and amazed, thinking too of himself in an earlier day in a similar unhappy situation, and his friend Bill Gaunt at his side, in the hills of Wyoming. Regan went home with his heart full.

"You are right about Devereaux," he said to Ann. "He's a damned scoundrel."

Then he told her of the message from Gaunt and what Waldron had told him at the club.

"I'm sorry—sorry for the woman," Ann ventured. She was thinking perhaps of herself.

"Women like that aren't worth it." Regan snapped it out.

Ann froze up. There was a great fear in her heart. Now she could never tell Regan.

"Lafe—I think you'd better keep out of this," Ann was pleading.

"Keep out of my friend's trouble? Not me." Regan was calmly determined. "Once Gaunt helped me. I was through this once myself, with Helen's mother."

A deep stillness fell on the room.

"I never forgive," Regan set his jaw.

Ann shuddered.

"Devereaux called up this afternoon and wanted to come out," Regan said after a pause. "I told him not to come out, that we would not be here."

But hardly had Regan finished when the bell rang and the butler came in announcing Devereaux.

"We are not at home," Regan was crisp and hard. He was surprised, too, that Devereaux should call not expecting to find him in.

"You can't do that, Lafe—you can't refuse suddenly, without any reason."

Without waiting a word from Regan she turned to the butler.

"Show Mr. Devereaux in."

Devereaux was unperturbed by the coolness of his reception.

"I'm motoring through to Greenwich for dinner—I thought I'd step in for a drink."

Ann called the butler forward.

"Scotch," said Devereaux with cool assurance.

The butler turned to Regan. Regan shook his head.

"I'll have some mineral water," said Ann, hastening to cover the impending break.

"This is goodbye," said Devereaux as he lifted his drink. "My man is looking up a boat for the Orient. I want to leave for San Francisco in a day or two."

"I have to go up and dress for dinner," said Regan significantly. Rising and turning his back on his unwelcome guest Regan went upstairs.

Devereaux, cap in hand, walked toward the door with Ann following. He extended his hand, which she ignored.

Looking out through the French window leading to the garden Devereaux saw Helen.

"Mrs. Regan!" There was the mockery of homage in his tone.

"Yes."

"I'm sure you will want to be very considerate of me, since I have been so considerate of you—"

Devereaux paused to let the unfair advantage of his words sink in.

"So may I go out this way?" He nodded toward the French window.

He went blithely away, with Ann standing watching him with fear in her heart.

The Sign on the Door

(Continued)

In the garden and concealed from view of the house he met Helen. She rushed into his embrace.

"You wouldn't have gone without seeing me!"

Devereaux released her gently with reassurances.

"Slip away and have dinner with me." There was banter and flattery in his air.

"Oh, I'd love to, but I can't." The girl flung herself back into his arms.

"But I love you, I love you," she cried. "I'm going away, and I want to take you with me!" Devereaux's voice was vibrant.

"Tell your father you won't be home to-night."

"Oh, I can't, I can't."

Devereaux crushed the girl to him. "But you must. You must. I am going to take you with me."

Ann, coming down the stairs, looked out into the garden. She saw Helen in Devereaux's embrace.

Ann went out toward them, flaming with anger.

"Mr. Devereaux—leave this place at once."

Devereaux drew back with defiance. "If you do not leave at once I shall have to call my husband."

Devereaux sneered at her. "Lafe," she called.

Devereaux turned red with an access of rage. He stepped toward Ann, as she started to raise her voice in a call to Lafe again.

"If I go, will you promise to say nothing to Regan?"

"If you promise to stay away from Helen."

"All right." Devereaux agreed, but did not surrender.

He started toward the garden. Helen stood watching him. Ann came up and putting an arm about the girl drew her to her.

Helen tore herself away. "We were to have been married."

Ann smiled. Helen stamped her foot. "You are in love with Mr. Devereaux yourself!" she cried out in accusation.

Lafe Regan came out attired in dinner clothes. He stopped, struck aghast at his daughter's words. What could have come to this girl's attention that made her fling that charge at Ann?

"Here's father now," said Helen, defiant and accusing. "You called him."

Lafe Regan, covering his internal confusion, decided to pretend that he had heard nothing.

A quick thought came to Helen. "Father, can I go stay all night at Marjorie Blake's—she's here with the car for me to go to dinner at her house?"

Marjorie, a chattering, giggling youngster, appeared and chimed in with more coaxing.

Regan, abstracted and concerned with other thoughts, nodded assent.

As the girls started away Ann again drew Helen to her.

"You see you are my daughter—the one I never had—and I'd give my life to save you a tear."

"Yes—Mother—Goodbye." Then Helen and Marjorie hurried away.

Out at the remote side of the garden by the tennis court, abandoned, dejected and disconsolate, sat Allan Churchill, boy admirer of Helen, neglected by his lady-fair all the day. Allen kicked his racquet on the ground and put his head in his hands.

Ann turned to go into the house. Regan stopped her with a word.

"Ann—who did Devereaux come to see?"

She smiled at Lafe reassuringly and shook her head.



"Keep These Men"

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The Sign on the Door

(Continued)

"How well have you known Devereaux?" His eyes searched her.

Ann swallowed hard.

"You know I was in his father's office."

Regan looked at her in silence for a moment before he spoke again.

"It's hard for me to understand how a fellow as busy as Devereaux is could have overlooked you."

"Lafe, I won't stand your suspecting me." Ann was at the point of tears.

Desperate with jealousy and suspicion and fear Regan went on, measuring his words like a lawyer at cross-examination.

"Now tell me. When Devereaux came here today, whom did he come to see?"

Ann turned from him desperate. He followed.

"You have been afraid since the first day he came here."

Ann made no reply.

"There are some things that a man cannot forgive."

There was a grim threat in Regan's voice that cut deeper than his words.

Ann was distracted.

The telephone bell rang with a sharp shrill chirr.

Regan went to the phone. The voice of Colonel Gaunt answered.

"Where are you now?" Regan was still tense.

"In the council room at the club," Gaunt replied. "I'm leaving here in ten minutes and I will even my score with Devereaux before I return."

"For God's sake, wait—don't do anything until I come—wait until I get there—promise now."

Gaunt, in the club council room alone, put down the phone and sank back into a chair.

When Regan hung up his receiver and turned to Ann his mood had changed.

Impetuously he went up to Ann and seizing her two hands, kissed them.

"Ann, you said I suspected you. I believe in you as I believe in God!"

Regan hurried away to Gaunt.

Strolling in the garden and down the arbor toward the tennis court, delaying their departure were Marjorie and Helen, busy with confidences. They were almost at the court when Helen stopped Marjorie.

"I am going to leave you when we get to town—I'm going to meet Mr. Devereaux at his apartments at 8 o'clock."

Marjorie thrilled. The girls turned and hurried to the house. When they had departed, weary and heartsore Master Allan Churchill, chafing from his disappointed wait at the tennis courts, strode off across the grounds, then came to a stop as Ann cheerily greeted him.

"Why, Allan—the girls have gone to town."

Allan, paused, glum.

"Yes," he answered. "I heard Helen tell Marjorie that she had a date to meet Mr. Devereaux for dinner at his apartments."

Ann hurriedly consulted the city telephone book, located Devereaux's address, consulted the time tables, and phoned for a taxi to take her to the next train into the city. Anything, at any cost, must be done to prevent Helen falling a victim to the vicious Devereaux.

At the club in the city Lafe Regan found his suffering and miserable friend, Colonel Gaunt. Their meeting was that of true friends under the stress of trouble. Their conversation was brief. Masterful Regan now dominated the situation.

"Years ago, you did the same thing for me. Now leave this to me."

Regan walked out and Gaunt sat with his face buried in his hands.

At his apartment Devereaux was supervising the packing of trunks and bags by

The Sign on the Door

(Continued)

his valet, Ferguson. He phoned to the office an order to prepare dinner for two.

The valet, about to put Devereaux's revolver into a bag, reached to tear a bit of newspaper for packing material. His eye lighted on a line of interest—the name of Colonel Gaunt among the day's arrivals by steamer. He handed it up to Devereaux.

Devereaux leaped up with a look of terror. The telephone rang sharply.

Nervously Devereaux took up the phone. He found the attendant at the office on the wire.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"Oh—send her right up."

In a flash Devereaux's manner brightened. His thoughts of peril were vanquished in anticipations of a new conquest.

"That will be all for tonight, Ferguson," he said, dismissing his valet. "And don't butt in in the morning until I send for you."

Devereaux took a quick look about to see the place in proper order to receive his expected guest. The shining revolver caught his eye. He put it into a cigarette humidior and covered it with the lid.

At the table he lettered a card with a sign reading, "Do not disturb me."

A knock came at the door. Devereaux sprang up to open it.

Ann Regan stepped in, facing the amazed stare of Devereaux. She looked quickly about.

"You had an appointment with my daughter at 8 o'clock. Where is she?"

Devereaux answered with a shrug of his shoulders and displayed his watch, which indicated the time considerably past the hour of eight.

Ann's eye caught the bedroom door, closed. She ran to the door, jerked it open and looked in. There was no one there.

Devereaux, struggling to hold his temper, grinned at her.

Ann snatched at the telephone. He intercepted her.

"If you send for your husband I shall tell him everything."

"What's everything?" Ann was desperate and defiant.

"That we were arrested in a raid at the Cafe Mazzarin."

Ann started back in terror.

Devereaux turned to a cabinet. He produced an old photographic print and handed it to her. It was the flashlight made at the raid, the one he bought of the photographer that unhappy night long before.

Ann glanced at it, then tore it across.

"That will do you no good. I have the negative. Photographers call that a print. Your husband might call it proof."

Both of them started when the telephone rang. Devereaux hastened to the instrument before Ann could reach it. Both expected a call from Helen.

Devereaux, listening an instant, shouted an answer.

"Mr. Devereaux's not in—not home until midnight."

He was trembling when he hung up the receiver and turned to Ann.

"It's Lufe Regan."

There was a hesitant pause and silence. "You know what it would mean for him to find you here."

"I'd tell him the truth."

Devereaux laughed harshly.

"He'd kill you," Ann cried.

"And he'd divorce you," Devereaux returned.

Devereaux was alarmed now. He was tiger-like in his movements as he paced about. He insisted that Ann should leave, at once. She was yielding. She stood with her hand on the doorknob when a loud bold knocking came.

In a flash Devereaux leaned forward and turned the key.

"Who's there?"

Ann darted a frenzied look about. Devereaux pushed her through the bedroom door, tossed her gloves after her and closed it. Then he unlocked his entrance door.

Angry Lufe Regan strode in.

The two men stood facing, both high colored with the passion of rage.

"I have been talking with Bill Gaunt. I told him you weren't in town—to give you time to get away."

"You are very kind—wonderfully anxious to save my life, aren't you?"

Regan's hands clenched.

"I'm wonderfully anxious to save my friend's life and his good name."

Regan looked Devereaux hard in the eyes. Neither flinched.

Ann, standing crouched by the bedroom door, listened tense and breathless.

Devereaux decided his next move was conciliation.

He picked up his traveling cap, which lay on the table between them and started for the door.

"Come, I'm ready."

But Regan did not move.

"I've got no right to let you feel that you can run amuck in other men's homes and get away with it. Take off your coat. I'm going to give you a damned good thrashing."

Devereaux made a supreme effort at self-control.

"Not here, and not now."

"This is my time," grimly replied Regan, clinching his fists.

Devereaux moved casually to the edge of the table and carelessly drew the cigarette box to him. He lifted the cover and pulled out a cigarette, which he tapped lightly on the lid. He kept his eyes on Regan.

Regan moved toward him.

In a flash Devereaux snatched out his revolver and covered Regan.

Regan looked at him with contempt.

"Put down that gun."

Devereaux held it on Regan.

"Are you going, now?"

"You bluffer—I saw you try that same kind of trick on my wife, and she has always hated and despised you," Regan sneered at Devereaux.

"I'm pretty well fed up on protecting women." Devereaux's lip curled in insinuating emphasis.

Ann, crouching at the door, felt impelled to rush out and end this impending struggle, to save her husband, if possible, regardless of what the consequences to her might be. She turned the knob and opened the door. Regan's back was turned toward her. She paused.

"You protect women!" Regan's voice was thick with the acid of derision.

"When you suspected me, did you ever suspect her?" Devereaux whipped at Regan.

Regan winced like a man struck with a lash.

"Suspect her?"

"Yes, that she had been my mistress."

Regan lunged.

"You liar!"

The powerful westerner seized the hand that held the revolver and the battle was on. The athletic Devereaux and the brawny Regan whirled about the room.

In the next room Ann drooped limp as a doomed thing in the horror of it.

Round and round they went, clinched and tearing at each other. Regan shook himself free and victorious with the revolver in hand. He drew up, breathing heavily. Devereaux snatched a heavy carafe from the table and hurled it at Regan's head. Regan ducked and fired.



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The Sign on the Door

(Continued)



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See Page 43

Devereaux crumpled on the floor. Regan stood dazed a moment at the swiftness of the end. Then he stepped over and lifted Devereaux's hand and let it drop back to the floor.

"Dead."

Regan straightened up and turned as though to step to the telephone and call the police, when his eye caught the lettered sign on the table, "Do Not Disturb Me." A grim, understanding smile swept over Regan's face.

Regan backed up to the door, listening. There was no sound.

In the bedroom Ann was breathlessly following Regan's movements, fearful that any moment he might enter the bedroom and find her there.

Regan knelt by Devereaux's body and was about to put the nicked revolver in the dead man's hand. He saw the markings of his own finger prints and paused. Taking a handkerchief from his pocket he wiped the gun, then put on his gloves and placed it as he had first intended. Methodically he obliterated every possible finger print on objects he had touched.

Then Regan adjusted his hat and coat carefully, picked up the sign and went to the door.

Regan pinned the sign on the outside, took the key, and gently closing the door, locked it and tiptoed off down the hall. A few moments later he glanced quickly out from the side door of the apartment house, then nonchalantly walked down the quiet street.

Regan found Gaunt, depressed and gloomy, waiting.

"You need not worry about Devereaux. He will not bother you any more."

When Regan had left the hall, Ann ran to the door and tried frantically to open it. She found herself locked in, inescapably imprisoned with the dead man. She hated him living. She loathed him dead.

There was no way out. But there was a way perhaps to save Regan the consequences of the killing.

On hands and knees Ann crept up to Devereaux's body and took the revolver from his hand.

There was a half mad gleam in her eyes as she arose.

Ann took the telephone receiver from the hook and listened till she heard the answering "Hello."

Then in a frenzy of energy she upset tables and chairs, demolished vases, and standing off, screaming, fired two shots in the direction of Devereaux's body.

A few moments later Callaghan, the proprietor and Ferguson, Devereaux's butler, broke into the room, finding Ann half swooning, with the revolver in her hand.

She pointed with the gun toward the body.

"I have killed him. He attacked me and I killed him."

Ann's hair was torn and tossed about her shoulders and her gown was in tatters.

An hour later the room was again in order. The police records had been made. The autopsy was completed. The witnesses, except Ann, had been questioned, and Rud Whiting, the district attorney, felt he was beginning to get a glimmering of the case.

Whiting sat in Devereaux's room regarding Ann's card—"Mrs. Lafa Regan."

He had sent a plain-clothes man to bring Lafa Regan, instructing the officer to give Regan no information of the purpose of the summons.

Whiting began to question Ann.

"You confess to the murder of Devereaux?"

"He attacked me and I killed him."

Ann's answer was calm. She was depressed and in most abject woe, but collected.

"Mr. Devereaux had an appointment with a woman at 8 o'clock. Were you that woman?"

"Oh, no, sir!" Ann cried out in her sincerity. "I came to protect another woman."

"Why didn't you tell your husband you were coming?"

Ann froze into a silence. She saw the accusing look come into the district attorney's eyes, and cried out in defense.

"Because he was jealous of Mr. Devereaux."

The district attorney smiled a shade. Ann wilted, realizing now what she had further implied.

"Yes—ridiculously jealous."

Whiting, with a considerate doctor-to-patient manner, invited Ann to tell the whole story of the killing her own way. She, unsuspecting, hurried out her planned recital. When she had done, Whiting turned on her calmly.

"And although this sign was on the door when you came you did not see it?"

He held up Devereaux's ill-starred placard lettered, "Do Not Disturb Me."

Ann, embarrassed but determined, shook her head.

"And what did you do with the key?"

"Where did you get the revolver?"

Ann was harassed beyond recovery. She had no answers for the district attorney's shower of questions that she had not anticipated.

"Who was the other woman?"

A cry broke from Ann's lips, but she gave no answer.

"You are lying. There was no other woman!"

Ann dropped back, stunned as by a blow.

The officer sent for Regan announced his arrival, and at Whiting's motion, Ann was led into the bedroom before Regan was ushered in.

Whiting waved Regan to a chair and, standing quietly before him, told of the murder of Devereaux. Regan listened.

"Are you sure he was murdered?" Regan asked very coolly at the end of the district attorney's story. "Devereaux was in rather a mess. He might have killed himself."

"He might," replied Whiting, "but we have the murderer."

"Impossible," exclaimed Regan, losing his control.

"The murderer was locked up with the dead man—and has confessed."

There was a terrific, tense silence after that. The door of the bedroom opened. Ann stood before them.

Regan started, unable to believe his eyes. He turned himself slowly to the district attorney.

"I killed Frank Devereaux."

Ann ran out, her arms extended.

"Oh, it isn't true!"

Regan ignored her.

"I came here," he went on, addressing Whiting, "for reasons of my own and I killed him. I came through the side door and up the stairs. I pinned the sign on the door, locked it on the outside and went back to the club."

"It isn't true, it isn't true," Ann screamed and sobbed.

"How long were you away from the club?" asked Whiting.

"About forty minutes."

The district attorney motioned to a police officer to phone to Colonel Gaunt. Gaunt excitedly declared that Regan had been there with him the whole evening, being absent not more than five or six minutes at any time. Whiting repeated his words to Regan.

The Sign on the Door

(Concluded)

"Your confession's smashed, Mr. Regan. You are not the first man who has tried to wish himself into the electric chair to save a woman."

Lafe Regan stood morose, tortured. Ann being blamed despite his truth and all his efforts!

The phone bell blurred its shrill.

"A lady, says she had an appointment with Mr. Devereaux at eight," the office announced.

"Send her up," Whiting ordered.

"You must not. You must not," Ann protested hysterically.

The district attorney put his hand on Ann's arm to quiet her.

"If this woman came here by appointment and you came here solely for the reason you say you did, it may save your life."

"Don't. Don't!" Ann screamed.

At the order of the district attorney everyone in the room was drawn back into the corners and all the lights turned off save one illuminating little spot about the center table where he sat.

The door opened and Helen Regan unsuspectingly walked into the room and looked at Whiting.

"Mr. Devereaux is gone—I'm his man—I'm to take the message."

"Tell him I've changed my mind—tell him I'm sorry but I couldn't go with him, not when I knew how it would hurt mother."

Ann and Regan, neither able to restrain themselves longer, rushed at the girl. The lights flashed up. Helen screamed with alarm. Marjorie, her companion, ran into the room at this moment, standing in startled surprise looking at the faces about her.

"I didn't come to see Mr. Devereaux, father, see, father, I brought Marjorie—oh

father, you must believe me!" the girl cried out. "Mother, make him believe me!"

Ann put an arm around the girl. Regan, ashamed of all that he had believed when he found Ann the woman in Devereaux's room, stepped toward her. He was about to speak when the attention of the room was arrested by the entry of a police officer.

The policeman held a photograph, torn to bits and now pasted together.

"This girl was not the motive," he said, facing Ann. "You caught him making love to another woman and killed him. You knew him before. You dined with him, travelled with him. You went to a questionable resort with him."

The officer displayed the patched photograph, the old picture of Ann, Devereaux and a policeman, at the Cafe Mazzarin raid.

"I went to that place a good girl and I came out a good girl, and if there's a God in Heaven, I'll find a way to make you believe me!"

Regan stood unheeding.

"I believe you, Mrs. Regan." It was the district attorney speaking. "I was the waiter."

Whiting pulled out the end of his watch chain and displayed on it a little old gold ring set with a tiny emerald.

"I was an assistant district attorney then, and we'd been trying hard to get things on the Mazzarin, so I went there as a waiter."

Regan's heart swelled up.

"I killed Devereaux."

"And it was in self defence—I saw it from the door."

Whiting smiled and looked down at the emerald ring.

"Any jury will acquit your husband on the evidence, Mrs. Regan," said Whiting.

And Whiting, as the prosecutor, ought to know.

One of Anatol's Affairs

(Concluded from page 72)

her mother, her company, and all a star's privileges and responsibilities.

She has only just begun to come into her own. "Forbidden Fruit" provided her greatest opportunity. Before Cecil deMille gave her the part, there was a long list of leads, from the O. Henry Vitagraph two-reelers with Edward Earle, to Marshall Neilan's "Go and Get It." In "The Furnace" she first made the Paramounters believe in her ability; and, as they had never doubted her beauty, they straightway annexed her. Since the first deMille picture and "The Affairs," she has done two pictures opposite Wallace Reid, "The Love Special" and "Too Much Speed." Now she is playing with Tommy Meighan in "Cappy Ricks."

And then—Europe. All of England and


Italy and France for her "location." And she will not be out of place anywhere. She would fit in, this girl, in almost any old-world surrounding. You can see her, can't you, in England, as fresh and as dewy as their own countryside. Or in Italy, with the slumbering fire of bygone romance in her soft eyes. All the old gods will smile, for they have seen other ingenues of other nations with faces as gentle and as mysterious as hers. She will tread softly, on familiar ground—for she has been there before

"Goodbye!" said Agnes Ayres. "Just when I am getting so I know my way around New York again after a year in Hollywood, we go off to Boston! Don't forget—when I return, we'll have lunch!"

H. G. Wells Demands Pictures For Education

THE use of films as an adjunct in the course of education has become an established fact. Each day brings an extension to the demand. In its latest outcropping, it is worked inextricably into Mr. H. G. Wells' scheme for universal instruction. While Mr. Wells, who is numbered among the famous British authors who have written scenarios for production, has never been backward in acknowledging an enthusiasm for the "cinematograph," his favorite term for it, he has recently come forward in a series of articles which have just been published, with a tremendous assertion of the necessity of this manner of instruction. He appeals for a world-syndicated system of education, to be supplied at the fountain-

head by the highest authorities in each branch of study, and to be distributed to schools all over the globe. This instruction, such of it as needs demonstration, the sciences, mathematics, and so on, is to be given with the aid of the motion picture. He points out the value of slow motion photography in intricate and complex experiments. To quote Mr. Wells himself, who can say more in fewer words than most humans, "I ask for half a dozen projectors in every school and for a well-stocked storehouse of films." Now, Mr. M. P. Industry, let censorship do its worst. There is a wholesale contract for you. Who will help make it practicable?



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MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 32 and 33.

MILDRED SAVAGE, VAUX HALL, N. J.
—No, my child, I am not Mrs. Irene Castle—or Mrs. Robert Treman, as we must call her now. I have never been on the stage or the screen, so that what advice I may give you will not be aided by much knowledge of the demands of the theater in dress. However, for that reason I assume that I may be able to help you who also are not professional. I should think that midnight blue would be just the color for you to use in your serge suit. It does not show the wear so quickly as a lighter shade and will prove serviceable, I am sure.

CONSTANCE A., SACRAMENTO, CAL.—If I were you, I should choose with great care a becoming sports costume—not of tweed but of one of the more graceful materials so that it would be quite all right for you to wear it on the tennis courts or at an informal tea. An organdie frock, while charming, cannot of course be worn for sports—its dainty crispness would last hardly a half hour.

BOBBIE, GREENCASTLE, IND.—Personally, I have no objection to bobbed hair on a young person. If you are only nineteen—always provided your face is not too round and plump—you might bob it. You of course know better than I whether it might be becoming. One thing: you must make up your mind to bear with a good grace all disputes about your age. You are still young enough to resent anyone taking you for a child of fifteen. Norma Talmadge wore bangs with her bobbed hair. This is a matter of taste.

DOROTHY J., NEW YORK CITY—In this issue there is a sketch of a charming sports costume which would not be difficult to adapt. It might be very effectively developed in linen. For instance, a cool green shade; the skirt and pockets would not, of course, be fringed, but the pockets might be frilled; and the belt would be also of linen. This may be worn over a blouse of white organdie, silk, or georgette.

ALMA BROWN, LOS ANGELES.—Indeed, yes, the two-skin fur neckpieces are smart. You may buy them in mink, sable, fox, etc. They add just the right touch to one's street costume. Canton crepe is much in use this season for suits and wraps. I myself have a coat-dress of grey embroidered with silver.

I. L., LOUISVILLE.—I must confess I have not seen many frocks of tricolette in the smart shops this summer. It was in use last year but it does not seem to have endured. Organdie, voile, dotted Swiss and taffeta are favored fabrics.

FRANCES W., WASHINGTON.—There have been many developments of the Directoire

mode this season. By this is meant the costumes receive their inspiration from those worn during the Directoire period in French history. For instance, gowns were short-waisted and hats high-crowned. This mode is not becoming to every one. I should advise you to study yourself carefully before investing in a Directoire wardrobe!

D. O. H., NEW HAVEN.—I cannot advise you as to perfumes. It is entirely a matter of taste whether jasmin or lilac is more appropriate. Although the bottle does not always indicate the worth of the perfume, still, I must ask that you do not overlook that delightful array of perfume containers illustrated on page 33.

J. P., NATCHEZ, MISS.—My dear, I can only advise you that a well-bred woman seldom adopts extremes in mode or manners. She is quietly gowned, conservatively coiffed. She does not go in for elaborate jewelry or fussy shoes. Undoubtedly she has her little whims of costume as well as of character, but she does not hold them above the good taste which should mark the *ensemble*. Your letter indicated your intelligence and common sense. I am sure if you follow your own inclination you will never be guilty of bad taste.

L. A., WINDSOR, CAN.—You wish to know what a school girl's wardrobe should include. First of all, it should include nothing that is not the quintessence of simplicity and good taste. You should have a dark skirt of plain blue or plaid serge, with at least two middy blouses; a simple frock of serge or tricotine preferably with pleated skirt; dress of white voile or some similar material, with short sleeves and round neck, for festive occasions; low-heeled, round-toed shoes and slippers, and not more than two hats. Some schools have certain rules about clothes; in that case you will have your problem settled for you. But if you and your mother follow the above list more or less faithfully you will not feel out of place in the most "exclusive" girls' school. In fact, did you know that the more exclusive the school, the simpler and more modest the girl's wardrobe must be? I am much in favor of the pleated skirt for school girls; the low-heeled shoe, and the middy blouse. I am not in favor of the compulsory school costume; it tends to destroy individuality. You may think that it is impossible to be prettily dressed if you follow my list; but you will find that a simple dress is really much more becoming than an elaborate one.

MRS. DODD A., WYOMING.—I can think of nothing more charming for a little tot than a wee frock of white handkerchief linen for state occasions; gingham for everyday and organdie for second best. If you will write to me I will advise you in more detail.

Moving Pictures in the Church

"UNDER proper direction, moving pictures can be made a help to devotion," says the Rev. Johnston Myers, of the Emanuel Baptist Church, Chicago, in the Temple Advocate. "They can be used as means for conveying religious truths. They can be so guided that they will give correct views of truth and of God. This has been done on many occasions in many places. Why should not the church take advantage of everything which is modern and good? If the moving pictures

become part of our Sunday evening worship, we will guard them carefully and see that only that which is appropriate to Sunday and to the church shall appear.

"The fact is that we did not understand the moving pictures, and just now we are beginning to appreciate their value. We may receive truth through the eye as well as through the ear. The pictures appeal to the eye as the human voice does to the ear. Under the proper direction, moving pictures can be made a help to devotion."

What Is a Director?

(Continued from page 54)

Rex Ingram:

What is a director? I should say he is the best illustration of the term *fall-guy* that I can think of. He is the one upon whose shoulders *all* of the blame invariably falls if the picture is not good—and if it is good, he is not always the one to get the thanks. This truth is universally accepted among directors. My sympathies are all with those directors who stand or fall on their own merits. I have too often seen a good picture, and the career of a promising director, ruined through so-called *supervision*.

Thomas H. Ince:

The director occupies the same relative position in motion pictures today as does the virtuoso in the realm of music—both are the interpreters of artistic creations. Without them, we could have neither good music, nor good moving pictures. The better the director, the better the interpretation. Good directors are not alone interpreters, however, just as virtuosos often extend their work into the field of composing. Directors become creators as well, by originating and developing supplementary ideas which often enhance the artistic, pictorial and dramatic values of a photoplay.

Penrhyn Stanlaws:

"The limit!"

Frank Woods, supervising director for Lasky:

A director is the artist who paints the picture on the screen. The story is the paint, the actors the brush, the film the canvas, but it's the director that makes the picture.

Reginald Barker:

A director bears the same relationship to a motion picture production that a general bears to an army—at least he should. That is, his should be the final word. He should consult with his various lieutenants, but he should have the authority to make the final decision. This is necessary in order to get that unity of thought and purpose which should characterize every work of expression.

Elinor Glyn:

This is a subject upon which I fear I have very little knowledge. Knowing the work only of director Sam Wood—who directed my first screen story—thus far I am forced to think the whole tribe of them perfect darlings and angels. I have such rosy spectacles on about them that I fear my opinion in the subject is worth very little.

Percy Hilburn, cameraman:

In the first place in order to be a successful director, you must wear puttees and trick trousers. That erudite scholar, Will Rogers, was the first to discover the relationship between the high cost of puttees and their directorial popularity.

And incidentally, although it isn't of much importance—you have to know more about the technique of motion picture production, dramatic values, stories and acting than anybody else in the world.

But that's easy.

Cecil deMille:

A man who never sleeps.

Because if he superintends a staff of brilliant and infallible scenario writers, temperamental stars and un-temperamental actors, helpless extra people, nut cameramen, artistic artists, impractical technical directors, excitable designers, varied electricians, and carpenters, strange title writers, expert cutters; if he diplomatically placates the financial department and the check signers; if he endeavors ultimately to please the exhibitors, the critics, the censors, the exchange men and the public, it's a perfect cinch he won't have time to sleep.

Hezi Tate, assistant director to Cecil deMille:

A director is the one man in the world who is always right.

He can never be wrong as long as he's got an assistant.

A director is a combination of Providence, Jekyll and Hyde and Dotty Dimples.

To anybody who isn't a director, a director is like a man riding in a swell limousine is to a fellow walking.

You can swear at 'em, but you wish you were one.

A director is a liberal education, a foster-father and an inspiration. Sometimes the only reason you don't wish he'd drop dead is because you'd be out of a job.

At other times, if he's a great director, you worship him with all the ardor of a novice for a master.

(I hope Cecil deMille doesn't see this.)

Jesse L. Lasky:

I decline to answer the question "what is a director?", but I will gladly state what, in my opinion, a director should be: First of all, a director to be successful, must combine efficiency with artistry, blending the two by the exercise of judgment and finesse, and knowing instinctively when to cease exercising one quality and when to begin employing the other. He should at once possess the qualifications of a dramatist, of an actor; should be a good executive and have a sympathetic understanding of human nature. Above all he should possess good taste and the courage to use it at all times, even when carried away by dramatic instinct which might suggest defiance of convention.

Florence Vidor:

What a question to ask a woman whose husband is a director!

However, I consider directors the "raison d'etre" for a large percentage of present day screen stars.

They are the school masters who lead us to understanding and accomplishment.

Will Rogers:

The director is the whole works. No, I'll take that back, because the director has to have a good story. It's about 50-50. When it comes to dividing up the 100 per cent responsibility for a picture, you can split it two ways. You don't have to worry about anybody else.

A good director, with a good story, can make a good picture, with bum actors.

King Vidor:

A director is the channel through which a picture reaches the screen.

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What Is a Director?

(Concluded)

Frank Lloyd:

The director is essentially an interpreter. To him is given the task of making logical and understandable, pictorially, what the author and the continuity writer set down in writing. He must understand how to make the public understand. He must be as fluent with his camera as the author is with his pen. He must possess a sound sense of the mechanics of the motion picture, of composition, of continuity, of sequence. He must be an adept in the art of achieving logical climaxes. Logic is perhaps the weakest point of the modern motion picture. The blame is no more on the director than the author, the author than the director. He must be a barometer of public opinion.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 78)

H. A. R., VALLEJO, CAL.—Sorry, but "the soldier who notified the mother that her son was in the hospital," in "Humoresque," was only a minor character, and was not in the cast. Wesley Barry is about thirteen.

EDWARD S., CLEVELAND.—So Mary Thurman is your favorite. You are not alone in your choice, Edward. Miss Thurman is one of the few young ladies of my screen acquaintance who can act as well as she looks. And, if you have seen Mary, you know what that means. She is now with Lasky playing opposite Roscoe Arbuckle in "Should a Man Marry?" Her last picture for Allan Dwan was "The Broken Doll." Mary isn't married.

G. T. S., ELMHURST, L. I.—Your town has been immortalized. Director John Robertson built the little Scotch village of Thrums for "Sentimental Tommy" there. Ethel Clayton was with Lubin in 1912. Norma Talmadge made "Janet of the Chorus" for Vitagraph about the same time. She joined that company in 1911. Constance used to play in comedies with John Bunny. Mae Murray is Mrs. Bob Leonard. They live and work in Manhattan.

Jo.—I am not really a cynic, you know. A cynic is sour on the world, and I am not. My temper merely curdles occasionally, that is all. PHOTOPLAY'S Studio Directory furnishes the addresses of most of the leading companies. If you wish to locate a certain player tell me his name and I'll tell you his company and then you can run your pink-tipped index finger down the Directory until your charming almond-shaped eyes arrive at some conclusion. Hence: Conway Tearle, Selznick. Now—go ahead!

SILLY BILL.—You are, indeed, he said cordially. Are you making a specialty of the autographs of all the Toms in pictures? Tom Moore, Goldwyn, was born in County Meath, Ireland, in 1886. He's five feet ten inches tall and weighs 142 pounds. Tom Mix was born in Texas—he won't say when—but he admits that he's five feet eleven and a half inches tall and weighs 176 pounds. He has been in films since 1908. Tom Meighan is a native of Pittsburgh, is six feet tall and weighs 190 pounds. We'll save Thomas Carrigan and Thomas Chatterton for next month!

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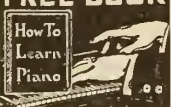
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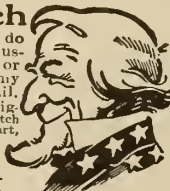
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

PHYLLIS E., FREMANTLE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—I haven't had a letter from Fremantle before, but I hope to have many more. Your opinions were most interesting. I believe the rest of that verse beginning "The mind has a thousand eyes, the heart but one" is "But the light of the whole life dies, when love is done." This was quoted in Cecil deMille's "Don't Change Your Husband." "The Whispering Chorus" was adapted from a book by Perley Poore Sheehan; "Old Wives for New" from the book by David Graham Phillips. Elliott Dexter opposite Marie Doro in "Lost and Won." Reviving all the old successes, aren't we?

R. E. M. C., FRISCO.—I asked for your full name, but I didn't know you had so many. "Rosemary Elsie Monica Camille!" What do they call you when they're in a hurry? It's Raymond McKee, not McGee, and he was born in 1892.

F. H. D., MICHIGAN.—It's Juanita, not Anita Hansen. I wouldn't be too sure you're related to her—there are more families than one named Hansen. Juanita is not married. Her latest Pathe serial is "The Yellow Arm," which features Warner Oland and Marguerite Courtot. Hal Reid, Wally's father, died last year. His mother lives in Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

HELEN O'CONNOR.—The cast of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" follows: *Martin*, Richard Jose; *his wife*, Mrs. R. E. French; *Tom*, Guy D'Ennery; *Mary Chester*, Dora Dean; *Judge Walcott*, Jack Ridgeway. There would be silver threads among the gold in my hair if it wasn't for the fact that I am a dashing brunette. Enid Markey opposite George Walsh in "Sink or Swim." Wonder which they did?

M. C. B., NEW YORK.—Well, Wally MacDonald used to answer all his mail personally but now that he is married to Doris May I don't know whether he does or not. Perhaps Miss May gives him her letters for male admirers to answer and in return he hands his from fans a la femme over to her. I'll have to find out about this.

ELSIE.—I am not a dear young man, you know. And I cannot send you my photograph because I haven't had any taken for years. Of course, if you'd like to have one of me at the age of eighteen months I'll be delighted to oblige you. George Stewart is Anita's only brother. Address him care Miss Stewart.

BARRY McC., GREENWICH.—So you have wavy hair. Is it permanent? The wave, not the hair. Will Rogers is married and has three children. Jimmy is the one whom you have seen in pictures. Ralph Graves doesn't divulge his age but he is probably in his early twenties. His most recent appearance was in Griffith's "Dream Street."

JUST HAPPY.—I am breaking a rule when I answer you, because you didn't sign your name and address. But your letter seemed sincere. (You told me you thought I must be young, otherwise I couldn't write so much and so well.) Rudolph Valentino was *Julio* and Alice Terry was *Marguerite* in "The Four Horsemen." Rex Ingram directed it from the novel by Ibanez. There is a story about Ingram in this issue. Valentino was divorced not long ago from Jane Acker, an actress. Kenneth Harlan and Harrison Ford have both been divorced.

MAY LILLIAN VERNON, NEW ZEALAND.—I received the book of views and appreciate your thoughtfulness very much. Please write to me again and ask more questions. As far as I know, there are no film studios in New Zealand. You'll have to come to America to see pictures in the making.

DIMPLES, LONDON.—It is a mystery to me how the heights and weights of stars can possibly interest you. Is it that you wish to attain the same number of feet and pounds as your favorite? In that case you'll have a rather hard time trying to decide which of these you should emulate. Norma Talmadge, five feet two inches; 110 pounds. Gloria Swanson, five feet three inches, 112 pounds; Nazimova, five feet four inches, 125 pounds; Mary Miles Minter, five feet two inches, 112 pounds; Mary Pickford, five feet, 100 pounds. At least none of these ladies will cause you to enter the heavyweight class.

G. L. I., NEWARK.—Did you ever hear Sarah Bernhardt's quoted recipe for keeping young? "I live mostly on eggs, drink champagne always, and get all the fresh air I can." Fortunate Madame! She has made several pictures—in fact, she made one of the first Famous Player films: "Queen Elizabeth." William Russell is thirty-four. He was divorced from Charlotte Burton, an actress, several years ago. Russell is still with Fox, west coast studios.

GWEN SMITH.—You say your questions are all short and catchy. You are quite right. I can't say whether or not Mary Pickford will be very apt to write to you. She is pretty busy right now. But I believe she'll send you her picture and that it will doubtless have some of her writing on it. Our most recent address for Zoe Rae is Universal City, Cal. She is ten years old. Just about your age, isn't she?

DOROTHY W., COLUMBUS.—Marguerite Clark and Constance Binney are not related. I think they look just a little bit alike. Marguerite has one sister, Cora, who has never been on the stage or screen. You've probably seen Faire Binney in pictures. Norma Talmadge in "The Branded Woman." Barbara Bedford and Lillian Hall in "Last of the Mohicans."

EDNA R., PHILADELPHIA.—July is just as good a month as any for crossing the continent to see the movie stars in Hollywood, if you must see the movie stars in Hollywood. And not any better, either. Wally Reid will probably not have returned from New York, however. You want PHOTOPLAY to publish a picture of Joseph Schenck? Well, I'll speak to the Editor about it. I don't know what good it will do, but I'll speak to him.

R. E., LANSING.—Some of you sub-debs seem to think that I have asked questions about you, the way you send me detailed descriptions of yourselves. I suppose the news that your eyes are blue and your hair is bobbed should send me into transports of joy, but somehow it doesn't. Ethel Clayton is five feet five and weighs 130.

D. B., DETROIT.—You selected several shy young ladies this time. Neither Peggy Hyland nor Vivian Martin will tell us her age. However, I can promise you that Peggy and Vivian are quite, quite young. Bill Farnum is not going to retire from pictures. Peggy Hyland is not married. Miss Martin is. She has a little daughter. Her latest picture is "Mother Eternal."



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Name..... Address.....

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

L. M., DETROIT.—Gravity brings down everything in the world except prices. I have had many persons tell me that prices have come down, too. But I am far from convinced. Charles Ray is married. His wife's name was Miss Grant. Charlie is six feet two and a half inches tall. I haven't heard of an Elaine Turner, but can oblige with the addresses of Elaine Hammerstein and Florence Turner.

D. M. W., TARBORO, N. C.—Of course, your letter reached the waste-basket—did you think I kept them all tied up in pink ribbons? It didn't reach the waste-basket before it was answered, however. Does that make everything all right? "Behold My Wife" was filmed in California. Mabel Julienne Scott is now at Universal playing the title role in Edna Ferber's "Fanny Herself." Miss Scott played opposite Lewis Stone in Goldwyn's "Don't Neglect Your Wife." She is not married. Milton Sills is Gloria Swanson's leading man in "The Great Moment." Wonder if he's Elinor Glyn's ideal screen hero?

LIONEL.—If I am as bad as all that, I wonder why all these people keep on writing to me? I am neither bad nor brilliant. If I were either, I would be a Great Man. As it is, I'm only the Answer Man. Conrad Nagel? Well, he was born in 1896, is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is married and the father of a baby girl. Some of his more important pictures have been "The Lost Romance," "Sacred and Profane Love," and "Midsummer Madness." At present he is working in the new Cecil deMille drama mentioned elsewhere.

A. K., IOWA.—Bill Farnum is, right now, in Switzerland. He has no intention of remaining there indefinitely. He and Mrs. Farnum went abroad for a few months' vacation but will probably be back by the time you read this; Farnum is still with Fox. He's a great guy—one of the realest in the film business. The Farnums have an adopted daughter.

LITTLE ELSIE, ILLINOIS.—Well, Natalie Talmadge would never give her age but when she and Buster Keaton applied for a marriage license there was no way around it, so Natalie had to admit that she was all of twenty-four. Buster is one year older. None of the screen Fergusons are related: Elsie, Helen, and Casson.

HELEN ZIMMER.—My dear child, I should be delighted to put your picture in the Magazine if I had anything to do with it. But you see I am not the Editor. Besides we only publish pictures of film people. I am sure you'll be eligible some day, if you have as much ambition at twenty as you have at ten.

B. S., MICHIGAN.—You say you have read so much about me. How—when—where? Has anyone made me the hero in a book? I should so love to be the hero in a book. Can't some of you oblige me? Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde, who was well known as an actress before she retired as Mrs. Mix. No—Tom didn't appear in "The Queen of Sheba," but he helped stage the chariot race which was a feature of that production. Mix is still making pictures for Fox in their western studio. "A Ridin' Romeo" is one of his latest.

M. E. E., PITTSBURGH.—Lila Lee has just signed a contract for another year with Lasky. She was the heroine of "The Charm School," with Wally Reid. Charles Meredith opposite Constance Talmadge in "The Perfect Woman." Meredith is married.

LOLA R., HAVANA.—You think that because Wallace Reid is so handsome and such a good actor and all that sort of thing, that he must either stutter or speak through his nose. He does neither, I assure you. Wally's only shortcoming, to my mind, is his passion for jazz which leads him to believe that he is the world's champion saxophonist. Perhaps he is, at that—but then I have no fondness for that form of noise. Reid will send you a photograph if you write to him, care Lasky studio, Hollywood, California, enclosing twenty-five cents.

L. L. B., EVANSTON. I haven't seen Robert Andersen for some time. His last activity was as the director and actor of a series of short comedies for Universal. Then he went abroad for a vacation. He first came into prominence as Monsieur Cuckoo in Griffith's "Hearts of the World." I believe he is not married.

MARGARET K.—In only one particular was your letter correct: that part which said I was a peach. As for the rest, Dorothy Gish does not use an assumed name, it's her real one. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn, not Mrs. Elliott Dexter. Marie Doro is Mrs. Dexter. Thanks for your roses. I have had so many rocks hurled at me this month, and just when roses are so plentiful, too.

LURLINE.—What an Alice-in-Wonderland name. Did I dream it, or do you really spell it that way? Anita Stewart's late pictures have been "Sowing the Wind" and "Playthings of Destiny." Anita is really a charming person. She is very pretty, very sympathetic, very human. What more can one say?

BROWN EYES.—If Gloria Swanson were to object every time somebody told somebody else that she had a double, she'd be pretty busy. Gloria is one of the most popular "resemblance" stars in pictures. By the way, why don't you send in your picture to our "Doubles" Contest? If you really look as much like Miss Swanson as your friends say you do, you may win a prize. And the prizes are worth winning. Vivian Martin is playing in a New York farce, "Just Married." Tony Moreno is not making serials any more, so your wish is granted. Mr. Moreno's first feature for Vitagraph is "Three Sevens."

MRS. J. T. L., SEATTLE.—Sorry your letter has not been answered before but I have been simply swamped, as my stenographer would say. You think there would be less divorces in the film world if all actors had their wives for their leading women, but I think there would be more.

FLORENCE.—I couldn't write you a personal letter because you didn't enclose stamp. You probably think me very niggardly, but I assure you if I had to pay postage on all the personal letters I'm asked to write, I couldn't save even fifty cents a week. Gladden James is married. What's more, he is married to a nonprofessional. Which would you girls rather be told:

that your favorite is married to an actress whom you have seen, or to a person in private life, whom you never will see? Think it over.

MRS. JENNY JONES, BROOKLINE.—Only too glad to answer you. Joseph Dowling played the *Patriarch* in "The Miracle Man." That was a wonderful picture, indeed. Best wishes, and write again wont you?

F. M. O., CINCINNATI.—Many thanks for your kind praise. I need it. Cullen Landis is with Goldwyn. I wish, in return for your good wishes, I could tell you that Cullen is a confirmed bachelor, but he isn't a bachelor at all. He and Mrs. Landis have a little girl.

MARGARET PHYLLIS.—Where are you spending this vacation? Or perhaps I should say, what are you spending? I shall spend mine in Central Park feeding the squirrels. Harmless and inexpensive. Surely—drop in and see me whenever you get around to it.

KEEP 'EM OUT!

If you're going to boycott the foreigners, why stop at the films?

French directors	Bolsheviki (imported)
London actors	Bolsheviki (domestic)
Swedish matches	Bernard Shaw
English jokes	Havana cigars
Russian dancers	Police dogs
Jap acrobats	Pekinese
Swiss watches	Ambassadors
Turkish cigarettes	Cork mayors
Verdi	Belgian monarchs
Caruso	Scotch
Puccini	Pilsener
Carpentier	Caviar
Viennese operettas	Crosse & Blackwell
Tea	Vie Parisienne
Coffee	Shakespeare

A. P. GRANSTON, R. I.—Your demands were much too modest. So modest that I fear I can only answer five of your sixteen questions. William Farnum and Pearl White, Fox eastern. Antonio Moreno and William Duncan, Vitagraph western. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin, their own studios, Hollywood, Cal. Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Griffith, Mamaroneck. Tom Mix and Shirley Mason, Fox western.

TINA.—I believe you are one of those who thinks Victor Hugo's "Laughing Man" is a joke book. Constance Talmadge and Dorothy Gish were married to John Pialoglo and James Rennie respectively, December 26, 1920. Why do you wish the exact date—going to send them anniversary presents?

DIXIE.—I wouldn't advise you to tell your wife you don't like her new dress. She might develop an ardent desire to please you and buy another. Vivian Reed, not Violet Mersereau, played the *Princess* in "Princess of Patches."

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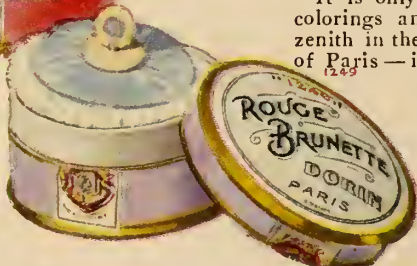
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A Donald Crisp production
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Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.

Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner.

George Melford's production
"A Wise Fool," by Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest.

Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
A comedy novelty, by Byron Morgan.

"The Mystery Road"
A British production with David Powell,
from E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel
A Paul Powell Production.

William A. Brady's production, "Life"
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William de Mille's "The Lost Romance"
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Douglas MacLean in "Passing Thru"
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Thomas Meighan in
"The Conquest of Canaan"
By Booth Tarkington.

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SEPTEMBER 1921

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XX

No. 4

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Save this magazine—refer to
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Make this your reference list.

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What Makes the Underworld Go 'Round?

Not merely crime and lawlessness. Few authors of current fiction can describe the good that burns up the bad in the heart of jail-birds, so well as

JACK BOYLE

author of the "Boston Blackie" stories.

"Boston Blackie" is now a character in PHOTOPLAY's fiction pages. In this issue he appears in "Through the Little Door," but takes an even more appealing part in

"The Gray Brothers"

in October
PHOTOPLAY

*Order your copy from your
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Free Proof You Can Eat A Pound a Day Off Your Weight

Famous Scientist Discovers Remarkable Secret That Shows Results in 48 Hours! No Medicines, Starving, Bathing, Exercises or Bitter Self-Denials of Any Kind!



A Lovely Figure—the Birthright of Every Woman

At last the secret that scientists have been searching for has been discovered. No more self-denials or discomfort. Just follow the simple new secret, and a pound or more of your weight will disappear each day—the very first week! Most people begin to see actual results in 48 hours!

This new way to reduce is different from anything you have ever tried before. It is a sure way. Men and women who have been struggling for years against constantly increasing flesh, who have tried everything from Turkish baths to strenuous exercising, find this new method almost miraculous. Thousands of women who have had to wear special corsets and inconspicuous clothes, have been amazed at the sudden change that enables them to wear the gayest colors and the most fluffy styles. Thousands of men whose stoutness made them listless and inactive, who puffed when they walked quickly, who were deprived of outdoor pleasures, are astonished at this new discovery. Not only has it quickly reduced their weight, but it has given them renewed strength and vigor.

You'll enjoy reducing this new way—it's so simple and easy. Nearly everyone can count on a pound a day from the very start. You'll be down to your normal weight before you realize it—and without the least bit of discomfort. Why you'll actually enjoy your meals as never before, and you'll feel refreshed, invigorated, strengthened!

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Food causes fat—everyone admits that. But Eugene Christian, the famous Food Specialist, has discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, are converted only into blood, tissues and bone. And in the meantime your excess flesh is eaten up in energy at the rate of a pound or more a day!

For instance, if you eat two certain kinds of foods

together at the same meal, they are immediately converted into fat. But if you eat these same two foods at different times, they are converted into blood and muscle, no fat. It's a simple natural law—but it works like magic.

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How You Can Have Free Proof

Realizing the importance of his discovery, Eugene Christian has incorporated all his valuable information into 12 simple lessons, called "Weight Control, the Basis of Health" which will be sent free to anyone who writes for them. These lessons show you how to control your weight and bring it down to normal by the wonderful new method. They reveal all the startling facts about the recent food discoveries, and show you how to eat off a pound or more of weight a day.

Prove it! Test this wonderful new way of reducing at our expense! See results in 48 hours—and if you don't there is no cost to you. Fat people are not attractive; they suffer many discomforts; doctors say they die young. Why continue to carry this harmful weight, when you can lose it so quickly, so easily, so naturally?

Let us send you Eugene Christian's Course in weight-control on free trial. It's the only sure way to lose weight quickly and safely. We want to prove it. We want you to see your own unnecessary flesh disappear. Dieting, medicines, bathing and exercising touch only the surface; this new discovery gets right down to the real reason for your stoutness and removes it at once.

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Loses 16 pounds
"My experience in following your suggestions was wonderful. I lost sixteen pounds. . . . Your suggestions are the only way to reduce, and it is noticeable at the beginning."
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"Eugene Christian's Course has done for me just what it said it would. I reduced twenty pounds. . . . I will need to reduce some more, and with the directions of the course I can do that as fast or as slow as I desire. Many thanks for your interest and "the course."
Mr. — Detroit, Mich.

Now 40 pounds lighter
"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory."
"I lost 40 pounds."
Mrs. — Glen Falls, N. Y.

Reduces 32 pounds
"Both my husband and myself were benefited by following the suggestions given in Weight Control. I lost thirty-two pounds. . . . We find our general health very much benefited."
Mrs. — Charleston, W. Va.

Reduces to normal
"At fifty I weighed fourteen pounds above the ideal. A year ago I applied Dr. Christian's schedules and soon came down to 112 pounds, where I have easily held since. (My height is 5 ft. 1 in.) I enjoy the constant satisfaction that I have my hand on the control—thanks to my course in Corrective Eating."
Mrs. — Washington, D. C.

Weights 39 pound less
"Am thankful that my attention was called to your course on Weight Control. Since January 30th of this year I have reduced 39 pounds. . . . I have taken off five inches around my "silo," which helps some."
Mr. — Holton, Kansas.

"When I first started reading weight control I weighed 267 pounds, and could hardly walk a block without resting. I now walk ten miles by section lines every morning, weather permitting, and do it easily."

The above excerpts form only a few of hundreds of letters on file at our office, describing amazing weight reductions through Weight Control.

The names are withheld out of deference to our subscribers, but will be furnished to any one, sending for the course on free trial, who requests them.

No Money in Advance

This is a special Free Proof Offer. You need not send any money in advance. The complete 12 lesson course, containing all of the valuable information regarding the wonderful new food combination discoveries, will be sent free to your door. Just mail the coupon and the course will be sent to you at once.

As soon as it arrives weigh yourself. Then throw aside all your medicines and salts and dietings and exercises. Just follow the simple little rule outlined in the course—and watch results! In a few days weigh yourself again and notice how much you have lost. Notice also how much lighter your step is, how much clearer your eyes are, and what a better appetite you have. You be the sole judge of whether or not this new method is one of the most wonderful discoveries ever made.

Don't delay. Get your coupon off at once—now. No money, just the coupon. When the course is in your hands, give the postman \$1.97 (plus postage) in full payment. It will be refunded immediately upon request if you do not see a remarkable improvement after 5 days.

Here's the coupon. Clip it and get it into the mail-box at once. Remember many people lose a pound or more a day—from the very start. Mail the coupon NOW.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W-2089, 43 West 16th St., New York City
(The course will be mailed in a plain container.)

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Dept. W-2089, 43 West 16th Street, New York City

You may send me prepaid, in plain container, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the basis of Health" complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival, but I am to have the privilege of free proof, and if I am not satisfied after a five day trial, my money is to be refunded.

Name
(Please print name and address)

Address

City

State

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at harber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are



Miss Helene Chadwick, famous Goldwyn Film Star, says: "Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet, if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system." — MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, CHARLESTON, S. C.

"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to set forth the principles of short story and photo play writing in such a clear, concise manner." — GORDON MATHEWS, MONTREAL, CAN.

"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy." — ALFRED HORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors." — HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, LITERARY EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work." — PIERCE WELLS, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMTON PRESS.

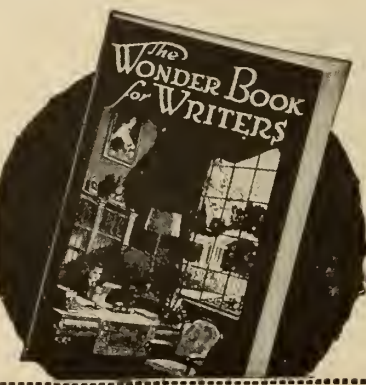
"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for \$30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for \$500, the other for \$450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System." — HELEN KINNON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

LISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System— a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected and sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own imagination may provide an endless gold mine of ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your thrilling realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to

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Name

Address

City and State

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,

729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

(s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.

(s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.

J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(s) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.

(s) Marshall Neilan, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

(s) King Vidor Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., Bush House, Aldwych, Strand, London, England.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

FAMOUS-PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.

(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.

Realtor, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(s) 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York;

R. A. Walsh Prod.,

5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod.,

Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.

Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.

Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

David M. Hartford, Prod.,

3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Hope Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.

(s) Chas. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles.

FOX FILM CORP., (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., (s) 1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.

HAMPTON, JESSE B., STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.

HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., N. Y.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York. (s) Geo. B. Seitz, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.

Mary Pickford Co., Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave.; Hollywood, Cal.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

George Arliss Prod., Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

A Cosmopolitan Production ~

The Bride's Play with Marion Davies



THE exquisite natural acting of Marion Davies is the outstanding feature of the superb new Cosmopolitan Production "The Bride's Play."

If you like a really beautiful, romantic, dramatic picture, see "The Bride's Play."

If you have ever been a bride or ever hope to be one, you will be enchanted by this fascinating love-drama.

It contains two wonderful wedding scenes—one in medieval times—replete with chivalrous knights and radiant maidens. The other a modern ceremony with all the beautiful rites.

"The Bride's Play"—a fateful "old world" wedding day custom without which no lover can be sure of his bride is observed at both weddings.

The effort of a discarded suitor to elope with the bride and the startling act that saves her life's happiness form the climax of this great picture.

"The sweetest story ever told"—as tender, as idyllic, as superbly beautiful as Mendelssohn's Spring Song.

The story of "The Bride's Play" by Donn Byrne (author of "The Woman God Changed")—appeared in Hearst's Magazine, where it was read by over a million people. Scenario by Mildred Considine. Directed by George Terwilliger. Scenery and effects by the famous Cosmopolitan Scenic Staff and under the direction of Joseph Urban.

Every girl—every woman will want to see "The Bride's Play."

Ask the manager of your favorite motion picture theatre to show this wonderful, exquisite photo-drama.

It is a Paramount Picture.





Your skin is what you make it

HAVE you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with a naturally lovely complexion?

The truth is that you, too, can have a beautiful skin.

For every day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. This is your opportunity! If you begin, now, to give this *new skin* the special care it needs, you can bring about an astonishing improvement.

If you can see that your skin is gradually becoming coarser, begin at once to use the following treatment:

EACH NIGHT before retiring, dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly, first in clear tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice.

THE first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding, as it should, to a more stimulating kind of cleansing. After a few nights this drawn sensation will disappear, and your skin will emerge with a new feeling of softness and smoothness.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments

that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the special treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

For 25 cents—a complete set of the Woodbury skin preparations

Send 25 cents for a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream

A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 509 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



Special treatments for each type of skin are given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



Edward Thayer Monroe

NITA NALDI—don't ask us if that's her real name!—is the newest celluloid siren. Those devotees of the cinema who have been of the opinion that vamps are slightly passe have been induced by Miss Naldi to change their minds.



Donald Biddle Keyes

YOU can judge a man named James by the number of people who call him "Jim." Mr. Kirkwood is "Jim" not only to everybody he knows but to many he has never met. He is just as good at directing as he is at acting.



Edward Thayer Monroe

RUTH ROLAND is the most popular candidate for the throne and sceptre of serialdom. With Ruth as the lovely heroine, the continued-next-Tuesday film entertainment remains the favorite indoor pastime of small boys of all ages.



Victor George

SCORES of girls wrote to PHOTOPLAY begging us to put Ralph in the art section. Then a mere man said he'd like to see a picture of this Graves guy his best girl was so crazy about. And that's why it's here!



Edward Thayer Monroe

THIS pensive profile belongs to Lucy Fox. Marshall Neilan has just enlisted her as leading woman in his new production. Lucy came from a convent to the films and her most important appearances have hitherto been in serials.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

IT IS TRUE that some girls become film stars who never were with the Follies; but Kathleen Ardelle decided that it was better to follow the usual formula and graduate from Mr. Ziegfeld's institution before beginning her screen career.



Edward Thayer Monroe

ELSIE FERGUSON: a new portrait. Her recent performances on the silver-sheet have had all the charm and fire which marked her first celluloid appearances. After making one picture in California, she is at home again in the east.



This photograph taken after the gown had been worn a year and washed twenty-five times with Ivory Flakes. Statement of owner of gown on file in the office of The Procter & Gamble Co.

25 washings haven't faded this organdie dress at all

This is a real photograph of a delicate lavender organdie dress *after* it had seen a year's service, and had been washed twenty-five times. The photograph shows that the dress is as crisp and charming as ever.

But the picture does not show the most important thing of all—that the color of the dress today is as clear and bright as when it was bought. There is absolutely no difference between the washed fabric and an unwashed strip that was cut off to shorten the skirt.

The girl who owns this dress (she is wearing it for best again this summer) says she never got such service from a fine

garment until she started to wash out her nicest things herself with Ivory Soap Flakes.

She thinks her success with Ivory Flakes is partly due to its unsurpassed purity—for Ivory Flakes is simply a new form of genuine Ivory Soap and contains nothing that can injure cloth or colors; and partly to the fact that it makes such rich, instant-cleansing suds that rubbing is unnecessary.

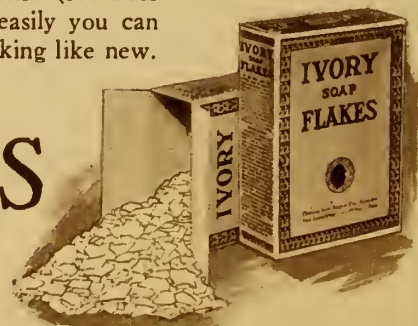
Ivory Flakes will take just as good care of your lovely clothes as it did of this dainty frock. Try it at our expense (see offer at right) and learn how easily you can keep your finest things looking like new.

Send for FREE SAMPLE

with complete directions for the care of delicate garments. Address Section 45-1 F, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes pretty clothes last longer



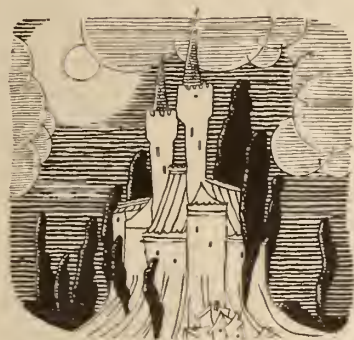
The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

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The Quest of Romance

YOUR dictionary will define romance as the opposite of reality; an extravaganza of fancy or imagination. As a matter of fact, nothing is so romantic as reality itself.

Revealing the romance of reality has been the greatest spiritual service of the screen.

Everything or anything is romantic to youth. Every full-blown moon is a separate ecstasy, every street a thrill, every encounter a potential adventure, every girl a possible Juliet, every lad a possible hero, any task the overture to great discovery.

But the torches of fancy go out, one by one, and at middle-age men have left only memories, and occasional dreams . . . and hum-drum. The word romance has become the vain synonym of a transient love-affair.

The purpose of art through the centuries has been to restore this pristine glow of life, yet only in a degree have the arts succeeded. They have all fallen short of the goal in the degree in which they dealt with fancy, and not with reality.

The critics of the motion picture declared it a hopelessly plebeian amusement because it was, at best, only photography. That is to say, it was bound forever to reality.

And they did not realize that in that very fact lay the miracle! Like the blue bird of happiness, romance is not to be sought afar. It is all about us! Men, seeking romance in the syllables of big words, looking for it behind the strange brush-strokes of futurist painting, listening for it in the cacophony of modern music, have failed to remember that it dwells in no Arcadia, but, contrariwise, nestles in every valley, walks down every avenue, perches upon every hilltop, swings from every branch, beams from every hearth-fire, sings in the song of every machine.

Tomorrow will proclaim what today grudgingly admits: that the greatest art is the art which restores to the largest number of people the romance of life.



That Octopus Gown

OCTOPUS: A molluscous animal having ten long arms furnished with sucking cups by means of which it attaches itself tenaciously to other bodies, two of these arms being longer than the rest. It is very dangerous to men, as when it once entangles them within its long, powerful tentacles escape is practically impossible. It is known also as the devil fish, seizing its prey and holding them clasped against all opposition. Men have met death often in combat with the octopus.

This is the dictionary definition.

There isn't any definition—as yet—of the octopus gown.

But the sartorial creation evidently possesses most of the attributes of its deep sea name-sake.

We thought the last word in "vamp" gowns had been said.

But that was before Clare West—special designer for Cecil B. deMille—conceived the octopus gown, which is worn by Bebe Daniels as the wickedest woman in New York, which role she plays in "The Affairs of Anatol."

The gown is unique in that it lacks any feature of décolletage. You could make all the costumes for the "Queen of Sheba" from it—yet it is hailed as the most seductive thing on the screen.

It is composed of exquisite pale gray georgette, upon which are fastened the arms of the devil fish in black chiffon velvet. The arms are outlined with enormous pearls and the two enormous eyes in the black velvet head are also of gleaming pearls. The sheath effect beneath is of steel gray velvet.

The head dress is of loose strings of pearls woven into the hair and fastened in front with a large jet buckle.

It's a mighty deadly looking piece of wearing apparel. Any man that ever gets within reach of those arms is never going to escape.

But will anybody want to?



A LATIN LOVER

To the left of you and to the right of you—even above—you may observe the young man whose illustration of the *amo* conjugation has almost completely engaged the attention of the American sub-debs. Rudolph Valentino played *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen"—and immediately the film world knew it had the continental hero, the polished foreigner, the modern Don Juan, in its unsuspecting midst. In the circle above: Signor Valentino as *Armand Duval* amating—we mean emoting—with Madame Alla Nazimova as "Camille."

Valentino comes from Italy. He ran away to America at the age of eighteen and eventually became a tango dancer. After various adventures he found his way to Hollywood and the film studios. And there he remained, playing many small parts until Rex Ingram selected him for the role of *Julio*. His most recent love-making occurs, again opposite Alice Terry, in Ingram's new production of "Eugénie Grandet," from Balzac's story.





Apeda.

"I'm sure I don't see anything funny in that," said the red-headed girl. "I think Roscoe Arbuckle is one of the loveliest men on the screen. Just think, now, how restful and simple it would be to be in love with a man like that!"

Love Confessions of a Fat Man

As told to
Adela Rogers St. John

By
ROSCOE
ARBUCKLE

were only his costume for a scene and that we were almost aggressively chaperoned by seventeen stage carpenters, thirteen electricians, a few stray cameramen, and a troop of studio cats.

And Oscar. The colored gentleman

"**N**OBODY loves a fat man except a temperamental woman."

Thus spake Roscoe in deep and solemn tones—have you ever noticed how much funnier Roscoe is when he's solemn than he is when he's funny?—and girded himself about with the folds of a purple velvet dressing gown.

One foot, encased in a large but slightly bath slipper (my, how intimate this story is beginning to sound!) actually tapped the floor in emphasis and encouragement.

"Consequently, since women are getting more temperamental every day, I predict—I *prophesy*—that the fat man is about to have his day. He will be sought, chased, even mobbed, because there will not be enough of him to go round—not individually, but as an institution.

"Like the shrinking violet have we languished for lo, these many years, but we are about to come into our own and maybe a little bit of the other fellow's. I feel that I was born at the auspicious moment for a fat man."

Having satisfactorily outlined his policy, Fatty leaned back in his chair and encompassed me with that isn't-it-a-grand-old-world smile of his.

We were lunching together in his bedroom.

I shall never be able to estimate just what percentage of effect they had on me—those pongee pajamas. Of course I had seen men in pajamas before. If you read the ads in the magazines you can't help but see men in and out of most anything. But I'd never interviewed in them before.

"And I love *pongee* pajamas.

I suppose it is only fair to my husband to state that the bedroom was a set—on stage three, at the Lasky studio. That the pajamas and the dressing gown and even the bath slippers

that "tends to" Mr. Arbuckle.

Nevertheless, those pongee pajamas were exceedingly—intrigante, if you understand French.

That is to say, one really can't talk to a man in his pajamas without feeling more or less—well, sympathetic and well-acquainted, so I may have taken too lenient a view of his view for a confessor.

"Woman?" asked Roscoe, when I delicately broached the subject of my visit. "Woman! Lovely woman—in our hours of ease uncertain, coy and hard to please! Somebody certainly wrote that. Well, well, I appreciate the compliment you pay me. I am not an expert on the ladies. I have watched a lot of these he-vamps talk themselves into a love affair—and then talk themselves out. But personally, I am not an expert.

"The only thing a man never regrets saying about a woman is nothing."

I couldn't tell him the real reason that I had suddenly decided to be a mother confessor to him and gather all his ideas about women. It was at once too flattering and too unflattering.

Because—by jove, he may be right when he says the fat man is just beginning to come into his own—because Roscoe in the role of a matinee idol had dawned upon my startled senses only two days before. Up to that time I regarded him merely as a comedian. Then I overheard a couple of school girls—of the cut-his-picture-out-and-sleep-with-it-under-the-pillow age—discussing motion picture males. After admitting that Wally Reid was undoubtedly the handsomest man in the world and that they were in love with Tommie Meighan—one girl said, "But I just *adore* Roscoe Arbuckle. Isn't he

sweet? And mother says it's the wisest thing now to pick out a *good-natured* man. Everything is so expensive."

I roared internally. Later I repeated this to a friend of mine—a clever, red-headed young female with as much temperament as a World Series southpaw.

I hope Mr. Arbuckle will understand and forgive me when I say I added something facetious about anybody loving a fat man. You've probably heard that yourself.

My red-headed friend gave me a most unfriendly stare. "I'm sure I don't see anything funny in that," she said, in a voice that would have opened a can. "I think Roscoe Arbuckle is one of the loveliest men on the screen. Just think how—how restful, and simple, it would be, to be in love with a man like that. He's the kindest man, too, always doing something for somebody."

So I began to give Roscoe some consideration. I began thinking of his screen love affairs—they're the only ones I'm allowed to think of—the charming, obliging, devoted, good-natured creature he had made of his funny, fat lovers. And I trotted around to ask him what he actually thought about it all.

"Where did you get the notion I knew anything about women?" he asked, as Oscar appeared with a large tray of varied viands.

"Well, everybody must have some ideas about everything," I said.

"Oh, not necessarily," said Fatty, examining the contents of the tray. "Look at Congress."

"Haven't you any ideas about women?" I asked, looking him firmly in the eye.

He grinned. "Some," he admitted. "Oh, yes, several."

"Then go on and tell me."

"Maybe the women won't like 'em," he murmured, stirring the gravy around his roast beef sandwich.

"Are you afraid of women?" I asked lightly.

"You bet I am. You just bet I am. So is everybody else that wears pants on the outside in this land of the free and home of the brave. Women are the free and we are the brave. The 19th amendment is only the hors d'oeuvre to the amendments they will pass now they have found out they can. I expect pretty soon the only reason they allow us around will be to prevent race suicide. Doggone, I sure like 'em but I sure fear 'em.

"Now I want you to understand that anything I may say in the heat of oratory is speculation pure and simple. I don't know any more about women than an Armenian knows about pate de fois gras. Women alone are sufficiently mysterious to me to make me feel like Watson without the needle—and as for wives, they are a separate race of humans.

"I admit I'm wrong before I start, so please don't let anybody argue with me.

"As I was saying, I am convinced that the fat man as a lover is going to be the best seller on the market for the next few years. He is coming into his kingdom at last. He may never bring as high prices or display as fancy goods as these he-vamps and cavemen and Don Juans, but as a good, reliable, all the year around line of goods, he's going to have it on them all.

"Temperamental women haven't enough padding on

Fat Men Make the Best Husbands Because—

"A FAT MAN is usually a sentimental idiot, filled with old-fashioned ideas about home, honor and marriages made in heaven."

"STATISTICS show there have been more love murders, marriage murders and suicide love pacts in the last few years than ever before. It is very hard either to murder or be murdered by a fat man."

"THE only thing that a man never regrets saying about a woman is nothing."

"A FAT MAN has no nerves. Domestic scenes, thrills, bills and various other manifestations of the genus *temperamentus feminus* rebound from him with alacrity."

"A HANDSOME husband takes too much looking after. A handsome husband is like having twins."

"FAT men are inclined to be faithful. It's often a form of laziness, you know."

"OF course I believe in marriage. Life can't be all sunshine!"

their own nerves, so they're going to choose a fellow that they think has enough for both of them.

"Women are getting more temperamental every day. The audiences are bigger, that's all.

"A woman today has got to have a good natured-husband. Statistics show that there have been more love murders,

marriage murders and suicide love pacts in the last few years than ever before in the history of the world.

"It is very hard either to murder or to be murdered by a fat man.

"When you think of the things a woman wants to do nowadays and the things she does not want you to do—the percentage is surprisingly low, seeing there aren't fat men enough to go around. Women want to smoke cigarettes, bob their hair, drink wood alcohol, have men friends, spend their own and everybody else's money, cut their skirts off just above the knees, run their own and your business, drive automobiles, go to conventions, elect mayors and presidents and be as independent as the Kaiser thought he was. The only thing she can't get along without is her lip-stick. She's just *got* to have a good-natured husband. You can see that for yourself.

"And one that can be a father to her children, because she's going to be pretty busy and she may not have much time to

(Continued on page 102)



"I wouldn't marry the most beautiful woman in the world if she asked me. A beautiful wife is like a diamond necklace—nice to have around but a lot of bother to take care of."



An Impression of Alice Terry

By Ralph Barton

WHEN "The Four Horsemen" rode into its premier in a Broadway theater, Alice Terry rode with it—into actual fame. Her performance of *Marguerite* was a cameo-like achievement; a delicate, half-spiritual, half-sensuous thing. It was the outstanding dramatic feature of the Ibanez adaptation, and Miss Terry, after a long apprenticeship in unimportant roles, took her place among our premier leading women.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS



Douglas Fairbanks has made a ten-reel version of Dumas' famous romance. Doug plays *d'Artagnan*. The Three Musketeers are holding forth in the frame to your left. You'll have no difficulty in recognizing *d'Artagnan* Fairbanks, Leon Barry as the melancholy *Athos*, George Siegmann as the huge *Porthos*, and Eugene Paulette as the clever *Aramis*.



His Majesty, Louis XIII. of France. Adolphe Menjou plays the part with all the necessary aplomb and éclat. (This picture gives us every excuse for airing our French.)



Armand Emmanuelle Sophie Septemanie du Plessis—better known as the Duc de Richelieu. Nigel de Brulier is the Cardinal's screen incarnation, and he is stately enough to satisfy all sticklers for historical accuracy.



Doug's mustache is real. He grew it to give the semblance of reality to his characterization of *M. d'Artagnan*. No porch-climbing for Fairbanks in this picture. He is putting his best efforts into the elaborate production, which is to have its premier in a Broadway theater.

To the left: Anne of Austria (Mary MacLaren), consort of Louis XIII., whose honor the Three Musketeers and *d'Artagnan* unite to defend against Richelieu and the machinations of "Milady."

At the right: the heroine of Fairbanks' "The Three Musketeers" is *Constance*, *d'Artagnan's* fair sweetheart—played by Marguerite de la Motte. For her, Doug fights and wins. And there is, as there should be, a Happy Ending.



The author of the famous "Boston Blackie" stories is now a contributor to Photoplay's Fiction Pages

THROUGH the LITTLE DOOR

An amazing story of the invisible power that reached within the walls of a prison death-cell.

By JACK BOYLE

Illustrated by Lee Conrey

THE governor signed the last of the letters on his desk, laid down his pen, and drew out his watch. "Half an hour to train-time. Good! Is there anything else, Griggs, before I go?" he inquired of his secretary.

"Nothing, Governor, except—unless—"

The secretary produced a shabby, thumb-soiled envelop, fingering it reluctantly.

"Well, well—out with it, man," urged the governor.

"It's the Jerry McWilliams case. His wife and mother—"

"The McWilliams case?" I remember now—the man to be executed next Friday. I have denied the application for clemency. What brings it up again?"

"Only this," replied the secretary, fingering the soiled letter. "His wife and mother were waiting in the corridor before the outer offices were opened this morning. The mother is an old woman, very frail and sickly. The wife, sickly, too, was carrying a child. It was utterly impossible to get rid of them short of having them forcibly ejected. They had this letter with them, and, finally, to induce them to go, I promised to place it personally in your hands before your departure for the West and"—hesitantly—"to see, Governor, that you read it."

The governor took the letter, glancing again at his watch.

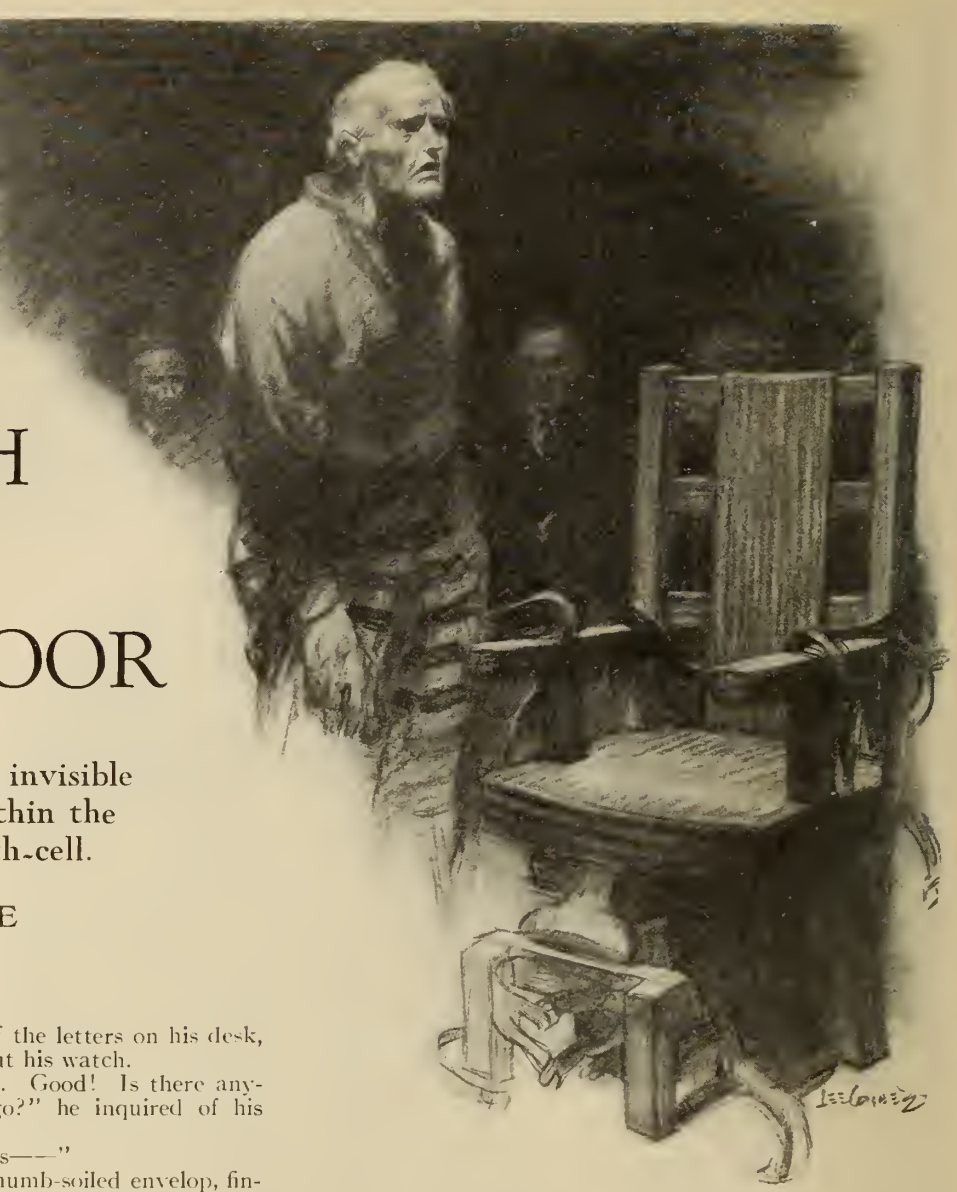
"I haven't much time, Griggs; but I'll keep your promise."

The governor tore open the envelop and skimmed the lines.

"Well, Griggs, I have fulfilled your promise," he said, at last. "The letter is a pitiful document, but I regret I must let the law's judgment be carried out. The man's an ex-convict, and he killed a policeman. The assertion that the dead policeman induced the prisoner to join him in a robbery for the purpose of trapping him is unbelievable. My decision stands. So inform his wife and mother, and now"—with another glance at his watch—"I must hurry. You ordered a car?"

"A taxi is waiting at the west entrance. I wish you a pleasant trip, Governor."

As the governor hurried down the deserted corridor of the Capitol, two figures detached themselves from the shadow of a marble pillar and confronted him. They were shabby women, with shawl-covered heads and lean, curiously shrunken faces. A child clutched its mother's dress, staring at him curiously.



With one step more the governor stood beside the chair itself.

"Governor, sir"—the younger woman began. Her voice failed her utterly. The elder woman, white-haired and very feeble, visibly gathered all her waning courage and laid two trembling hands upon the governor's sleeve.

"My son—my Jerry, you, they—he—" An aching lump sealed her throat, too.

The governor turned his eyes from their faces.

"I read your letter and have left a message for you with my secretary," he said. "And now I must beg you to excuse me."

Determinedly he brushed past the two and hurried on.

"The message for us, mother! It may be—good," whispered the younger woman.

The old woman's head sank.

"Then he would have told us himself," she murmured, her voice sinking to a grief-choked whisper. "Oh, my boy, my Jerry! God have mercy!"

The governor found a taxicab waiting at the Capitol entrance.

"The station—and hurry," he said, as the chauffeur closed the door after him with unusual care.

As the car sped through the night quiet, the governor was conscious of a growing sense of well-being and comfort. Warm comfort! Why was it so warm within the car, he wondered. The air was as stifling as the breath of an oven. As he reached out his hand to drop the window, he felt himself wafted gently out upon a boundless sea that rose slowly about him, warm and deliciously comfortable, and carried him gently on—and on—and on.

The sea on which the governor floated receded, wave by

wave. Dimly he regretted its departing warmth and comfortable buoyancy. A weight that lay heavily on his lungs slowly lifted as he filled them greedily with air—air that was damp and cold with a chill that was subtly alarming. Under the goading spur of a subconscious warning of imminent danger, he lifted himself and realized he was lying on a rough pallet. Where was he?

About him and very close—the room in which he lay was ridiculously small—were gray stone walls, faintly glistening with moisture. The light was dim and came from a tiny wicket window set close to the ceiling and protected, he discovered, to his utter amazement, by closely set steel bars. Thoroughly alarmed now, the governor sprang to his feet.

"Where am I? What has happened?" he cried.

Somebody laughed, and the governor saw in the far corner of the cell a man, collarless, pale-faced, and with tousled hair bending over a chess-board spread upon a battered table.

"Where are you, Jimmy old pal?" echoed the chess-player with a cheeriness that seemed strangely forced. "Why, you're just where you were before you went to sleep, Jimmy."

"'Asleep.'" echoed the governor. "I was in a cab on the way to my train."

The man in the corner looked at him curiously.

"It is tough, Jimmy, to come out of the free land of dreams and find yourself back here again—back here in the same old death-cell."

The man rose and threw a kindly arm about his cell-mate's shoulders.

"Cheer up, Jimmy," he said to the governor, whose

eyes wandered wildly in amazement deeply shot with fear. "Only three more short little days, only three more little sleeps, and then we'll both drop off into that one long sleep. Three days, Jimmy! And remember our compact, pal. You and I are going through the little door to the chair like men. I wonder which of us they'll take first? I hope it's you, Jimmy, because."—a tremor shook his forced nonchalance—"it'll be a hard fifteen minutes of waiting and listening for the one who remains, nerving himself for his turn, after they've taken the other through the little door."

II

THE governor sat on the edge of the cell pallet, easing throbbing temples with the pressure of his palms and struggling to evolve any possible hypothesis that would explain the inexplicable enigma that he, Jared Husted, governor of the state, found himself bereft of his identity and in a prison death-house, awaiting execution.

It was utter madness, stark insanity, and yet—

He tapped the stone walls with his knuckles. That unyielding stone masonry assuredly was no myth of a diseased mind. He glanced again, as he had done many times, toward his cell-partner, a kindly comrade who called him by a name not his own and assured him, with obvious mystification at the question, that they had been cell-companions for sixty-six days. The governor's brain reeled under the stress of contemplating such a terrifyingly impossible situation.

As he groped blindly with the mystery, an elucidating possibility flashed into his mind. Could he by some chance be the double of the condemned man he was unwillingly impersonating? By some inconceivably adroit criminal chicanery had he been kidnaped, smuggled into the prison, and substituted for the real condemned man? He turned to his cell-comrade.

"Have I been out of this cell for any reason whatsoever, even for a minute, since I first entered it, as you tell me, more than two months ago?" he asked.

The chess-player roused himself from his game.

"You're asking strange questions to-night, Jimmy," he replied. "You know there's no power under the sun, short of a governor's commutation, that can open these cell doors to you or me on any pretext whatsoever—until—Friday!"

The governor sprang to his feet. His comrade's mention of "the governor" had suggested a new thought. Hubbard, the warden of the penitentiary, was his own appointee and a personal friend. He would send for him, be recognized, and, of course, at once released.

The front of the cell from floor to ceiling was formed of crossed bars of steel with a door of open grill-work hinged in its center. The governor sprang at the door and rattled it furiously.

"Is there a guard out there?" he cried.

"What can I do for you, Jimmy?" replied a voice from the vague space beyond the netting.

"I want to see the warden— at once."

"All right, Jimmy; I'll 'phone to him for you. But I can't promise he'll come," returned the guard indulgently.

The man called a number on a telephone, asked for the warden, and delivered the message.

"The warden says he'll be in to see you for a minute before he goes to dinner," said the guard, returning to his post before the cell door.

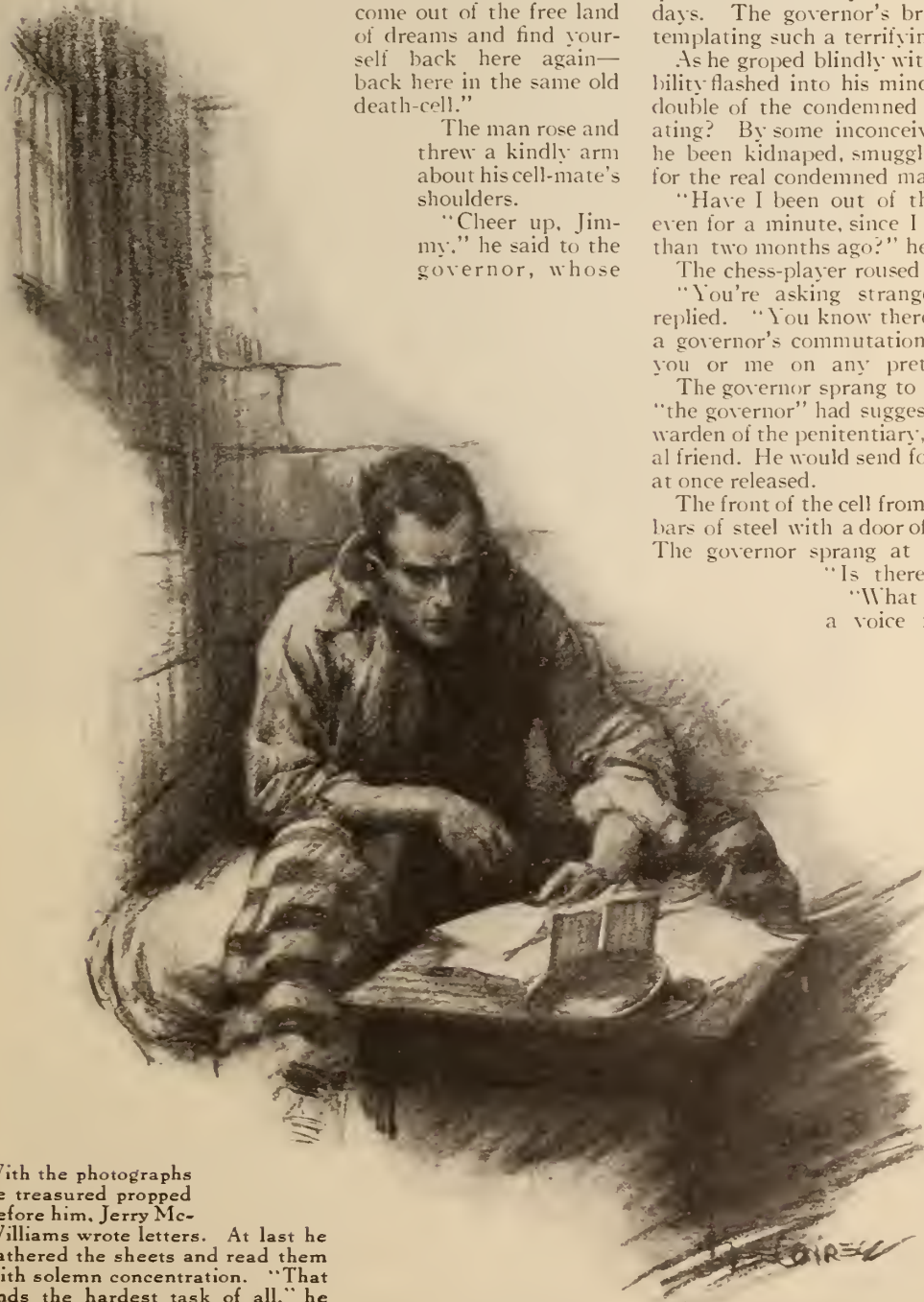
During the endless hour that followed, the governor paced the cell floor. At last, a door creaked open and clanged shut. Jingling keys sounded above the double tread of footsteps.

"Which one of them wants to see me?" said a voice.

"Jimmy Holman, sir," answered the guard. "He's in here."

The governor sprang at the bars of his cell.

"Warden," he cried, "open



With the photographs he treasured propped before him, Jerry McWilliams wrote letters. At last he gathered the sheets and read them with solemn concentration. "That ends the hardest task of all," he said, as he finished.

these doors! I'm Governor Husted."

"You're who?" demanded the warden.

"The governor!" cried the prisoner. "For God's sake man, don't stand there talking. Open these doors."

A door in the wire network opened; the warden stepped in and stood just outside the cell bars, staring into the governor's face. The man was a stranger.

"You're not Warden Hubbard!" screamed the governor.

"My name's not Hubbard; it's Thompson, as you very well know," the warden answered, with evident irritation. "Also, I am the warden of this penitentiary."

"Thompson," echoed the governor, eyes bulging, knees sagging. "I appointed Will Hubbard warden of our penitentiary. I am Governor Jared Husted."

"That's fine," answered the warden ironically. "If you're the governor, you ought to write yourself a pardon—only, if you do, old man, don't make the mistake of signing it 'Husted.' The governor's name happens to be Theodore Smith. We never had a Governor Husted in this state."

"What place is this?" faltered the governor.

"The Lester Penitentiary, of course," answered the warden shortly. Then, more kindly: "Cut out the nonsense, Jimmy. It can't possibly work. Insanity's your idea, of course, but there's no chance, Jimmy. Good-night."

The wire wicket door banged behind the warden. The governor screamed out to him to come back. There was no reply. A far-off door clanged shut, then—silence.

Tottering to his pallet, Governor Jared Husted threw himself upon it, his mind a madly whirling maelstrom. Either he or all the world was suddenly insane. Cold beads of perspiration trickled down his cheeks. From behind him, a comforting arm gently encircled his shoulders.

"Get a grip on yourself, old pal," the voice of his cell-mate whispered close to his ear. "We can't show the white feather on Friday. Cheer up! Maybe it's easy to die, Jimmy. Who knows?"

To die!

For the first time, the possibility that he might actually be standing face to face with that final horror penetrated the governor's consciousness, and he caught the hand of the comrade who strove to comfort him—the hand of the man who, like himself, was to die in the electric chair on Friday.

"Who are you, friend?" the governor asked.

"Why, Jerry McWilliams, Jimmy. What's wrong with you to-night?"

Jerry McWilliams! The man whom his conscience had decreed must die—die as they said he, the governor, must die.

Jared Husted's belief in his own sanity tottered and, overpowered in body and mind, he dropped, like one dead, upon his pallet.

III

MORNING had come—a death-cell morning; a morning lighted by the cold, steady glare of an incandescent instead of the living brilliance of sunshine; a morning that echoed to the feet of the death-watch instead of the song of birds; a morning weighted with the chill of the cell to which it



Thoroughly alarmed now, the governor sprang to his

had come, and as unlike the fresh, urgently rejuvenating awakening of the free world to a new-born day as death is unlike life.

The governor's breakfast was before him, bountiful, well cooked and appetizing. At sight of it, he had felt hunger—and then, as he raised the first morsel to his lips, he remembered. It was his last breakfast but one. He shrank from the food as if, in touching it, he was hastening the hour of which he dared not think.

In his sleep, Governor Husted's mind had yielded to the uncombatability of his situation. He no longer puzzled over how and why he had come to be where he was. That mystery had all but ceased to interest him. It was too completely overshadowed by the one all-dominating fact that throbbed dully through body and brain at each heart-beat. Forty-eight—only forty-eight—racing hours of life were left to him.

The governor rose and laid a trembling hand upon his cell-mate's shoulder.

"Friend," he said, and, as Jerry McWilliams looked into his face, smiling, each involuntarily sought the other's hand and grasped it.

"You killed a policeman. Tell me why, Jerry," the governor said. "I want to know how you come to be here, because I was—"



fect. "Where am I? What has happened?" he cried.

or fancy I was, Jerry—governor of this state, and, as governor, I heard and denied your appeal for clemency. Then, I thought I was right. Now I know I must have been wrong. I wish to know I was wrong, Jerry."

Jerry McWilliams' grave eyes studied the governor's face with a puzzled, gently indulgent compassion.

"I feel no remorse for what I did," he began. "Often I wish I could." Jerry McWilliams sprang up, pacing the tiny cell back and forth, back and forth. "I can't be sorry he's dead. I try, but I can't," he insisted, dropping to the bunk. "If you were really the governor sitting here, with the power to save me with a stroke of your pen, I'd have to admit that, for it's the truth."

Jerry touched his breast, feeling for a packet that lay inside his shirt. Slowly he drew it out and stared at two frayed photographs. One was the mother. The other was a girl smiling, happy, and so young that one instantly wondered that the baby in her arms was not a doll. The governor had seen her when happiness was dead within her heart, had seen her face in the gray, deathlike pallor of despair.

Jerry refolded the packet.

"My sorrow is for them," he said.

Then in jerky, briefly worded, ruthless pictures, Jerry

McWilliams bared the heart of a man condemned to die by society for its own good. His youth, wild, lawless, and prodigally reckless of consequences; the ever-growing, downward tug of tenement streets and their environment; the slow sloughing-off of a deterring conscience until right became wrong and wrong became right—these in quick-moving pictures—bits from Life's world-old film—flashed before the governor as he visualized Jerry's confession.

"I was coasting straight for this cell in those days," he said regretfully, "and then I met Maisie. I loved her and, overnight, her goodness and my love changed me. On the day we were married, I was a man working honestly who thought his past all behind him. Our two shabby little rooms were our palace. We were happy, contented. Then—" The governor saw the condemned man's eyes contract with pain. "And then—it was on the night when I first knew that my little Maisie was making a baby's clothes—I heard heavy steps on our stairway and a knock at our door. As I opened it, a detective stepped in.

"The chief's after wantin' to talk with ye, Jerry," he said.

"I never again saw that haven Maisie and I had made of the two rooms at the top of five flights of dark stairway. As a promising crook-world novice, the long arm of that world had protected me. As a worker content with a weekly pay-envelope, that protection vanished, and the law was free to resurrect my past and impose its punishment. They sentenced me to three years here."

Jerry McWilliams stopped, his hands clenched.

"And then?" prompted the governor.

"And then I learned what prison makes of a man. On the day Lester's gates first closed on me, I could have gone back to Maisie and lived honestly for the rest of my life. In six months here, I became something repulsive even to myself; something worse than a beast, for of manhood I still had left a man's capacity for

hatred. On the day I was released and went back to Maisie to see my boy for the first time, I was what I had never been before—a criminal by conviction, heart, body and soul."

Faint, muffled footsteps from beyond the little door brought Jerry suddenly to his feet.

"Listen," he whispered, bending close to the governor: "They're in the execution-room. They're testing the chair—for us."

The electric lights suddenly dimmed to a dull, red glow.

"They've turned the juice through the chair. It always dims the lights. On Friday morning, they'll dim twice, once for each of us—and then, what? We'll soon know, Jimmy."

The governor shivered, and his heart skipped a beat.

"In three minutes, two baby hands undid the destructive work of my three years in this prison," Jerry continued. "From the first moment when I held my baby in my arms and he looked into my face, I felt all my hatred dissolve and knew that my baby's father couldn't ever be a crook. Early next morning, I began to hunt work."

As Jerry talked, the cold gray walls of the cell dissolved and the governor saw his comrade in a prison-suit, tramping the streets of the city. Work was plentiful, but not for an convict. The truthful answer: "I'm from Lester Prison, but,



"I've read the letter you left for me," he began, "and—" With the wife's and mother's eyes fixed on his and blazing with something new-kindled and fiercely hopeful, the governor checked the words on his lips.

sir, I'm going to live straight," terminated interview after interview with a curt dismissal. But perseverance eventually must succeed. A packing-house foreman asked no questions.

"If you can hustle boxes like that," he said, with a jerk of his thumb toward the two-hundred pound cases that covered the warehouse floor, "be here at seven in the morning."

Jerry was there. He went to work. Just before noon, as he helped to load a dray, he felt a tap on the shoulder. A detective was at his elbow.

"Where you from?" demanded the officer.

Jerry told him.

"Did you tell your boss that before you went to work?"

"He didn't ask me," answered Jerry, "and anyway I'm playing a straight game from now on."

The policeman's lip twisted into a sneer of disbelief. Jerry saw him enter the general offices of the firm. Within ten minutes, the packing-house foreman called Jerry aside.

"I can't use you any longer," he announced.

"Why not? Don't I do my work right?"

"Orders from the office. Somebody's tipped you off up there. Hard luck; but there's nothing more for you here. Here's your half-day's time check."

The search for work began again. On the second day he found employment washing cars in a garage. Almost before he had his coat off he saw the same detective saunter in, stare at him for a moment, and then seek out his employer. Immediately he was discharged.

As Jerry turned into the streets, fighting back the bitterness of his growing conviction that the world would accept no truce with him, a man jostled him, apologized and then seized his hands in welcoming recognition.

"Lord, Jerry, I'm glad to see you back on the 'main stem'!" he cried. "The last time I saw you, we were both wearing zebra hand-me-downs and folding our (Continued on page 86)

Before and After Taking

Some sober views
on marriage by
Mr. Natalie Talmadge.

THIS is one of those before-and-after-taking testimonials. Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge went and got married. Before he was married Buster had a lot of ideas about matrimony.

After he was married he had a lot more.

Judging by expressions, the photograph illustrates what Fatty Arbuckle says elsewhere in this issue: "I believe in marriage—life cannot be *all* sunshine."

It is good evidence of how foolish even a comedian is to say anything positive about anything.



FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH BUSTER KEATON IN THE
LOS ANGELES EXAMINER, JUNE 14th, 1920.

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH BUSTER KEATON IN THE
LOS ANGELES EVENING HERALD, JUNE 15th, 1921.

ROMANCE, which leads to marriage, begins at home but it finishes in Reno.

I am single and proud of it. I hope to retain my freedom for years to come. Most of the couples that ask for a marriage license ought to apply for a fight permit instead. I cannot picture myself as a member of the "Yes, my dear" club.

Many a grand love affair is spoiled by marriage. Marriages may be made in heaven. It's easy to say that because nobody can call you a liar with impunity. But the divorce courts do a lot of business.

One famous old bird hit it right when he said, "80 percent of the men get married, the other 20 percent remain sane." It's a great feeling no doubt to be a member of the ball and chain gang but I prefer to remain single and let the barber massage my head without the aid of a rolling pin.

If I am one of the screen's eligible bachelors, I'm going to be one for a long time. The sound of wedding bells always makes me sad. I bow my head and think of another good man gone wrong. Married men don't really live longer—it only seems longer.

I noticed one thing with the A. E. F. in France. The happiest men in my company were the married men, who told the whole world they were on vacations. A friend of mine who runs a nice undertaking parlor in Hollywood told me the other day married men always make the best pallbearers. I believe him.

And I am going to stay single.

MARRIAGE is ethereal. I cannot understand a bachelor nor his way of thinking. Just imagine his loneliness—returning every night with no one to greet him! When I was single and returned home I could never find anything to do. Just think of all the things your wife can find for you to do.

I have learned in my short married life that there are two sides to every argument—your wife's and her mother's. Think of all the service you get, the petting and waiting on—think of it. And try to get it.

Why, after you're married you never have to worry about making up your mind. Such things are done for you.

Nothing can compare with marriage. Nothing has ever tried to.

All men who do not get married are benighted ignorammuses. They are missing the most wonderful thing in life. The bachelor's conception of married life is all wrong. He cannot conceive what it is to have a sweet little wife.

But a bachelor is like the grass that springs up for a day. He won't last long. Some girl will convince him of the error of his ways. That is the thing that gives me hope—they'll not last long.

Instead of saying "Go west, young man," I say "Get married, young man."

That coffee! Those hot cakes! Biscuits! You can take those exclamations points any way you like.

I am certainly glad I'm married. I wouldn't be single for anything in the world.



There is something about her that very few American actresses possess—the spirit of the outdoors. Even under the electric lights, or in the artificial studio atmosphere, she has a freshness that is the freshness of meadows in the spring. Her blonde hair is bright and rather like new corn, her face is bronzed by the sun and her eyes have the quiet cool look of outdoor people.



GOODBYE, BATHING GIRL!

Prohibition—Blue Sundays—Phyllis Haver without her bathing suit! Can such things be?

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

IMAGINE looking down a long vista of years without even a hope of seeing Phyllis Haver in a bathing suit created from a yard of insertion, a piece of tulle and an elastic! Imagine contemplating life devoid of the occasional filipe of Phyllis in black silk swimming tights!

Prohibition—Blue Sundays—Phyllis Haver without her bathing suit—if you know what I mean.

Somehow—while water babies have been growing up all about us—I have always thought of Phyllis Haver as the perpetual bathing girl—the queen and symbol of the delicious water sprites of the screen.

So I felt exactly as though somebody told me Babe Ruth was going to quit baseball and go in for golf, when I heard that Phyllis was going in for comedy drama.

It isn't so much that Phyllis herself has grown up—but bathing girls, owing to censors, the increased use of water for drinking purposes, and the high cost of bathing material, have gone out of fashion. It's a closed season on bathing beauties.

Just what they're going to call them now we haven't discovered.

So while Mary Thurman and Marie Prevost and Betty Compson forsook the bathing suit, the bathing suit has sort of forsook Phyllis.

Everybody—even Mack Sennett who invented 'em—looks sort of I-meet-so-many-what-is-your-name, when you mention B. B.

So Phyllis of the brilliant smile, Phyllis the 20th Century Venus-with-her-arms-back-on, Phyllis of the free and graceful carriage, is going into light comedy-drama.

Not but what she will be charming. Not, understand, that I don't think her eminently fitted and capable of comedy-drama-ing all over the lot.

But Phyllis—whom her pals affectionately term Phil—was the one bathing girl who wasn't afraid to get her bathing suit wet—not the ones she wore in the Mack Sennett Comedies, but her own private stock.

I think something of her superb nonchalance, her strong young Greek goddess freedom of motion, her seeming fitness and unconcern in a bathing suit, came from the fact that Phyllis Haver adores the water, is an expert swimmer and in perfect physical condition as a result every moment of her care-free existence.

Anything more delightful than to watch Phyllis at the beach, in the water, I don't know. I have seen her ride a board tied to the end of a motor launch going sixty miles an hour out in the ocean—I have seen her tumbled off again and again, only to come up as graceful and undisturbed as a mermaid. I have watched her diving the big, rough breakers of the Pacific, her laughing face breaking through like a sunbeam through the clouds.

When she donned a bathing suit she was neither sex nor self-conscious. Having worn one for practical purposes every possible occasion since she was two years old, she didn't feel dressed up to exhibit herself—and she didn't look nor act it.

If anybody every justified the use of a two-by-four bathing suit as a
(Continued on page 107)



She was one of the few bathing girls not afraid to get her bathing suit wet, at least those suits of her own private stock. Top of page—five poses of Phyllis Haver during her Sennetteering days.



Mrs. Anthon led Jim off to the bathroom and set about fixing his wounds . . . Jim was a born rebel but his mother loved him all the more for it.

The OLD NEST

From the story of the same name
by Rupert Hughes

A story of mother-
love, the love that
lasts and forgives,
ever and ever.

By
GENE SHERIDAN

Anthon laughed and repocketing his watch turned into the room that was his office.

Kate, a spunky little girl of nine, stood impatiently looking at her mother, standing with one hand over her shoulder holding a half-buttoned dress.

"Mamma—you haven't fixed me yet." The child followed after her mother as Mrs. Anthon started down the hall to a closed door.

Mrs. Anthon gave a glance across the hall into the room where Tom and Arthur were abustle with their preparations, and smiling opened the door into Jim's room. The tousle-headed lad, just ten, was deep in sleep. Gently Mrs. Anthon touched him on the shoulder and he stirred. She shook him lightly and he turned over, flinging his arms about in his sleep. The mother, reluctant, roused him into wakefulness and playfully spanked him. Jim sat up in bed, yawning cavernously, then smiled at his mother.

"Breakfast's over, Jim—it's school time."

"All right, mamma." Jim started to get up and his mother went out of the room. As she went out Jim dropped back on the bed and in a moment was fast asleep again.

A few moments later Mrs. Anthon returned, and with smiling patience looked at Jim. She stepped to a washstand and dipping a cloth in cool water washed Jim's face, this time bringing him up wide awake. With another admonition to hurry, Mrs. Anthon went out. Jim waited a second, listening, then drew out his copy of Nick Carter's "Adventure of the Broken Bars." He propped himself up in bed and plunged into the dime novel.

Mrs. Anthon was just kneeling beside Kate to finish buttoning the child's dress when she was up again at a cry from the cradle which sat in her room, between Kate's trundle bed and the sewing machine.

With Kate at her heels Mrs. Anthon bent over the cradle and cooed reassuringly to baby Emily. Rocking the cradle with one hand, Mrs. Anthon bent over Kate and finished fastening her dress.

THE intermittent droning of a lazy lawn mower lazily pushed by Ol' Uncle Ned sounded up and down the street from the old-fashioned house of Dr. Anthon. It was early morning of another of those endless village days, busy with its thousand trifles under a deceptive over-spreading atmosphere of repose.

From the earliest days of Carthage there had been a Doctor Anthon in the old house on Main Street, and it was the hope of Dr. Anthon that there always should be.

Busy betimes in his office, Horace Anthon, M. D., reassured Mrs. Guthrie for the hundredth time in the year that she would be better, then patiently bowed the chattering professional invalid out and stood at his doorway looking at his watch.

"Mother. Oh, Mother!"

There was a pause and Dr. Anthon raised himself up and down on his toes, glancing down at his watch with a dignified impatience.

"Yes—Father," Mrs. Anthon answered from upstairs.

"It's time the children were starting to school!"

Dr. Anthon delivered his statement with pleasantness, but firmness. This was his routine performance every morning. At eight-thirty he was moved to officially urge the household into action, quite regardless of the fact that this hour found Mrs. Anthon feverishly busy.

Mrs. Anthon came to the head of the stairs and threw a kiss to her pompously stern husband.

"Mind your own business, Horace." It was a reprimand gently given, with sweetness and just a spice of spirit.

THIS is a story for those who love and cherish their mothers, but more particularly it is for the many who love and neglect their mothers. It is a story that tells anew the significance of those little things, the letters home, the birthday remembrance, the visit back, now and then, things that mean so little for children to do, that mean so much to mothers to have done. In return for the wealth of service, tenderness and understanding that the mother lavishes, remembrance is a little thing. Greatest of our sins of omission is to forget the woman who gave us life. A thought and a word at the right time can bring smiles to that dear old wrinkled face and tears of joy into the eyes that watched over you when you were a baby.

UNOBSERVED by his busy mother, little Frank, the six year old, came into the room, laden with schoolbooks and gripping at his unbuttoned trousers. He came up close to Kate, with her suspiciously watching him, then turned about and at an unexpected moment tweaked her braided hair.

Kate shrieked and whirled about backing up against her mother.

"Mamma, Frank pulled my hair."

"I did not, mamma!" Frank looked up at his mother, a picture of injured innocence.

"You did, you did, you did!" Kate stamped her foot and screamed.

"I was just standing here waiting for you to fix this, mamma." Frank looked into his mother's eyes with the gentleness of a cherub. He twisted out a hand at his side, the spot where a button had parted company with his trousers in a most strategic position.

"Now Frank!" Mother knew he was guilty, but she was always doing her utmost to condone and pacify. Kate sniffled.

Mrs. Anthon went for a needle and thread.

"Have you got the button?"

Frank proudly held out the button, assuming a great air of self-satisfaction and pride at this bit of foresight. While the mother was sewing on the button Arthur came limping into the room, with one shoe on and the other in his hand, a finger stuck through a hole in the toe of the sole. The oldest of the boys, Arthur, was a lovable lad to whom nothing in all the world was serious. A smile spread over his face as he held up the shoe.

"Why didn't you tell me before it got so big?" Mrs. Anthon looked up from her sewing to regard the shoe ruefully.

"You'll have to wear your Sunday best today—and please don't kick every stone that you see, Arthur."

Arthur grinned as he went out. He passed Tom in the hall. Tom's face shone with the vigour of much scrubbing and he was neatly dressed, save his tie which showed the results of a violent struggle.

"I simply can't tie it right, mother!" Tom appealed to his mother with bitterness and disappointment and the assurance that an appeal to mother would make everything satisfactory.

Again came a wail from Emily in her cradle and Mrs. Anthon drew Tom over where she could resume the rocking with her foot while tying his scarf.

Taking advantage of his mother's preoccupation, Frank was busy with a bit of chalk filched from school, drawing figures on the wallpaper in the hall. Kate came upon him thus engaged.



"Weary Mrs. Anthon! She had fought, bled, and lied for her children. . . . The butcher was old—he could wait. Kate was young."

"Papa'll skin you for that."

Frank jumped, then reaching out swiftly yanked Kate's hair again. A kid scrap ensued. At the sound of a step on the stairs the children fled to their mother's room.

Dr. Anthon appeared at the head of the stairs. Kate loudly called his attention to Frank's mural efforts and pointed to the young miscreant in her mother's room. Anthon grimly started into the room.

Frank was clutching close to his mother. She pushed him behind her. Anthon motioned to his wife to hand Frank over for the spanking that was his. For answer she drew the boy closer to her.

"The child has talent, dear." She spoke gently. "Don't discourage him." Mrs. Anthon looked up at her husband with a pleading smile. She was working the old witchery on him. She drew Frank from behind her.

"Mind mother now—go wash your ears good."

Anthon watched her, his face a mixture of professional solemnity and amusement. His eyes caught the cradle.

"We are not rocking children any more." He stretched out his hand to stop the swaying cradle.

"We may not be, but I am—go mind your own business, Horace!" Mrs. Anthon quietly removed the father's hand and went on rocking Emily.

Anthon withdrew a step discreetly and looked at his watch.

"I haven't seen Jim—isn't he up yet?"

This startled Mrs. Anthon. Jim was her chief care.

Anthon started briskly toward Jim's room. Mrs. Anthon looked at him with a tinge of alarm in her face.



"It's the miser's hoard, Jim. Take it and sell it—do anything with it that you can—I do so want to help you."

"Wait," she cried out. "You mind the baby and I will go." Swiftly but tenderly she picked up the infant Emily and thrust her into her father's hands, hurrying out down the hall to Jim's room.

Anthon, checkmated, grinned to himself and turned his attention upon his youngest, chucking her up and down in the most unprofessional manner possible.

Absorbed in his thrilling dime novel, Jim stiffened, to hear his mother approaching. He pushed the book hastily under his pillow and slipping under the covers, pretended to be fast asleep. With artful simulation he yielded to the awakening call and grew really animated when told that his father was angry. But Jim read Nick Carter while he brushed his hair.

The other children were off to school and Jim was hurrying to the dining room for a snatch of breakfast when he encountered the misfortune of dropping his novel as his father stood in the hall. Anthon snatched up the paper-covered book and with one glance at it shot a question at Jim. Jim flushed and struggled to answer.

Flaming with anger Dr. Anthon seized his cane from the rack beside him. Mrs. Anthon rushed into the hall. She raised a restraining hand, then led Jim out to the door and sent him off on his way to school. She answered her husband's perplexed look with a wifely smile.

"Be patient with Jim, Horace," she said softly. "He needs more care than the others."

Anthon shook his head dubiously.

"Tom wants to be a lawyer, Arthur thinks of business, and I am counting on Jim to take my place, to be the next Dr. Anthon." Anthon spoke his heart in this.

"Jim will come out all right—you'll see." Mrs. Anthon was always hopeful and reassured where the children were concerned.

Dr. Anthon went off in his dilapidated buggy to make his round of calls.

And it was fortunate perhaps for Jim that his father had gone. The last off to school, Jim was the first home.

Old Ned was raking the lawn again when he saw Jim come scuffling along the walk, hesitating longer as each step brought

him nearer the house. Jim was a disheveled wreck, battered and bleeding, clothes torn and hair in disorder.

"For land's sake whut's happen'd to yu, Mistah Jim?" Old Ned stood rolling his eyes and scratching his grizzled head.

"Aw, shut up," Jim flung at him and crept into the house. Jim ran up stairs to his alarmed mother.

"A couple of guys got fresh an' I licked 'em," Jim explained with pride and tears.

All solicitude for Jim's hurts, Mrs. Anthon drew him to her and mothered him.

"An' the teacher licked me!"

An indignant cry came from the mother.

"An' I kicked him in the shins an' he expelled me from the school forever—an' I am glad of it."

Mrs. Anthon was shocked and saddened. She led Jim off to the bathroom and set about fixing his wounds. Jim was a born rebel, but his mother knew that he did not choose his own soul and she loved him all the more for the storms ahead that he must encounter.

The prattle of childish voices in the street told the mother that school was out. Glancing from the window she saw little Kate at the gate, simpering in childish flirtation with a little boy of the neighborhood. There was a tug at the mother's heart-strings. Love, the robber, would some day take Kate from her.

Frank, little mischief, came taunting by, calling deridingly at Kate—"Lovers—lovers—lovers."

Kate went storming at him and the little boy on the gate slipped away home, abashed and blushing.

Frank ran into the house. He was proudly fingering a newly-acquired pocket knife. It had three blades, one of which was still in working order. Frank cast about for something to cut. Nothing seemed quite so attractive as the polished top of the dining room table. He was busily engaged in cutting his name there when Kate discovered him. She ran from the room. Dr. Anthon was coming up the step.

"Frank cut the table, Frank cut the table," she screamed at her father.

Anthon looked at the table, marred and scratched, then

grabbed at Frank. Frank had learned early in life that a yelp in time saved many a spank.

Anthon was applying his capable hands in the manner calculated to do Frank the most good in the least time when Mrs. Anthon, leaving Jim to his wounds in the bathroom, came running to the rescue.

Anthon looked up as she entered.

"Why are you hurting my child?"

The mother-fury was tempered only by her love for Anthon himself. Anthon pointed to the marred table top.

"I do not care," the mother exclaimed. "You sha'n't touch the boy." She snatched Frank to her.

Thus went the round of days in the Anthon family. The father struggling for discipline, the mother fighting for kindness. And yet there was a gentle harmony between them, and Anthon loved his wife the more for her protecting defense of her children, right or wrong.

The day that Tom, the sober, studious one, came home with his scholarship prize and certificate of merit, was a proud one for the Anthon parents. And yet that very night the boy fell ill. The father hurried the lad to bed and made most careful diagnosis.

"Appendicitis," he said grimly.

The mother gasped.

"It means an operation—that's the only sure way," Anthon said, unhappily.

"No, no," the mother cried out. "My mother saved Brother Jack's life with hot compresses, and I can do it."

Anthon smiled sadly and shook his head.

"But I can, I can," the mother insisted.

And through days and nights Mrs. Anthon sat beside Tom's bed applying the steaming compresses to his side while the boy lay writhing in pain. Her hands were raw and blistered with the heat of the water, hour after hour, endless hot compresses. But in the end mother love won and the crisis was passed.

Arthur was sent away to military school, with much misgivings and many cautions from his mother. With the five others safe in bed, tucked in by her tired loving hands, her heart went out to the boy away.

And then came the evening when he was due home again on his Easter vacation. Sleepy and worn, Mrs. Anthon sat up in the night waiting for him. She drowsed in her chair and the light burned low. In the distance the train whistled for Carthage and Mrs. Anthon awoke with a start. Her heart beat fast with anticipation. She went to her window where she so often watched the night trains come over the drawbridge into the town. In the distance she could faintly hear the roaring of the train and the whistle sounded closer. She strained her eyes to see as the train should approach.

The engine whistle sent four short blasts screaming into the darkness.

The mother's heart leaped with a stab of pain.

The draw was open.

There was the cry of tortured steel as the airbrakes were set against the on-rush of the train. The engine shot forward unimpeded. The mother, frozen with helpless terror, stood with clenched hands. The train shot into the open draw.



Tom's voice was like a boy's. "I've been appointed attorney-general. I hurried home to be the first to tell you."

Mrs. Anthon wore mourning for Arthur in her heart for all of her life, but the time came when she gave up wearing black crepe because her grown-up daughter Kate begged her to.

And with the growing up of Kate came new problems and trials for mother. It was somewhere near Kate's twenty-first birthday when an invitation came from a girl chum to attend a party that promised to thrill quiet old Carthage. Harry Andrews, a New York youth of money, and a distant cousin of the hostess, was to be the guest of honor.

Mrs. Anthon looked beamingly into the eyes of her daughter when Kate handed over the invitation. There was a frown on Kate's brow.

"Why—aren't you happy? Don't you want to go?"

"I've got nothing to wear—fit for New York swells to see." Kate was pouting and pleading all at once.

At this unhappy moment Dr. Anthon emerged from his office and came upon them with a sheaf of bills and checks in his hand and a worried look overspreading his face.

"Ask your father," said Mrs. Anthon.

Dr. Anthon looked at the invitation casually. He had other things on his mind.

"All right, you can go," he said shortly.

"But I can not go! I have no clothes." Kate spoke with a tragic gesture.

"Look at these—there's no money left for party dresses."

Anthon shook his head with a sad finality, and stepped over to his wife. Kate stamped out slamming the door.

Anthon swung about and glared at the slammed door.

"Don't be angry with her. She is so young." Mrs. Anthon put a hand on her husband's arm. Always she was talking for her children. She took up the plea for a new dress for Kate.

Anthon slapped the bundle of bills, then pushed his hand through his hair in despair. He had gone past the limit. He turned over the bills, one by one with checks attached.

The last, the butcher's bill, was without a check. Anthon handed the bills and checks to his wife. He reached into his pocket and took out a small roll of bills.

"Mrs. Guthrie has just paid me sixty dollars for a year's treatment. That takes care of the butcher for a month." He handed over the money.

And while the family was picking along, with Anthon bending under his burdens, Jim, his hope for the next Dr. Anthon, was becoming the town easy-mark at pool hall gambling. With money filched and borrowed from his mother the wayward one tried to be a sport.

Kate was sobbing in her room, her heart heavy with disappointment. She determined to make another appeal to her mother. She found her sitting in her room, the bills and the checks and the butcher's money on the worn old sewing machine before her. The grief-stricken girl threw herself at her mother's knees.

Weary Mrs. Anthon! She had fought, bled and lied for her children. She sat mothering the crying girl and looking at the money on the sewing machine. She was thinking.

The butcher was old—he could wait. Kate was young—and (Cont'd on page 111)



"You're a good actress, Vivian—you used to make us cry, on the screen."

Photography by
White Studios.

Come On Back, Vivian

A plea addressed to the
missing Miss Martin,
who is also missed.

DEAR Vivian:

We miss you. Why don't you come back? Just as we're getting really attached to you, off you go in a new play, leaving the screen, as it were, flat. It doesn't seem right—especially since we have seen your new play, Vivian. Now, "Just Married" is a nice little comedy, and all, with its ship's staterooms, and its heroine—you, Vivian—and its hero—Lynne Overman—on the ship, and not married or anything, to each other or anybody else. And we knew there would be complications, and all that; and we also knew that you and Lynne would decide to carry out the title of the play before the final curtain, so as not to send the audience home disappointed. But it seems to us it's such a slight little play for anybody with such big dramatic ambitions. And you know you're a good actress, Vivian—you used to make us cry, on the screen. And when we see these first-run photographs of you we get down on our figurative knees and beg you to come back.

Yours truly,
PHOTOPLAY.



Cheer Up, Pauline!

A word of sympathy to little
Miss Starke, the champion
weeper of the celluloid.



Photography by
White Studios.

"You've got as nice a smile as anybody we
know and we'd like to see you use it."

POOR Pauline:

Is it never going to end: this heartless persecution of you? You never have a chance, that's all. No one, not even the scenario writer, has ever done right by you. Just when you're attempting a forlorn little grin, along comes the director and tells you to stop it. You're hired to weep, and weep, apparently, you must. Listen, Pauline: why don't you strike? You've got as nice a smile as anybody we know, and we'd like to see you use it once in a while. Of course, we admit you weep very well; still, they might permit you a few happy moments in the fifth reel. It isn't as if you haven't already proved yourself Niobe's foremost modern rival. You have flooded every California studio with your tears—and a few in Manhattan. They say your weeping in "Salvation Nell" is as artistic as any you have ever done. We do not doubt it. But—cheer up, kid! Why don't you wear that beaded dress—there, in the slimmer photograph—in one of your pictures? It beats the Queen of Sheba's by several hundred beads.

Yours sincerely,

PHOTOPLAY.



Drawn by Norman Anthony

Screening the Classics.
(As some of our producers would do it.)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

The ROMANCE of the THIRD DIMENSION

By

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

How the photography found the artistic goal of all the centuries — "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," was really an American triumph!

IT is a matter of record that no picture, not even "The Birth of a Nation," ever created quite as much comment, argument and speculation in one month's time as did "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." It was lavishly praised in most quarters, "patriotically" banned in some, and hugely talked about everywhere.

And why?

Because, answer the thoughtless, "it had such crazy scenery."

But why did it have "such crazy scenery?" To be eccentric—unusual—bizarre? That sort of quest, merely, would have landed it in the cutting room's waste-barrel.

The wiser heads tell you, with a concluding and all-summarizing nod, that here was the first film exploit of the futurists, the impressionists, or the post-impressionists. And they let it go at that, considering that that is the beginning and likewise the end of the answer; and that, probably, the modernists will get along pretty well in the cinema theater if this, their premier experiment, may be taken as a criterion.

But as matter of fact, "Caligari" stirred the film world to its depths neither because it was odd nor because it was German; neither because it was adroit



THE ESCAPE

The laws of linear and of planar intersection are successfully applied here to give vastness and depth as well as tottering peril. The body leans with the chimney, the leg and elbow of the man and the carried figure becoming a compositional mass in rigid accord with the focal lines and the contrasting tonal planes. The fluctuability of related lines in a two-eyed stereoscopic vision are here stated as a monocular impression.



DR. CALIGARI

In this picture all the lines and linear directions converge toward Dr. Caligari; and in addition to this exaggerated perspective a number of optical tricks have been introduced to retard the flow of vision, thus extending the illusion of depth. The oppositional vertical lines halt the vision and even turn it back at certain points. The position of the cane, as well as that of the elbow, becomes an integral part of the linear design.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Wright is recognized both in Europe and America as one of the foremost authorities on painting and aesthetics. He has been intimately associated with the modern art evolution in Europe, and is almost equally well known as essayist, novelist, critic and editor.

melodrama nor because it was modernistic, but because it was the first sight of land in a motion picture new world—the eastern shore of the continent which has been the quest of every Columbus of the brush—farthest east of that Arcadia of vision, the Land of the Third Dimension.

In many of the sets of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" one received the distinct impression that the action moved in depth; that the picture, unlike other motion pictures, was not merely a flat performance on a two-dimensional screen.

Now the importance of this achievement may be realized in the answer to the question: what, during its centuries of evolution, has been the chief problem of the art of painting? The achievement of the third dimension. From the hectic days of the *Cinquecento*, when old Leonardo, pausing from his bellicose labors of gun-making for the bloody Cesare Borgia, wrote his famous "Trattato della Pittura," down to the most recent manifesto of the latest Neo-Ultimo-Futurist of Greenwich Village, you will find that painters large and small, conservative and revolutionary, famous and obscure, have ever been sedulously hounding the trail of that same Third Dimension. Mere persp-

tive has never been enough. Something more realistic was demanded.

During the horse-hair-settee period of American culture, when all parlors possessed a marble-top center-table, a what-not, a brace of crayon portraits, a cluster of wax flowers under glass, and a carpet-covered rocking-chair mounted upon wooden tracks, there was always to be found a stereoscope for the amusement of callers who had exhausted the fascinations of the family album. This instrument of diversion consisted of a species of huge goggles (similar to those now worn by Ford drivers) with a handle underneath, and a projecting bracket on which was placed a double photograph. By adjusting this photograph and peering through the goggles, one could see the Capitol at Washington, Niagara Falls, the Yosemite Valley, or the stalactites of Mammoth Cave, all set off in bold relief and apparently possessing *three dimensions*.

Now, it is exactly this effect which painters have always endeavored to obtain. With but a flat surface to work on, they have realized that depth, or rather the illusion of depth, was needed to give their pictures solidity and form and verisimilitude. They also realized that this third dimension would have to be achieved by optical and other scientific principles applied to the technique of painting; for, in reality, paintings are and can be but two-dimensional.

Now, when we look at an object in nature we do so with two eyes, and we necessarily get two distinct impressions of that object, as anyone can prove by closing first one eye and then the other. These two impressions differ slightly from each other because our two eyes look at the object from slightly different angles; and it is the focussing, or super-imposing, of these two dimensions, which creates the sense of depth—three dimensions—in ordinary vision. The double photograph used with a stereoscope consists merely of these two impressions (each "snapped" at a little different angle) which, when looked at through a certain kind of split



THE FLIGHT

Chaotic movement and fatigue are suggested by a multiplicity of intersecting curves (in dark tones) contrasted with the straight lines of the bridge railings (in light tones). The body of the man—his arms and legs—as well as the body of the supported figure, are curved in the same manner as the lamp-posts and the cactus-like plants, giving unity to the movement of the picture's composition. Distorted and exaggerated perspective has also been added to the receding lines and the counter-balanced tones, for the purpose of intensifying the illusion of depth.

lens, become one picture, and appear to have depth. The stereoscope, in other words, is merely a mechanical reproduction of our normal binocular vision.

To a man with but one eye the world is flat. And practically all painting up to modern times has been the vision of the one-eyed man. The modernists, who a few years ago were ridiculed as "communards," lunatics, sensationalists or mere fakers, recently discovered how to produce the effect of a third dimension; and by doing so they solved the profoundest problem of painting, and one which has baffled the greatest artists and investigators for centuries.

Consequently, in order to solve this problem, the modern painters first studied and experimented with the laws of optics, the mutability of related masses, the fluctuability of lines, the functioning elements of tones and colors, the laws of composition and organization, the principles of psychology and physiology, the emotional reactions to external stimuli, and numerous other aspects of the subject. Then they sought to apply these researches to painting, and to express them with a painter's technique—in short, to state the scientific principles which they had mastered in terms of pictorial art. The first experiments were something beyond all human understanding, but at last a few of the greater artists succeeded in producing pictures which gave the impression and the illusion of depth.

The motion picture producer has, from the first, felt the need of this third dimension on the screen, and has made a few unsuccessful attempts to produce it. But he has completely failed for the simple reason that he has never gone to the men who really knew something about the subject from the pictorial and scientific standpoint.

Germany made "Caligari," but, like the submarine and the first principles of the modern dye industry, "Caligari" was in Germany, but not of it. The Germans merely took the discoveries which other peoples neglected, and faced them with the motion camera.

Do you know that today America leads the world in modern painting? With the exception of the few great experimental artists of the past generation—Renoir, Cézanne, Matisse and Picasso—this country possesses, among its younger men, the truly profound and creative painters of the new art movements, the painters who have gone furthest in mastering the principles of three-dimensional form.

Certain arrangements of lines and masses and tones produce certain moods; and a mere "set," in itself, can be made to evoke the exact emotional effect of an action or situation. There are pictorial laws governing these linear and tonal arrangements, just as there are laws governing the projection of atmos- (Continued on page 105)

THE VILLAGE STREET

The arrangement of lines and directions are based on an envisagement of the binocular curvatures, the focal point being the three figures. Thus the vision is repressed by the curved lines alternately leaning inward, and is carried back by the implication of lines leaning toward and away from the eye. The stereoscopic principle, intricately applied, gives to this shallow scene the sensation of extended three-dimensional space.





A scene like this—the “Sleeping Beauty” fairy-tale brought to life by the artistry of Joseph Urban and director Robert Vignola—is just a flash on the screen; and yet it took hours to rehearse and cost thousands of dollars. Note the spotlight thrown on Miss Davies and her leading man from the balcony.

PRETTY SOFT TO BE A STAR, EH?

Marion Davies tells a few of the little things included in the daily routine of a picture queen.

By
HELEN BRODERICK

FADE in—the picture is flashed on the screen and the audience settles back, hoping for something light and cheerful or something profound and soul-stirring, according to tastes and moods. The fate of the picture is in their hands. To them it is unequivocally good or “rotten.” They are the sole and final referees.

The long weeks of work, the cost of the picture, the search for a good story, the picking of the cast, the building of the sets, the hunt for locations, mean nothing to them. And in their oblivion to all these factors in picture making they are prone to think that because an actress trips across the screen in a dress of the latest mode and makes love to a prepossessing hero her existence is one sweet song, that her salary is too large and that, altogether, life is too gentle with her, too “soft.” And so they laugh lightly at the “movies” and picture the life of the players as one orgy of unbridled gayety.

“It is to laugh!” says Marion Davies, when she reads some of the letters written to her in which the youthful writer sighs

for the life of the “movie star” and begs to know how she, too, can get into that enchanted life wherein with a magic wand all worries vanish and life looms forth one golden dream.

“I should like to write a form letter,” declared Miss Davies, “which would disperse for all time the popular conception of the tranquillity and ease of the life of my profession. Like Martin Luther, I could formulate seventeen theses and nail them to the doors of all persons who scoff at the ‘soft snap’ of making pictures. Tentatively here are my seventeen:

“1. The life is one of unremitting work, calling for every resource of mind and body.

“2. When you are drinking champagne at a noisy little party in the picture you are imbibing the refreshing, inspiring drafts of celery tonic. You are full of celery tonic, for you had to rehearse the scene several times and then there are at least a couple of ‘takes’ with the camera grinding.

“3. After you have done what you think the best emotional scene of your life and venture excitedly into the projection

room the next day to congratulate yourself, all quietly, you don't like it at all. 'Terrible!' is your only honest verdict and the scene must be taken again and you wonder if you can recapture the feelings of the day before.

"4. You read your reviews and if anyone thinks that 'the morning after' is a joyous awakening he is wrong. What you liked the reviewer doesn't, and what he likes you can't see. And none of them agree and you don't know which is right.

"5. You go on a quiet vacation to a quiet suburban spot where, incognito, you plan a much needed rest. The town marshal, the fire brigade and the mayor acclaim your advent into their community.

"6. By the time you have paid your respects to your unexpected reception committee and told them how 'interesting' is the life of the screen, how 'appreciative' you are of their 'interest' you are telephoned from New York that the negative is scratched and 'retakes' are in order.

"7. You are forever kissing a new leading man when you would rather fondle the neighbors' babies or expend your affection on an ever-patient family.

"8. You plan a theater party for an evening. The guests are all invited. Five o'clock comes and there are four scenes yet to do, the overhead expense is \$2,000 that day with 500 supers in ancient costume. If you bolt you would feel a piker and so you call off the theater party and blink at the lights while you do as the megaphone says all evening.

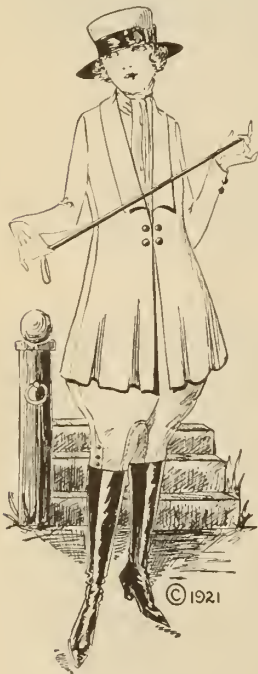
"9. You can't read the new novels you ordered when you finally get home because your eyes are worn out with the Klieg lights.

(Continued on page 99)



Campbell

BETWEEN SCENES, MARION DAVIES
DESIGNS HER OWN CLOTHES.



© 1921

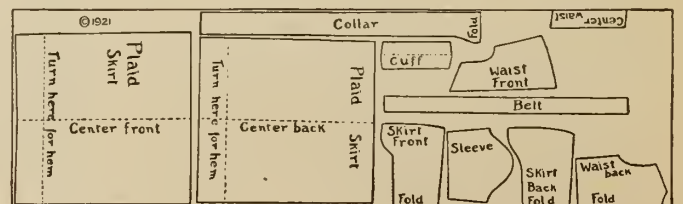
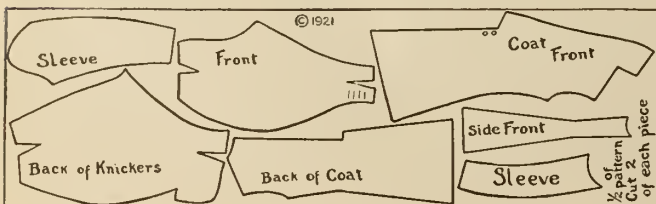
At the left: a smart and simple riding habit, designed by Marion Davies. It may be done in linen or wool. There are, Miss Davies explains, only three things to consider for anyone who wishes to make one like it. These are the coat, the breeches, and the buttons. The neat bone buttons are the only trimming, and there are no intricacies whatever. The whole suit requires three and a quarter yards of material.

At the right: a dress of Miss Davies' own design. It was made for the star in plaid gingham and white; but it may be made in any other combination of colors you choose. It has the charm of originality, this frock; where else have you seen exactly this development of the popular tuxedo effect? And do not overlook the pockets. This dress takes three and a quarter yards of the plaid, and one and a half yards of the white.



© 1921

The two patterns below are made on the same reduction scale — $\frac{1}{16}$, for size 36.





How I Keep in Condition



By

RUBY DE REMER

THIS is the first of a series of articles by famous beauties of the screen—not beauty articles, in any sense of the word; simply advice on how to keep fit, from women who have worked out systems in the least amount of time. The motion picture star who cannot

work ninety per cent of the time and look her best, will soon be “out.” Therefore, beneath the beauty and ability of screen celebrities must lie a firm foundation of perfect health. Next month, Katherine MacDonald will give her recipe for keeping fit.

IF there is any one thing in the whole world that I hate more than coffins, rain and birthdays, it is keeping in condition. I don't want to keep in condition. I'd love to be able to get fat or thin just as the mood struck me, eat Welsh rarebit at 4 G. M. without seeing a spectre of a complexion all gone to the Bronx the next morning and never, never, never take any exercise as long as I lived other than that involved in climbing in and out of an automobile.

I despise exercise. I want to eat what I want when I want to eat it. I love to wash my face in good soap and water, and I prefer sleeping in the daytime when possible.

However, I can't, and earn an honest living as a motion picture star, so with loathing in every fibre of my being, I do the things I have to do to keep fit for my work, because I am not naturally a very strong woman and I know that I could not keep working without being in condition.

Also, though I may be a very fine actress, if I lost whatever looks with which the Almighty has seen fit to bless me, I wouldn't have a job very long.

My beauty creed therefore is something like this:

I believe in massage more than anything else in the world. I believe in a variation of hot and cold showers every night and every morning. I believe in strict, thoroughly-tested diet. I believe in lots of good cold cream. I believe in walking, lots of walking, whether you like it or not. I believe in going to bed early when you're working no matter how many parties you are asked to. I believe in prohibition, the anti-cigarette law and the Blue Sunday, if you're working hard and aren't exactly fit.

Now I live up to that just about as far as anybody in the world lives up to a creed. Really I do.

I have to.

I keep a maid always who is an expert masseuse. I can sew on a button or two if it's strictly necessary, and I can mix



Campbell studios

Rubye de Remer—whom Paul Helleau, the famous French artist, called “the most beautiful blonde in America.”

my own face powder, but I cannot give myself a massage. Therefore I have a maid who understands that art to perfection. And I have a massage—a body massage because I most emphatically do not believe in massage for the face—every day of my life.

Honestly, you have no idea what it will do for you. Why, it keeps me hard and in condition, and it puts weight on me where I need it and takes it off where I don't, if you understand what I mean. Followed by a good salt rub—and, by the way, my maid uses aromatic vinegar to massage me with—I feel great.

Unless I am on a train or in the middle of the desert on location, I always have a shower bath. Bathing is a great idea—you'd never dream how much more it means than just keeping clean, which I suppose is the real reason lots of people do it—and a shower bath is the only correct thing. I have an outfit that I had made for me in Paris, that I always carry so that even when I'm away from my own home, if there's running hot and cold water, I can manipulate my showers.

I have a regular system—like seven come eleven—that I've worked out all by myself. First I take a warm shower, letting it gradually get warmer and warmer until it is so hot that I couldn't possibly have walked right into it. This relaxes the whole body, coaxes out the nervous strain which makes for flabbiness and age, and rests you from the day's work. Then instantaneously, I turn on the icy cold water. I do

this two or three times and then vary it by using a warm shower and an icy stream from a hose attachment at the same time.

My diet is a great care to me, especially when I'm working, because I keep it strictly. I have to. The things I really like to eat are never on my diet slips. I wonder why—I suppose life is always like that.

Anyway, for breakfast I drink a cup of hot chocolate (without whipped cream or sugar and what, *(Continued on page 101)*)

THE PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE
MEDAL OF
HONOR



To be awarded to
the best production
of 1920, and annu-
ally thereafter to
the best picture of
the year.

Your Last Chance to Vote For the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor

THE awarding of America's most distinguished artistic insignia rests with you. The Photoplay is America's greatest art. Greatest, because its patrons are not a few collectors and connoisseurs, but the public: *YOU*.

The public is more appreciative than the potentates who once upon a time guided the destinies of artists. Leonardo da Vinci was dependent upon petty nobles for a livelihood. Moliere's genius feasted upon the trivialities of a court. But our artists do not belong to anyone save themselves. Their works are given directly to the public they serve. The public has heaped the wealth of the world—and all the world's fame—upon them. And now—that public is conferring an award more lasting, more impressive than any. Hundreds of thousands of screen devotees have heard PHOTOPLAY's clarion—and answered. The Medal of Honor Contest has found a ready response in every American who ever saw a photoplay.

The ballots are coming in until the Magazine offices resemble an Arctic landscape. Apparently every man and woman and child who has ever attended a motion picture performance has a keen interest in the ultimate owner of the Medal of Honor. They want the producer of the Best Photoplay of 1920 to know that his finest achievement is appreciated; they want him to realize that it is well worth his while to keep right on making photoplays of actual artistic excellence.

You are convinced that American motion pictures lead the world, by every standard? If you are certain that the future

of the American film depends upon the realization of this fact by American producers and public, then vote!

The only condition of the Medal of Honor Contest is that the picture which you consider the best was released between January 1st and December 31st, 1920, and that it was of American manufacture.

The Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor has been permanently established as an award of merit to the producer whose foresight, whose artistic intelligence made his venture, his money and his reputation in the industry in the selection of the story plus director plus cast. Consider the excellence of all these: theme, scenario, direction, sets, and acting. Only the motion picture public, most representatively assembled in the two and a half million readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, is qualified to make the selection of the best picture. No critic, no professional observer, is competent to judge. In case of a tie, decision shall be made by three disinterested people. Fill out this coupon and mail it, naming the motion picture which you consider the finest photoplay released during the year 1920.

These coupons have appeared in four successive issues, of which this is the fourth and last. All votes must be received in PHOTOPLAY's New York office not later than October 1st. You do not necessarily have to choose one of the list of pictures below, but if your choice is outside this list, be sure it is a 1920 picture.

Suggested List of Best Pictures for 1920

Behind the Door
Branding Iron
Copperhead
Cumberland Romance
Dancin' Fool
Devil's Pass Key
Dinty
Dollars and the Woman
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Earthbound
Eyes of Youth
Garage
Gay Old Dog
Great Redeemer
Heart of the Hills
Huckleberry Finn
Humoresque
Idol Dancer
In Search of a Sinner
Something to Think About
Jes' Call Me Jim
Jubilo
Love Flower
Luck of the Irish
Madame X.

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Editor Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., N. Y. City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1920.

NAME OF PICTURE _____

Name _____

Address _____

Use this coupon or other blank paper filled out in similar form.

Man Who Lost Himself
Mollycoddle
On With the Dance
Overland Red
Over the Hill
Pollyanna
Prince Chap
Remodelling a Husband
Right of Way
River's End
Romance
Scoffer
Scratch My Back
Suds
Thirteenth Commandment
Thirty-nine East
Toll Gate
Treasure Island
Trumpet Island
Virgin of Stamboul
Way Down East
Why Change Your Wife?
Wonder Man
World and His Wife

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

THERE is merit in the Australian method of dividing motion pictures into two classes, plays for adults and plays for children. They are announced with a distinguishing mark—"A" for grown-ups only, and with "U" for both adults and children. No small part of motion picture censorship movements in the United States take their impetus from the zeal of persons who want all pictures denatured to approved standards for juveniles. And, without at all holding a brief for the makers of unclean pictures, one may sometimes wonder how much of downright parental laziness is represented in efforts at film censorship. If all films are to be made safe for children, then why not all books, all foods, all motor cars.

"**L**ITTLE Lord Fauntleroy" is at present being screened, and several interested fans have written to inquire what the picture is going to be called? We have not heard as yet, but we throw out the following suggestions *gratis*: "Love Will Find a Way," "The Bachelor's Awakening," "The Lie That Failed," "Who Is Your Wife's Husband?"

A LAW suit recently exposed the fact that a certain advance salary check for \$27,000, which had been made out to a young artist's model, duly photographed, and disseminated broadcast by a Munchausen press-agent, was, after all, but "a scrap of paper," designed solely to inflame the public mind. If there were more revelations of this kind concerning the fortunes which are supposed to be paid by hard-headed producers to inexperienced girls with little more in the way of equipment than a pretty face and a desire to act, fewer misguided young women would set out on futile expeditions to find the pot of gold at the foot of the cinema rainbow. There is, of course, in the silent drama, as in many other lines of endeavor, adequate remuneration for those who have genuine talent and who are willing to begin at the bottom and studiously work their way up. But the motion picture lot is not a diamond field where any inexperienced prospector can stake a claim and pick up Koh-i-noors at random.

ACCESSORY NOTE:—Ever since the idea gained credence in the studios that crime was ineradicably associated with waxed moustaches, and that no villain was genuinely double-dyed unless the tuft of hair on his upper lip was moulded into sharp projecting points, there has been a serious shortage of Ed. Pinaud's tubes of *Pommade Hongroise*: and the price has jumped from fifteen cents to fifty.

"**A** WOMAN in love with her husband," says Mary Thurman, "is a woman who combs her hair every morning before breakfast."

THE downward trend of prices to "peace levels" has reached the motion picture theater. A cut of one-third in admission rates for their chain of theaters in Chicago is announced by Jones, Linick & Schaefer, one of the larger and markedly successful amusement concerns of the middle west. This is more than likely to prove a wholesome move and something of the

precedent for that region. One of the important elements of the success of the motion picture has been the very large amusement value obtainable at small cost to the consumer. In point of entertainment value at low cost the motion picture has no competitor and the wise exhibitor will maintain the ratio. There is a significance in recalling that in periods of unemployment and stringency in the earlier days of the motion picture it alone of the so-called luxury businesses escaped with practically no diminution of prosperity. The motion picture has continued to flourish in the times when the public was buying solely on a value basis.

A PRODUCER has been making a bid for public attention by publishing daily the mounting costs of the picture on which he is engaged, with the totaling nearing the million dollar mark as a grand climax. Even stockholders are entitled to a thrill.

BROADWAY, for decades the midway of the nation, famed in song and story as the Great White Way, is well on its way to become just a street again. Latest to pass into the fading memories of the Great Wet Age are two of Broadway's most famous institutions, Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, familiarly known as "The Roof," and Churchill's Restaurant. Simultaneously they closed. Simultaneously the managements, in statements to the press, declared that prohibition had nothing to do with their closing, blaming the falling of business rather to the fact that picketing policemen prevented anyone entering with anything "on the hip." Thus it would appear that the amusement purveyed required the alchemy of the still to give it power.

THE show that can not hold a sober audience can not compete with the motion picture.

BATHING girl extras will have to submit their costumes to the official yardstick of the Morality Police at Coney Island this season. Modesty goes by measure hereafter. It would appear that New York no longer will trust even the naked eye in matters of nakedness.

CORSE PAYTON, father of the "ten-twenty-thirty," has filed a petition in voluntary bankruptcy. In other better days he carried amusement to the millions in the lesser communities. His success became a byword and his name an institution. None could wear diamonds so numerous and so large as Corse Payton. None could make so grand a curtain speech "thanking you one and all for your courteous attention and hoping for your patronage next season, etc." Then came the motion picture. Corse Payton made his last stand in Brooklyn. Might there not yet be a comeback for him on the very screens that took away his empire?

A GAIN there is gossip of an impending merger of some lesser film distributors. Mergers in the history of film finance have frequently proven a pleasant method of disposing of the remains without applying to a bankruptcy court for a burial permit.

SPEAKING of the imported films: what do the gentlemen who found "Passion" subtle propaganda against the French, and "Deception" spiteful propaganda against the English, find that "Gypsy Blood" is propaganda against? It must worry them terribly.

THE Rev. Thomas Dixon thundered mightily and effectively before the General Assembly of North Carolina one day last Spring, speaking determinedly against the proposed Varser-McCoin-Mathews bill, an intended censorship enactment. Some of the things he said are fit to stand as permanent indictments of those who would throttle the free moral agency of intelligent people. Among his remarks were these: "I don't believe God Almighty ever made a man big enough or wise enough to say what human thought shall be!"—and again—"Censorship in Germany and Austria, vigorously enacted through decades, kept their monarchs on the throne and their ancient systems in vogue until it took a world-war and the slaughter of millions to let in the light."

ALLAN DWAN and Jim Kirkwood were talking. "I found the lowest depth of ignorance the other day," said Dwan, "when a little extra girl on one of my Hollywood sets asked me if Manhattan Island was near New York."

"I can trump that one," returned Kirkwood. "I know a picture cowboy, who claims he bought drinks for Babe Ruth when she was in the chorus."

RAPIDLY directors are learning that it is not safe to be contemptuous of the public intelligence, and more and more they are being wooed to the Spencerian pronouncement that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. Once anachronisms and parochronisms abounded in our films. The average photo-drama's disregard of the simplest verities was enough to make old papa Zola—the inventor of naturalism—go spinning round in his grave like a tortured turbine. Modern French sculpture adorned Neronian sets; gladiators were encased in medieval armor; *fiacres* drove along the canals of Venice; there were American telephones in the *bistrops* of Paris; Christian martyrs were thrown to the lions 200 B. C.; Castilians and Aztecs conversed without an interpreter. . . . But because of the public's fast maturing critical acumen, such evidences of carelessness are rare indeed today. The excellence of certain recent German films was due largely to their minute adherence to the accuracy of details. The German mind possesses an instinctive capacity for meticulousness.

A FALSE vanity among some of the screen's young ladies has kept them from playing parts in which they had to clothe themselves in unbecoming garb; or, if they played the part this same vanity has led them to dress far beyond the means and tastes of the character portrayed. It has been this vanity which has ruined so many Carmens. Carmen was an unkempt, ignorant factory girl, and yet we have seen her presented in luxurious gowns of the richest fabric, with sheer silk stockings, expensive mantillas and lace fans worthy of a Pompadour. One of the reasons why Pola Negri's Carmen in "Gypsy Blood" was so convincing was because she had the courage to dress the part as it should be dressed. And Mary Pickford, too, has always had the courage to appear as a ragamuffin whenever the exigencies of characterization demanded it. Here are the two truly great cinema artists—one European, one American—who do not balk at truth, however unlovely, and who are willing to let their reputations stand or fall upon their own capabilities. There is a moral here for all who care to read it.

SIMILARITY in names sometimes begets injustice. Not long ago a prudish lady, beset with Freudian inhibitions, wrote to a newspaper protesting against the publicity being given Mary MacLaren, and accusing the journal of deliberately omitting from a sketch of Miss MacLaren's life "the disgraceful confessions she once wrote, in which she boasted shamelessly of her many lovers." The letter was turned over to the literary editor for elucidation; and he at once recognized the error. The indignant lady had the confessions of Mary MacLane in mind; and she was politely informed that Miss MacLaren was above reproach and had never been an authoress—amatory or otherwise.

THE signing of the Censorship Bill has forever dashed our long-cherished hope that, before we mounted the gallows and bade adieu to earthly tribulations, we might behold a film in which the characters, when retiring for the night, would attire themselves like mortals in every-day life—the men in plain pyjamas, the women in simple *robes-de-nuit*. We have always wondered why, in the shadow drama, the men never removed their socks or union suits at night, and why the women always went to bed with their stocking and slippers on and heavily clothed in under garments, petticoats and elaborate peignoirs. No wonder they have to sleep sitting almost bolt upright against a small mountain of bulky pillows!

OVERHEARD in a Long Island studio: "No, my husband never goes to church. He doesn't seem religious at all, but at that I wouldn't call him an amethyst."

THE salacious divorce scandals which have recently been uplifting and ennobling us through the columns of our great moral dailies, furnish further proof that domestic infelicity does not exist exclusively in the boudoirs of actors and actresses. The accusation that the stage and screen are habituated to infidelity and divorce is a time-worn libel. Because of the semi-public nature of an actor's life, his domestic scandals are always dragged forth and aired in public; whereas the divorces of other persons—save in rare instance—are passed over casually and with little notoriety. The result of the exaggerated publicity which always attends an actor's marital foibles has created the erroneous impression that the stage has not yet been made safe for domesticity. It is one of the penalties of fame.

AS a nation we have long refused to take laughter seriously. We find it hard to realize that buffoonery may indeed be the medium of great art or the vehicle of profound truth. Too often do we regard our humorists solely as sagnarelles and scaramouches, when in reality they are artists deserving of serious consideration. That is why our literature is almost devoid of satire; for satire is truth disguised as jest. But the day has come when we are beginning to recognize the potentialities of comedy. Did not Belasco see the dramatic possibilities which lay beneath the burlesque caricatures of David Warfield? Are we not at last giving Mark Twain his due as a great literary genius? And is there anyone who does not now recognize the splendid actor and subtle pantomimist beneath the antics and grotesqueries of Charlie Chaplin?

A WELL-KNOWN actor was rehearsing the leading role in a picture made from one of Rupert Hughes' novels. One day a friend asked Mr. Hughes if the actor had read the book and was thoroughly familiar with the psychology of the character. "Too d——d familiar!" Mr. Hughes answered gloomily. "You should see the liberties he takes with it."



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

WHEN I Heard
Marguerite Clark was In Town,
I Went Right Up to See her.
Her Big Sister, Cora,
Came to the Door.
"Marguerite? Why, Certainly—
Go Right In. There she is—"
I Looked Around
The Room, but
I Couldn't See Marguerite.
She Didn't Seem to be About.
There were
Three Little Girls
Drinking Tea in a Corner.
The Smallest One
Came Up to me, and
Said, "How do you do?" and
Wanted to Shake Hands. I
Said Hello to her, and asked
If she Knew
Where Miss Clark was.
"Yes," said the Smallest Girl.
"She's Right Here!"
Yes—you Guessed it—
It was Marguerite.
You Know
I Hadn't Seen her
For Four Years, and
She'd Been Married in the
Meantime; but
She Doesn't Look Married—
She's Younger and Prettier than Ever.
She Sat Down
In a Big Divan that was
Piled with Cushions, and for a Minute
I Thought I'd Lost her Again.
Then she Sat up very Straight and
Looked at her Diamond Wrist-watch
(And she has Diamond Bracelets
And Rings and Things—I Guess
Her Husband Wishes there was
More of Marguerite so
He Could Keep On Buying her Presents)
And she Said
"Harry is in Brooklyn,"
So Sadly—not because
He was in Brooklyn, but because
He was Away at All.
"He has been in Brooklyn
For Two Hours Now.
If you can Wait, I'd Like you
To Meet him."
Harry
Is Marguerite's Husband.
His Real Name
Is H. Palmerson Williams, but
He's Not Nearly as Bad
As all that.
They've been Married a Long Time,
As Marriages Go, but
It's one of those Romances
That Won't Wear Off.
"You should See
Our Great Big House
In Louisiana," said
Marguerite. "It's much too Big
For just the Two of Us; but
Don't we Have Fun!
There are
Horses and Dogs and Chickens—
It's in the Country, you know—
We Only Go into New Orleans



It's one of those romances
that wont wear off.

Once in a While
The People there
Used to be Thrilled
To have a Screen Star
In their Midst. Whenever I came
Into the Shops they'd Point and Say:
'Oh look—there's
Marguerite Clark!' But Now,
They're Used to it, and Just Smile
And Nod, 'How are you, Mrs. Williams?'



Jeanie MacPherson writes
scenarios and is an aviatrix.

Ooh—there's Harry!"
She Introduced him
As her Beau and he
Seemed to Like It.
Mr. Williams is Young and
Good-Looking. He Seems
To be Always Smiling—perhaps
He Can't Get Over Congratulating himself
That he's Marguerite Clark's Husband.
Everybody is a Little Bit Put Out

With Mr. Williams because
It Seems he doesn't Want his Wife
To Make Pictures any More.
But Marguerite Said:
"Harry doesn't Mind if I do
One or Two Pictures a Year, but
He won't Hear
Of Me Going Back on the Stage.
I May Go Abroad
To Do a Nice Story I have.
Did Everyone like 'Scrambled Wives'?
I Hope they did."
Just before I Left, Mr. Williams
Drew me Aside
And Showed me a Picture.
It was
A Sweet Little Picture of
A Tiny Girl
Of Two, with Big Brown Eyes and Curls.
"That's my Maggie—when she
Was a Baby," said Marguerite's Husband.
I Guess he Likes her Pretty Well.
I'm Glad she's Happy—aren't You?

I Asked Jeanie MacPherson—
Just as Soon as she Returned
From Abroad—
All those Questions about
The European Invasion and did she think
America's Supremacy in the Film Industry
Was Threatened; and how
Were Conditions, and
Things like that?
I Thought
It was the Thing to Do.
It wasn't.
We Ended
By Talking About
The Clothes she'd Bought
In Paris.
Scenario Writers
Are Only Human—and
Miss MacPherson
Is a Very Good Scenario Writer.
She Writes
All Cecil deMille's Stories, and
It Keeps her Too Busy
To Worry about
Her Income Tax, which
Is Probably Something to Worry About,
"I don't Know Why," she said,
"Just because one Happens to
Write for a Living,
One isn't Expected to enjoy
A Real Vacation. This is My First one
In Years, and
I Didn't Do Any Work at all."
She's an Aviatrix, and wears
Her Wings in Diamonds.
She Brought back Frills from Paris, and
A Little Gun from Germany, and
Ideas. She was the Guest
Of General Allen in Germany and
Met Ernst Lubitsch in Berlin.
The Director
Saw deMille's "Forbidden Fruit" and
Almost Tore his Hair
Wishing he Could Get
The Electrical Effects
Like the Cinderella Scenes. That was
Jeanie MacPherson's Idea.
She Has Lots of them.

She got herself elected game-warden for life. A statue now on exhibition in the Louvre shows her in the act of enforcing the closed season on deer.



VAMPS OF ALL TIMES

As seen when a modern spotlight is turned upon ancient legends.

By

SVETOZAR
TONJGROFF

III—DIANA

ONE of the earliest things that the Olympian neighbors noticed about Artemis—or Diana, as the Romans got into the habit of calling her when she grew up—was her distaste for dolls. Even as a very little girl, she preferred to play with a bow and arrows. This preference she maintained as she developed into womanhood.

The half-sister of Aphrodite on her father Zeus's side was as different from that lady as it was possible to be. The difference is best illustrated by the remark she made to one of her playmates when she was eleven years old. Seeing this other girl holding hands with little Apollo in the back garden of the Zeus palace, she exclaimed with fine scorn: "Oh, don't be a silly!"

When she had grown into long dresses, she started out on a campaign for the suppression of sentimental foolishness that would have ended in the depopulation of the world if it had been sufficiently pressed. Fortunately, however, Artemis had too many other irons in the fire to devote all her attention to the promotion of her pet scheme to establish the Universal Society for the Prevention of Love-Making.

In Arcadia, for instance, she got herself elected game-warden for life. A statue now on exhibition in the Louvre, Paris, France, shows her in the act of enforcing the closed season on deer. She has one protecting hand on the antlers of the frightened animal, as it flees from the hunters, while her face, unmistakably registering menace, is turned toward its pursuers. Her other hand is drawing an arrow from the quiver slung over her shoulder.

In Ephesus, Asia Minor, Artemis was an entirely different person from the rustic protector of wild things that she was in Arcadia. Here, in a great temple numbered among the Seven Wonders of the World, she held court in high state, surrounded by highly sophisticated, and even sensuous surroundings. In Ephesus, too, she appears to have dabbled in the arts of a medium. Several successful seances, in which worshippers were made to believe that they saw and heard the dead, were credited to her in the local newspapers.

It was in Ephesus that, if all reports are true, she occasion-

ally relaxed from her stern opposition to family life. In fact, there is evidence to show that she not only winked at but actually encouraged the mating instinct. For this relief from the rigors of her administration in Arcadia the Ephesians showed their gratitude by making her Queen of Life and adopting as their municipal motto the phrase: "Great is Diana of Ephesus!" of which St. Paul so feelingly tells us in his memoirs.

In Tauris, now known as the Crimean Peninsula, Artemis acquired extremely bad habits by associating with a local Scythian goddess. This goddess insisted upon being worshipped with human sacrifices. Artemis readily adopted the new fashion and took it back with her on her next trip to Athens and Sparta. Both Spartans and Athenians were deeply shocked by the innovation but accepted it for the time being. The scandal continued in Sparta until the time of Lycurgus who substituted the whip for the knife. But it was agreed that the cure was hardly less painful than the disease.

In Tauris, too, Artemis started the first Know-Nothing movement on record. A foreigner herself, she adopted toward foreigners the heartless motto so movingly employed by the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland": "Off with his head!"

Many an innocent pirate thus laid down his life upon her Tauric altars.

In this phase of her many-sided activities Artemis furnished to Euripides, the popular playwright and librettist, the plot for one of the most famous dramas in the world. Offended because Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief and admiralissimo of the Greeks in the Trojan war, had killed a deer out of season on her estate in Aulis, Beotia, the lady game warden would be content with no less a reparation than the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the royal huntsman's beautiful daughter.

With a furtive tear coursing down his weather-beaten old cheek, Agamemnon finally assented to the cruel demand and sent to Sparta for Iphigenia, on the pretext that Achilles, the greatest hero of the Greek hosts, wanted her hand in marriage. Iphigenia arrived blushing and expectant, only to be bound hand and foot and placed upon the altar. At the last moment, when Agamemnon's hand was poised (*Continued on page 108*)



Donald Biddle Keyes

IF YOU THINK that it was easy for a girl with May McAvoy's eyes to succeed, just ask May! Hard work is her only recipe for screen stardom. Miss McAvoy has gone to California where she will soon create Barrie's "Little Minister."

JUST A LITTLE HOME IN CALIFORNIA!



YES—that's all!
 Just a little house set in an expanse of smooth velvet, with one of the finest views in California fore and aft (see Chamber of Commerce booklets) with stables and kennels, private driveway, and rose garden. In fact, the new home of Pauline Frederick in Beverly Hills is much more comfortable than any royal palace, and it has a lot of conveniences that the Italian Royal Plumber, da Vinci, never dreamed of. By the way, you've probably heard that Miss Frederick has admitted a sort of tentative engagement to re-marry Willard Mack, the actor-playwright.



"SUN-PARLOR!" What a prosaic appellation for a sun-filled room done in white wicker and cretonne. The white bear on the floor is entirely harmless. The sumptuous cages belong respectively to three canaries and an English-speaking parrot.



A FRENCH influence, the home magazines would say, is apparent in Miss Frederick's bedroom. What is apparent to us is the feminine influence. Shades of Marie Antoinette—observe that bed!



THE living room and a glimpse of the library. Any interior decorator can fix you up a perfectly elegant room—but do you notice that these rooms look as if they had really been lived in?



PAULINE FREDERICK'S best friend and constant companion has always been—her mother. Mrs. Lotta Frederick is the chatelaine of her busy stellar daughter's California castle.



YOU need only glance into this dining room to understand why it has been the scene of many successful dinners. "Polly" is celebrated as a hostess, and celebrities of the stage and screen without number have sat and smoked and made epigrams, around this little table.

SOMEONE once said that you could tell from the entrance hall what the rest of a house was like. If that is true, then you know—the moment you step into the main hall of Miss Frederick's home—that the other rooms are as restful and as charming as this.





Donald Biddle Keyes

CONRAD NAGEL seems to be the favorite leading man of the brothers deMille. First he served in William's pictures; then Cecil's company claimed him. Married!



Donald Biddle Keyes

MONTE BLUE has become so popular, they say, that he has had a song named after him. Ever since we first saw Monte, we knew that was bound to happen!



Evans

THEODORE ROBERTS can express more emotion chewing a cigar than many actors can chewing the props. He is back on the lot after a serious illness.



Evans

YOU know that he is the brother of Owen and Matt; that he was married not so long ago to Renee Adoree. Then there's nothing we can tell you about Tom Moore.



Witzel

FIRST OF THE IMMORTALS

GEORGE LOANE TUCKER, the maker of "The Miracle Man," is dead; and in his death we catch a clear glimpse of a great truth which heretofore we have but vaguely sensed.

Motion pictures did not exist before we of today existed, and with our own eyes we have seen their inception and birth, their growth and flowering. As a result, we have failed to grasp their significance as a great and enduring force. The art of the silent drama has seemed to us to belong in the category of things immediate and familiar, and to be bounded by the limitations of our own brief hour of consciousness.

But now in the sombre shadow cast by Tucker's death, a broader vision must inevitably be ours; for, although he has passed on, yet the art of the screen remains, richer and finer

for his gifts. And we now realize that those who follow in his steps will also pass; and still there will remain the art they helped create.

Tucker is the first of the immortals whose name is engraved on the great silent tablets of motion picture history. How young, indeed, are the films! And how vast their future must now appear in view of the fact that only the first page in their evolution has been turned—the first mile-stone reached!

Until now it has seemed that youth and motion pictures were one—we have had no reason by which to gauge their boundlessness; and the loss of Tucker is like the loss of a playmate, filling us suddenly with the sobering consciousness of the evanescence of human life, and the swift, inexorable passage of time.

(Continued on page 104)



THE CONQUERING POWER—Metro

REX INGRAM'S version of Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet" is not the "spectacle" that "The Four Horsemen" was but it is in every other way a finer piece of work. The thoughtfully worked out characterizations and the general atmosphere are not only faithful to Balzac but go to make absorbing and valuable entertainment. The sets were designed by Ralph Barton, Photoplay Magazine staff artist.



THE OLD NEST—Goldwyn

A FINE picture. Human to the core, true as fiction that is compounded from the real adventures of life, wholesome and sweet and clean as a nursery tale rewritten for grown-ups, but never permitted to become childish or maudlin. It is backed by the good common sense of Rupert Hughes. It is the simplest of stories. Mary Alden, gives a fine performance as the mother.



EXPERIENCE—Paramount

THERE are a dozen melodramas rolled into one in the George Hobart allegory, and George Fitzmaurice has extracted cinematographic value from each of them. It is a simple and human preachment, and a wholesomely stirring dramatic entertainment. Richard Barthelmess is Youth, and is ably supported by Margery Daw as Love, and that sterling actor, John Milner, as Experience.



WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY—Pathe

THIS is a careful screening of Rudyard Kipling's romance. James Young's direction is excellent. Randolph Lewis' scenario is admirable. But—it is not the masterpiece it might have been. The acting is good, but no more. But you should see it and form your own opinion. It is better than very many films and it is reverently and painstakingly handled.

THE SHADOW STAGE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A review of the new pictures



HOME TALENT—Associated Producers

MACK SENNETT'S sea-going maidens come into their own in his latest production. It is seldom that the screen has seen such exquisite photography as that of Abbe, with the bathing beauties as models. A careless attempt at slap-stick furnishes a jarring note, but the mermaids make up for it. An interesting departure from the usual Sennett nonsense. And Phyllis Haver is in it.



THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL—Paramount

CECIL DEMILLE, not Arthur Schnitzler. We leave it to you which gentleman has pleased our public more. Wallace Reid's big moment comes in the great demolition scene, in which Wally smashes several car loads of Grand Rapids furniture. Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres and Theodore Roberts are present. Good entertainment, but not for the children.



THE GOLEM—Hugo Riesenfeld

THIS new German picture is a masterpiece. It is perhaps the most worthy of all the celluloid importations. The legend of a Rabbi of medieval Bohemia who creates and brings to life a gigantic figure of clay, it is presented with a sweep and a sincerity of purpose that thrills and amazes. It is, racially, Jewish; artistically it is international. A picture that is a credit to the screen.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents reviews of the pictures released during the preceding month in a conscientious effort to be of real service. Our aim is to assist you in saving your motion picture time and money. In patronizing good pictures you encourage deserving producers. It is important for you to discourage insincerity, mediocrity, salaciousness, and bad taste by refusing to patronize pictures with such qualities. The reviewers of PHOTOPLAY are unprejudiced, and are lovers of the motion picture. While it is our belief that motion picture producers should not be expected to make pictures suitable for adults and children alike, we will warn against pictures that children should not see.



DOUBLING FOR ROMEO—Goldwyn

WILL ROGERS, collaborating with Will Shakespeare, has written a good comedy about a small town Romeo who doesn't know how to make love, and who goes to Hollywood to learn. Both of the talented authors deserve credit. In the cast is young Jimmie Rogers, who is counted upon to sustain the family bank-roll when his decrepit old dad retires from the screen—eighty years hence.



SALVATION NELL—First National

THE screened beginnings of Edward Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" are a little too artificial to give the picture a solid foundation. But once the real story is started it frequently achieves human drama, largely through the splendid characterization of Pauline Starke as the girl who saves herself, with the Salvation Army's help, and later redeems "her man," splendidly played by Joseph King.



WEALTH—Paramount

POSSIBLY you believe without being told in black and white on celluloid, that wealth does not bring happiness. Whatever your theories, you'll find some of them presented here, and in an entertaining fashion. At times the fragmentary continuity halts the progress of the story, but Ethel Clayton does excellent work in a well suited role. The family can safely see this.



JOURNEY'S END—Hodkinson

HUGO BALLIN here combines the real with the unreal. He gives us promise of an unusually good picture, then veers off into a vague realm of unreality. Told without subtitles, the story will appeal strongly to the romantically inclined. It is artistic, and a picture that every member of the family can witness. Mabel Ballin is charming and sincere in the leading role.



CARNIVAL—United Artists

GODFREY TEARLE, brother of Conway, brought the play, "Carnival" to America and scored a quick failure with it. Now it comes back as a picture, improved as entertainment because most of its scenes were actually taken in Venice and provide not only an attractive pictorial background, but one that is historically interesting as well. The story is too obvious but it has its dramatic moments.



SOWING THE WIND—First National

A TYPICAL "movie." The story of the convent-raised daughter who returns to the world to find her mother a scarlet lady has been over-worked since Sydney Grundy put it into a play years ago. Consequently its resurrection for picture purposes is not as interesting as it might be. But Anita Stewart does much for the heroine by making her a pretty and a sincere young woman.

Photoplay's Selection
of the Six Best
Pictures of the
Preceding Month



DESPERATE TRAILS—Universal

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER provided Harry Carey with an excellent role in his recent magazine story, "Christmas Eve at Pilot Butte." Here is a real drama, and Carey is an actor. Here, also, are the thrills, usual and unusual, so necessary to the western photoplay. Irene Rich is convincing as the deserted wife of a gambler who sends our innocent hero to prison in his place.



THUNDER ISLAND—Universal

YOU will enjoy this romance of early Californian days, with Edith Roberts as a whimsical Spanish senorita, engaging in a series of wholly unbelievable and equally fascinating adventures. She sails the seas, dives for pearls, frustrates the villain and captures the hero. Just a pleasant day's work for Edith.



A PRIVATE SCANDAL—Realart

NOT all the leading ladies of the screen who are elevated to stardom on the strength of a single performance deserve the honor, nor make much of it after it has been bestowed. Little May McEvoy, however, gives promise of proving the exception. Even with a fairly trite and labored story she is intensely in earnest, employs her undoubted charm of personality most effectively and poses prettily.



THE MOTHER HEART—Fox

REMINISCENT of the tales of Louisa M. Alcott is Shirley Mason's latest release, a mild, pleasing little story, quite censor-proof. Shirley, as the hired girl on a farm, scatters sunshine as usual, saves daddy from prison and makes life interesting for the tired hired man. The best of her recent offerings.

1. THE CONQUERING POWER
2. THE OLD NEST
3. THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL
4. EXPERIENCE
5. DOUBLING FOR ROMEO
6. THE GOLEM



THE GREAT MOMENT—Paramount

MIX together an unlimited number of lavish interiors, silk cushions, inlaid telephones and potted palms, add one Gloria Swanson; pour in platitudinous sub-titles by Elinor Glyn, with occasional double meanings for the sex-starved; call it "The Great Moment;" shake well; and then spray on any convenient screen. You will have a sure-fire boxoffice attraction. You will also have a second rate movie.



OVER THE WIRE—Metro

IT quite complicates things, when a young lady, seeking revenge, falls in love with the object of her vengeance. But it has been done, and now it is done again. Alice Lake is pleasing but is overshadowed by George Stewart, who contributes a remarkable bit of acting. Albert Roscoe and Alan Hale, always a good actor.



LESSONS IN LOVE—First National

A LIGHT comedy, but entertaining. "Connie" Talmadge, president of the Bobbed Hair club, has saved many a worse film story. The director, Chet Withey, has also done his part to inject a new twist to the old story of the girl who pretends to be her own maid until she can get a peek at the strange young man who has been willed to her.

(Continued on page 83)



HAVE you ever seen such a delightfully demure evening dress as this? It is a dream flower developed in georgette: the petals make the soft skirt. The only decorations are flowers of water silk. Imagine a blonde in this Gidding gown of French Sevres blue! Surely she could not wish a more youthfully enchanting gown to dance or dine in.

WITH the Queen of Roumania—that beautiful Queen who, rumor tells us, is coming to America to become a queen of films—leading a movement to re-establish the national costume among smart women of her kingdom, this adaptation by Gidding is *apropos*. The Roumanian embroidery brightens the bisque canton crepe, and white organdie yoke.

ONLY an ingenue—and a very young ingenue—can hope to achieve perfection in this naive evening frock. Black satin and white lace, a deft drape and a coy bow of black at the throat—to create from these such a gown is indeed artistry. This ingenue's bobbed hair lends a note of piquancy. From Mallinson and Co.

The Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck

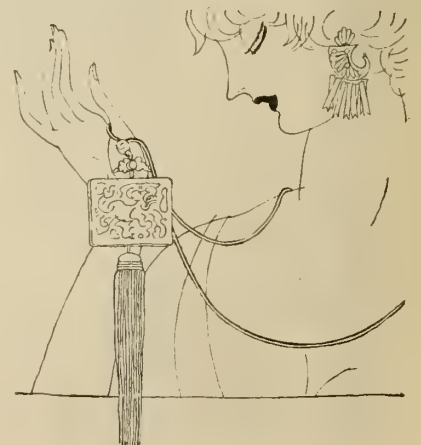
IT seems to me, as I search the shops for charming things to bring to you, that the whole world waits upon the New York woman! From Spain come her earrings, from Roumania the latest embroidery to trim her frocks, from France her fans. And it is my most pleasant mission to show you, whether you live in California or Connecticut, a few of the things every nation contributes to the delight and adornment of the American woman.

This month I am presenting to you: The Smartest Woman on Fifth Avenue. I hope you will like her. She is the personification of America's great street of beauty and fashion. She has charm, chic, simplicity—as some one has said, "nothing is so expensive as simplicity!" She is gowned as every woman would love to be gowned: in the height of fashion, in the most perfect taste. Every month I will show you "the smartest woman." Please watch for her.

Carolyn Van Wyck



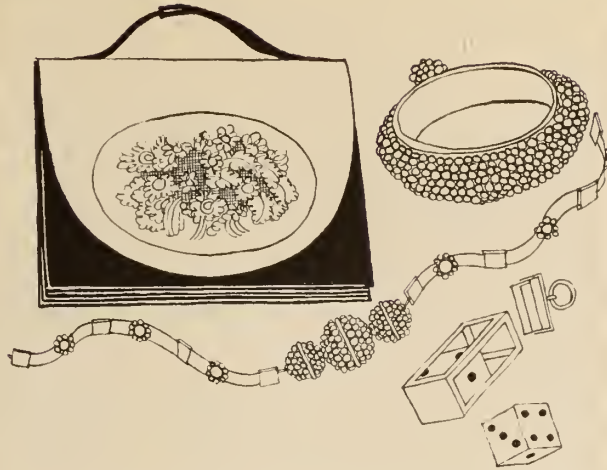
TO dance away the cares of the day, wear these shoes—one hesitates to call the delectable trifles by so harsh a word!—from Cammeyer. They are of cloth of gold and black velvet with a tiny buckle of rhinestones. The sheer silk stockings are gold with a lacy pattern.



ARTISTICALLY, the young lady above is international. Actually, she is any American. From sunny Spain come her rare gold-spangled earrings, and she wears one of the popular jade pieces on a silk cord. From Noorian's, New York. (The earrings and the jade, not the international young lady.)



A FRENCH doll! Not the fluffy blue-eyed kind, but the new caricature doll. Here is Pierrot, straight from the Parisian workshop of Marie Vassilieff. Pierrot is only one of the quaint conceptions of the celebrated Mlle. Vassilieff—who makes dolls for Poiret, the French designer.



IN my afternoons on the Avenue, I find so many curious and fascinating things I do not know which to describe to you. The other day I discovered a beautiful bag which has been sketched above. It comes from Vienna, and has many flowers embroidered on the silk oval set in the ivory frame. From the Ritz Art and Import Co. Now that they are being worn by many smart women, I want to show you what the Persian lady of fashion considers the *ne plus ultra* of bracelets. The two you see have been in vogue for many, many years! And last but not least, something that one sees in every jewelry shop in Manhattan: gold cases for dice.



I WISH to introduce to you Ralph Barton, the artist! Yes, that is M. Barton above—or rather, his caricature by Marie Vassilieff. By the way, every Parisienne collects quaint dolls, and her American sisters are beginning to follow suit.



THE most unusual hat I have seen is this, from Joseph. It is of black silk, with its sole ornament a huge bow of black *cire* ribbon. I am sorry a front view is not permitted, but I assure you it is charming from every angle. It has a tilt that is extremely alluring, this smart chapeau.

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 106.



EVERY mood, every emotion may be expressed by a clever woman who understands the art of using a fan. This one with its black lace butterflies and its edge of orange silk is from Joseph. Bebe Daniels always wears with her evening costumes an arm band of silk flowers of the same shade as her gown. Into it one may tuck a small powder-puff.

AT Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street, I found this "smartest woman." Her cape was of black satin cleverly draped. The brisk breeze revealed that the cape was lined in white. Her frock was of black with a white lace collar and long cuffs that fell almost to her wrists. Her stick had an ivory knob.

"YOU'RE not my mother, you know—I'm no child!" said Deffand to his wife. "Oh, yes you are," she replied. "I *am*—your mother, some. Every wife is. If it weren't for the maternal in women, there wouldn't be any marriage! . . . I can't let you go to that other woman any more than I could let my little boy run out into the crowded streets, with great trucks and tearing cars!"

DOG IN THE MANGER

A Photoplay Fiction Contest Story

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Illustrated by J. Henry

The victory of a wife who
"hung on" after her husband
thought he was tired of her.

THE sun in Southern California can become as hot and heady and scented as a steaming, creamy egg-nog. It is full of suggestion, full of romance, full of sense-stirring perfume and lazy, luxurious, cushioning warmth, into which you sink as though you had stepped into a piled, crimson-and-gold cloudbank at sunset.

Provocative of easy-going pleasure, teasing into being every inclination of man to "play", lacking the cold, the barrenness that lays the lash of necessity and mortality upon the best of us, it inspires in ordinary mortals a thrill of self-confidence that makes them—for the while—demi-gods.

Not quite the lotus lure of the tropics, but a mischievous, dimpling cousin.

It was a morning packed to the brim with all of this. On the Hollywood hillside, the faintest breath of sea mingled, tantalizing, with the musical summer air.

Paula Deffand, digging with her trowel about a bush of gorgeous pink roses, went steadily on for several seconds. When she had quite finished the little circle of rich, damp earth, she sat back on her heels, pushed up her rough straw hat, and regarded her visitor with eyes that held nothing except their usual expression of quizzical good humor.

"My dear," she said in her rich, odd voice which had no accent yet always suggested one, "I've never even heard of the woman."

Kitty Glenn swung an exasperated racket at the nodding roses. "Don't be simple, Paul," she said, "I didn't say *you* knew her. I said Morgan knew her. Ask him."

Paula laid down her trowel, took a pair of clippers from the pocket of her gingham apron and, after a deliberate survey of the rosebush, began to prune off dead leaves and flowers. "I've never had such luck with my Prima Donnas," she murmured. Then, with a side glance, "Ask him? Oh, I couldn't. Besides, he wouldn't tell the truth. Husbands traditionally can't. Anyway, Morgan knows lots of people whom he's kind enough not to bore poor me with. Kits, you read too many novels. Still, you're a lamb. I suppose you're going to Sunset Inn tonight. So I'll give you my two cherished Ulrich Bruner buds. You couldn't buy those in California, child. The labor they've cost me! Wear white organdy and those—with your hair—and all the women present will consider the evening a total loss."

She grinned amiably, cut the two crimson-black buds and inquired suavely as she gave them to the girl, "How'd you come out this morning?"

"I won a set from Jim," said the girl, shaking her head like a colt held by the bit as the conversation slid so deftly from her hands.

"Good. Next year you must take up golf with me. I'm beginning to think you'd make a golfer after all. You show stamina. And, Kitty," Paula Deffand went close to the girl and one earthy, brown hand fell on the young shoulder, "Kitty, when you've been married as many years as I have, remember the one fatal thing is—talking, talking about things even to your best friend. Talking makes such realities of things. And it never does any good, because marriage is one of those intangible things, like prohibition, that you can't tell about. It's a state of mind, a soul, a heart beat. Like murder,

no one knows the truth about it but the two that it actually happened to.

"If you decide to marry Jim Dunholme, just remember that a wife always has eighty percent the best of it—if the marriage is legal. If a woman can only—stand the gaff, her husband will come back to her almost every time.

"Now, goodbye, darling. As you go by the house will you ask Harper to bring me a pan of warm water and a package of gold dust? There never was a gardener I'd trust to wash rosebushes and I want to finish these before lunch. I may see you tonight. Morgan may want to run down for a while and I think I'll come with him."

She sent her cheerful, courageous smile after the girl. But when the boyish figure in tennis white had disappeared around the pergola-ed corner of the big, rambly white house, she sat very still for a long time.

"Daphne Cheltenham," she said with a wry mouth. "What an absurd name! Perhaps it's because I've been hearing it a bit too often lately, even for me. What's in a name, anyway—especially when it's not your own. It can't be. Probably Maggie Jones."

As she carefully washed her rosebushes, she knew she was feeling again that sick, helpless sensation, as though she were sitting in the center of a whirlpool. Every now and then her heart missed a beat in a panicky flutter. She could control her mind to a sort of deadly, logical calmness, but the sixth sense of wifehood persisted in giving her the agonized moments of warning.

"Must I start all over again? Must I go through all that again?" she thought and she knew she felt as a soldier must feel—not the first time he goes over the top, when the drama and uncertainty and excitement are holding him up—but the second and the third and the fourth time, when he knows exactly what he is going into, the sickening odors, the horrible noises, the filth and ugly, treacherous danger, the cold and disgusting fear.

When she had taken her shower and brushed her short, dark hair, she went out onto her porch-sitting room and asked the maid to bring her lunch there. Sitting with her tea cup, her ivory cigarette holder in her hand—companion of many long, nerve-racked vigils—she looked long out across the smooth, terraced lawns, beyond the vine covered tennis court and the tangle of wild oaks, across the acre of roses and the valley of orange trees, to the high gray stone wall that enclosed her home.

How she loved it!

Her gaze rested an instant on the wide, rambling wing that shot away to the right, entirely separated from the rest of the house, where she fancied she could hear the erratic click of typewriter keys.

And as she looked her face grew suddenly old and tired, and into her eyes came that pale light of weary knowledge that knows no age, no country—the look of a woman whose heart is a thousand years old.

II

Kitty Glenn, sitting at a table with eight or ten people, looked up quickly as she heard a woman's shrill voice nearby saying,

(Continued on page 64)



She felt his hands, strong, eager, against the silk of her garments, his lips seeking her instinctively, blindly. While her breast rested almost yearningly against him, her head, with a proud gesture, flung back like a snake, poised to strike.

"Oh, look, there's Morgan Deffand. Who's that with him?"

"That's his wife," said Kitty briefly, to the world in general.

One of the women at her own table laughed. "Really? Well, *that's* a new one, isn't it?"

Kitty drew her straight, angry young brows together and gave the woman an insulting stare. "I don't see anything new about it. They've been married twelve years."

The woman—a pretty thing in red taffeta—smiled. "Really?" she said again. "She looks older than he."

"I should think she would, poor thing," said the man beside her. "But she's darn attractive."

"Do you think so?" asked another girl, on Kitty's side of the table, who because she was sitting down looked as though she had on no clothes at all, "I don't. Lots of style, of course—wonderful clothes. She would have. But her face is so hard, and cold."

Kitty, clenching her small teeth above the hot words in her throat, turned to look. It had been a long time since it had occurred to her to look at Paula Deffand. She had almost forgotten what the outside of her was like, so well she knew and loved the inner things.

She saw a slender, dark little woman, in a marvellous frock of dull silver and a flaring black hat of the kind that spells a leap ahead of the fashion. She wore long, white gloves,

so that only the really lovely curve of her shoulders was visible, and about her slim, olive throat a string of enormous, square emeralds, flatly set in platinum. She was sitting very straight in her chair, against the garish blue and gold wall of the cafe, very straight and altogether still, with a poise and dignity that set her apart from the other women in the room—exotic, modern, restless women.

But her face—Kitty's young mind stopped short of the things that face must say to anyone who had drunk the rank, acid cup of life. She saw only that both the man and the woman had been right—that Paula Deffand was no longer pretty, but that she maintained her attraction because of a superb flair for clothes, even though her face was hard and worn and the make-up failed to cover the lines about her fine, dark eyes or the bitter, hurt curve of a mouth that had once been as sweet as a smiling baby's.

"What marvellous jewels,"

said Mrs. Essex, the pretty woman in red. "They say he's the most generous thing. She gets everything she wants out of him."

"He can afford to be," her partner said, amiably informative, as the orchestra began a swaying, barbaric tune. "He's made—well, nobody knows how much money. Why, he got \$100,000 for the picture rights to 'The Come-Back' alone. But he sure spends it."

"Well, I think he's the most fascinating thing I ever saw in my life," said an older woman, a Mrs. Van Duzen who played propriety for the young people of this group when they went cabaretting. "No wonder he's fickle."

"How do you know he's fickle?" demanded Kitty Glenn, in an outraged voice. "You all make me sick. Sit here and talk and whisper and criticize a woman you don't know and who wouldn't look at any of you—because she's got more sense than all the rest of us put together. How do you get that way?"

The pretty woman, whose husband happened to be sitting at Kitty's bare, white shoulder, unsheathed her claws. "Well, my dear, I'm sure I don't know why you should champion Morgan Deffand. Really, I don't. I admit he's adorable. Of course, you may be a bit young—though I didn't know girls were any more—to know all the things they say about

him, but as for his love affairs—even you in your cloister must have heard of Daphne Cheltenham."

Kitty lit a cigarette with a vicious gesture—as though she were setting fire to the pretty woman's eyebrows—and gave her an open stare of such brutal hostility that she actually paled a little. "You see," said Kitty, quietly, for her 20th Century youth was tempered with the foundation of good breeding, "it seems a bit stupid that you shouldn't remember that Mrs. Deffand happens to be my very dear friend. And—who is Daphne Cheltenham? The name sounds very grand, but I never heard of her in *my* set."

Mrs. Essex was facing the door. The rather blank look that had come over her face as Kitty spoke, gave way to a smile so full of malice that it seemed about to melt the rouge on her cheeks. "Why, there's Daphne Cheltenham now," she remarked. "I wonder if Mr. Deffand knew she was going to be here."

Coming through the swinging doors was a girl in a squirrel cloak. She was quite tall and her white throat rose above the clinging gray fur in a long, sensuous, melting line. She wore no hat and her hair, which was warmly blonde, was too elaborately dressed, but even that could not take one whit from the highly-colored vivid beauty of her young face. Her eyes were as green and as shallow as the Irish seas. Her mouth was as

ripe and dripping as a pomegranate and it gleamed in the dazzling lights as though it was hot and wet.

Kitty felt a primitive longing to sink her nails into the girl's beautiful, pink face. Yet her soul took courage, for when she looked at the woman with the emeralds who sat so still beside her husband, this girl's colorful beauty seemed coarse and overdone because of the steady white flame that was Paula Deffand.

There was a silence in the room—partly tribute to the beauty of the newcomer, partly a mental cogitation on the part of the many people there who knew the same gossip that had swirled its way about Kitty Glenn's table—people who knew Morgan Deffand so well, his wife so little. Then a rush of voices and the scream of the orchestra bridged the cavern of silence.

"Holy mackerel, isn't she stunning?" said young Jim Dunholme.

Mrs. Essex laughed. The sound was like the rip of a stiletto through soft flesh. "Yes. She's as beautiful as Morgan Deffand is handsome. What a pair they'd make, if only—" she shrugged lightly.

"If only what?" asked Kitty, with ominous quiet.

"Oh, my dear Kitty, why be so ingenuer? If only that cat of a wife of his would step out of the way and give him his freedom. You know it's too absurd to be blind to things that exist. *Everybody* knows. Morgan Deffand is one of those people you can't help knowing things about. Ordinary men may do lots of the same things—but we aren't interested. That's why everybody has known for a long time how unhappy he is with her. But this thing—with a girl like Daphne Cheltenham who has beauty and talent and youth—it's really too much."

"Personally," said Mrs. Van Duzen, in a sort of lazy enjoyment, "I've no sympathy left for Paula Deffand. I used to feel sorry for her, and all that, but a woman should stand so much and no more. I blame her absolutely for going on. If a woman won't give a man up when he wants to be free—if she insists on staying after he's tired of her—then she must take her medicine, that's all I've got to say. It's coming to her. She can always get out."

"Well, I daresay the emeralds and the limousine and the servants and the clothes help some. (Continued on page 91)

"HEEDLESS MOTHS," despite whatever claim it may make as a story or dramatic photoplay, is nothing but a bold bid to indecency. Produced by Perry Photoplays, it is the characteristic exhibition of certain new producers who bring nothing into the field but an insincere vehicle to make a little tainted money. Its star is Audrey Munson, who may or may not be remembered in an undraped celluloid demonstration satirically called "Purity." "Heedless Moths" had to have a story, and this one is laid in Greenwich Village, that over-rated and so-called artistic quarter of New York City. It is not an interesting story. It is a tiresome play. And let us hasten to add, in order that no craven pulse may quicken with anticipation, it does not even purvey the prurient thrill which is its thinly-veiled pretense. No one knew better than its producers that downright uncleanness could not be shown at all. So that all we have left is mock sentimentality, lachrymose titling, a considerable extent of unnecessary and unstimulating epidermis, and—boredom. Don't patronize it, for it is not worth your attention from any angle. If you do patronize it, you are adding fuel to the intolerant flame of censorship.

How to have the lovely nails that are today expected of everyone

Well-groomed hands are today a social and business necessity



Photograph by Baron de Meyer

This photographic study of a perfectly kept hand was posed especially for Cutex by Mary Nash.

These three simple operations keep your nails always lovely



First, the Cuticle Remover. Dip the orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex, work around the nail base, and then wash the hands. The ugly dead cuticle will simply wipe off.



Then the Nail White. This is to remove stains and to give the nail tips an immaculate whiteness. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube.



Finally the Polish. A delightful, jewel-like shine is obtained by spreading the Powder or Cake on the palm of the hand and rubbing the palm swiftly across the nails of the opposite hand.

FIVE years ago manicuring was a social nicety. But today well-groomed hands are a social and business necessity. Unkept nails cannot pass muster either in society or in business any more than neglected teeth or untidy hair—and they are criticized just as severely.

Cutex, by doing away with the old harmful method of cutting the cuticle, has made manicuring so simple and easy that everybody can keep their own hands always perfectly manicured. No more harmful cutting of the cuticle! Instead you take off all the hard, dry edges of skin about the base of the nails with Cutex Cuticle Remover—quickly, easily, safely. You can hardly believe your eyes when you see the dry, dead cuticle that you used to have to clip away, disappearing as dirt flies before soap and water!

Then, with the Cutex Nail White, a pearly whiteness under the nail tips. Finally—a lovely, jewel-like lustre with one of the marvelous Cutex Polishes! There are five of these so prepared as to meet every taste and every need. If you like a very brilliant shine, instantaneously and without burnishing, that will last a week with frequent hand-washings, try the new

Cutex Liquid Polish. Then there is the Powder Polish, the best and quickest you have ever used. And Cake Polish, the old favorite, so economical and convenient; and the Paste Polish, that tints as well as polishes; and the Stick Polish that every woman likes to keep in addition to all the others, just for her handbag.

So easy, and the results amazing

With Cutex you will find it actually a rest and relaxation to do your own nails. And you will be amazed at the results. The first trial of the Cuticle Remover is always like a miracle. It is a delightful surprise, also, to find that you can give your nails that really professional touch of grooming that you get from Cutex Nail White and the Cutex Polishes.

A Cutex Set is a great convenience

Cutex Sets come in three sizes—the “Compact,” at 60c; the “Traveling,” at \$1.50; and the “Boudoir,” at \$3.00. Or each of the preparations comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Marvelous new Liquid Polish added to Introductory Set. Set now only 15c

A sample of the marvelous new Liquid Polish, that gives an instantaneous shine—lasting and brilliant—without buffing, has been added to the Introductory Set. Send for the set today—now only 15c—less, actually, than you've been able to get it for before. Fill out this coupon and mail it with 15 cents today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., or, if you live in Canada, to Dept. 709, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this coupon with 15 cents today



Northam Warren,
Dept. 709, 114 West 17th Street,
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STARS AND

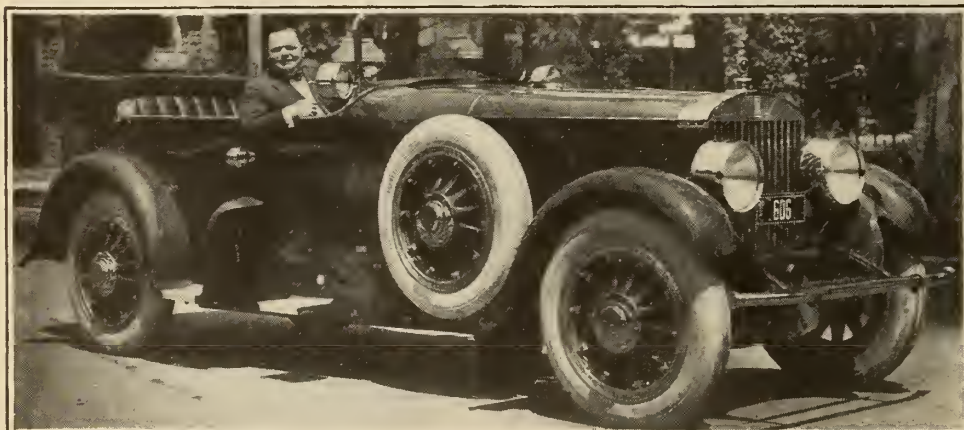
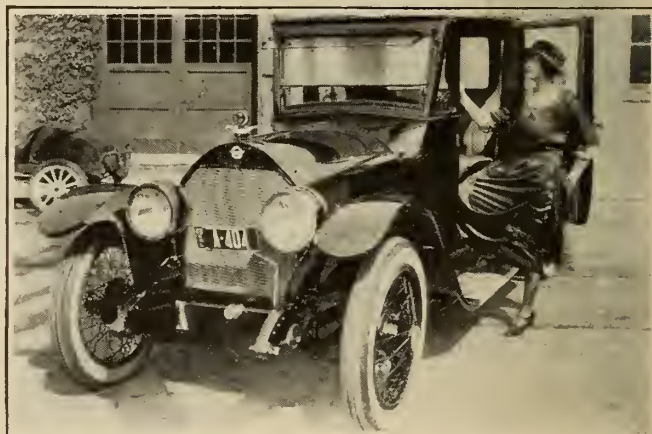
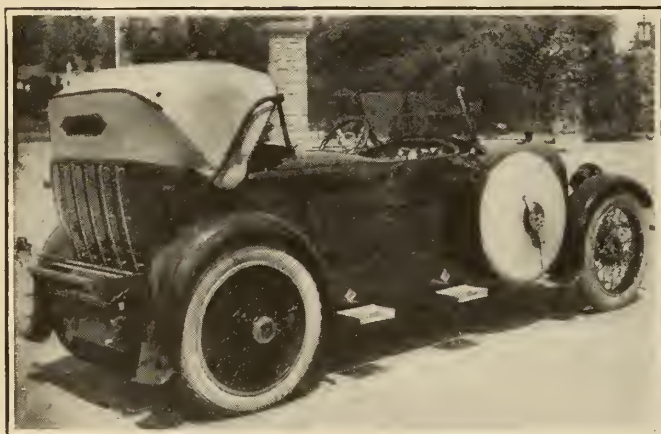
A film sovereign doesn't just go out and buy an automobile, like you or I. No—he has one especially designed for him. Below is Tony Moreno's Cadillac. Tony likes a one-man top, and this is a perfect example of how it should be done.

Stagg Photo



THEIR CARS

The photographer really set out to take a picture of the car, but then Lila Lee, who owns this Apperson, came along, and as a result you see more of Lila than you do of the swift and sumptuous chariot that takes her to work.



There is something we like about Katherine MacDonald. Here it is. This Stutz coupe sets off Katherine's cool beauty to perfection. It doesn't look as if it's seen many rough trips, serving as a dressing-room.

Since Roscoe Arbuckle is the largest star, he has the largest—and showiest—car. His custom-built Pierce Arrow cost \$25,000. Some of the reasons are its size, its special color—royal blue—and its costly fittings.

It seems to be Wally Reid's ambition to own all the little red automobiles in the world. His pet plaything is this new Stutz speedster, which is very bright and very swift.

Stagg Photo



Another group of
STARS AND THEIR CARS
appears on page 68



Great merchants recommend washing fine linens and cretonnes this way

“THE Linen Store” is the name by which James McCutcheon & Company, New York, has been known since 1854. You will find there all kinds of beautiful linens—luncheon sets, scarfs and doilies, beautifully embroidered or trimmed with exquisite lace.

One of the largest makers of fine chintzes and cretonnes is F. A. Foster & Company of Boston and New York, makers of Puritan Mills Drapery Fabrics. Nowhere will you see more beautiful designs or more gorgeous colorings than in their draperies, whether they are of tapestry, cretonne or quaint printed cotton.

The laundering directions endorsed by McCutcheon and Puritan Mills, with those of leading makers of silks, woolens, cottons, blouses, and frocks, are given in our new booklet, “How to Launder Fine Fabrics.” Expert directions. Write for your copy today. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. S-9, Cambridge, Mass.

Wash fine linens and cottons this way to preserve their delicate texture

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into lather in very hot water. Let white things soak a few minutes. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in 3 hot waters and dry in sun.

For colored cotton wash goods, make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from run-

ning. Lux won't cause any color to run not affected by pure water alone.

Lace or net curtains should be soaked in clear, cold water before washing.

Linens should be ironed while still damp. Iron half dry on the wrong side and completely dry on the right.



“The Linen Store” tells how to care for linens

The beauty and wearing qualities of a fine lace or embroidered piece of linen largely depend on the care used in laundering and the kind and quality of soap employed.

We are advising our customers to wash their linens in Lux, because we have found this the simplest and safest way to care for them. There is nothing in Lux that could injure the finest textured linen or the most delicate lace or drawn work. Rubbing soap on fine table linen or rubbing it to get soap or dirt out is especially hard on lace-trimmed linens or those with handwork. It also tends to roughen and coarsen the texture of the linen itself.

Our experience in the laundering of fine lace and embroideries has proved beyond question the value and reliability of Lux. For the laundering of fine articles we know of nothing better.

JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO.



Famous manufacturer tells how to wash cretonnes

The importance of any Cretonne is its color effect. We have experimented with Lux in washing some of our brilliantly colored Cretonnes and Chintzes and in no instance was the color injured.

We attribute this to the form and purity of Lux. Analysis shows Lux to be entirely free from any harmful agents.

The Lux flakes are so thin that they dissolve very quickly and form a thick lather. This obviates the ruinous rubbing with cake soap and the disadvantage of a thick flake or chip which dissolves imperfectly and clings to the material. This of course yellows and weakens the fibre.

We recommend that Cretonne users launder our washable drapery fabrics with Lux, as we are convinced it will produce gratifying results.

PURITAN MILLS DRAPERY FABRICS

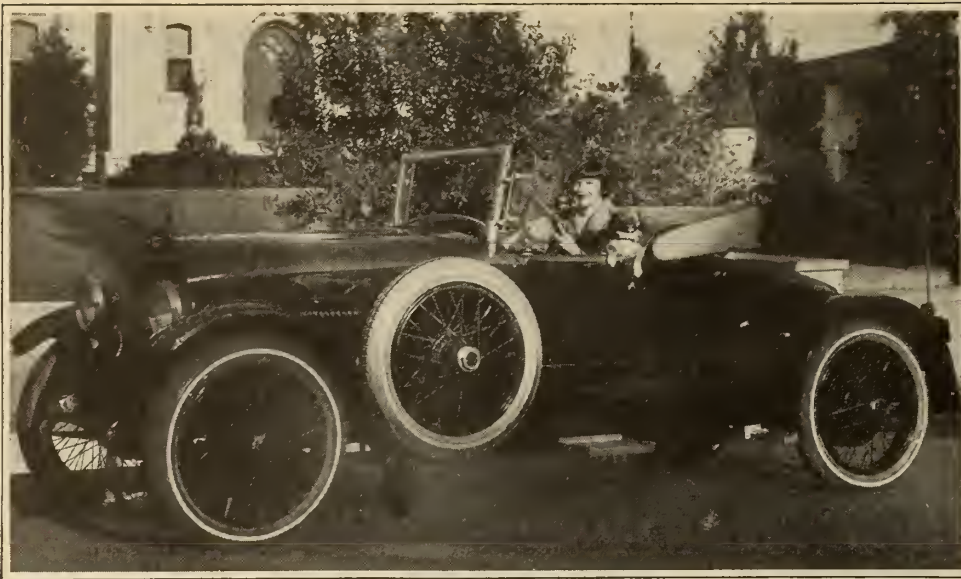
LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm



STARS AND THEIR CARS

(Continued from page 66)



At right—a Haynes of a different type, an appropriate vehicle for Claire Windsor. This brougham is Claire's idea of a marvellous motor. It is ours too.

Keystone Photo

Betty Blythe in her specially built Peerless sport model. It is painted a brilliant red, with red patent leather cushions. Betty particularly likes the sliding plate-glass windows that give her either an open or closed car, according to the weather and her desire.

Stagg Photo

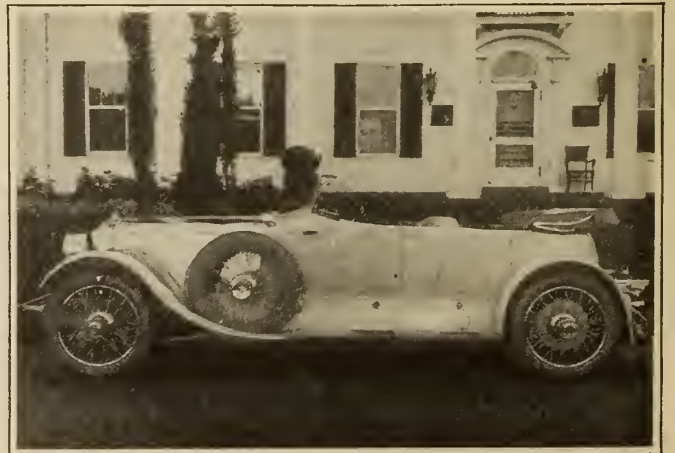


At the lower left: One of the most unusual cars in California: Tom Mix's custom-built Locomobile. It is a mahogany red with saddle-colored upholstery. Notice the leather strappings on the door, studded in exactly the same patterns as Tom's saddle.

This car—a special body on a new Winton owned by J. Parker Read, Louise Glaum's manager — is particularly noticeable for its all-nickel hood. The body is a biscuit yellow.



Stagg



Post



The tooth paste that helps Nature keep your teeth sound

As you know, Nature provides alkaline saliva to counteract the acids of fermentation in your mouth. A mild acid increases this saliva flow: as when you taste lemon.

Naturally, then, Listerine Tooth Paste—containing a small amount of a mild fruit acid—helps Nature keep your teeth sound.

Note next time how your mouth water

when you brush your teeth with this delightful paste.

A very fine powder, calcium phosphate, is the cleanser. It leaves a fresh, clean, polished feeling about your teeth.

Thus Listerine Tooth Paste provides an easy, sure, and pleasant way to guard against tooth decay and pyorrhea. It is made by the makers of Listerine. You've known them for years.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.



Why-Do-They-Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



That was the Miracle

IN Elaine Hammerstein's picture, "The Miracle of Manhattan," Elaine is paid thirty dollars a week for singing in a basement cabaret, where a large glass of beer is served for five cents.
L. G., Chicago.

Blame Cupid

IN "The Love Special," did you notice how Wally Reid drove the locomotive through the snowstorm with the throttle closed?
E. L. HUNT, Chicago, Ill.

Influenced by the General Drought?

IN "The Devil's Garden," with Lionel Barrymore, when Will Dale (Barrymore) plunges into the rapids in an effort to save the life of the gypsy, they are both rescued from the whirlpool by men on shore. When they are dragged to safety they are both supposedly unconscious and of course wet to the skin. But in the very next flash, they are shown in the self-same position with their clothing as dry as prohibition!
DOROTHY S. GINN, Flushing, L. I.

The Soulful Cinema

IN Vivian Martin's "Song of the Soul," Miss Martin, as the young wife, puts her baby to bed—at night, of course—and returns to the living room only to discover that her husband is missing. Then suddenly we see her in an adjoining room conversing excitedly with the nurse—and the scene is streaked with sunlight.
L. C. R.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our Hirsute Heroes

EUGENE O'BRIEN, in "Gilded Lies," was rescued from a blizzard and taken into the hut of an old man and his son. Eugene evidently had not had a shave in many moons as his beard had grown excessively. But when he removed his hat, his hair was closely trimmed and smooth as if it had just been brilliantined.

And Rudolph Valentino, as leading man for Alice Lake in "Uncharted Seas,"—when after days of wandering the two lie down to die in the ice—has a heavy beard. But a little later, when he awakens to see a ship coming to save them, his beard is gone!

MARIE W., Los Angeles, Cal.

She Must Have Changed Her Mind

IN "Without Limit," Anna Nilsson is seen examining with much disgust a very worn pair of satin slippers, which she forthwith relegates to the corner of the room and in a shower of tears throws herself on the bed. The subsequent "shot" reveals her feet still clad in the already discarded footwear.
M. L. O., Jersey City, N. J.

No Mal De Mer for Miss Calvert

IN Catherine Calvert's picture, "Dead Men Tell No Tales," the good ship *Lady Jermyn* is seen plowing her way through the high seas, yet it does not seem to rock or toss while in motion. I should like to book passage on this ship the next time I sail.
DAVID A. MOYLAN, Hasbrouck Hts., N. J.

Living in the Past

IN "The Greater Claim," the young hero sends a telegram to his father announcing his marriage and the date is September, 1920. His father "abducts" him, puts him on a boat in which he sails away—and the young man is seen marking off the days as they pass on a 1917 calendar!
A. M. H., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

All's Fair in War.

JACK HOLT, in the Civil War drama "Held by the Enemy," lights his smoke with safety matches.
LOUISE M. COOPER,
Manistee, Michigan.

Imaginative Norbert

IN "The Passion Flower" we wonder how Norbert got the idea that he had been shot. The three brothers weren't even aiming at him. Judging from the rakish angle at which they held their shot-guns one would think they were taking an "indirect" shot at poor Norbert, expecting that the bullets would crash through the roof and hit him on the top of the head.

JACQUES RAMON
LA DEVEZE,
Providence, R. I.

How Should We Know?

WHEN Ina Claire, as "Polly With a Past," kisses Ralph Graves and calls him her hero, she leaves the print of her lips high up on his cheek. But when he wipes it off on his handkerchief, the print is down by his chin. Did they crawl or jump?
G. H., Stockton, California.



COLD HANDS MEAN A WARM HEART Y' KNOW

IN "The Love Special," Wallace Reid escorts Agnes Ayres to a chair in front of the stove—they have just come in out of a blizzard. Agnes' hand lightly touches the stove as she passes—but poor Wally, as he leans towards her to whisper a few words, rests his hand on the stove for quite a while.
Ethel Grove, Fort Worth, Texas.



*This is an actual photograph
of W. S. Hart's hand
holding an OMAR.*

© 1921, A. T. Co.

William S. Hart — known to all of us as
"Bill" — holds an **OMAR** just as easily
as he does bridle, gun or lariat

Omar Omar spells **Aroma**
Omar Omar is **Aroma**
Aroma makes a cigarette;
They've told you that for years
Smoke Omar for **Aroma**.

Thirteen kinds of choice Turkish and six
kinds of selected Domestic tobaccos are
blended to give Omar its delicate and dis-
tinctive **Aroma**.

They always go together —
Damon and Pythias
Crackers and Cheese
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Guaranteed by
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— which means that if you don't like
OMAR CIGARETTES you can
get your money back from the dealer



“Why, I could write a better story than that!”

Thousands say that, just as *you* have said it dozens of times

Perhaps you could

THE motion picture industry extends a genuine welcome to you to *try*; and offers you fame and fortune if you succeed.

The industry faces the most serious shortage of photoplays in its history. It needs, and will liberally pay for, 2,000 good scenarios. Not mere ideas, not patchworks of incident and action, but

connected, workable stories for the screen. It is because the studios cannot obtain sufficient good material that so many thousands of patrons are criticising so many of the pictures shown.

And it may be that you, who can tell a good from a bad picture, can help.

“But,” you say, “I am not a writer. I am only a housewife—or a salesman”—or what ever you are.

Many who are now successful might have looked at it that way. But they didn't. They tried; and some of them now enjoy big incomes. We discovered their ability and the rest was a simple matter of training.

A nation-wide search for story-telling ability

Here and there among the millions of men and women who attend the picture shows the essential talent for photoplay writing exists. And the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, with the cooperation of leading motion picture producers, has undertaken to locate it. By means of a novel and intensely interesting questionnaire, prepared by expert scenario writers, it is able to detect the latent ability in any person who will seriously apply the test. If the subject interests you, you are invited to avail of this free examination.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is primarily an agency for the sale of photoplays to producers. Its Department of Education is a training school for scenario writers—a school that selects its students through the test applied by this questionnaire. Unless new writers are trained there will be no scenarios for us to sell, nor plays for the studios to produce.

In the three years of its existence the Palmer Corporation has trained hundreds of scenario writers and sold scores of their photoplays. You have sat spellbound in your theatre and witnessed the work of Palmer students, which was written in farm homes, city flats, and mining camps.

And the same studios that produced and paid for those pictures have rejected scenarios submitted by novelists and magazine writers whose names are known wherever the language is spoken.

The acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. But the native gifts, creative imagination and dramatic instinct—which means vivid story telling—are the life and the soul of the

motion picture industry. Trained to express themselves in the language of the screen, these gifts are priceless to their possessor.

The questionnaire is our guide
to the talent we seek. It was prepared by Prof.

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Photoplay Magazine

Malcolm McLean, former instructor of short-story writing in Northwestern University, and Mr. H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright. It is a simple test which you may apply to yourself, to determine whether you have the essentials to successful scenario writing—imagination and dramatic insight. Before undertaking to train applicants in the new art of photoplay writing, we measure their aptitude for the work through this questionnaire.

It is a simple test which you can apply to yourself in your own home. It is a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

You are invited to apply our test to yourself

We will gladly send you the Palmer questionnaire upon request. Answer, to the best of your ability, the questions in it, and we will tell you frankly what the record reveals to us.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you nor any other person with creative imagination; it cannot impart dramatic insight. But if you have a natural inclination toward these essential elements of photoplay writing, it can be discovered through the questionnaire; and through the Course and Service your talent can be trained in the technique of scenario writing. And it can be done by home study at low cost.

You may find in yourself possibilities of achievement and big income you never dreamed of. Will you send the coupon below and apply this fascinating test to yourself?

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dep't of Education, Ph. 9
I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.**



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

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

CLARA, ALABAMA.—Well, I'll tell you why I don't make more wages. I said to the Ed. the other day, I said, "I think I ought to earn more money." And he came right back at me with: "So do I. Why don't you?" So you see— Edith Roberts has left Universal and has not yet announced her future plans. (I begin to sound just like a press-agent.) Helene Chadwick, Molly Malone, Lefty Flynn and Mary Alden, Goldwyn. Eugene O'Brien, Martha Mansfield and Winifred Westover, Selznick.

J. E. Z., MINNESOTA.—Samuel Butler's advice to young writers was to carry a note book about with them into which they could transcribe their every thought. I imagine that if you tried anything like this, you would lose the note book. Enid Bennett has retired from films temporarily to await an interesting family event. She is Mrs. Fred Niblo in private life. Dorothy Gish is now playing the younger of "The Two Orphans" under D. W. Griffith's direction at his studio in Mamaroneck. Lillian is playing the other sister. Dorothy is married to James Rennie. Priscilla Dean, Universal City, Cal.

MRS. E. M. B., VULCAN, ALBERTA, CANADA.—Ruth Clifford made a picture called "Tropical Love" in Porto Rico this spring. This is her latest film to date. I think I will nickname you "Echo," for you always manage to have the last word.

DANNA LA RUE, ABERDEEN, WASH.—"The wonderful" Wallace has lately appeared in "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Hell Diggers" (pretty little title) and "Peter Ibbetson." You will think that Wally wears a wig as Peter, but I assure you, he does not. He simply had to have his hair marcelled for every scene. What torture for a strong man! Georges Carpentier made one picture, "The Wonder Man" for Robertson-Cole release.

MAC'S MASTER.—Thank you very much for the snaps of your Scotch terrier. You should put him in the movies. You say he hates to have his photograph taken and generally runs away. He has nothing on me. Wallace Reid was born in 1890 and has been on the screen since 1909.

BONNIE.—You write very well but you write too much. Here's the cast of "The Love Expert": *Babs*, Constance Talmadge; *Mr. Hardcastle*, Arnold Lucy; *Jim Winthrop*, John Holliday; *Dorcas Winthrop*, Natalie Talmadge; *Matilda Winthrop*, Fanny Bourne; *Aunt Cornelia*, Mrs. Spaulding; *Aunt Emily*, Marion Sitgreave; *Mr. Smithers*, David Kirkland.

MISS NORMA C., AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—Certainly I can spare the time for a little Australian pal far away—far away. A lot of people seem to notice Jack Mulhall's resemblance to Eugene O'Brien except Jack and Gene. Gene hasn't Jack's quizzical eyebrows and Jack has never tried to imitate Mr. O'Brien's crooked smile. Mulhall's latest appearance is op-

THELMA, JERSEY CITY.—I am not your dearest friend. However, we'll let that pass. Shirley Mason is just 5 feet tall and weighs 95 lbs. and she has reached the amazing age of 21. She is Mrs. Bernard Durning. William Scott played *Billy* in "While the Devil Laughs" which is not one of those censor-proof titles. Of course, I think Shirley Mason a dear. (I hope her husband doesn't read this.)

GRACE M. MC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Jack Mulhall in "Should a Woman Tell?" (How can she help it?) Bill Hart is not married but there is a rumor that he is engaged to Jane Novak. Rumors aren't always right, but I believe this one is an exception. "The Miracle Man" was a great picture. The screen lost one of its finest directors when death claimed George Loane Tucker. He was married to Elizabeth Risdon, who scored a personal success last season in the Theater Guild's legitimate production of George Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House."

MISS ETHEL F., WAYNE, NEBR.—Your letter is strictly original. You write in readable long hand and you do not use baby blue stationery and no one has ever told you that you look like Mary Pickford. So you have six autographed pictures of Mrs. Fairbanks, and seventy-two of everybody else. Remarkable collection! You say Grace Cunard and Francis Ford never sent you their photographs. I will look into it right away.

MARY PICKFORD FOREVER, WASHINGTON, DEL.—Wanda Hawley made the screen version of "Peg o' My Heart" for Paramount, but J. Hartley Manners, the playwright, has involved it in litigation and it may never be released, which is unfortunate. Wanda is wonderful as the first affair in "The Affairs of Anatol." She deserves better stories.

SWEETIE.—My new stenographer—whose hair is of a most uncertain shade—I really don't know what to call it but will let you know after her next visit to the hairdresser's—will surely not approve of your nom de plume, and I must ask you not to use it again. My new stenographer is very par-

Famous Rumors

THAT William S. Hart has retired.
That Theda Bara is dead.
That Eugene O'Brien is married.
That Charlie Chaplin is going to play "Hamlet."
That Zeena Keefe is going to star for Selznick.
That Lady Diana Manners is making a picture.
That Mrs. Lydig Hoyt is making a picture.

posite Mabel Normand in Mack Sennett's "Molly-O." Albert Roscoe is married. His disposition? Well, he is a Southern gentleman.

E. N. TURNER.—You will never dance at my wedding. Ward Crane was born in Albany, N. Y. He is about 27 and has been in films since 1918. He is not married and at present is playing opposite Irene Castle.

HELEN B., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Wanda Hawley may have been in Florida in November, 1920, but she did not bring her two small children with her. The truth of the matter is that Wanda has no children.

(Continued)

tical. Crauford Kent was the leading man in "Other Men's Shoes."

MISS J. W., BEMEDJI, MINN.—I thought I knew every town in the country, but that is a new one. Marjorie Daw's real name is Marguerite House. Her mother and father are dead. She lives with her younger brother, Chandler, in Hollywood. I admit that I was presumptuous if I said—all in one paragraph—that I never told lies and that I am 80. One is true.

E. F., Wisc.—You ask me not to be surprised if some day I see your name in electric lights. It takes a lot to surprise me. Vincent Coleman is 6 feet tall. He admits that, but he declines to give his age. Bashful Vincent! Constance Talmadge was born in 1899 and she stands 5 feet 6 inches tall in her ba—beg your pardon, Constance—I mean heelless slippers. Jack Pickford has been directing his sister Mary in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but he is to return to the screen at the head of his own company in "The Tailor-Made Man," the comedy in which Grant Mitchell appeared on the stage. The Hal Roach studio is at Culver City, Cal.

CATHLEEN O., CHICAGO.—Now that Natalie is Mrs. Buster Keaton and not appearing in pictures any more, we might as well admit that she is older than Constance. Norma is the oldest of the three. Alice Brady who is Mrs. James Crane in private life, has no children. Constance Binney is not married.

S. S., VA.—Dorothy Green is not making any pictures right now, but I saw her on the street the other day and I know she is still in New York. She had the title role in "The Good Bad Wife." I believe she is married.

LOIS L. P., SCIO, ORE.—You win the plate glass shock absorber. Maude Wayne, not Anna Q. Nilsson, was the blonde in "Behold My Wife." Elmo Lincoln, instead of Hobart Bosworth in "Under Crimson Skies." Anna Querentia did appear, however, in "The Fighting Chance," as *Sylvia*.

JOY K.—Jean Paige is now playing in "The Prodigal Judge" at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn. Jean is married to Mrs. Albert E. Smith, who is president of Vitagraph. Douglas McLean, Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal. Betty Compson is not married. Address her, Lois Wilson and Lila, care of Lasky Studios, Hollywood.

MANNIE E. N., WASH.—Milton Sills in "Satan Jr." Guy Coombs in "Flower of the Dusk." Both Viola Dana pictures. Buck Jones is 32. June Caprice's first pictures were "Caprice of the Mountains," "Little Miss Happiness" and "The Ragged Princess." Harry Millarde was leading man in all of these. This is the same Millarde who later directed "Over the Hill" for Fox. It has been reported that June and Harry are engaged. Will let you know when I do.

D. B., CHICAGO.—Edith Johnson is Mrs. Wm. Duncan. She is now appearing with her husband in a Vitagraph feature called "When Men are Men," one of those virile titles. Agnes Ayres is now a Paramount star. Her first stellar vehicle is "Take it or Leave It."

DORIS H., EMMONS, MINN.—If Jackie Coogan is not spoiled by all the adulation he has been getting, he will be a great man. "Peck's Bad Boy" was not as good as "The Kid." And then some people said that Jackie would be just as good without

Charlie Chaplin. Bebe Daniels is not engaged to Harold Lloyd. They used to play together, that's all. Alma Tell in Paramount's "Paying the Piper." Cleo Ridgely has two children, a boy and a girl—twins.

VERA.—You wish to know if Mae Murray answers her own telephone. It depends upon who is at the other end of the line. Eva Novak is no longer a Universal star. To take her place and that of Edith Roberts, who has also left that company, U signed Marie Prevost, the celebrated bathing girl, and Miss du Pont, by which name they are releasing Margaret Armstrong. Don't ask me why they changed her name. Eva Novak is now with Fox.

OLIVE NAOMI E., SAVANNAH, GA.—Lillian Gish does not make as many pictures as other stars, but as she appears in the Griffith features, you usually see more of her at one time than you do of others, including even Phyllis Haver. Lillian is not married.

MARY WHITE, BROOKVILLE, PA.—Why did Natalie Talmadge marry Buster Keaton? Well, I suppose she kind of liked him. It has been rumored that Buster Keaton smiled for the first time when Natalie said "yes." They are now living in Hollywood and Buster is making new comedies for First National. Joseph Schenck, who is Norma Talmadge's husband, is Keaton's manager, so all the talent is now in one family.

ELSIE G. A., PONTIAC, ILL.—Rex Ingram's first picture since "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is "The Conquering Power," an adaptation of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet," in which Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry again appear. There has been no stage version of Ibanez' "Four Horsemen," but Otis Skinner is soon to do a dramatization of the Spaniard's "Blood and Sand."

POLLY AND DOLLY.—So you neglected your French lessons to write to me. Don't you like to study French? Thanks very much for the handsome handkerchief. That is tattling around the edge, isn't it? I should like to take up tating. Are there correspondence schools that teach it? Please let me know.

MIRIAM S., BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Oh yes, Busted Buds—I beg your pardon, I mean "Broken Blossoms"—was very sad, indeed. I wept a regular river of tears, and had to swim up the aisle. Dick Barthelmess was the Chinaman. Dick is now making "Tof'able David" for First National—a story by Joseph Hergesheimer. Miriam McDonald is a sister of Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren. She is married and has never been seen on the screen. Neither Katherine nor Mary is married. Charles Ray's first picture under his own direction was "Scrap Iron." Some people have said that Charlie has too many irons in the fire, but I thought it was a pretty good picture, myself.

MRS. WM. F. E., OREGON.—Short and sweet, sweeter than short. Robert Edson in "Extravagance." George McDaniels and Jimsy May in "Two Kinds of Love."

(Continued on page 116)



The Studio Villain

WE'LL sing you a song of the Studio Villain.

He was a hard-working man. In one day at the studio he killed one man, poisoned another, knocked out a third. He was so hard on the furniture the studio manager had to send out to Grand Rapids for a new set every time the Villain worked. He was the best fighter on the screen; he could muss up the hero any old time if the director would only let him.

Then came the time to take the Big Fight Scene. It was that Fight, you remember, that was advertised as "the most stupendous, breath-taking and virile struggle in the history of motion pictures." Yes—that one. And the villain was to be worsted by the hero. And the Press-Agent, who called himself the Director of Publicity when he left the studio, saw a story in it.

You remember that black eye the villain had? It showed in the close-up; everybody remarked about it. "Wonderful make-up that actor has," they observed, "do you suppose the fight was really as bad as that?"

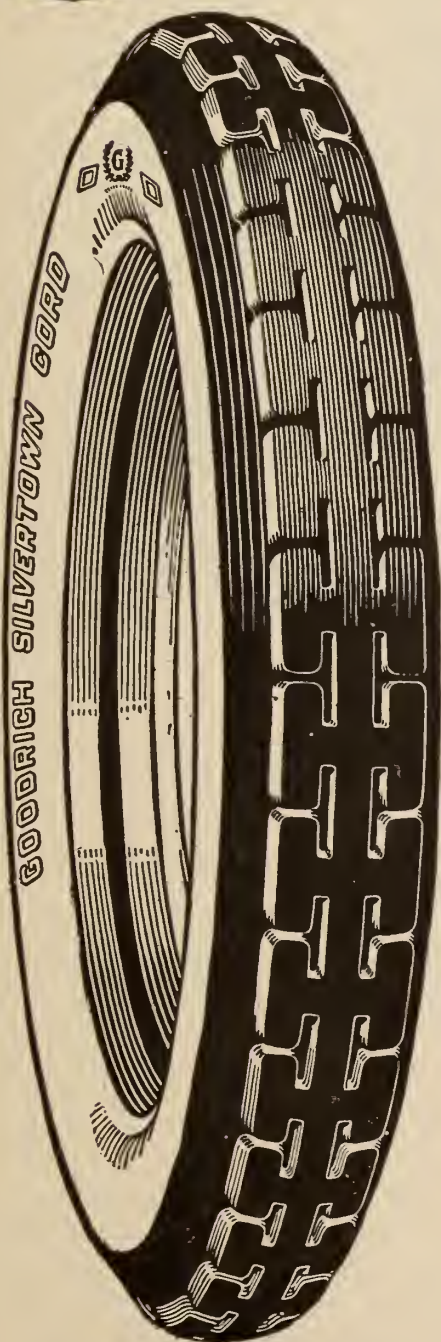
So the Press-Agent spun this little yarn: "The well-known heavy, Fagin O'Flaherty, is not a villain in real life. You will notice a black eye in his new picture. He got that black eye defending an old woman whom some crooks knocked down and attempted to rob of her hard-earned pittance. O'Flaherty, motoring home from the studio, jumped out of his car, felled the fellows, and took the old lady home—but not before he had sustained a real black eye in the struggle. The old woman, with tears in her eyes, begged Mr. O'Flaherty to send her an autographed photograph of himself."

Mrs. O'Flaherty laughed when she read it. She remembered so well that night before the fight scene was shot, when O'Flaherty came home at three minutes past three, and she met him at the head of the stairs.

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are included in the

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*The anti-skid safety tread
Silvertown Cord*

Among tires SILVERTOWN is the name that instantly conveys the thought of the highest known quality.

Motor car manufacturers and dealers are quick to emphasize to their prospects that their cars are equipped with Silvertowns—knowing that neither explanation nor argument is necessary.

The genuine value of Silvertowns has given them first place in the esteem of motorists. Their jet black anti-skid safety treads and creamy white sides give them the air of distinction that is expected in a product which is the highest art of tire craftsmanship.

The full name—"Goodrich Silvertown Cord"—appears on each tire. Look for it, and get the genuine.

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Your dealer will supply you with Goodrich Silvertown Cords, Goodrich Fabrics and Goodrich Red and Gray Tubes at the 20% price reduction.

Plays and Players



The annual birthday party of Bill Reid is the social event of the season among Hollywood's younger set. (Now that he is four years old, Bill will be known as William Wallace.) His guests: Mary Joanna, daughter of William and Mary Desmond, on the cushion; holding her is Julie Cruze, with her arm around Bill's neck. At the young host's left is Elaine St. Johns, daughter of Adela Rogers St. Johns of PHOTOPLAY. That's Bob White Beban with the club and King Baggot Jr. behind him; while second from the extreme right of the top row is Sonny Washburn.

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By
CAL. YORK

on the grounds in a severe tailored outfit of gray silk. I don't know really which way Gloria looks best.

Phyllis Haver was "Dash." She should have been. The spirit of Paris—the Artists' Ball.

Naturally an affair of that kind will never again seem complete without Betty Blythe—and though Rosemary Theby did her best to present the Queen of Sheba and wore one of Betty's own costumes, it was a hard job to tackle.

Unless we got out a special edition of the Magazine, I couldn't possibly tell you just what everyone did and had on—or off. But some who scintillated gorgeously were Mildred Harris, Bebe Daniels, Ann Forrest, Lila Lee, Betty Compson—I really think she was the most beautiful woman there—Florence Vidor, May McAvoy, Wanda Hawley, Mabel Normand, Mary Alden, Dorothy Phillips, Alice Terry, Grace Darmond, Shirley Mason, Priscilla Dean, Margaret Loomis, Majorie Daw, and lovely Rubye de Remer as Circe, quite as alluring and dangerous as that ancient lady is reputed to have been—Elinor Glyn in a Paris creation of cloth of silver, leading the procession, Kathleen Clifford, Ruth Roland, Edith Storey, Rita Weiman, in a violent creation of red, scarlet, crimson and black, Irene Rich, Kathryn Williams—oh, I could go on endlessly.

The afternoon was equally—if not more—thrilling.

One could see a great deal better and it was fun to wander about and actually see everyone and what they were doing.

The whole enclosure of the track was filled with attractions enough to satisfy P. T. Barnum. It was an effort to keep up with them.

Tony Moreno, in his trick racing car which is about the size of a kid's toy automobile, challenged all comers to race him around the famous course, and after winning several heats donated the car to be auctioned off for the cause.

There was a wild west Rodeo—and a chariot race which I liked best of anything—all under the supervision of Tom Mix, who was working harder than any motion picture star ever worked before. He had Will Rogers roping goats, Doug Fairbanks doing trick riding—and Doug has lost none of his cunning, while Tony Moreno, Bill Desmond, Dust Farnum, Buck Jones, Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson and Jack Holt kept things so darn lively it was worse than a three ring circus to watch.

Charlie Murray had a '49 camp—it made one's heart ache to think things were like that such a little, little while ago. Colleen Moore was there serving drinks and adding a lot to the general gaiety.

(Continued on page 78)

THE banquet of Nero on the night he burned Rome—

Cleopatra entertaining Caesar on the Nile—

Marie Antoinette in the Tuileries—

The night's pageant given for the benefit of the Actors' Fund at the Los Angeles Speedway last month included tableaux presenting "The Eternal Feminine," "The Adornment of Woman" and "The Awakening of Romance," and was a spectacle of exquisite beauty and unexcelled magnificence.

Given under enormous difficulties, in the open air without any proper facilities for dressing, lighting, or stage management, the sheer interest and effort of the hundreds of stars and motion picture artists carried the thing through with superb poise and smoothness.

The tragedy of the evening lay in the fact that, owing to the size of the speedway and the distance of the platform from the grandstand, the audience could not see all the details of the costumes.

All the beautiful women of the screen were there, representing something or other. There isn't any use wasting time describing the costumes, because it was just a matter of how many beads there were. You know—some had two or three beads, some had whole strings of beads, and other had, as it were, A bead.

The stars furnished their own costumes, and thousands of dollars were invested in them.

May Allison was Venus in a costume that seemed to me the most beautiful of the evening. Venus rising from the sea—a sea composed of pale green chiffon, silver lace and large pearl drops. If Venus

looked like that it's small wonder she upset domestic conditions around Olympus.

The popular sensation of the evening was Mary Pickford as little Lord Fauntleroy. Stars come and stars go, but if that evening and that crowd was a standard, Mary Pickford continues to be "America's Sweetheart." When she came down to the enormous footlights, in the Fauntleroy suit of gray velvet and old lace, her curls hanging to her waist and her little hand resting on the neck of a big collie dog, the 50,000 people present rose en masse and cheered and whistled and roared until you could hear them in Los Angeles.

Mary Thurman was Salome. I've heard somewhere of Salome and her seven veils. Mary left many of them at home—but it was in a worthy cause.

Douglas Fairbanks and his company wore the costumes in which they are making the "Three Musketeers" and presented a most elaborate picture, while Cecil deMille reproduced a scene from the Siamese settings of his latest picture.

Pauline Frederick was "Luxury," and she was, sumptuous and elegant as a Charles II Duchess, and I didn't see anything more beautiful all evening than Ethel Clayton, as "The Spirit of Fashion." Paquin dreamed her, I'm sure. She couldn't have been real and been so perfect. And speaking of dreams, Dorothy Davenport (Mrs. Wallace Reid) was "A Dream of the East." She complained herself that "they forgot to send any of my costume except the train." But nobody else complained.

Gloria Swanson, billed as "Woman's Fairest Dream—The Pearl," wore one—and art could have created nothing more perfect, while in the afternoon I saw her

The two secrets of a youthful looking skin

Every normal skin needs two creams. FOR DAYTIME use a dry cream to protect the skin and hold the powder—AT NIGHT, a cream made with oil, to keep the skin soft and pliant and perfectly cleansed.



IN THE DAYTIME, use the dry cream made without oil



FOR THE NIGHTLY CLEANSING, only the cream made with oil will do

For daytime use—the dry cream that will not reappear in a shine

When you powder, do it to last. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream has not a drop of oil in

it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them. It is based on an ingredient prescribed by a famous physician for its softening effect.

At night, the cleansing, nourishing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream

made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

These two creams are both too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, 126 Hudson Street, New York.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream



Generous tubes—mail coupon today

The Pond's Extract Co.,
126 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name

Street

City State

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 76)

\$15.00
an
ounce



\$8.00
a half
ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

Other Offers

Direct or from Druggists
Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks;
Lilac, Crabapple, \$1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, \$2.00
Romanza, \$2.50
Above odors, 1 oz. \$15
Mon Amour Perfume, sample offer, 1 oz. \$1.50
Souvenir Box
Extra special box of five 2cc bottles of five different perfumes, \$1.00
If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return and money will be refunded cheerfully.

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PERFUME & TOILET WATER
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Enclosed find 20c for which please send me sample bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops in the odor which I have checked.

Lily of the Valley Rose Violet
 Romanza Lilac Crabapple

Name

Address

Souvenir Box—\$1.00 enclosed.

.....\$.....enclosed
Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.



The Careys: Harry Jr. and Harry Sr. The new boss of the H. C. Ranch in California faced the camera for the first time at the age of eight days. If he keeps it up he'll soon break the record for close-ups.

Daniel Frohman—under whose auspices the huge benefit was given—conducted a little theater, where impromptu sketches of two or three minute's length were given. May Allison served as assistant director, co-author, property boy and stagehand. Some of the stars—corralled on the grounds—who took part were Richard Bennett, Gloria Swanson, May Allison, Lois Wilson, Jack Holt, Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, Herbert Rawlinson, William Russell, Rubye de Remer, Conrad Nagel, Winter Hall and Pauline Frederick.

Most fascinating little houses were erected to hold some of the attractions—Mrs. Rupert Hughes presided over an old English mansion, where famous authors sold their own autographed books. Such celebrities as Sir Gilbert Parker, Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Upton Sinclair, Rita Weiman, and Elinor Glyn were there.

Madame Glyn also had a gaudy tent where—in a thrilling and bewildering costume of blues and greens and beads she gave psychic demonstrations at enormous prices.

Mrs. William deMille and Mrs. Jesse L. Lasky had an art shop and there were harems, prize fights, vaudeville shows, ice cream and hot dogs to excess. Every place you turned a pretty girl wanted to sell you something and generally succeeded—Ann Forrest was selling cigarettes which she lighted for you at so much per light—

Oh, it was a gay life.

The largest sum of money ever raised for the Fund was taken in during the day.

ALICE JOYCE is taking a two months' vacation.

This in itself is not interesting.

But the fact that Alice Joyce is awaiting an important event as Mrs. James Regan is.

She finished her current picture at Vitagraph in Brooklyn before leaving the studio on a leave of absence. She says she's very happy—and we have no doubt her nice Irish husband is happy too; and that little Alice Joyce Moore is tickled to death at the prospect of having a new little sister—or brother, as the case may be—to play with.

The Joyce-Vitagraph contract has another year to run, after which it would not surprise anybody to see Alice retire permanently from the screen. She has threatened to, and much as it would grieve us to have her go, we know she has a very promising career as a smart young Manhattan matron.

IN spite of the fact that Madame Elinor Glyn, with her emeralds and her temperament and her tiger-skins, has given irreverent Hollywood a lot of laughs at one time or another—in spite of this, the fact remains that Elinor is actually the only one of the many famous authors corralled in the western studios to write "originals" for the screen stars, who has really delivered in any degree proportionate with her salary and her reputation.

DURING the month of June—a sweltering month for Manhattan—that fair city saw such film celebrities as Tom Mix and Sessue Hayakawa.

Mr. Mix, although nobody has ever been heard to call him that—brought with him

Plays and Players

(Continued)

his young wife and his mother-in-law. His wife is Victoria Forde; his mother-in-law is Eugenie Forde. Victoria is a vivacious little blonde who wears six or seven diamond and emerald and sapphire bracelets on each arm, besides many elaborate and expensive rings—all gifts from her husband. In spite of the fact that Tom wears a white sombrero and a violently checked suit on the streets of New York, he has made a very good impression.

THE latest J. Barrymore news:

John was to go abroad for the summer and then he didn't.

The Barrymore play, "Clair de Lune," which was produced, according to a newspaper wit, "for the love of Mike" (meaning Michael Strange, who wrote it and who is in private life Blanche Barrymore) wore itself out in its eight weeks' run and will probably never be revived again. John is not doing anything at present. Ethel Barrymore, to quote another writer, has "returned to the speaking stage in 'The Twelve-Pound Look'."

TIME rolls on and Alla Nazimova has not signed with anybody.

According to the latest reports, Madame will return to the stage.

The film magnates seem not to be so gullible as they once were.

Many leading men who not so long ago drew one thousand a week for making love to lovely celluloid ladies, are now attempting to keep the home fires burning on a meagre four hundred or five.

Such former stars as Dorothy Dalton and Mildred Harris are now doing leading business. Miss Dalton probably could force Paramount to continue starring her individually if she cared to, as her contract specifies such an arrangement. She is a member of Cecil deMille's latest all-star cast.

JAMES KIRKWOOD is to be made a star by Paramount.

Our principal comment on that is: why wasn't he made a star long ago?

THE biggest party of the movie social season was that with which Mabel Normand entertained at the Ambassador Hotel when the new Coconut Grove was opened there this month.

Miss Normand, who lives in apartments, declared she wanted to repay all the people with homes who had been so nice to her, and she invited fifty guests to an elaborate dinner party, and dancing in the Grove afterwards.

Everybody was there really,—I saw Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton, the latter in a cerise gauze that set off her dark beauty, Edna Purviance, in white, Jack Pickford and beautiful Rubye de Remer—who by the way is putting on some weight that is very becoming to her, in the southern California sunshine—Roscoe Arbuckle, Bebe Daniels, Jim Kirkwood, Viola Dana in a soft lavender creation—and hosts of others.

Mabel herself was as brilliant as a butterfly—and, by the way, she tells me she's so healthy she's reducing!

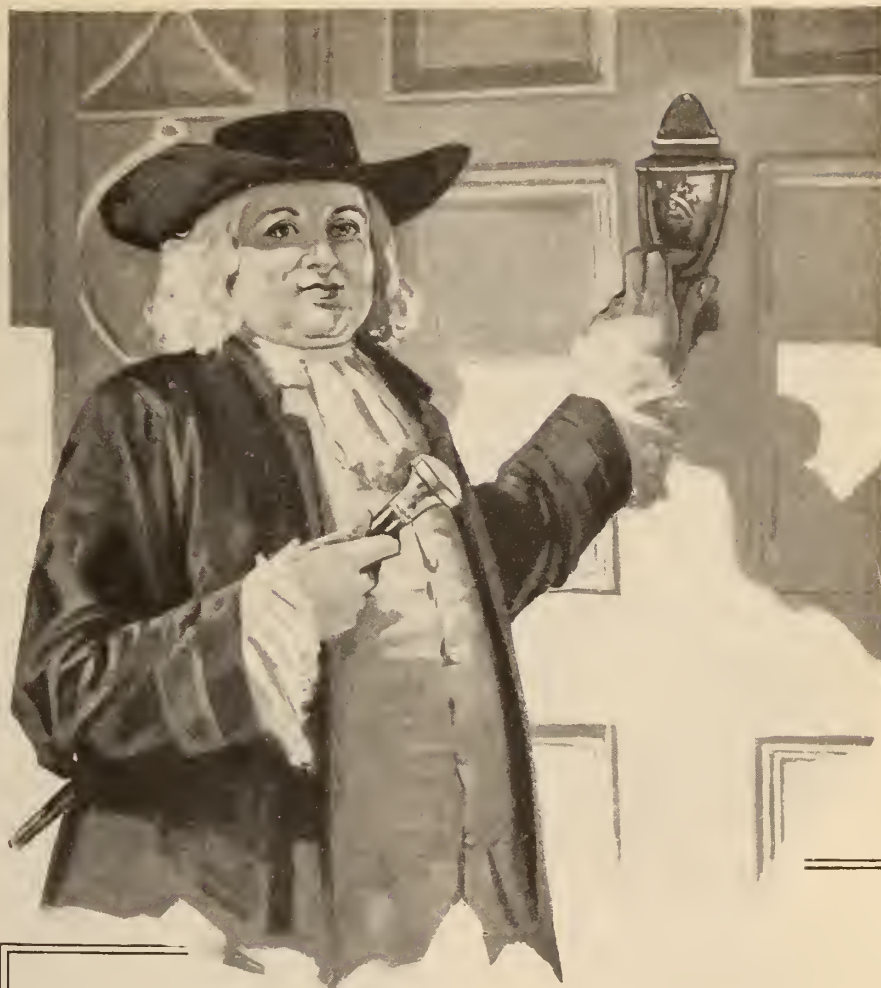
THE official cost of von Stroheim's "Blind Wives" has been given out as \$1,040,500.

It ought to be a mighty good picture.

But is it?

BETTY BLYTHE bobbed her hair.

Oh, Irene Castle, what crimes are committed in thy name!



The Quaker waits at every door

Many housewives get oat flakes without the Quaker Oats flavor—just because they don't insist.

Many other housewives force their grocers to send overseas for Quaker. That is done by oat lovers nearly all the world over.

Quaker Oats wait at every door. Your grocer will supply them if you ask. They cost no fancy price.

They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel, but they are the cream of the oats.

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame.

Children need its minerals, adults need its energy. And all enjoy its fragrance and its taste.

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Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Plays and Players

(Continued)



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Underwood & Underwood

When Justine Johnstone "ran over for the week-end" from London to New York, just to see the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, she said she'd acquired the British briar habit, and proved it by smoking a little jewelled pipe! She says she saw hundreds of Englishwomen smoking their briars at the polo matches. What? Well—some of our great-grandmothers did it—only they used corn-cobs.

WILL ROGERS, upon the completion of his Goldwyn contract, will become an independent producer.

Unlike other stars who go in for this "own company" stuff, the cowboy comedian will modestly make two-reel features, instead of

six-reel super-spectacles. "About all the pictures I have ever seen could be told in two reels, anyway," says Will. "And the only fellow who can beat me with my two-reelers, is the man who will come along and tell 'em in one reel."

Plays and Players

(Continued)

UNIVERSAL announces a new star. Her name, according to the press-sheets, is "Miss du Pont."

Her name, really, is Margaret Armstrong. According to her press agent, she never appeared on the screen until Eric von Stroheim discovered her and gave her the leading feminine role in his "Foolish Wives."

Actually, Miss Armstrong made her film debut as one of the models in "Lombardi, Ltd."

"CABIRIA," the first great film spectacle, has been revived in New York City, at the Strand Theater. This is the production by Gabriele d'Annunzio, which was the forerunner of "The Birth of a Nation" and the later great American dramas. "Cabiria" is a product of the Itala Film Company of Turin, and was completed in 1914.

Maciste, the giant actor who played the slave, appeared in conjunction with the film.

"The Birth of a Nation" was revived at the Capitol Theater some time ago.

IT is rather interesting to note the only two well-known motion picture stars who refused to aid Mr. Daniel Frohman in putting on the Actor's Fund Fair.

Nazimova and Katherine MacDonald.

Miss MacDonald has made it a systematic practice not to take part in things of that sort nor to appear for charity—it being her theory that she cannot afford the time and energy necessary for those things.

Nazimova, in spite of pressing requests from her fellow stars, flatly refused, though she was only asked to wear a striking costume and walk across the stage, thus lending her name and presence to aid in selling tickets.

Back of this is a story that will bear telling—and which was repeated by Mr. Frohman himself to one of the stars whom he sent as emissary to Madame Nazimova.

Not so many years ago, a small troop of Russian actors were performing in their own tongue in a barn theater on the east side of New York. The winter was cold, and bad, and the little group of foreigners was very much up against it. They didn't have enough to eat. One of their number approached Mr. Frohman, then an active producer in New York, and said, "We believe we have a great artist in our company—Alla Nazimova. We should like to give her a chance. If we could weather the winter, we could begin in the spring in English and we might succeed."

Mr. Frohman engineered a benefit matinee, to which many stars contributed, and raised \$3,000. This sum was turned over to the Russians, who lived on it through the winter and also arranged for English lessons for their star.

In the spring, Nazimova was able to appear in English—and her way to success was definitely opened—the success which today gives her such a stupendous salary.

No wonder Mr. Frohman was astonished with a great astonishment when Alla Nazimova refused to lend her aid to the Actors' Fund Fair benefit.

ONE of the funniest sights in Hollywood these days is Bill Hart in his office. Since he stopped making pictures, Bill has taken a suite of handsome offices on the Boulevard, and with a couple of secretaries and stenographers is transacting a lot of business connected with his films and his property.

In the meantime it is understood that



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AROUND the most simple facts of living, the ancients threw all the subtle pleasures which their minds could devise.

They understood, too, as every one in the East understands today, the restfulness of sweet odors, the refreshment which comes from delicate perfumes.

Do you know the refreshment of Incense?

They knew incense, as you can know it today. For tonight, in your reception room, in your halls, in your boudoir, there can arise the subtle and delicate perfumes of the Orient—the same graceful fragrance which is arising in millions of homes throughout the world.

Vantine's — the true Oriental Incense

Burn incense, but be sure that you get Vantine's. It's very easy to make a mistake about so subtle a thing as

incense, but if you use the name Vantine's, as your guide, you have the experience of 60 years' knowledge of the Orient guiding you to the true Oriental fragrance.

Which do you prefer?

Vantine's Temple Incense comes in five delicate fragrances — Sandalwood, Wistaria, Rose, Violet and Pine. Some like the rich Oriental fullness of Sandalwood, others choose the sweetness of Wistaria, Rose or Violet and still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of Pine.

Whichever you prefer, you can get it from your druggist or your gift shop. Practically every department store, too, carries it, so swift has been its spread throughout America.



ALL the sweet delicacy of Wistaria Blossoms is imprisoned in Vantine's Wistaria Toilet Water.

So try, tonight, the fragrance which appeals the most to you. Just name it on the margin and for 25c we will be glad to send it to you as an acquaintance package.

VANTINE'S Temple Incense is sold at drug stores, department stores and gift shops in two forms—powder and cone—in packages—at 25c, 50c and 75c.

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Violet Wistaria

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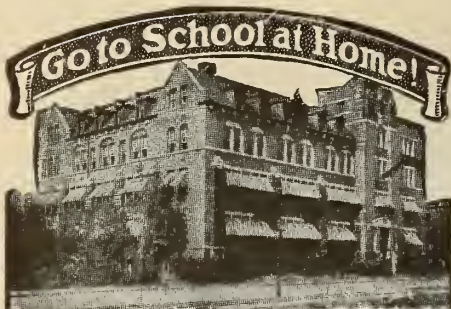
Name

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Plays and Players

(Continued)



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And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

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We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. **YOU CAN DO IT.**

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

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Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Kathryn Perry is now Mrs. Owen Moore. They were married in Greenwich, Conn., July 16. The romance began when the former Ziegfeld Follies and Frolic beauty decided to become a silversheet luminary and was cast in pictures opposite Owen Moore. Little Kathryn is keeping up her reputation for charm and pulchritude on the screen. Owen Moore was the first husband of Mary Pickford and also her leading man in Biograph, Imp. and Famous Players films.

his sister, Miss Mary Hart, is in the east accompanying Miss Jane Novak on a shopping tour.

It seems only human to wonder if they are trousseau buying, since the engagement of Bill Hart and Miss Novak has been repeatedly rumored.

BETTY BLYTHE found the hotels in a very crowded condition when she came to New York, so she finally put up at one of Fifth Avenue's iciest palaces for paying guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

When Betty had taken up her abode in the hotel she surprised the various attaches with her modest and untheatrical demeanor. But still they were skeptical; still suspicious. A few weeks later Paul Scardon, who is Sheba's husband in private life, came to New York to see his wife. One day Betty called the hotel and asked for Mr. Scardon. "There isn't any Mr. Scardon stopping here," said the goddess of the switchboard. "There is," answered Betty gently but firmly, and I wish to speak to him."

"Oh," said the switchboard deity in tones of enlightenment, "oh, you mean the gentleman that's in with Miss Blythe!"

SOMEBODY evidently was trying to kid Douglas Fairbanks.

A report was circulated that he intended to change the title of his new ten-reel feature from "The Three Musketeers" to "The Three Guardsmen."

Doug denied heatedly that he was addicted to the title-changing mania.

BESSIE BARRISCALE will return to the so-called legitimate stage next season.

She was exceedingly popular there before she went into films.

A great many celluloiders are going back to their first loves.

Sort of looks as if the fillums were getting back to what our President calls normalcy. Not every actor from the legit. can come to the screen nowadays and receive fabulous sums for allowing his features to be photographed. (Continued on page 89)

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 59)

BEHIND MASKS—Paramount

DESPITE the fact that Dorothy Dalton neither looks nor acts like an oppressed ingenue, as she really should, in E. Phillips Oppenheim's "Jeanne of the Marshes" we found this good entertainment. There is intrigue, suspense and a hero incognito, but the story is quite plausible and the English atmosphere well maintained. A departure from Miss Dalton's usual portrayals, and quite an acceptable one.

SCRAP IRON—First National

A GOOD picture. If Charles Ray really directed "Scrap Iron," we are prepared to say the same Charles Ray has been directing his own pictures for a considerable spell and doing very well with them. The new picture emphasizes all the Ray virtues, tells of the adventures of the same innately decent hero and pictures him as being ruled by the same trite but true sentiment that inspires a good boy's devotion to an invalid mother.

LIVE WIRES—Fox

THE old farm has ever been a more or less pathetic subject. There's always a mortgage or something, to cause tears to flow. Here it is an option which the city villain secures from trusting mother, thus causing Son some exciting experiences. The vehicle serves to introduce Edna Murphy and Johnny Walker as Fox co-stars, just why, we cannot say.

THE BRONZE BELL— Ince-Paramount

HAND in hand with Mr. Fox comes Mr. Ince, presenting us with five reels of hectic serial stuff, under the guise of a feature photoplay. Louis Joseph Vance, who wrote the story, wishes us to believe, apparently, that anything can happen in India, introducing astral bells, a lady in distress, a dethroned prince and his double, a red-blooded American. Courtenay Foote, in this dual role, seems rather conscious of his turban. John Davidson is the villain extraordinary and Doris May the lady. Who will be next?

THE BEAUTIFUL GAMBLER— Universal

HERE we have a sweet, trusting little girl who marries the wicked owner of a saloon and dance hall, in order to pay off the mortgage on daddy's log cabin. She might have known what would happen. Surely everyone who has attended the movies for the last ten years does. Really there is no excuse for this except Grace Darmond, who photographs nicely.

ONE A MINUTE—Paramount

THE hero of this tale, Douglas MacLean in the role, holds Abraham Lincoln as his ideal, and then proceeds to enrich himself by a patent medicine fraud, working on the theory that "There's a fool born every minute." Farce though it is, and to be considered as such, one finds it difficult to condone the entire lack of principle on which this story is founded. It is not up to the MacLean standard.

HOME STUFF—Metro

A NOTHER down-on-the-farm story, Viola Dana, the stranded chorus girl who finds happiness among the cows and chickens. Her personality saves the well-worn plot from seeming extremely trite, other mem-



Posed by May Allison, a Metro motion picture star, and enthusiastic motorist. Miss Allison is one of many beautiful women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion

Do hot sun and dusty wind play havoc with your complexion?

Can you enjoy motoring without fear of a reddened, coarsened skin?

AN hour's drive in the afternoon sun—a cloud of dust from another car—a swift rush of wind as you speed down a hill—*what happens to your complexion?*

You can *protect* your skin from the ravages of sun, dust and wind if you use Ingram's Milkweed Cream regularly. Ingram's Milkweed Cream *guards* the skin against the coarsening effects of the elements. More than that, it *preserves* the complexion, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up"—*revitalizes*—the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use today. You will find that its special therapeutic property will soon soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its *regular* use will protect your skin from sun and wind, will *keep* your complexion as soft and clear as you have always hoped to have it.



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Ingram's Beauty Purse an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

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GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder-pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume. Everywhere for 25c. Sample each free by mail. Address postal: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. AA, Malden, Mass.

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

bers of the cast lending able support. There's some really good comedy, some inexcusable melodrama and an abundance of "home stuff" for those who like it. By Frank Dazey and Agnes Johnston.

CHILDREN OF NIGHT—Fox

THIS is a photoplay for serial followers. It contains a great deal of the stuff of which serials are made, and not much of anything else. William Russell is the hero thereof, going through a variety of highly-colored adventures for sake of the lady fair. There are the usual trap-doors, secret criminal societies, villains and victims.

THE FIGHTING LOVER—Universal

THAT good old plot, in which the hero wagers his friend to select him a wife from the multitude, wily nilly, is here presented with a few original twists that make of it interesting photoplay material. It is up to the usual Frank Mayo standard, and will please his admirers. From the Ben Ames Williams story. "Three in a Thousand."

NOBODY—Roland West First-Nat'l.

AN actress of dramatic ability might have made this one of the big photodramas of the year. As it is, it stands well above the ordinary release in plot and action. True, it is not a children's story, nor one that will entirely satisfy advocates of the happy ending, but the melodrama is wisely lightened at times, and few motion pictures have been filmed with a more attractive background than Palm Beach furnishes for this one. Jewel Carmen shows some improvement in her work.

FINE FEATHERS—Metro

EUGENE WALTERS' "Fine Feathers" comes to the screen with little left unchanged except the title. Just why it was thought advisable to depart so radically from the original text of the play it is difficult to say. It contains, however, some very good photoplay material, the well-worn story is one that always arouses interest and there is undeniably a melodramatic "punch" at its conclusion. Outstanding is the work of Eugene Pallette as the unfortunate husband. Claire Whitney, June Elvidge and Warburton Gamble appear in important roles.

THE TWICE-BORN WOMAN—Sonora

THAT part of the Bible which recounts the life of the Christ, has been rewritten, Mary of Magdala being introduced as the real cause behind the crucifixion. Neither Deyha Loti as the Magdalene, nor members of her supporting cast show talent for screen acting, their movements from scene to scene being ever prefaced by explanatory titles, necessary because of choppy continuity. It is an unsuccessful attempt to film a sacred story without the vision and inspiration necessary to such a production. You'll find this tiresome.

THE BROKEN DOLL—Associated Producers

MONTE BLUE is developing into an actor of unusual promise, and in this adaptation of Wilbur Hall's "Johnny Cucabod" he does some of his finest work. There is comedy and pathos, an exciting chase for an escaped convict and a quaint love story, with Mary Thurman as the lady in the case. Every member of the family

can see and enjoy this photoplay. The same can be said of almost every production of the same director—Allan Dwan.

THE ROAD TO LONDON—Pathe

TAKE this title literally. There is much scenery, Bryant Washburn, and a sketchy suggestion of plot, this latter serving merely to link together various views of English countryside and London streets. The picture is entirely void of interior settings, making the production little more than a scenic. However, as a scenic, it is quite interesting.

AESOP'S FABLES—Pathe

A DEPARTURE from the usual run of animated cartoons, this new Pathe series presents up-to-date topics in an amusing and entertaining form, combining the ancient Fables with modern logic. They are cleverly executed by the cartoonist Paul Terry.

TOO MUCH SPEED—Paramount

GIVE Wallace Reid Agnes Ayres for a heroine, Theodore Roberts for an irate father-in-law, a racing car, a speedway and a South American contract to shoot at—and you know the rest. It is usually an interesting yarn, and though familiar, is given enough new twists in this instance to keep it from becoming hopelessly set. "Too Much Speed" has a nice turn of sentiment near its finish, when Wallace, about to win the race, puts his mechanic in the driver's seat to give him a chance to even an old score with an unscrupulous rival. A good family picture.

A KISS IN TIME—Realart

IF they only knew it, the sort of entertainment picture men turn out for hot weather is not hot weather entertainment at all. Something to take their minds off the heat is what people want in July in place of the conventionally stupid comedy that rather serves to intensify discomfort. However, the tradition holds that hammock literature serves a purpose—hence "A Kiss in Time," with T. Roy Barnes wagering some other engaging fool that he can win a kiss from Wanda Hawley within four hours after meeting her.

A VOICE IN THE DARK—Goldwyn

THIS murder mystery story loses something of the novelty that contributed to its success on the stage—where the circumstantial scenes a deaf woman saw were acted in pantomime, and the incriminating testimony a blind man overheard were acted in the dark. But fortunately the story itself is interesting and sufficiently plausible to make a good picture. The story of the murdered libertine, the falsely-accused heroine, the defending district attorney and the endangered innocent is worked into good screen fiction.

BE MY WIFE—Max Linder

THIS is farcical extravagance stretched to the limit and guaranteed to produce what the exhibitor knows as a "lotta laffs." In this instance Linder, who is a good comedian, has provided himself with a story in which he is forced to fight a comic duel with himself to convince the heroine that he is a worthy matrimonial candidate, and finally suffers the uproariously comic adventure of having a white rat crawl up his trousers' leg as he stands at the altar, to the great joy of the assembled guests, both in the picture and in the audience.

When Women Work

A MOTION picture, "When Women Work," has been prepared for the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor.

The picture, which visualizes good and bad working conditions for women, was made in actual factories, during working hours, with women and men moving about their machines.

In order to carry the story through, two moving picture actresses were engaged, but the factory scenes in which they play were staged all in the day's work of some New Jersey or New York factory, and before they sat at the machine they served as understudy to the day-after-day girl holder of the job.

Taking as points in the story the provisions outlined in the brief and salient summary of "Standards," issued by the Women's Bureau during the war and happily still serving as the standards of peace, the movie makes its visual and vivid plea for hours, wages, working conditions, vocational training, lunch and rest rooms, equal pay for equal work, equal opportunity for equal work.

Women's clubs, the League of Women Voters, the Business and Professional Women's League, trade unions, clubs of working girls, college women, high school classes studying economics, and Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Clubs, and other men's organizations concerned in community affairs and recognizing women's affairs as part of that community, would be interested in the movie. It could be shown to great advantage in connection with a local campaign for bettering industrial conditions.

The picture is in two reels and takes one-half hour to show.

The film will be loaned free—express charges not prepaid—by the Women's Bureau.

Any organization, such as State Departments of Labor, or State Federations of Clubs, wishing to use the picture through a long period, can make arrangements through the Women's Bureau to buy the film for the approximate sum of \$142.

In making the request for the movie, please state the kind and probable size of the audience, so that we can send appropriate additional material.

Compulsory Immortality

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, "Tiger of France," has refused to have his voice perpetuated on the phonograph, it is said. But the *Sorbonne*, the great school of Paris, is begging him to change his mind in the interest of posterity. And the whole discussion has led to another discussion and proposal—a very remarkable proposal, viz.: that a law be passed in France making it compulsory for every significant national character to send his voice down the ages, and to stand for a space before the motion picture camera, so that generations unborn may see exactly what he looked like in action and repose—how he walked, talked and smiled; what were his expressions in mere friendly conversation, and impassioned address. One cannot doubt that, whether any such law is ever really passed or not, of such material will the pictorial histories of the future be partially composed.



When her hair seemed really hopeless

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It was to be the most important evening of her life—and she knew it.

And so she tried to make herself look especially attractive. But her hair was never so dull or lifeless.

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The hairdresser's treatment

These simple directions will change your whole appearance, too—for in every woman's hair there is hidden charm, extra beauty, which can be brought out with this treatment.

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Second: Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and rub to a rich, creamy lather. Rinse thoroughly with clear, warm water.

Third: Apply more Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, massaging lightly, and rinse three or four times. Dry thoroughly.

Fourth: Apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the roots of the hair, massaging thoroughly with the finger tips.

Fifth: Moisten a sponge or cloth with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Wipe your hair, one strand at a time, from the roots clear to the ends. Dry carefully.

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THE C. S. WELCH CO. Dept. P.P. NEW YORK CITY

arms every time we saw a blue uniform up at Lester. But we're not celling on Tier Three now, old pal, and when a man's on the outside, the world's his ripe, red cherry. I'm just on my way to eat. Come along, and we'll throw a steak under our belts when we chew over old times. How you makin' it?"

Jerry didn't recognize the ex-convict, but, among thousands of prisoners at Lester alike as peas, there was nothing strange in that. Over a coffee-house table the stranger proved himself so thoroughly familiar with the prison, its inner life, and Jerry's career there, that Jerry accepted his convict identity without question. The man paid for the meal with a hundred-dollar bill.

"Need any dough, Jerry?" he inquired, when they were on the street again.

Jerry did but he shook his head.

"No, I'm out looking for a job."

His new friend looked at him commiseratingly.

"Huntin' work!" he ejaculated amazedly, "I'd never thought that of you, Jerry, after what they did to you at the 'pen.' There's just one way for an ex-con to make a living."

In rapid pantomime, he presented a mythical gun at an adversary's head and went through his pockets.

"I'm getting mine," he added. Then, after a pause: "I've been working alone so far—it's safer most times—but, Jerry, I know you're 'right' and I'd double up with you. I know a two-man job that's easy money and safe."

"Thanks; but there's nothing doing with me," Jerry answered determinedly. "I'll find work somewhere."

"You haven't a chance, pal. You'll see, I hang out round 'Spider' Newman's. If you change your mind, look me up."

Returning jobless to Maisie that night, Jerry found her bending over the baby's crib. The feverish little face explained too well the mother-terror in the woman's eyes.

"The doctor! Have you sent for him?" cried Jerry.

"There's no money, dear."

"I'll get one," he promised.

"Pneumonia," announced the physician the moment he saw the child. "A bad case, but we may pull him through. Get these prescriptions at once."

Maisie emptied her purse into her husband's hand. Jerry hurried out and returned with the medicine. A kindly druggist had taken what he could pay and trusted him for the rest. All night, the husband and wife watched beside the crib. At daybreak, Jerry, gray-faced, grim, went out again to find work. He found it with a street-sewer gang, worked just long enough to plaster his shabby prison suit with mud and refuse, and then was discharged.

Jerry returned to his room. His baby was desperately ill and growing worse. The doctor, a kindly man but poor himself, had been in, left more prescriptions to be filled, and asked, reluctantly, for his fee. There

was no money in the house and no food.

Jerry went again into the streets and wandered aimlessly, head bent, hands clenched. Unconsciously he drew near to "Spider" Newman's. Not until he saw the groggery's flaring lights did he realize where he was. The rumbling of the street traffic, the whir of automobiles, the clanging passage of crowded street-cars—none of this came to his ears. All he heard was a baby—Maisie's baby and his—gasping for breath. He went in.

At the bar was the shifty-eyed man from Lester Prison, a glass of whisky before him. "Just in time! Have one, Jerry?"



MORE of the mystifying activities of "The Gray Brothers," the criminal clique who succeeded, in this story, in kidnapping the Governor of the State.

"Boston Blackie," the most-admired underworld character in current fiction, next month takes an even more thrilling part, in Jack Boyle's second story for PHOTOPLAY—

"THE GRAY BROTHERS"

The drink burned like flame. Jerry, who had had no food for thirty hours, felt it instantly in his veins. He clutched his companion's arm and drew him aside. There was a satisfied glint in the man's eyes.

"Will you stake me to a ten-dollar bill?" Jerry asked. "My baby's sick, maybe dying."

"I can always stake a pal, and I need one to-night," answered the man. "If you're the pal I need, here's your ten."

The man extended a bank-note. For just a second, Jerry McWilliams hesitated; then he snatched at the bill. The man led him to a secluded table and ordered another drink while they whispered together. With a final nod of approval, the stranger crossed to Newman's cubby-hole of an office beside the bar and, after a whispered conversation within, Jerry heard a drawer open and close. A moment later he returned and dropped a revolver, wrapped in a black mask, into Jerry's pocket.

"Well, pal, we're ready," he said.

"Not until I've taken this money home to my wife."

"All right. I'll go along with you."

Leaving his friend in the hallway, Jerry ran up the stairs and thrust the bill into Maisie's hand.

"Buy the medicine the boy needs—food, too. I've found a job at last," he explained. The lie was like a searing iron on his lips, the broken promise a leaden weight on his heart as he went back to his comrade.

At midnight, a citizen dropped off a car and started, whistling, along a deserted and poorly lighted residence-block. In the black shadow of a building, two masked figures waited, crouching.

"That's our guy," whispered a voice in Jerry's ear. "Come on, pal."

As the two figures confronted him with guns leveled, the pedestrian's whistle ended in the middle of a note. His hands rose above his head. Jerry began a rapid search of his pockets.

And then two more figures appeared. Without warning, Jerry's arms were seized from behind, and he struggled in the arms of two policemen. His companion turned and ran, but the officers, busy subduing Jerry, made no effort to shoot or to follow him.

In the midst of the rescued victim's enthusiastic congratulations a man rounded the corner and joined the group.

"Here's Detective McGlynn," hailed one of the policemen. And then to the grateful citizen: "It's him ye can thank for yer money and dimonds bein' safe. He's been watchin' this bird ever since he come down from Lester. This night's work will make ye a sergeant sure, Mac."

"It will that," answered McGlynn, snapping handcuffs on the captive's wrists.

Jerry's red-rimmed eyes glared straight into the detective's face. The man was his footpad pal—author of the hold-up, provider of the masks and weapons,

purchaser of a detective-sergeant's stripes for which Jerry now knew he must pay with half a lifetime in prison.

His every muscle quivered as he looked into the gloating eyes of his betrayer. Then, swift as the thought that urged them, Jerry McWilliams' manacled hands rose, and the steel bracelets crashed solidly against the detective's temple. He toppled backward, and his head struck the curbstone.

"He died," concluded Jerry. "At the trial I told what McGlynn had done to me. Newman denied that he had given McGlynn the gun and mask, denied even that I had been in his place with McGlynn. The jury believed him, of course, and so I'm here to die along with you, Jimmy, on Friday—day after to-morrow."

Jerry McWilliams rose and stared for a moment in silence at the bit of sunset light that filtered in through the screened and barred window near the ceiling.

"One more day to live, Jimmy," he said slowly, (Continued on page 95)

The Secret of Charm Never Changes



Throughout the ages it exerts its power—this charm to which the world bows, changing history and making queens—of nations as well as hearts.

Few can describe it, for charm doesn't depend upon beauty alone. The woman who wields it may be dark or fair, of any race or type. Only this is certain—she has a perfect skin, fresh, youthful, free from blemishes—the irresistible attraction which all understand and admire.

Begin today to give your complexion the care it needs and this charm will also be yours. It's a beauty secret of ancient Egypt and the beautiful Cleopatra.

How to beautify your skin

Bad complexions are largely due to lack of proper cleansing. The pores become clogged, then enlarged, then irritated. Blackheads and blotches follow.

Volume and efficiency permit us to sell Palmolive for

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The best preventive is a daily cleansing with Palmolive soap. It makes a balmy, creamy lather, for the base is palm and olive oils. A gentle massage makes it penetrate. A rinsing takes it out, and with it come all accumulations which have clogged the skin. Finish with a dash of cold water and a touch of cold cream. Then your skin will be fresh and rosy, clear, soft, smooth.

A lesson from stage women

All women can learn something from women of the stage, who use much rouge, much powder. But they remove them before they sleep. And with them the oil, the dirt and perspiration which clog up the pores of the skin.

Their complexions will show you that they do no harm when skins are treated the right way.

Ancient beauties knew the way

Roman beauties, in their famous baths, used palm and olive oils. Egyptian beauties used them in Cleopatra's time.

Now modern science finds no better way to beauty than by scientific blending of these oils.

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Palmolive soap costs little, yet it forms the best skin soap the world ever knew. It employs palm oil from Africa, olive oil from Spain. It combines them in a perfect emollient.

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“Judge for Yourself—!”



(Continued from page 82)

JIM KIRKWOOD, playing the role of an English lord in "The Great Impersonation," was surrounded by a number of English actors now making their living via the films.

One lad from the British Isles was talking with the actor one day, and commenting upon the difference in trees, flowers and weather between London and Hollywood.

"You've got some nice trees 'ere," he said, "some nice trees. But there are three trees I like—a hash, a helm and a hoak."

JACK HOLT has been created a star by the Famous-Players Lasky organization and will make starring productions for Paramount.

There isn't anybody on the screen that screen folks themselves are more delighted to see gain stellar honors than Jack Holt. He's a regular human being, a good actor and a good fellow. His elevation to stardom comes as the result of popular demand and the need for another male star on the Paramount program.

Holt will appear in a series of outdoor plays. At present he is playing the masculine lead in William deMille's production of "The Stage Door." He has appeared in several deMille productions lately, including "Midsummer Madness" and "The Lost Romance."

THE deepest shock and grief has been felt in Hollywood over the entirely unlooked for and unexplained suicide of Mrs. Jack Mulhall, on June 6th, at her home in the moviecenter.

Mrs. Mulhall, who was a very beautiful girl, and was affectionately known to all her friends as "Bunty," parted from her husband in the morning when he left for the studio in apparently the best of spirits. At ten o'clock she called a taxi and drove to a drug store on Hollywood Boulevard, where she purchased a bottle of chloroform. Driving home, she kissed her four-year-old son and told him to stay with his nurse, informed the maid that she was going to lie down and was not to be disturbed.

When her husband returned at dinner time he found her lifeless body on the bed, the head swathed in a towel saturated in chloroform.

The decorations for the party that celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary were still on the wall.

The Mulhalls were noted as being one of the happiest married couples in Hollywood.

Mrs. Mulhall, however, had not been in good health for some time and her friends believe that despondency over this condition caused her to take her own life.

DAVID WARFIELD has at last capitulated to the pictures.

Marcus Loew is a very good friend of his, and it was Mr. Loew who finally persuaded the famous actor to film his great success, "The Music Master." Warfield is working on it now.

A LITTLE neighbor girl was playing with Bill Reid, son of the Wally Reids, in the back yard, when she accidentally knocked over an empty milk bottle sitting on the porch for the milk man. Very much frightened by the crashing noise and the heap of broken glass, she turned to Bill with

IT is perfectly true, you know, that Sam Goldwyn employs a stenographer whose sole duty it is to follow Will Rogers about all day with a pad and pencil, to take down the things that the cowboy humorist scatters so casually about the place.

I suppose it would break Sam's heart if he thought Will talked in his sleep.

Rogers took a chance on a horse that was raffled off at the Goldwyn lot the other day. In fact, he took fifty dollars' worth of chances. And of course he won the horse.

"Didn't want the unfounded thing," said the star. "Haven't got my barns done yet and I got all the live stock around the place I can do with."

However, on the day that he won this animal, he decided to stand luncheon treat for the whole studio. Everybody that ate in the Goldwyn cafeteria just handed their check to the cashier, and Bill signed the bunch.

Bill regarded the total of a hundred and some dollars with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well," he remarked, "I should say men et that have never et before."

He was a speaker also at the banquet held last Saturday night at the Ambassador Hotel, by the Actors' Equity Association.

"First I wasn't comin' to this affair," said Bill slowly, " 'cause I guess I got the distinction of bein' the only man in the motion pictures that don't own a dress suit. 'Course that's all right 'cause I don't often get asked where I could wear one. I don't suppose most of you boys know who I am even. I'm just a actor, named Will Rogers. But when I heard that you was going to give this feed at this hotel, I decided I'd come. I've wanted to git inside this hotel for a long time.

"By the way, I heard somebody say they was thinkin' of reducing the salaries of motion picture stars. I just thought I'd mention it, 'cause it won't never get mentioned again."

"That reminds me of a letter I got the other day," said Bill. "A little girl wrote to me and she says, 'Dear Mr. Rogers—I have just been to see one of your pictures. I had never saw one before. I have always read that you never used a double in any of your pictures. After seeing you on the screen tonight for the first time I want to ask you, why don't you ever use a double, Mr. Rogers?'"

CLARK THOMAS, now casting director for Thomas H. Ince, says this is the casting director's dream:

If you can find someone that looks the part, be grateful.

If you can find somebody that can act the part, be *very* grateful.

If you can find somebody that can both look the part and act the part, get down on your knees and thank heaven.



The feminine readers of PHOTOPLAY will write their own captions. Most of them will sound something like this: "Oh—those darlings! Aren't they the sweetest things you ever saw!" We thought so too—that's why we are presenting the DeBriac twins, both experienced film players.

tears beginning to stream down her face.

"That's all right," said Bill, patting her hand. "Never you mind. Daddy'll be home pretty soon and he's awful good at fixing things."

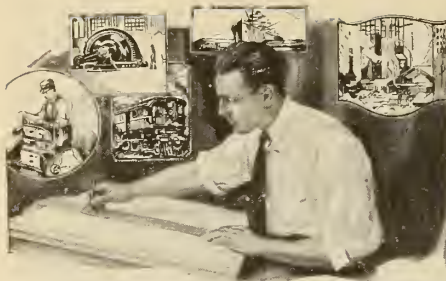
GLADYS HULETTE is Richard Barthelmess' leading woman in Dick's first stellar picture. She hasn't been seen on the screen for a long time.

MARY DESMOND—Mrs. William Desmond—had a gorgeous new evening gown of silver, white satin and white velvet for a recent dinner dance in Hollywood.

When she was finally arrayed, she regarded herself in the mirror with a dubious expression in her Irish eyes.

Just then her husband came dashing in with a lovely corsage of lilies-of-the-valley.

Mrs. Desmond gave one horrified glance, and cried, "Heavens, Billy, take 'em away. If I ever put those on all I'll need is a couple of silver handles, and they'll call the pall bearers."



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Plays and Players

(Concluded)

MAE BUSCH is the owner of an extremely infinitesimal dog of the species Peke, by name Sing.

"He's the smallest one I ever saw," remarked a friend. "Do you really like such a little dog, Mae?"

"Well," said the striking vamp, "he's a very economical dog. Every time the man comes around to collect the dog license I tell him Sing isn't six months old yet. Sing is approaching his 8th birthday and I've never paid his dog fee yet."

ALAN HALE has been born to Alan Hale and his wife, Gretchen Hartman, in Hollywood.

PATHE is now entirely owned by Americans.

Charles Pathe, a Frenchman, founded the company, which was one of the first film corporations in existence. While the concern expanded and extended its activities to this country, Pathe himself remained in France, giving Paul Brunet the management of the American business.

The parent company, Pathe Cinema, Ltd., of France, has been absorbed by the American stockholders of Pathe Exchange, a seven-million dollar concern. Brunet remains president, with Charles Pathe a minority stockholder.

There will be no further changes in the company except in the direction of its expansion. Pathe at present is making no feature productions whatever, confining its activities entirely to serials and short subjects. It is believed, however, that it will, in time, return to the feature field with other Kipling dramas to follow "Without Benefit of Clergy."

WHEELS within wheels which have revolved a few more times in the past month would seem to indicate that the engagement of Charlie Chaplin and May Collins is not a fact—and probably never will be a fact.

Rumor has even stated that when it once was published—owing to the very sincere friendship and admiration which exists between the famous comedian and the pretty little ingenue—it was allowed to run its course without denial only because of the immense good it could do Miss Collins.

Already, we are told on good information, her salary has jumped from \$250 to \$750 a week.

May Collins, in other words, as a clever, pretty, but unknown young girl, was worth \$250.

May Collins, as the possible fiancee of Charlie Chaplin, is worth considerably more.

However, it seems to be quite true that Miss Collins' hand is being ardently sought by an extremely handsome young leading man who has just signed a long term contract with Goldwyn and who is being hailed as a coming star and matinee idol.

Anyway, young Mr. Richard Dix ought to have a clearer field if Mr. Chaplin isn't in the running.

SHADES of old Peter Delmonico! What's the world coming to? (Apologies to Rupert Hughes.)

New York's most famous restaurant has inaugurated Photoplayers' Night. Every Thursday at Delmonico's, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, the film players will hold forth on the roof garden. On the first Photoplayers' Night, Wallace Reid did the honors and presented a silver cup to the best fox-trotters.

JOHNNY WALKER, who played the black sheep son in "Over the Hill," was under discussion the other evening.

"They say he's getting very popular," said May Allison.

"I should think he would," said Bert Lytell, "his name alone ought to bring him a big following—especially among the anti-prohibition forces."

A WELL known young actor and a pretty society lady were introduced at a dinner party in Beverly Hills.

"Oh, I've met you before," said the young actor.

"Oh, no, I'm sure I'd remember," said the lady.

"Yes, indeed, don't you remember, on Cecil deMille's Siamese set at the Lasky studio the other day, when you went through with some friends?"

"Of course," said the lady, "but I didn't know you with your clothes on."

WHEN Marie Prevost touched the match to a huge bonfire on a beach somewhere on Long Island Sound, she started something. Or rather, she finished it.

The last of the bathing girls has burned her bathing suit.

Of course, it was only a publicity stunt to attract attention to Marie's stellar contract with Universal, whereby she engages to appear only in dramma. But it was really something much more serious than that. It marked the end of a period in film production. It wrote finish in the book of the screen bathing girl.

The censors would have frightened her away sooner or later. But she took matters into her own hands. Beginning with Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels, the film comedienne cherished ambitions, and as soon as opportunity knocked, packed her swim suit in moth balls and left comedies for drama. Mary Thurman followed—and never went back. Mabel Normand has not worn a bathing suit in public for years. Harriett Hammond is playing an important role in a Lasky feature. And now Marie Prevost has finished the job.

Of course, there have been desultory attempts on the part of some of the lesser producers to revive the vogue of the one-piece bathing suit. But Mack Sennett, the daddy of the screen bathing girl, has positively made his last appearance in the role.

RUMOR on the Goldwyn lot has it that at last Will Rogers has been induced to wear make-up. He had never put on a bit of grease paint until his present picture, declaring that he'd lose his self-respect if he went to fussing with his face.

But when he had to wear the tights, ruffles and plumes of Romeo, in his present vehicle, Lon Chaney, the great make-up artist, and three cowboys of the company, roped and tied him, and Chaney made him up.

When he saw how he photographed, Bill was delighted, and now he owns a full set of grease paint, mascara and everything—even a mirror.

NOW comes Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, just dying to break into the movies.

No, this New York society woman has not been divorced or anything like that. She wants to go into pictures because she is famous for her beauty, for having posed for a John Singer Sargent portrait, and for her ability in amateur theatricals.

She was to have appeared first in a Norma Talmadge film, but later decided that it was stardom or nothing for her.

We leave it to you to choose.

Dog in the Manger

(Continued from page 64)

I never saw such gowns, I must admit. Some women will do anything for that," Mrs. Essex raised superior eyebrows. "Unless I'm mistaken it's partly mercenary on her part and partly just pure 'dog in the manger.' You've no idea how many women are like that. Just dog in the manger, really."

Kitty Glenn rose blindly, feeling with cold hands for the ermine cape across her chair. In a hot young voice she said, "Jim, will you take me home? I can't stay here."

As she stumbled between the too close tables, she heard a last word in Mrs. Essex' high-pitched voice. She was evidently repeating herself, for the words that reached Kitty's ears still clanged the phrase, "dog in the manger."

III

It was very late when Morgan Deffand's gorgeous velvet-lined limousine drew up at the door of the stately white house on the hill. The fog had begun to slither before the approaching dawn.

It was the last dead hour of the night when the soul of man feels the call of the dust from which it came. The hour before "there was light." Paula called it her crucifixion hour, so many times had she spent it battering her head against the stone wall of her life.

Now, her marvellously-conditioned body resisting the hideous fatigue of her mind and heart, Paula flew swiftly up the stairs to her husband's rooms, while he lingered below, fiddling about as he always did with an afternoon paper, some unopened mail, coats and wraps.

With rapid fingers that trembled not at all, though her lips were grey, she swiftly took Morgan's silver flask from her furs, emptied the few remaining drops and set it, empty, on his dressing table. A full quart of liquor had been set on the table beside his bed by the valet before he retired. Paula took the bottle to the gleaming white bathroom, poured half its contents into the basin, refilled the bottle with water from the hydrant, and returned it to its place on the night table.

Then she straightened the two already straight glasses, tested the water in the pitcher with her finger tip, and ran swiftly to her own dressing room.

When her husband came up, she was sitting before the big, triple mirror of her dressing table, a lace robe thrown about her.

She heard him undressing. The thud of shoes. The careless swish of cast-off garments. The clink of a glass. A bar of "Mammy" whistled sweetly, but unsteadily. Another clink. The creak of a bed.

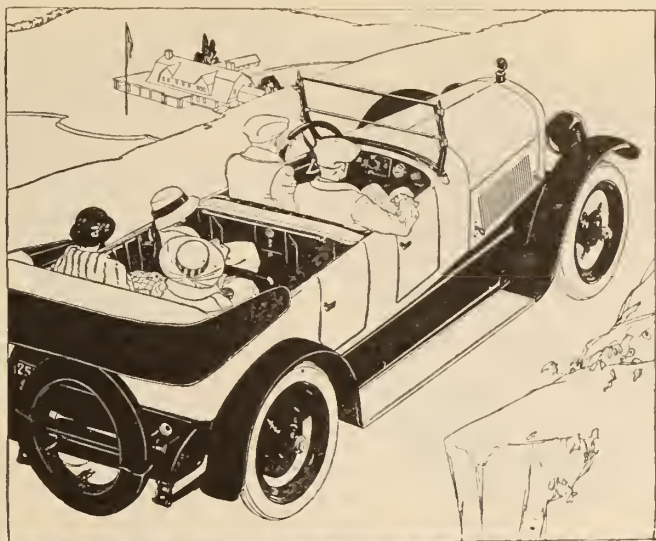
"Paula, Paul! Come kiss me good-night," called the throaty, strong voice, as persuasive as a broken bottle of perfume.

Startled, yet with suddenly relaxed brows and mouth, Paula went to his bedside. Bent to kiss him gently, between the sullen, black brows. She felt his hands, strong, eager, against the silk of her garments. His lips seeking hers, instinctively, blindly. The reek of liquor beating in her face. While her breast rested almost yearningly against him, her head, with a proud gesture, flung back like a snake poised to strike.

He reached up for her and his hand struck the bottle on the table. There was a crack and shiver of glass, a wet sound of something running on the thick carpet.

Paula's straining eyes saw it. She sighed and lay motionless, letting the man's

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Dog in the Manger

(Continued)



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lips and hands have their will, while her face grew pearly white with nausea. And when her unresponsiveness, the fumes of the alcohol and fatigue conquered him and his hands dropped dead, she pulled herself breathlessly, carefully away and went to her own out-door bed to lie sleepless, sick, fear-ridden for hours.

IV

Yet when she rose late the next morning her sleepless hours showed little trace. Serenity—the cold serenity of courage—had returned.

It was one of the things about his wife that Morgan Deffand had never been able to alter—the fact that she chose to wear clean, fresh linens and gingham in the morning instead of the exotic lingerie he loved.

She was buttoning on a checked blue gingham, a cigarette between her lips, when she heard a sudden, impatient angry word from her husband's room, and a swift step toward her door.

Unconsciously she braced herself. "Paul," said her husband as he came swiftly toward her, his eyes blazing, his hands holding out a little sheaf of papers, "what in hell does this mean? Why didn't you give me that bill from Feagans last month? What do you mean by letting them write me an insulting letter about it? You opened it in the first place—my bill."

Mrs. Deffand finished buttoning her fresh little frock. In it she looked ten years younger than she had looked the night before.

"We didn't have the money last month. You hadn't sold a thing for some time, you know. I wanted to pay up some back house bills and you've been spending a terrible lot, with that motor boat, and your new books."

"Paul, you're impossible. Good God, can I or can I not spend the money I sweat and slave to earn the way I want to? You're getting lately so you want to run the universe. You get everything you want, don't you?"

"No. You give me a great many things I don't want, however, and I know you mean well. But you have no sense about money. You're always in debt. Besides, I didn't consider that bill one that should be paid so promptly. I didn't know who got the diamonds, you see. I—dislike diamonds."

The man stopped. In the white light from the window his handsome face showed only here and there a trace of the things the night had seen. But a flush of anger made it strangely vivid and virile.

Paula Deffand took a long puff of her cigarette as she saw the flush reflected in the mirror above her mantel. That intuitive sense of wifehood trembled again through her being and she straightened to it, like a broken fire horse who hears the bell in the distance and doubts his ability to bring the life-saving aids in time.

"Paula," Morgan Deffand began as he stood before her, "I've made up my mind this morning to bring this thing to a crisis. I hoped I'd never have to do this. I hoped you'd be reasonable and give me a fair measure of freedom. You hate me. You know I don't love you any more. It's a wretched, pitiful farce, our marriage. It's a joke to everybody. It isn't fair to you or to me that it should go on any longer."

His wife raised cool eyebrows. "Don't worry about me, Morgan," she said in a cool, hard voice, "I'm quite well satisfied. We've perhaps not been happy

for some little time. I think I could tell you why, but you wouldn't believe me. But please don't say again that I hate you. You're not in a position to know. I am."

"Then why did you leave me last night—why do you always leave me like that whenever you can?"

"You were—drunk. A drunken man is never nice, especially to his wife. The odor—makes me very ill. I'm sorry. You know that. If you wanted me you should have passed up the last twenty highballs you drank."

She went on, "And, my dear boy, why this frantic desire for your freedom?"

"You want it, eh? You want me to come right out and tell you I'm in love with another woman? As though you hadn't known it for months!"

"Oh, but Morgan, it wouldn't be the first time you'd told me that, or I'd known it for months, you know." Her smile was as cold as north wind on her face, her mouth as pitiful as a bayonet wound in a baby's throat.

"Perhaps I have. But you must understand that this is different. I—even now that you and I are as far apart as the poles, I can't talk to you about it. You're still my wife. Until lately I admit you've been a lot too good for me. Now—you must see for yourself it won't do. You're all wrong in the way you try to handle me. I can't bear a tight rein. I've told you that repeatedly. I'll give you everything you want, anything. But I want to be free."

"Free to go to Daphne Cheltenham?" The sting of horrible, spiteful jealousy, wholly unconscious, rankled behind the frozen sneer of her words.

Morgan Deffand sat down suddenly in the big brown leather chair, the one thing in the room that Paula had brought from the old house—a chair worn and softened to the curve of her body, a chair in which he had seen her sitting a thousand times.

"Well," in the sudden haggardness of his eyes, the wry distaste of his mouth unconsciously rebelling even now against this girl's name on his wife's lips—something of the wonderful charm and sweetness of the man Paula Deffand still loved shone through. "Oh, Paul, you know. You know. Let's get it over. Don't make me say it." Everything masculine in him was fighting desperately away from the unpleasantness of it. "I'm miserable here. I have been for a long time—long before I knew her. It isn't fair to blame her. I can see just a bare chance of getting back a little happiness with her."

Try as she would, the woman could not bring her face to obey the effort of her will this time. It went slack as a broken life line. The last remnant of her beauty fled.

"With that girl," she said, with a supreme naturalness, so unlike her former bitterness that her husband faced her in surprise.

She sat down, too, in the straight chair before her wide desk. The truth was that her knees would no longer hold her erect.

"If you'd said all this yesterday, I might have been coward enough to give in. I hadn't seen her, then. I'm sorry, Bill," it had always been her pet name for him, "but I can't."

He flamed anew at that. "Then she was right. You're just—just a dog in the manger. She said you'd never give me up. You don't want me, but you don't want anybody else to have me. You won't make me happy, but you won't let her. You—Paula, you—a dog in the manger!"

Her breast shook with the gasp she took as the dagger struck home that he had discussed her with the other woman. She

Dog in the Manger

(Continued)

fought for her poise like a fagged swimmer making a last effort to save herself. But she still shook her head slowly. "I can't, Bill I can't."

"I can't understand you, Paula. What can you be thinking of? You're not a fool. You must see the truth. It isn't as if there were children—"

A little cry came from her lips.

It had broken her—that last word.

The silence that hit the peaceful room then, shrieked to be broken. At the open window, a humming bird fluttered.

A thrill of pure fear swept Paula Deffand, followed by a tidal wave of emotion such as she had never dreamed could be, that bore her up and left her without warning at her husband's feet. The sea wall of her passionate reserve, the last stronghold of her crucified pride, fell crashing before her suffering.

"I can't, Bill, I can't. If I could—oh, how I want to. The peace of it, for me. The quiet. Just my roses, my home, missing you—but clean, like you were dead—no more having to fight, not having to worry—worry—not having to let them all trample on my pride and my heart. To be me—Paula—Paula Deffand—not your wife. Just to dig, and ride, and swim and read—oh, Bill, the peace of it, the peace of it—but I can't! I can't!"

"Paula, you're insane. If you feel like that—"

"I've felt like that a long time. Bill, you know. Don't lie to yourself. There's just you and me—no gallery. No children? I believe God didn't send them because I didn't have time or strength to be their mother, with you. Why do I stick and stick? I guess it's because love is bigger than self-respect.

"I've never said all this before. I couldn't. But now I say it—say it for me and all the other women they call that name—that 'dog in the manger' so carelessly. You won't admit it, no man ever does. But I know if I gave you up, if I let you go to this—this wanton, in a year, two years, you wouldn't be the wonderful Morgan Deffand any more. You're no fit custodian for your genius. You never were. Where would your work be without me to nag and drive and jack you up—you, whose every bone was created full of laziness that this sun has fed and fed?

"Even with me to stand between and stem the tide of your self-indulgence, your terrible extravagance, your egotism, your recklessness—look, look how you've drifted down. If you don't believe me, you've got to believe your work. It's in black and white for you to see how it's gone back—lost its soul and its purpose. You're so changed—I look back to the man I knew, my sweet, fine, honorable, loving—loving boy—and I can't. My God, it's not for me—it's for *him* I'm fighting!"

"Paul, Paul, don't! Don't, dear. You mustn't look like that."

"Do you expect me to look like Daphne Cheltenham when I'm staring straight into a whirlpool that is sucking down the only thing in the world I love? Not much, it seems, what I've done. Not a good wife, nagging, petty, cold. But I've been counteracting everything in the world and eating my heart out between times, too strained to be natural for a moment.

"I can't, I can't. No, wait, wait. Let me say it. You think you've been unhappy. You have been restless, seeking in the shallows of sense for the real things, that's all. And now you want to put that all on my shoulders. Say I'm making you unhappy, and being unhappy is making you—do things. I'm making your home a hell



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Dog in the Manger

(Continued)



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and so you go—outside. Well, you can't do it—you can't say it and get away with it, because it's a lie, a lie."

"You mustn't talk so, Paula. You're getting all wrought up. You exaggerate—"

"Oh, no, I don't. I'm just the only one that doesn't exaggerate. I'm the only person in the world that tells you the truth. A wife usually is. The rest of the world—what's it to them? It's easy for them to lie and toady and flatter. It would be easier for me, but I'm not made that way."

"No, no, wait, please. I want to finish. I'm so tired. I must say it all now, because I'll never be able to talk like this again."

"There is a bond between us, dear. We—why, we've *been married!* We've belonged. We have been—you know we have—*one*. Marriage like that, that starts with love, isn't just a legal, material thing. It's a—a metaphysical fact—like motherhood. I'm your wife. You feel this sense of having a home, a basis. It's a real thing."

"As for this other woman—that's nothing. Oh, my dear, can you look me in the face! Now it's Daphne Cheltenham. Last year it was little Betsy Lee and Mrs. Griffiths. And before that Madame Ordensky. Where would you be if I'd flown off and left you to marry one of them? What sort of life would you have had if you'd married Mrs. Griffiths—think how you hate and despise everything about her now. I knew while it was going on what the end would be—must be."

"Don't you suppose I can see ahead to the time when this Daphne will go the same way? I can't set you free to the horror that things would be to you, the depths to which you would find your way together. There's hope for you with me, at least. You respect me. And I'm fighting for you."

"Why, Bill, if I had a son—a baby boy," a drop of blood spurted out where her teeth caught her lip, but she wiped it away with her hand and went on, "If I had a baby boy and because I punished him, he cried and slapped me and wanted to run away and said he hated me, as kiddies do, would I let him go? If I had a son who had done wrong and disgraced me and was so ashamed he wanted to get rid of me because I made him feel his degradation most, could I let go of him while I could help him—because of my pride? Well—it's just the same."

"Oh, no, it isn't." Morgan Deffand stopped his tortured walk to look at her where she held herself half supported against the arm of the brown chair he had long since deserted. "You're not my mother, you know. I'm no child."

The woman's face softened, melted, sweetened until it seemed to him that somebody had turned a light on behind her eyes. The tears gushed, and ran down onto her twisting hands, but she smiled.

"Oh, yes, you are," she said. "I am—your mother, some. Every wife is. If it wasn't for the maternal in women, there wouldn't be any marriage."

"I can't see you—let you go any more than I could let my little boy run out into the crowded streets, with great trucks and tearing cars, because he was angry with me and wanted to run away. No, no, no—"

"But your pride must—"

"Ah, I haven't any pride. I've never had any pride since—the first time I forgave. Degree doesn't make much difference to me. I laid it on the altar then—and now, Bill, you wouldn't have me so small that my pride could crawl down from that altar because of what people say and whisper as I go by. I can't, because they call me a dog in the manger and whisper as I go by, coax my pride down from that high place and pet it and dress it up to meet their approval again."

"Dear, believe me, it is you, you who make the unhappiness. We haven't been so unhappy. We like—to do the same things together, even now. I make you comfortable. Your home—you like that. I made it for you and I keep it for you. Subconsciously you always know I'm there—back of you. You'd be lost—lost. You don't know all the little things always done for you—such a funny, temperamental boy! The funny way you eat. Your clothes. Your hours. The things you always forget. Money and business matters. Your work—how could you?"

"Am I as helpless as all that?"

"As helpless as that You don't know."

"If this woman was a good woman—if there had ever been a really good woman among them—but there couldn't be. I never worried about that. Too much of the best part of you is mine—mine—whether you know it or not. It was the cheap women always. I would have let you go gladly, to a good woman, whom you really loved and who loved you. Gladly—gladly."

"There aren't any children, Bill—no children, no. You're all—all I've got. I—I love children. But there haven't been any. You're all I've got and I'm all you've got. That's truth. When it comes to life and agony and storm and things that count, you'll find that out. I'm all you've got in the world, really."

"Paula, my poor old girl, I didn't know. I didn't understand. I didn't know you felt like this. You were always so stern and cold. You never said. I didn't know."

But his wife was silent, her hands pressed against her eyes, her head sagging back.

"Listen, Paul, don't look like that. I'm a dirty rotter. A rotter. I'll stick. Of course I'll stick. Maybe I'll get more sense some day. I'm all wrong. You're right. You're all I've got in the world I could count on. Never mind Daphne—anybody. I—I guess you're right. You are—my wife. There ought to be something—I'll try. Some way. Help me, dear."

Hesitating, his eyes fearful and strangely tender, he went to her and kneeling by her side, put her back in the chair and with his arms about her rested his head on her breast.

And at the feeling of her heart, laboring, struggling, beneath his cheek, he held her close, desperately, and the tears that fell on the crushed blue gingham were his tears, too.

They stayed so, these two, strangely bound, in the lovely quiet of the room, where the hot, thrilling sunshine came drifting through the bright chintzes, their hands locked, their bodies very still.

The man's eyes were closed.

But the woman's were open—looking, looking into the future. This was over. She had won. Without planning, she had played her trump card. She rested, but only as a woman rests between the pains of labor. The first step toward victory—that was all. He had said, "Help me." Her eyes gazed down the long vista of years.

If she could stand the gaff!

And impishly enough a flicker of sheer laughter came into her eyes—laughter like the play of a summer sun on a sea of deadly storm. Laughter of a woman whose sweetness and sanity had been saved by laughing.

"I guess I can stand more punishment than any woman of my weight in the matrimonial ring today," she said.

The hot blood—the wild recklessness of successful youth spent, this man of genius her own, her own as surely as though she had borne him. Years of real things, high things—to offset the years of anguish.

Dog in the Manger

(Concluded)

"Dog in the manger," she thought bitterly.

Looking up, her eyes fell on an exquisite head of the Christ child, framed in ivory, between her windows.

"In the manger," she thought softly, "in the manger."

The scent of orange blossoms and baby roses and hot, enticing sun filled the room.

Time hung suspended in the yellow splendor.

The woman, too, closed her eyes.

Through the Little Door

(Continued from page 86)

thoughtfully, "I don't know that I care so much, for,"—triumphantly, "Dan McGlynn's ten-dollar bill saved my baby's life. My boy is well and strong now."

IV

ANOTHER day had passed; another night had come—the final one for the two who had eaten their last dinner and sat together in the death-cell. Between an endless succession of cigarettes, Jerry McWilliams studied the faces on the photographs he drew again and again from his bosom. The governor was strangely quiescent, strangely apathetic.

The prison chaplain entered the cell. He spoke kindly and with encouragement, then kneeled and offered a prayer. The condemned men kneeled with him, but, as the governor bowed his head and closed his eyes, the minister's words lost all meaning and became merely a droning accompaniment for the persistent vision that tortured him. The chaplain withdrew; the hours slipped away fast—then faster.

With the photographs he treasured propped before him, Jerry McWilliams wrote letters. Two were finished, sealed, and laid aside, to carry a final message to his wife and mother when his lips were silenced forever. He was writing a third—a long letter, for many closely written pages came from beneath his steady pen. The governor wondered for whose eyes those last words from a man at grips with death were intended. At last, Jerry gathered the sheets and reread them with solemn concentration.

"That ends the hardest task of all," he said as he finished.

"What task, Jerry?"

"That letter. It's to my boy, Jimmy, and he's not to read it until he's old enough to understand. If I could be sure that my boy some day will profit by the lessons I've bought so dearly, it would be a comfort I'd carry with me into the very arms of 'the chair.' I don't want him to believe that his father was a murderer. I want him to understand how it all happened. I, a murderer! Am I that, Jimmy? Tell me the truth."

"You're not," cried the governor, seizing Jerry's hand. "If the governor of this state had a conscience, if he were a human being, even, and knew the truth about you, he'd—"

In the midst of his denunciation of the governor, Jared Huested suddenly remembered that he was the governor—or had been; that he, as governor, had denied Jerry's plea as unbelievable. Now, facing death himself, this was his bitterest regret. More racing minutes sped away.

The death-house door clanged. The condemned men sprang to their feet, muscles twitching, tense nerves strained to the breaking-point. Their cell door opened and the prison barber entered. He went

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Through the Little Door

(Continued from page 31)

about his task quickly, for he dreaded it. At first, the governor did not comprehend what was being done. But when his hair had been clipped and he felt the razor baring a spot on the crown of his head in readiness for the chair's death-touch, self-control suddenly snapped and, crying out fiercely, he dashed the razor from his head.

"No, no, not that—not that, for God's sake!" he cried. Then wildly: "I'm the governor. I'm Jared Husted. This is murder. You must believe me, you—"

Jerry McWilliams' encircling arm quieted him. The comfort of Jerry's friendly voice nerved him back to sanity and the cruel necessity of steeling himself to endure these last hideous moments.

Again, for a few moments, he and Jerry were alone. Then, faintly and from far off, came the sound of moving feet.

"They're taking the witnesses into the execution-room," whispered Jerry, who never for a second left the governor's side. "Steady, Jimmy! Hold yourself. It's only a matter of minutes now. I'm praying they'll take you first, for the few last moments alone for the one who's left behind, waiting, will be worse than hell itself."

Though he was not conscious that anyone had entered the cell, the governor found the warden beside him with the death-warrant, and the chaplain and guards waiting a step behind. One guard stooped and slit each of Jerry's trouser legs from ankle to knee.

"Am I to go first?" Jerry asked.

"The warden nodded.

"It's time," he said. The chaplain began to intone a prayer.

Jerry caught the governor's hands in his and held them, tight-clasped, through a long silence.

"Good-by, pal," he said, at last. "If I could, I would have spared you the next ten minutes. But hold yourself, Jimmy, for there's nothing to fear. There's something better than we've ever known on the other side of the chair—there must be. Well, good-by, Jimmy."

Jerry drew the two photographs from their resting-place against his heart.

"Good-by, dear ones, and forgive me for all the grief I've caused you," he whispered very softly.

Then, smiling, as if already he had an answer to that last plea, he waved a farewell to the governor and was gone.

Jared Husted dropped on his pallet. He heard the slow tread of feet recede down the corridor. He heard the little door open and close. Then silence—a long, terrible silence, in which the governor's eyes, drawn by a fearful and irresistible fascination, were fixed on the glowing incandescent lamp.

Suddenly the light grew dim. The governor cried out and covered his face. Minutes passed.

The cell door reopened. Jared Husted rose to his feet as he felt a knife rip his trouser leg. One uncontrollable spasm of terror left him with fiercely clenched teeth. It passed, and in its stead he felt great peace. Pleasant memories, long forgotten, of his boyhood flashed through his mind. An endless chain of trivialities, all pleasant and soothing, filled his thoughts.

Everything was ready. Firmly and without a tremor, he stepped out of the cell. He saw the little door before him. It opened and three steps beyond it he stood beside the chair itself.

Before him, and seen dimly, as if through a haze, were a circle of men's faces, white and awed. Some one urged him gently toward the chair. He was in it now, with two guards deftly strapping his arms and

legs. Somewhere behind him, the chaplain was praying. He felt the cold electrode pressed down against his shaved head. The black cap was slipped over his face, shutting out all light. Swift fingers hooked something against his lips. The governor's muscles strained against the straps that bound him as he awaited the death-shock.

Suddenly his body stiffened with a sharp jerk. Uncountable specks of dazzling light flashed, not before but through his eyes. His head seemed to soar, to swell inconceivably, to burst in a blank chaos of nothingness.

Through the blackness, the governor became conscious of warmth. He was at ease and utterly at peace. Then, with a shock of unutterable surprise, he heard a sound and recognized it. It was the strident honk of an automobile horn. He opened his dimmed eyes and saw he was in a taxi-cab.

"A horrible dream! My God, could it have been only that?" he questioned, raising his hand to his perplexed head. His fingers touched the naked spot that had been shaved in readiness for the chair.

As the governor shrank, shuddering, against the cushions, there was a movement on the seat beside him and, turning in renewed alarm, he looked into the quiet, kindly eyes of Jerry McWilliams.

"You!" he exclaimed.

"I must talk fast for in ten minutes this car will drop you at the Capitol, Governor," Jerry explained. "The death-cell and the electric chair you've just escaped were not a dream, not a phantasy. They were real. For three days you've been in the death-house with me, but not at Lester Prison. You've been in a cell prepared especially for you here in this city. It was the exact duplicate of the one at Lester. From the moment we anaesthetized you—I used hydrous oxide, Governor, because it's entirely safe and thoroughly efficient—and kidnapped you, you've been doing and seeing precisely what you would have done and seen if you actually had been in the Lester death-house—if I really had been Jerry McWilliams and you Jimmy Holman, cell-mates condemned to die together."

"What is the object of this criminal trick?" demanded the executive. "Why have I been made its victim?"

"Because the law has decreed that Jerry McWilliams who, we know, does not deserve death, must die. Because we knew that you, after the 'close-up' personal experience you've just had, cannot fail to commute him. Jerry has but one more day to live unless you intervene. You know now what that day will be to him. You know now whether he deserves it."

The governor sat in silence. His anger was forgotten. He was thinking of the Jerry McWilliams, whose cell-partner he had been; his own fierce resentment against the power that had decreed his comforting friend's death still lingered.

"But, man, the Jerry McWilliams I've been with during these days—that Jerry was you! Was he, as I knew him, like the real Jerry? Was his story, as you told it, this man's true story?" the governor asked.

"Absolutely. Every word you heard in that cell was God's own truth. You can easily prove that. Send for 'Spider' Newman—he's one of the ward-bosses who helped elect you—and grill the truth from him."

The car slowed down at the steps of the Capitol.

"Who has dared to kidnap and imprison the governor of this state?" demanded Husted as he stepped from the auto.

"The Gray Brothers," answered his companion.

Through the Little Door

(Concluded)

"And they are who and what?"

"A secret and invisible power with a long, long arm, Governor—an arm that rates right and justice even above the law of statute-books."

As the governor climbed the Capitol steps and the car whirled round the corner, the chauffeur leaned back toward the man who had been Jared Husted's cell-mate.

"Well, Blackie, will the governor save Jerry, do you think?" the driver asked anxiously.

"He will. My cell-partner, Jimmy Holman, is the right sort of governor," answered Boston Blackie, relaxing wearily against the cushions. "Lord, Lewes, I'm worn out. That death-cell business wasn't pretense or acting with me. I actually lived it."

"You here! Why, Governor, what has happened?" exclaimed an amazed secretary as the governor entered his office.

"I didn't go West. I've been making a personal investigation of some prison matters," Husted replied. "Do you know one of our ward-bosses named Newman? Good! Phone him to come down here to my office at once. And you can go for the night, Norris. I sha'n't need you." Then after a pause, the governor added:

"Before you go, fill out a commutation for that condemned man, McWilliams, whose wife and mother were down here to see me. I may decide to sign it before morning."

Movie Appraisal

TWO photoplay producers, once friends, even though competitors in the agency business, met in Los Angeles recently. Their coming-together was the first encounter in many years. They were glad to see each other, and Smith wound up an animated conversation by inviting Jones, who lived in New York, to his home for dinner.

Smith has travelled. Jones has not. Smith has made a name for himself with a few exceptionally intelligent pictures. Jones has made a lot of money with a lot of poor pictures. Smith has improved his later golden hours to acquire a little of the polish so totally lacking in his youth. Jones has improved his later golden hours to pile up more gold.

Last year Smith went to the Orient. On the wall of his drawing room hangs a magnificent painting that he bought in Benares. Its subject is the Taj-Mahal, that great Indian monument to a monarch's deathless love.

Jones was quite taken with the painting. He inspected it from all sides, put up his nose-glasses, and brought down his face.

"How much did this cost you?" he asked.

"Not so much," returned Smith. "Only a thousand dollars."

"Ain't you the liar!" said Jones, grinning genially.

"I'm telling you the truth!" affirmed Smith, a bit testily.

"Say!" protested Jones, "I been putting up sets for five years, and I know how much materials cost. This is real pretty, but if it didn't set you back ten thousand beans to build, I'm a lunatic!"



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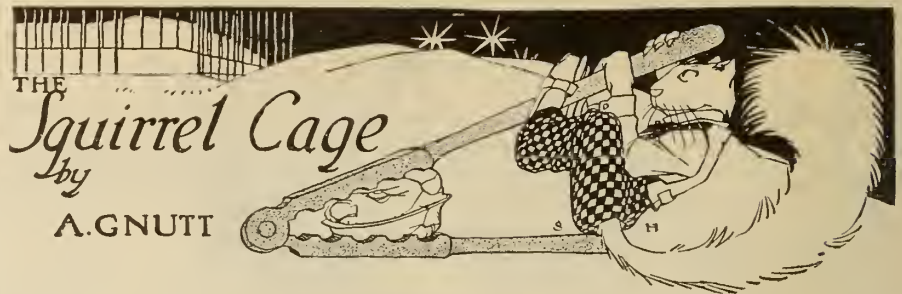
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SITTER—This photograph won't do; why, I look like an ape.
Photographer—My dear sir, you should have thought of that before you came to me.—*London Opinion.*

SAM, on board the transport, had just been issued his first pair of hobnails.
"One thing, suah," he ruminated, "if Ah falls overboard, Ah suttinly will go down at 'tenshun."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

HIKING through the small French town, an ignorant chicken, unversed in the appetites of American darkies, crossed the road in front of a colored detachment. With much zeal a soldier broke forth from the ranks and set out in pursuit.

"Halt!" bellowed the officer in charge. Both fowl and negro only accelerated their paces.
"Halt! Halt!" repeated the officer. The dusky dough-boy made one plunge, grasped the chicken by the neck and stuffed it, still struggling, inside his shirt.

"Dere!" he panted. "Ah'll learn you to halt when de captain says halt, you disobedient bird."—*Q. M. C. Recruiting Notes.*

HOSTESS'S Daughter (trying desperately to keep the conversation going): "Have you ever heard the joke about the curio dealer who had two skulls of Columbus, one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man?"
Fitznoodle: "No, I don't think I have. What is it?"—*Tit-Bits.*

THE hen exclaimed, in accents rough.

As on the nest she settled down:
"I'm trying to lay eggs enough
To hold the market prices down."

—*Washington Star.*

NORTH—"I see they're reviving the talk about trial marriages. Do you believe in them?"

West—"Well, mine is quite a trial, but I can't say I believe in it especially."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

THE old lady sat on the hotel veranda watching the children play. Presently a boy came up to her. His hands were full of walnuts.

"Can you crack nuts?" he asked.

The old lady smiled sadly.

"I'm afraid I can't," she said, "I lost all my teeth years ago. I do so wish—"

"Then hold these while I get some more," said the boy.

MOSES: "Ve give little Ikey two shillings a veek pocket-money."

Cohen: "Dat vos a lot of money every veek, Moses."

Moses: "Ah, vell, it pleases 'im. Vy let 'im put it in the gas-meter; 'e thinks it is a mone'-box."

WILLIE—Mamma, will you answer just one more question; then I won't bother you any more?

Mamma—All right, then, what is it?

Willie—Why is it that the little tiny fishes don't drown before they have learned to swim?—*Houston Post.*

A PROMINENT city man, who is as parsimonious as he is wealthy, is very fond of getting advice free. Meeting a well-known physician one day, he said to him:

"I am on my way home, doctor, and I feel very seedy and worn out generally; what ought I to take?"

"Take a taxi," came the curt reply.—*Tit-Bits, London.*

"HALLOA! little man," exclaimed the doctor, "and what do you think of the medicine I sent you yesterday?"

"I don't wish to think of it at all, doctor," replied the child. "I want to try to forget it."—*Tit-Bits.*

DISTURBING Element.—A well-to-do Scottish woman one day said to her gardener:

"Mam Tammas, I wonder you don't get married. You've a nice house, and all you want to complete it is a wife. You know the first gardener that ever lived had a wife."

"Quite right, missus, quite right," said Thomas, "but he didna keep his job long after he gat the wife."
—*The Watchman-Examiner (New York).*

AN old dame at a railway station accosted a porter and inquired where she could get her ticket. The man pointed in the direction of the booking office.

"You can get it there," he said, "through the pigeon-hole."

"Get away with you, idiot!" she exclaimed.

"How can I get through that little hole? I ain't no pigeon!"—*Tit-Bits.*

MISTRESS: "What is your name?"

Maid: "Miss Jenkins."

Mistress: "But you don't expect me to call you Miss Jenkins?"

Maid: "Ho, no. Not if you've got an alarm clock."—*Tit-Bits.*

LEW MCCALL says that motorists who come through Columbus en route for Kansas City have about the following conversation when they stop at the filling station here:

If it's a Cadillac, the driver says: "How far is it to Kansas City?" "One hundred and forty miles," is the reply. "Gimme twenty gallons of gas and a gallon of oil," says the driver. Then comes a Buick and the chauffeur says: "How far is it to Kansas City?" "One hundred and forty miles." "Gimme ten gallons of gas and a half-gallon of oil," and he drives on. Along comes a flivver and the driver uncranks himself, gets out and stretches, and asks: "How far is it to Kansas City?" "Oh, about one hundred and forty miles." "Is that all? Gimme two quarts of water and a bottle of '3 in 1,' and hold this son-of-a-gun until I get in."—*Columbus (Mo.) Advocate.*

YOU can't fool all the people all of the time; but then, most of us are alive only part of the time.
—*Life.*

"I SAY, porter, did you find fifty dollars on the floor this morning?"

"Yes, suh. Thank you, suh."—*Brown Jug.*

A MAN returning home late one night was attacked by a tramp, who, not satisfied with annexing his victim's watch and chain, turned his pockets out and took his money.

When the unfortunate man staggered to his feet he beheld the tramp smiling at his discomfort.

"Here's half a crown for yer, guv'nor," he said; "my mate's down the road, and if he meets yer, and you ain't got no money, he might hurt yer."

"IF a man had put a hundred dollars in a savings bank twenty years ago," said the statistician after dinner, "it would amount to over two hundred now, and he could buy almost as much for it now as he could have got for the original hundred at the time he began to save."—*New York Sun.*

"REMEMBER, my good man," said the visitor kindly, "that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

"Well, they've got me hypnotized, then, that's all, ma'am!" said the old convict, rudely.

"WE made a solemn compact on the day we were married that in all minor affairs my wife's word should be law, while I should decide all major ones."

"Has the scheme worked?"

"Y-yes, I think I may say so. No major affairs happen to have cropped up."

"DID you ever see a 'still' in operation?"

"Once," said Mr. Jagsby. "I didn't get an opportunity to study it, however."

"Weren't you interested?"

"Very much so, but just as I began my investigation there came a loud, authoritative rapping on the door."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"CAN I interest you in this beautiful ten-volume edition of 'The Secret Memoirs of Cleopatra's Court?'" inquired the agent.

"You can not," replied the man of the house firmly. "My wife belongs to three afternoon card clubs and I can hear all the scandal I really care for without paying you a dollar a month for the rest of my life."—*Life.*

AN emigrant ship was wrecked, and many survivors landed on the Falkland Islands. When the news reached home, the minister of a church to which some of the emigrants had belonged included in the service a prayer for the victims of the wreck.

Being a very cautious man, he worded his prayer in this way:—

"Be with our brethren stranded in the Falkland Islands, which are situated in the South Atlantic Ocean."

"HOW is your new book?"

"Why, I think it's punk, but my publisher thinks it's better than my last one."

"Well, perhaps you're both right."—*Boston Transcript.*

"THIS play is taken from the book, 'He's Miserable,' by Victor Hugo, the noted French writer."—*Panama Star.*

He would not be less miserable, if he could hear of this.—*London Opinion.*

Pretty Soft to Be a Star, Eh?

(Concluded from page 44)

"10. You pay \$5,000 for clothes which you can never wear again and some of which appear to you to 'look like nothing' on the screen.

"11. You are interviewed—and interviewed until you feel that if you ever had a remote or latent idea that hasn't been wrenched from you, you are lucky.

"12. You read scripts and scripts lest you might 'overlook the bet' of the season and, for the most part, you find each one drearier than the one before.

"13. You 'make up' every morning at an hour when most of the people you know have just turned on their pillows for their real sleep.

"14. You wait—you wait in your dressing room for the call to the stage. You can't go downtown for you don't know when you'll be wanted and there's the makeup and the costume you're wilting in.

"15. The stage is all set—the lights are ready—the scene is opened and one of the members of the company, the one you are going to denounce so grandly, has not appeared and a message comes that he is ill.

"16. You must go to bed early every night to be fit in the morning and you must keep primed in every contortion of the human physiognomy and be an expert in every outdoor sport—for you never know what you'll have to do—from playing golf to diving from a 200-foot board.

"17. And when the picture is finished the parts you liked best are cut. And the cry of 'footage' wins and you drag yourself home to read the next scenario.

"But—there is, nevertheless, an eighteenth point, which circumvents all the others and makes the whole thing worth while. It is the life, the most interesting, the most distressing, the most engrossing, the most despairing, the most enchanting that I can conceive of."

As an example of the remarkable fact that the busier one is the more he finds time to do, is a brief sketch of some of the things Miss Davies is able to accomplish outside the studio. She not only studies French and keeps up with her singing lessons, but she makes, as well as plans, at least one-half of her clothes.

Accompanying this article are sketches and patterns designed by herself for this season's wear.

Griffith Still a "Showman"

ON June 25th, Mr. Griffith's "Way Down East" ended a run of forty-two weeks "on Broadway," New York. True, this was five weeks under the longitude record of his "The Birth of a Nation," which endured forty-seven weeks at the Liberty theater in the same city, but because the Forty-Fourth street theater where "Way Down East" played, is larger, the screened New England classic has established a world-record for metropolitan attendance. "Hearts of the World" also ran at the latter theater, continuously, from April 4 to Nov. 2, 1918. These facts are worthy of note in demonstrating that the Griffith mastery of the popular imagination, while not demonstrated in the challenging and spectacular manner of a few seasons ago, seems nevertheless as fundamentally sound and strong as ever.



When Eyes Are Close Is Your Complexion at Ease

Does your complexion wince under the appraising gaze? Does it fear the verdict—"make-up"—"coarse"—"muddy"? Or is it a complexion of confidence—one that delights in close inspection? It is the latter if you use Carmen! For Carmen gives the beauty, the youthful bloom, the satiny smoothness that craves scrutiny, knowing that the more critical the gaze, the more pronounced the praise.

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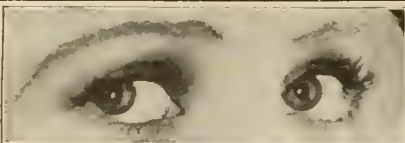
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You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



TEMPERAMENT

By

THOMAS MEIGHAN

THE more I see of temperament, the more I thank fortune that I haven't any, or that if I have, I manage to keep it submerged most of the time.

Temperament is a luxury that no one can really afford to indulge in. It is too much like drink or any other bad habit. In fact it is only a display of temper disguised. I don't believe any of us ever get too important in this world to be justified in a display of either temper or temperament. Elbert Hubbard once said, "Don't take yourself too d— seriously." And he was right. The reason we get into the habit of "flying off the handle" at the slightest provocation is that we do that very thing. We take ourselves and our work too seriously. True, we should invariably regard our work with respect and give it every consideration but we should also maintain our sense of proportion—our sense of humor.

Some great artists I know consider that they have a right to be temperamental and excuse it on the ground of their art. But that's no excuse at all. And anyone who goes through life making other people unhappy can have no justification. The worst of it is that the artist makes himself unhappy as well. Do you suppose for a moment that any of the ones who give way to wild fits of temper often over a trivial cause are the better for it? Science has even proved that anger precipitates poison into the system and results in disease. I honestly believe that. A lot of great artists die young—not because they are overburdened with their work or for any other reason than that they give way to their passions too frequently.

I have known many wonderful artists, men like Dave Warfield, for example, or John McCormack. I have seen stage waits that would cause some stars to tear their hair out by the roots and go into hysterics, and I have seen someone go to Mr. Warfield and try to apologize. Do you know his answer? He would say: "Well, you didn't do it on purpose, did you? Then why

apologize? I might have made the same mistake myself."

Some might say: "Oh, well, that sort of leniency only breeds carelessness." Not so. I never knew a man who had been thus considerably treated to repeat a mistake. His gratitude resulted in increased care and respect for Mr. Warfield.

John McCormack never loses his head or his temper; if he does he never shows it. I recall once when he was singing in San Francisco. Even the stage was packed with people—packed to suffocation. One woman near him was being pressed against the rope that held the crowd back until she was in physical agony. McCormack, without pausing in his song, reached for his knife, leaned over and cut the rope! I never knew a more considerate man nor one better loved by his associates.

Of course, we are all tempted to become temperamental at times. Many things happen in motion picture acting particularly to disturb one's equanimity, for it is an unduly trying profession at times. Nevertheless, I do my best to maintain an even temper and to overlook small things that are unmeant. Of course, I will not endure continued carelessness, studied insult or sheer stupidity. But just the same, I am sure there are many times that I have been thankful that I could keep my head and not give way to gusts of passion.

After all, we are all working together in this world and striving to the same end. Those who are not in the minority. Self sacrifice, brotherly love, consideration; all these things are to be cultivated. The Great War taught us a lot of things about these traits of character which some of us have very promptly proceeded to forget.

We can make it happy for ourselves and others if only we will reflect a bit—think twice before we speak once. And all the prosperity, popularity, genius and achievement in the world can never justify us in letting our temper get control. The moment we do this, we relinquish our own possession of our minds.

How I Keep in Condition

(Continued from page 40)

I ask you, is chocolate without whipped cream and sugar?), eat a cereal, oatmeal preferably, with salt and a little butter, and two or three kinds of fruit, fresh or cooked. For lunch I have fish, coarse bread, a salad with plenty of lettuce and real olive oil, two or three kinds of vegetables, comprising only the following: carrots, spinach, greens, summer squash, lima or string beans, and tomatoes. For dinner, I have soup—either a good strong broth, or a cream soup, meat without trimmings, by that I mean steak, roast beef, lamb, lamb chops, chicken or veal. These are cooked simply—roasted or broiled only. I have toasted bread, any kind of salad I like, a baked potato—the only way they may be cooked—and a glass of milk. For dessert, I have anything that contains no pastry.

Now this of course may be varied, but the ingredients must be the same.

About once or twice a year, I go on a milk diet. Every time I feel the slightest pang of hunger I drink milk. That's all I eat or drink except once a day a big hot baked potato. That I think is also Marjorie Rambeau's famous receipt for keeping her beauty. It is marvelous how it clears out the system. It lasts about ten days.

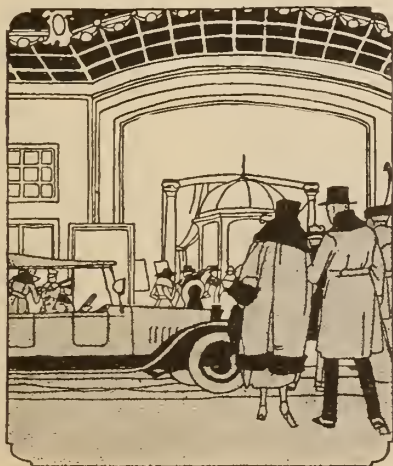
I always drink lemon juice in my water. And I drink quite a good deal of water—now. Not with my meals, though, be sure of that.

For my skin, I use a great deal of reliable cold cream. In dry climates that is especially necessary and in that case I should recommend practically never washing the face—only cleansing it thoroughly with cold cream and an occasional steaming with hot towels. My mother always taught me to use lots of good soap and water on my face and neck and ears. Well, it's all right for the neck and ears, I guess, but it's death on the skin if you use it much.

I honestly believe that walking is the finest exercise in the world. I hate it—I'd rather take a good licking than walk a block. But I do it just the same. You don't have to walk far, but you should do some outdoor walking every day—not just the average walking that housework makes you do indoors. I try to walk at least twelve blocks a day—that's a mile. Not far, but it will do great things for you if you keep at it.

The twentieth century woman feels it her right to smoke a cigarette, drink a cocktail—if she can get it—or a glass of wine with her dinner. I'm a suffragette to that extent myself. But it is one thing you cannot do when you're working and trying to keep in condition. You simply cannot.

The simple life is a great motto for a woman who wants to look her best, feel her best and act her best.



DRAW ME AND WIN A PRIZE

Do You Like to Draw? Copy this bathing girl, and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

1st Prize . . . \$50.00
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Rules for Contestants:

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

Note these rules carefully.

1. Make your drawing of girl 5 inches high, on paper 3½ inches wide by 7 inches high.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Sept. 5th, 1921. Drawings will be judged and prizes awarded by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Cut this ad out of the magazine now, and send your drawing to

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**

Love Confessions of a Fat Man

(Continued from page 23)



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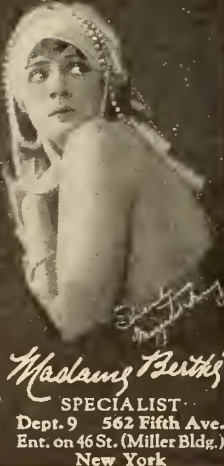
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SPECIALIST
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New York

"Now a fat man can certainly stand more emotional excitement than most men. It has farther to go before it hits any vulnerable point. Scenes, thrills, bills, and various other manifestations of the genus temperamentous feminus rebound from him with alacrity.

"In fact, it's all rather good for him. And temperamentalism is not good for most men. It frays their nerves and upsets their digestion and disrupts their business.

"A fat man has no nerves, no digestion and no business. At least, if he has they need fraying, upsetting and disrupting.

"Some people think fat men may be handsome. I shouldn't like to be quoted on that point.

"But anyway, with all she's got to look after, woman today cannot be bothered with all the grief and agony and care that comes from having a handsome husband running about. He takes too much looking after. A husband—an ordinary husband, requires as much looking after as a child. A handsome husband is like having twins. So she prefers somebody that, when she tucks him in at night and says, "Don't stay awake, dearie, I may be late," won't sneak out and go sleep-walking around the adjoining roofs. Fat men love to sleep. It's safe to leave 'em.

"Nothing is so humiliating to an efficient woman these days as an unfaithful husband. Fat men are inclined to be faithful. It's often a form of laziness, you know. Woman used to be proud of having a Greek God of her own. But competition is so keen since the war she'd rather accept a good, fat guarantee of fidelity and engrave on her crest the motto 'Beauty is only skin deep.'

"A smart woman wants a husband that will be a husband and stay a husband without too much protest.

"A fat man is a sentimental idiot as a general thing, filled with old-fashioned ideas about home, honor and marriages made in heaven. And since marriage is a secondary consideration to the woman of today who has equal rights with a man, she will pass up the spinal thrills for untroubled domesticity.

"Ever hear the old line about 'Love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence'?

"Bunk. Absolute bunk. Love isn't the entire existence of the female of the species in this year A. D.

"But a fat man doesn't mind that so much. He likes to be let alone a good deal. He can stand a modern wife who has as many interests as he has outside the home. It makes her lot easier to live with if she has something to think about and pick on besides him.

"A fat man is usually brave. He's had to be. It takes a brave man to marry the modern woman. She knows so much. It takes a brave man to marry at all. You walk into the church because some girl wants you to, and the first thing you know you're all messed up with posterity and responsible for the sins of your grandchildren.

"However, I believe in marriage. Life cannot be all sunshine.

"But I'm not sure as to love. Marriage would be safer without love.

"If you fall in love, nothing does you any good. It's fatal. I don't care if you know as much about women as Lew Cody says he does, if you really fall for one of them you're gone; take your choice between chloroform and the river.

"Why, if you don't care so awfully much about a girl you show some sense. Instead of treating her nice and jumping around like a trick duck, you can ignore her.

Treat her with superb indifference. Display your best traits. But not for her.

"Of course any man ought to be capable of falling mildly in love with every pretty woman he sees. But be reasonable. Love a little and a little while. Find a happy medium.

"My only requirements for a woman are that she be smart, well-dressed and have a lot of pep. I can get along without the blonde curls if they're apt to get tangled in her fan belt. She ought to be a good fellow. Never pick on a fellow because he's a man's man. If he's got to wander around when they go out together and smoke and talk, it's an innocent diversion. There are a lot worse.

"She doesn't have to be pretty. I can look at the scenery most anywhere from the Hudson to the Golden Gate. And I can contemplate strings of pearls in any jewelry window. If she's smiling and well-dressed, she's decorative enough for me.

"Every man starts life with a preconceived notion about women. And love and matrimony. Every man, and nine out of ten are cut off the same piece.

"A man's ideal is most of the things most men want to come home to—slippers, drawn curtains, a bright fire, peace, praise, comfort, and a good, hot dinner. He may take his romance with a dash of bitters, but he wants his matrimonial dreams padded so the sharp corners won't cut.

"Pretty soon he adjusts that viewpoint. Or some woman adjusts it for him.

"Now a fat man soon finds he needs somebody with a little more pep. He and a girl that's so full of pep she acts like a dynamo will strike a good average. He needs a stimulant, not a sedative. Whereas most men actually crave a bromide for a wife instead of a riot.

"I wouldn't marry the most beautiful woman in the world if she asked me. A beautiful wife is like a diamond necklace, nice to have but a lot of bother to take care of.

"You want a woman with pride in herself, who will keep pace with you. A fat man isn't exacting about details. He doesn't care whether his wife gets up to breakfast with him or not. I'd rather she didn't. I don't want to see anybody at breakfast. I want to be let alone, with my eggs and my paper. I'll bet you more quarrels start at the breakfast table than any other time.

"If she'll be up for dinner, bright and fresh and ready to cheer me on, I'll be satisfied. I like intelligent conversation. Not too highbrow—talking to some women is like trying to fly across the Atlantic in an aeroplane. Ten to one you won't make it, and if you do you wish you hadn't.

"The Turkish men are the most particular in the world—they can afford to be. And they prefer fat women.

"That's why I believe the American women, who are the most particular in the world, are coming to appreciate the advantages of fat men.

"Haven't you noticed what pretty girls I cop in the pictures?"

He began to shake all over with a big, jolly laugh.

"But you know, I have very high ideals about women. I understand—the best side of them sometimes. I like nice girls."

I just looked at him.

"But you don't deserve any penance," I said. "You could confess all that on the porch of the Hollywood Hotel and not be gossiped about. I'll have to absolve you right away."

"That," said he, with a complacent smile, "is because I'm fat."

The Girl Problem and the Pictures

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

EVA RYERSON LUDGATE—although she is an ordained Congregational minister with the legal right to put "Rev." in front of her name—looks more like a motion picture star than an evangelist. Perhaps that is why she has swept like a whirlwind, this year, through the ordinarily cold and not-too-enthusiastic New England States; why she is, at this moment of writing, drawing large and eager crowds to her meetings upon the Harvard Campus (where no one has ever successfully evangelized before). Perhaps that is why she preached, not so many months ago, to most of the A. E. F. in France and Germany—and got away with it!

The Rev. Eva and I were having breakfast together in my apartment, when I asked her what she really thought about the movies. We have breakfast together whenever she happens to be in town, and we always go in, heatedly, for some discussion. Usually it's about the Blue Laws, or Prohibition, or Sunday Baseball, or the like—usually it has to do with some current and vital question. And usually—with all of the guile that is in my nature—I try to bait her, to trick her into an argument. For I thoroughly enjoy the fighting sparkle that comes into her eyes when some tiny statement arouses, or displeases, her.

The sparkle came up, like a signal light, when I mentioned the movies. The Rev. Eva's cheeks flushed to a rosy red. And words came—in an excited flood—from her lips. Women—even when they are evangelists—are like that!

"You want to know," she questioned, "what I really think about the movies? Well, I don't mind telling you that I have thought about them a great deal—and very seriously, of late!

"You see," she was grave and unsmiling, "the pastor of a great church came to me, the other day, with a request. I had always thought that he was an exceedingly broad-minded man—but his request made him seem suddenly small, and narrow. 'Isn't it possible,' he asked, 'for you to occasionally speak against the motion pictures? I can't help feeling that they are a tremendous factor in our girl problem!'

"Of course," the Rev. Eva was smiling slightly, "I was angry. For I refuse to admit that we have any girl problem. I'm—I'm enthusiastic about the American girl! I think that

she's very wonderful and worth while. I was angry—but I managed to conceal my anger, as I answered.

"Just why," I queried sweetly, 'do you think that the movies are in any way related to what you call our Girl Problem?'

"The minister was a large, ponderous man. He puffed out his chest, importantly.

"Our girls,' he said, 'are degenerating—fast. They're going down hill. Look at the clothes they wear, look at the places they frequent, look at their manners and their slang! And—' he warned to his subject, 'where do they get the inspiration for their clothes and their amusements and their manners? They get them at the local movie house, watching the latest plays! That's why I want you to speak against the motion picture!'

"It was just then," the Rev. Eva was smiling reminiscently, "that I gave my opinion on the subject!"

"And what?" I questioned—forgetting that we were supposed to be having breakfast, "what was your opinion?"

The Rev. Eva beamed at me, over her coffee cup.

"In the first place," she said, "our girls are not degenerating. I told him that. And in the second place they are not being hurt by the moving pictures. Although," she sighed suddenly, "they are not being helped as much as they might be helped, by it!"

The conversation was beginning to go around in circles. With a slightly dazed sensation I tried, wildly, to bring it back to normal.

"Just how might they be helped—really?" I asked.

The Rev. Eva leaned her attractive head upon one pretty hand while the forefinger of the other traced mystic designs upon the white table cloth.

"The girl of today," she said slowly, "desires, above all things, to be beautiful and charming. She wants to wear the prettiest obtainable clothes; to make the most of herself. That is why she sometimes goes to the extreme in the matter of sheer blouses and short skirts and silk stockings—why she sometimes puts too much color on her cheeks and too much powder on her nose.

"She wants to be beautiful, with all of her not fully developed young soul. And she thinks that the shine of her skin, through thin Georgette, is pretty, and



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Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise.

The Girl Problem and the Pictures

(Concluded)

that the sheen of silk hose is pretty, and that pink cheeks are pretty. And that is why she does certain things that short-sighted folk condemn her for doing.

"The motion picture has helped to foster this idea of beauty. It has shown lovely women, and charming men, and beautiful homes to many a child who has worked most of her life in a factory—who has lived, for countless years, in a slum. It has raised her ideals, has set her groping after newer, more wonderful vistas. But—it has stopped there! It has not tried to direct her groping—to set her on the right track. And it might, so easily!"

"How?" I asked.

"If some clever person, in the motion picture business, would start a series of pictures—for girls—he would be doing a very useful thing," the Rev. Eva told me, "not only useful—but profitable to himself. There should be lessons in dressing well, in making the home attractive, in being charming personally, in bringing out one's best points—mental, physical and moral, and in becoming popular and well liked by other people. The motion picture theater that ran such a weekly feature would—I am sure—notice an increase in patronage. Why," the Rev. Eva was large eyed and very serious, "why, the average girl would rather miss her meals than such an opportunity to learn!"

She paused and I filled in the empty space with words.

"Do you think that this plan of yours would be as popular in the cities as it would be in the small towns?" I asked.

The Rev. Eva nodded.

"Yes," she said, "I do. City girls are just as anxious to learn as any other girls."

First of the Immortals

(Concluded from page 55)

But his death brings, too, the compensating knowledge that the deeds and thoughts of men endure. And it also makes vivid for us the knowledge that the art of motion pictures is not only of our short day and generation, but of the long tomorrows and the generations yet to come.

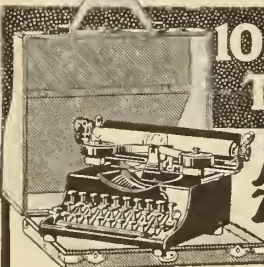
And this knowledge can not help but inspire the efforts and strengthen the ideals of those who still labor in the field where he too dreamed and labored.

George Loane Tucker was born in Chicago of an old theatrical family. He studied law at the University of Chicago law school and later was associated, at various times, with well-known theatrical producing companies. For the screen, he produced the English and European versions of "The Christian," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Arsene Lupin." Perhaps his most notable picture before he was acknowledged one of the greatest American producing directors was "Virtuous Wives," which starred Anita Stewart. After this came "The Miracle Man"—and with it, Tucker's complete recognition as one of the masters of screencraft. Tucker made only one more picture after "The Miracle Man." It was "Ladies Must Live," which has not yet been released by Paramount.

Mr. Tucker was critically ill for several months. His recovery had been extremely doubtful for more than a year. With him when he died were his mother, Mrs. Ethel Tucker of Chicago, and his wife, well known on the stage as Elizabeth Risdon.

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The Romance of the Third Dimension

(Continued from page 42)



THE MURDERED MAN

The dramatic contrast of tones, the violent chiaroscuro, and the converging lines of diminished lights focusing the attention on the bed, produce the suggestion of the ominous and tragic, which is the emotional motif of this scene. There are no suspended rhythms or unresolved movements here: all lines and forms are architectonically static, thus producing a stimulus whose emotional reaction is finality.

pheres and dramatic tensities. The different schools of modern painting have determined and developed these various laws, and in America are those who stand highest in their respective lines of artistic research.

It is possible to produce an infinitely superior picture to "Caligari" in our own country, now. If the right men were chosen for it, it would possess in a much greater degree the illusion of three dimensions. It would be a dozen times as varied as the "Caligari" film, for within these shores we have the leading representatives of practi-

cally all the modern art schools. Such an American-made picture would not only be more dramatically effective, but it would be more original, more appealing and more beautiful. It would be as far in advance of "Caligari" as that picture was in advance of the old-time conventional "feature."

Its cost would be about one-third that of the average super-feature today. It would end, once and for all, this silly talk about "German invasion" and "German supremacy." It would set motion picture production ahead twenty years!

The Transit of Venuses

WILMETTE, fashionable suburb of Chicago, is all torn out by a question of female beauty as revealed in the movies.

The subject for debate is: "Should a movie theater be permitted to exhibit a film showing bathing beauties silhouetted behind a screen in the act of doffing their street attire?"

A group of blushing citizens, viewing this film, protested that the village needed movie censorship. Accordingly, the offending celluloid was viewed by Edward Gipf, president of the Village Board; Mrs. John C. Baker, president of the Wilmette Woman's Club, and Mrs. Louis W. Crush, president of the Catholic Woman's Club of the city.

"There's nothing objectionable in it," was Mr. Gipf's verdict. "It is nothing more than can be seen any hot day on our summer beaches."

"Perfectly all right," said Mrs. Baker.

"Nothing that anyone could take offense at," echoed Mrs. Crush.

Mrs. R. E. Bruns, of 751 Michigan Avenue, Wilmette, the mother of five children, says: "Movie censorship should be imposed by parents, and not by the authorities. Parents should decide what films their children are to see. Most parents send their children to the movies to get rid of them, so they won't be bothered with them"—please accept PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S applause for the utterance of a great truth, Mrs. Bruns!—"without a thought of what they may see there."

If the common sense and practicality of Wilmette could be distributed over these United States, and a little more thickly in Ohio and Pennsylvania than elsewhere, it would be a great thing for art, for family life, for decency and for tolerance.

Forty-Seven Thousand Theaters

ACCORDING to some late statistics that's the number of photoplay houses there are in the world today. Of this total the United States alone has 18,000. Surprisingly, the great territory of South America, with its numerous cities and hundreds of towns, is given a total of only 1200 picture shops, as against 3500 in Bolshevik Russia. Germany has 3731; Great Britain, 3000; France, 2400; and Italy, 2200. Scandinavia seems surprisingly low in the

list, with a credit of only 703, while little Belgium has 778—nearly three times as many as fatly prosperous Holland. The Turks don't do much picturing, apparently, for this list finds only thirty-two picture shops in all the Sultan's domain, while starving Austria still has 800. Altogether, Asia and Africa and Australia, with their countless millions, have only 1361 film theaters.



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2. Not to cause dark streaks following successive applications.
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MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 60 and 61.

VG., TEXAS.—You wish to know if it is proper for a young girl of sixteen to wear high heels and dresses at the knee and bob her hair. I should say that the high heels and short dresses were not nearly so proper as the bobbed hair. High heels are not so healthful for a growing girl as low ones, and the exceedingly short dresses are no longer so much in vogue. If I were you I would cut my hair and lengthen my dresses.

MARGARET C. Y., SO. BERKELEY, CAL.—Another bobbed hair question! I would not bob my hair simply because all the other girls you know are doing it. However, I do think bobbed hair very charming for a young lady. If your hair is very long, it would seem rather a shame to cut it. If you do not, be sure always to wear it dressed very simply. An elaborate coiffure is hardly appropriate for a twenty-year-old.

M. F., WINTHROP, MASS.—A very tall girl should try to avoid long lines. Wear your skirts as short as fashion dictates. If you will study the sketches on the fashion pages in PHOTOPLAY, I believe you will find many helpful suggestions. There is no hard and fast rule which guarantees that a certain style will make a slim woman look plump, and vice versa. With your coloring—light brown hair and blue eyes—it should not be difficult for you to dress becomingly.

REGINA M., HASTINGS, MINN.—Any and all of the cold creams advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE are very good. I heartily endorse them and I am sure you will find the results will be all that can be desired. With blue eyes and dark brown hair, which combination, by the way, seems to be a popular one this month, you should find it very easy to choose what colors to wear.

HELENE L., ELLENVILLE, N. Y.—For your entertainment, I would suggest you wear a very simple little evening dress. As you are only fifteen years old, it should be very simple indeed. In this issue of PHOTOPLAY, I have had sketched two very charming evening dresses. Both are very simple and either would be appropriate. I cannot send you patterns of either dress, but if you study them, you will know what is being worn. Dress your hair very simply. Don't be ashamed of that high forehead in spite of the fact that the tendency today is to cover the forehead and ears as much as possible. A beautiful brow and small, well-shaped ears are still matters for congratulation.

LILLIAN D. B., INDIANAPOLIS.—I have not established a shopping service for the readers of PHOTOPLAY. It is my aim to let you know the latest developments of fashion as seen in the new models from the ateliers

of Paris and New York. If you watch my department and the frocks and hats sketched there, as well as all the accessories, you will never be at sea when you go into a shop to buy anything. It is hard to know whether or not advertised articles are authentically in the mode. I am trying to make this easier for you. If you will enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, I will answer you by mail.

RUSSELL M., NEW HAVEN.—We are not going to try to tell folk what the well-dressed man will wear. That is a subject which requires better judgment than I possess. I believe there are magazines which try to do this, but PHOTOPLAY is not one of them. In fact, it taxes all my ingenuity to tell what the well-dressed girl will wear!

E. D. B., CANTON.—Good health is really the first rule of beauty. If you are feeling fit, your complexion will not have blemishes, your eyes will not lack lustre, your figure will not droop. A woman with commonplace features is often considered pretty simply because she has a wholesomeness, a vivacity which count more than perfect profile. We cannot all be beautiful but we can be charming if we try. Write to me again and ask me some more specific questions.

L. O., NEW YORK CITY.—I will be very glad indeed to see a photograph of your little daughter. I will study it and advise you as to what I think she should wear. I have only one rule of dress which applies to young and old alike: simplicity. Remember that the smartest women do not wear elaborate overdone things. Simplicity, as I remarked on my two pages this month, is usually more expensive than anything else!

MARY G., DETROIT.—The latest golf toggs are the suits with knickers. They are very sensible, I think, and very trim. I am going to show you some new sports things in the next issue. Please watch out for them. Yes, the sleeveless dress and jacket are still very good. Girls have been wearing them all summer, and they are practical and pretty.

LUCY, PASADENA.—My dear, I do not like to disappoint you, but I must ask you, very seriously, not to wear those new slippers on the street! And I would not wear open-worked stockings except on formal occasions. They are decidedly not appropriate for everyday wear. With your evening dress, why not wear a pair of brocaded slippers? They come in silver and gold brocade, with rhinestone buckles. One of the very newest pairs is sketched in my department, elsewhere in this issue.

Well, Hardly!

LIVES there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
I can write a photoplay?

—The Photodramatist

Goodbye, Bathing Girl!

(Concluded from page 33)

screen prop, it was Phyllis Haver.

"I don't know exactly what I'm going to do," she told me.

She may remain with Sennett and follow in Mabel Normand's footsteps with another "Mickey"—or she has had an offer to join a big eastern company and become, so they say, a second Connie Talmadge, which is quite an offer.

There is something about Phyllis Haver that very few American actresses possess. And that is the spirit of outdoors. Even when you meet her beneath electric lights, or in the artificial atmosphere of the studio, she has a freshness that is like the freshness of a meadow in spring. Her blonde hair is bright and rather like new corn, her face is browned by the sun, her eyes have the quiet, cool look of outdoor people.

Her strength is amazing. Under her soft, satin skin there are long, flexible muscles like silver wire. When she hardens them they bunch and ripple like a prize fighter's.

She went into pictures about five years ago—before she had finished high school.

"I was just actually pushed into pictures," she said, with her frank, frequent smile. "I hadn't any desire to go—hadn't any ambition to work.

"I had a boy friend who worked out at Lasky's. I was going to Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles. He asked me to come out one Saturday if I wanted to and see the studio and how they made motion pictures. I was crazy to go, of course, and I did.

"One director working there that day saw me and he offered me a job on the spot. He said he had a part right that minute for me and even wanted me to borrow make-up and work.

"I simply giggled my head off at him. I told him I was in school—didn't want to work. That night he called me at my house. Three days later he called again. I finally decided to do it. I only had a month more in school and my eyes had been troubling me. I played the part of a cigarette girl. Then I did extras a while and then one day I was sent for on the Sennett lot. Honestly, it was funny. I'm mighty lucky. That's all it ever is, really—luck. They hardly let me get on the lot before they hired me. I can't understand it.

"I've been there ever since.

"But now—no mere bathing girl stuff for me. I'm through."

Her mother only finds one thing remarkable about her lovely daughter. "I never saw such a disposition. From the time she was a baby she always woke up in the morning and began to sing in her bed. She still does it."

Isn't that wonderful? The only thing that keeps me from committing murders in the morning is that people I'd like to murder aren't around.

A girl who had chummed with Phyllis Haver for years once told me that she had never seen her angry.

To laugh as often and as easily and as sincerely as Phyllis Haver, to wake up singing and to sing through the toughest days, to be actually contented and satisfied most of the time—it's a wonderful gift.

I adore her clothes. Smart, simple, outrageously expensive tailored things that suit her clean-cut, blonde type, she is to my idea the best dressed girl in pictures—on the street.

Anyway, I hope she'll keep that bathing suit put away in moth balls and when her grandchildren gather about her knee she can take it out and say, "Now dears, this voluminous garment was once—"



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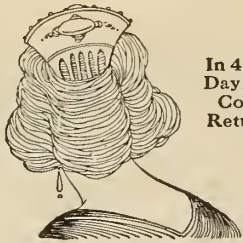
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Write postal or letter today to
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LESTER PARK-EDWARD WHITESIDE
PHOTOPLAY PRODUCTIONS
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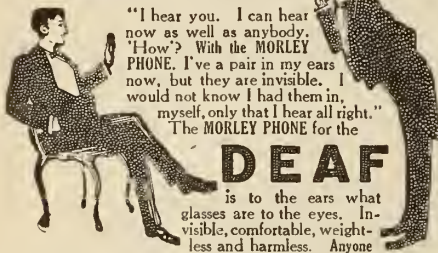
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Vamps of All Times

(Continued from page 50)

aloft with the fatal knife, Artemis changed her whimsical mind and with one of the most remarkable sleight-of-hand tricks ever performed on any stage, substituted a deer for the beautiful girl.

But this did not end the incident. Artemis, taking a liking to Iphigenia, spirited her away to her gorgeous temple in Tauris, where she installed her in brilliant robes as her chief priestess in charge of all sacrifices. Thus, through her obedience to her father's will, Iphigenia found her position changed from that of a sacrifice to that of a sacrificer.

As such, it became Iphigenia's official function to vivisect every foreigner she could, hold of. This duty she performed for many years to the best of her ability, although it was afterwards explained by her family that she never really acquired a liking for the job.

One day two strangers landed from a boat on the shores of Taurica. In accordance with the regular custom, Iphigenia had them brought up to the altar and began her preparations for the ceremony. As she was whetting the knife she held in both of her white and slender hands, she heard them talking about their country. Thus she learned that they had come from Sparta.

That gave her an idea. She suspended the preparations long enough to write an autograph letter to the old folks at home, telling them where she was and that she was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. This letter she addressed to her brother, Orestes.

While the two strangers were arguing with each other as to who should have the privilege of carrying it home instead of offering up his life on the altar of a foreign country, one of them happened to look at the address on the envelope. Then, without further conversation, he broke open the seal, opened the letter and began to read it.

"How dare you!" exclaimed the priestess angrily.

"This letter is addressed to me," he explained with affected calm; "I am Orestes."

"What—Orestes, the son of Aga—Agamemnon?" gasped Iphigenia.

"The same," responded the stranger. Then, glancing at the signature and raising his welling eyes to the priestess, he cried with a choking voice:

"And you—you are my long-lost little sister, Iph!"

The upshot of this extraordinary incident was that Iphigenia, with Orestes and his companion, who happened to be her handsome young cousin Pylades, sailed secretly for home that very night. As a reminder of his sister's distinguished career in Tauris, Orestes took along the splendid statue of her friend and patron Artemis and had it set up in Athens. The Athenians, however, later regretted the gift, as the statue brought the bad habit of human sacrifices with it.

This experience supplied to Artemis one of the best Seven Dramatic Plots in the world. She turned it over to Euripides on a fifty-fifty basis, but after the play had turned out the success of the season and had run all winter at the leading theater in Athens, Euripides refused to carry out the terms of the contract. Artemis was so deeply affected by this evidence of masculine perfidy that she haughtily disdained to sue for an accounting and her share of the gross receipts.

Lacking as she was in sentiment, Artemis seems to have been equally devoid of a sense of humor. Members of Immortals' Club of Olympus are fond of telling, over their ambrosia and nectar-and-pepsin, the story of the Calydonian boar.

Oeneus, king of Calydon, in Aetolia, had the poor judgment or the misfortune, when

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Vamps of All Times

(Concluded)

he was sacrificing to all the gods one day, to omit the name of Artemis from the list of beneficiaries. In justice to Oeneus, it should be said that the omission appears to have been the work of his master of the hounds, who was disgusted with the lady game-warden's prohibition of hunting out of season. This merry gentleman is reported to have said, as he drew his stylus through the name of Artemis in the omnibus list:

"Won't this be a pip of a joke on the old Sour-Face!"

But Artemis could take no joke. White with anger at the fancied indignity, she sent a great boar of the most destructive proclivities to ravage King Oeneus's territory. It took all the heroes of Greece to bag the savage animal, and it was a woman that made the first dent in his bomb-proof hide—but that is another story again.

The Amen Cornerites of the Immortals' Club were in the habit of whispering with knowing smiles of Artemis's great ambition. For the achievement of that ambition she tried her hardest to vamp the world. That ambition was to descend into history, like Queen Elizabeth several thousands of years later, as the "Virgin Queen," or rather goddess. The Amen Cornerites were wont to point to Artemis's goings on in Ephesus as adventures that required an explanation.

As Ares put it one day when the butler had forgotten to put the legal quantity of pepsin in his iced nectar: "You've got to

show me how Artie can pose as the Queen of Life and put the kibosh on married life at the same time."

"Now just what do you mean by that, old man?" drawled Dionysus, ringing for Gany-mede, the head pepsin mixer.

"I pass," announced Ares after a significant pause, deftly changing the subject.

On this issue the fame of Artemis seems to rest under a Scotch verdict, similar to that brought by the grand jury of History in the case of Elizabeth vs. Riccio et Ali.

As her peculiarities developed with the increasing years, there grew up a popular opinion that she was not only a "Sour-face" but also a "grouch," to quote King Oeneus's waggish master of the hounds once more.

To this growing resentment against "blue" legislation Herostratus, a millionaire sportsman and man-about-town of Ephesus, gave tangible expression by burning down the wonderful temple of Artemis in that town. The building and its contents happened not to be insured. Smarting under the heavy loss, and suspecting that Herostratus had committed the deed in the hope of achieving notoriety, the board of aldermen of Ephesus, after a stormy meeting, passed an ordinance forbidding the mention of his name within the fire-limits of the city.

But the passing of that ordinance had only one result—and that was to make both Herostratus and Artemis more talked about than they ever had been before the fire.



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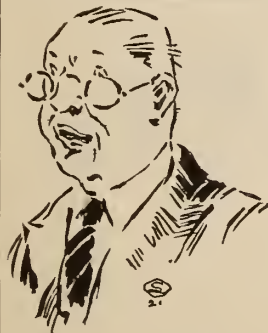
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FOREWORD

ONCE upon a time there was a movie actor who took his art very seriously. He tried mighty hard to be a good actor, but in spite of his efforts, the notices he received from the editors pronounced him bad. Whereupon, the actor was sorely grieved, and set out to show the editors their mistake.

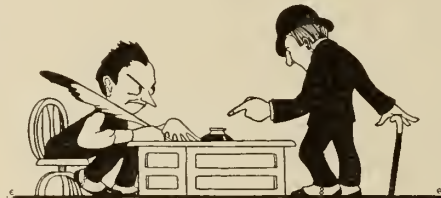
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bewailed the editor. "I can't make love in a mad-house."
"You can if you're mad enough," smiled the leading lady with sweet sarcasm. "Exercise your neck a little. Taller men than you have made love to me."
"Ye Gods!" screamed the editor. "I'll have you know I'm an—"
"You're a darn rotten actor," growled the director. "Some pep now. Camera!"

EPISODE III

Scene—Editor's Office

Time—Same any day after



"Speaking of the 'editor's easy chair,' I haven't found anything so comfortable about this one," the actor sighed. "Can you suggest anything for the issue we are going to offer the public next week?"

"We've written everyone in pictures up to the collar, and down to the last shoe button," answered the first assistant "When we ran out of praise, we handed them blame. Turn on your idea box—think of something new."

"Call in the office force," the actor said. "Perhaps they'll have an idea."

EPISODE I

Scene—Editor's Office

Time—Any day in any month

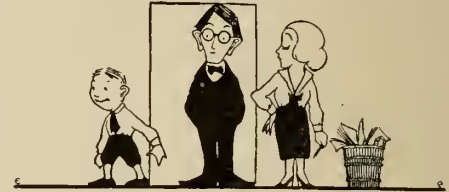
"I'm sick of being called a bum actor," cried the movie star. "Why won't you say something good about me sometime?"

"Why won't you learn to act?" the editor retorted.

"I don't like your writing any better than you like my acting. If you'll teach me to act, I'll teach you to criticise," the actor bargained.

"A fair exchange is no robbery," quoth the editor. "Suppose then, you stay here, and, amid the turbulent quiet of an editorial office, publish my magazine for me. I'll take your make-up and show you acting as it should be. Perchance you can show me something new about editing a magazine, and maybe I can show you something you don't know about acting."

"As a man of ideas, you take the prize," applauded the actor. "You're on. I wish you luck, and I'll bless you out unmercifully in the next issue."



"Attention, everybody," ordered the first assistant. "Line up, and fire ideas—if you have any."

"Get a picture of Charlie Chaplin lickin' Doug Fairbanks," suggested Eddie the office boy.

"I think a story of Mary Pickford's home life would be cute," lisped Goldie, the sten.

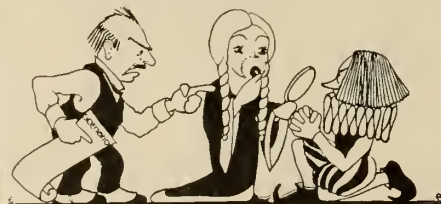
"Or perhaps—why Mary Garden didn't like the movies," spoke up the art director. "Old stuff," groaned the actor.

"O well," sympathized the first assistant, "let's write up the sorrows of the director, and razz the actors a bit more. That always gets away like hot-cakes in Childs."

EPISODE IV

Scene—Editor's Office

Time—Some time later



"As an editor, you'd make a better actor," opined the editor.

"Yeh, and may I return the compliment," yawned the actor.

"Well, are you ready to go back and act?" demanded the editor.

"I am. And if you call what you did good acting, then I'm a John Edwin Booth Barrymore."

"You are," the editor agreed. "And I'll tell'm so in the next number, if I can persuade anyone to buy it, after what you did to the last one."

"Thanks," said the actor, and he strolled out.

"Now," murmured the editor, "let's have a little pep in it. Attention there Kodak!"

EPISODE II

Scene—A Movie Studio

Time—Any day after the day in any month

"That light hurts my eyes," the editor snarled. "Besides which, the story is rotten, and I don't like the leading lady. She's a head too short, and her dress is in rotten taste."

"It's the story, you simp—" this the sweating director.

"I said it was rotten."

"And if you don't like the light, don't look at it. Now put some pep in this—if you're any kind of an actor at all."

"There's too much noise around here,"

The Old Nest

(Continued from page 37)

dressmakers must live. Slowly the mother reached for the bills. Gently she raised Kate's hand and crushed the money into her fingers.

There would be a time of explanation and justification and argument with Anthon later, but now the mother smiled. She had made her daughter happy.

There were letters from Tom, now established but not prospering as a lawyer in New York. When Tom wrote it was to ask for a check. Things were coming slowly he said. Mother always found a way, even when Dr. Anthon was impatient or hopeless.

Jim, promising his mother to do better, took a job in Atkinson's store. His mother told Dr. Anthon of it with pride.

But Anthon held his reservations. He had found Jim giving more attention to novels than the medical works that he was urging upon the unwilling boy.

The Anthon's, beaming and happy with the gladness of Kate leaving for the party, had hardly settled themselves for the evening when a call came at the door.

It was Atkinson, the store keeper. The old man looked bitter and savage. Anthon hurried Atkinson into his office and offered him a comfortable seat.

Instead of being seated the caller stood stiffly.

Dr. Anthon smiled and taking his watch in hand reached for Atkinson's pulse. Atkinson jerked away. He drew a memorandum book from his pocket.

"I'm not as sick as you'll be when you hear what your son Jim has done to me."

Anthon started back. "What do you mean?"

Atkinson, tapping his memorandum book significantly, told a tale of till tapping, persistent continued appropriation of money.

"Do you mean to say my son is a thief?" Anthon was humiliated and deeply wounded.

Atkinson went over his memorandum of shortage, item by item.

"It ain't no snap judgment," he said. "I let Jim get away with it twice and then I watched him."

Anthon stepped into the hall and called. "Jim. Oh Jim!"

There was no answer. He stood waiting. Mrs. Anthon came to the door of her room and softly answered her husband, her voice filled with the tones of placation.

"Jim's not in yet—but it's not late."

Mrs. Anthon looking down saw her husband's worried look.

"What is it, Horace?"

"Oh, nothing," Dr. Anthon tried to smile. Mrs. Anthon hurried down the steps as Anthon went into his office to rejoin Atkinson.

"The boy will be in soon—we'll wait to hear what he has to say."

Atkinson looked incredulously at Anthon.

"Oh, you'd get him out of town would you!" Atkinson was mightily excited. He sprang toward the telephone.

"I'll have him arrested!" The store-keeper shouted.

Mrs. Anthon flung open the door and came in just as Anthon stepped forward to interrupt Atkinson's effort to call the police. Jim came in at the front door.

"Jim, come here." The boy came to the door of his father's office. The sound of Anthon's voice meant trouble to Jim and Jim knew what the trouble was when he saw Atkinson.

Jim looked straight ahead when he heard Atkinson's charge. His first thought was to lie, to deny it all and try to face it down. He looked into his mother's pleading,

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The Old Nest

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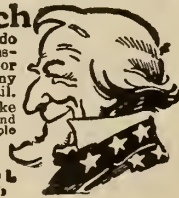
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hoping eyes. Then lowered his head with a flush of shame.

Mrs. Anthon gasped, then she stiffened. "We'll pay it back, Mr. Atkinson—every cent of it."

Mother love was fighting for her child. "There it is, right down in the book—two hundred and twenty-five dollars—that's what your son stole." Atkinson gave notice that he was waiting.

Hard faced, Dr. Anthon sat down at his desk and wrote with an unsteady hand. He drew two checks. One he handed to Atkinson.

"For his mother's sake I hope that you will accept this—and say nothing."

Atkinson went with his money. When the door had closed behind him Anthon turned to Jim.

"It was my fondest hope that I would have a son to take up my work, as I took up my father's. You have disgraced an honorable name—my son a thief! You will take the first train out of town and never let me see you again as long as you live."

Anthon handed Jim a check for a hundred dollars and turning, picked up his medicine bag and started on a call.

Jim stood dumb. His mother rushed at Anthon.

"Give him back to me—he's mine—mine. Oh you will, you must. I'll keep him close to me—I'll guard him always."

Anthon's eyes went wet, but he shut his jaws with a snap. He went to the door bag in hand. He paused and turned to Jim.

"Be sure you are not here when I come back."

Jim touched his mother gently, when his father had gone.

"I'll come back, mother—I'll make good and come back to you."

That night Mrs. Anthon lost Jim, and that night in another of the inevitable workings of fate she lost Kate. Harry Andrews, enamoured of the girl, brought her home. The romance developed swiftly and there was a wedding. When it was over and the gay party had gone, leaving behind the silent house, flower laden and rice strewn, Mrs. Anthon clutched Emily to her breast and broke into sobs.

"They are all gone but you, Emily. You won't ever leave me, will you?"

And Emily earnestly shook her head and cried.

"No—never, mamma."

But Emily grew to young womanhood. Down in New York were her sister Kate, her brother Tom, now a lawyer of promise and growing prosperity, and Frank, established in art.

So when Sister Kate invited Emily east for a visit there was no refusing. Emily, as beautiful as an allegory of Springtime, went to the station accompanied by her mother. Mrs. Anthon was weeping bitterly, clinging to the girl with the desperate fear of parting.

"I'll be back in just a few little weeks, Honey—Mother."

"All the children said that—and none of them ever came back." Mrs. Anthon was sobbing.

"But I am never going to marry—and even if I should be such a fool, I'll make the wretch live next door." Emily delivered her lightly given promise with a toss of the head and girlish assurance. Only the young can be so sure.

"All aboard," called the porter and Emily stepped into the Pullman. She was at the window waving goodbye to her mother, as the train pulled out. Mrs. Anthon choked back the tears and smiled as she

The Old Nest

(Continued)

flung a farewell after her. The mother lingered at the station until she was sure that the train was safely over the draw-bridge. She never ceased to fear. That bridge had cost her a beloved son.

On the train fate and destiny were at work. In the waiting line of hungry passengers at the dining car Emily coincidentally met Molly McLeod, a chum of boarding school days. There were gurgles, kisses and chatter, then an introduction to Molly's brother Stephen, a handsome youth, bound for New York and a career. He had no thoughts for New York as his eyes fell on Emily.

Busy in his big office in New York, Brother Tom was in conference with his friend and client, Senator Raeburn. Hurriedly Tom turned over his desk calendar seeking the date of a decision. He came across a forgotten entry to remind him of his mother's birthday. Tom paused, stung with repentance. He seized the phone and called his sister, Kate.

"Did you send mother a birthday present?"

"No! Well I forgot it, too. Rush out and get something and make up a good excuse and send it off."

Tom turned to Raeburn apologetically. "This deadly grind—I haven't been home in years."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Raeburn was the height of reproachful dignity. "Now if either of my parents were living I'd—"

Tom waved his hand. "You'd be as bad as the rest of us."

"Yes, I suppose so," Raeburn confessed.

"Little Sister" Emily and her young friend Stephen McLeod became a puzzle and a problem to her New York relatives.

"If we don't get them apart soon, Emily will never go back to mother," Kate sighed. Which fired Tom with an idea.

"Raeburn is looking for a young man to go to France with him. His secretary is getting married or something."

Stephen McLeod, violently in love and anxious for a career and money, jumped at the chance. Emily was precipitated into tears. She had a mental picture of Paris and the gay life that gave her terrified anticipations.

Back at home in Carthage Mrs. Anthon sat daily for hours, wondering and wishing, turning over and over the photographs of her nestlings, now gone out in the world, yearning for them with the keenness of her mother love.

Just when her New York brothers and sisters were making ready to send Emily back to Carthage and her mother, as Stephen's sailing date approached, the young folks appeared at a family gathering at Tom's home with an announcement.

"I just couldn't have Stephen go away to that wicked Paris without me," Emily stated by way of preliminary.

"And, and so—" She held up her ring finger. "So we are married."

Tom blazed up angrily.

"Poor mother—what about her?"

That did not disturb Emily—thoughtful Emily.

"I sent them a wire—and just as soon as we get back from Paris—"

Tom recoiled.

"You sent a wire—ten words!"

And all of Tom's unhappy anticipations about the receipt of the wire were justified. With his hand shaking and grim forebodings in his mind, Dr. Anthon received the messenger and signed the book. Slowly he went to his wife's room with the telegram in his hand.

"A wire for you, mother."

A look of terror came into Mrs. Anthon's eyes. The mail was fast enough for good news, Mrs. Anthon knew. It was always the bad that came by wire.

"You read it for me, Horace."

The blow fell crushingly on them. Anthon tenderly put his arm about his wife's shoulders.

"Didn't our mothers take on terribly when we were married?" he said. "So I guess we can't blame Emily."

"Oh—I don't blame her—I just—I just want her."

When the Anthon's sat at table that evening the room seemed strangely still. Anthon looked across at his wife.

"We are just where we started, Mother—just you and me." He tried to smile, but his lips quivered.

Late one night Mrs. Anthon startled at a tapping at her door. Anthon was out on a call. A moment later Jim, the outcast, stepped into the room. The mother's heart leaped. Jim came to her bedside and she gathered him in her arms. He was roughly dressed and unshaven—but he was her Jim.

"I am making good, Mother. I am cattle ranching in the west. I have got my chance, but they are pushing me hard. If I can get two thousand dollars for a little while I can pull through and I'll be fixed."

There was no questioning his mother's eyes. She had the ultimate implicit faith and hope of motherhood. At her direction he brought her a big pin cushion that reposed on her dresser. Deftly she ripped it open and poured a heap of jewelry on the bed.

"It's the miser's hoard, Jim—I knew it would come in handy some day. Take it and sell it—do anything with it that you can—I do so want to help you."

Jim kissed his mother and went out into the night again.

Tom Anthon was brought up with a start and a stab of pain that day when a letter came from his mother.

"Now that I am able to sit up again, I am writing to you first off," it started. His mother had been ill and he had not even noticed that her weekly letters had not been coming!

Stricken with remorse, Tom called his secretary, looked at his busy calendar in despair, and dictated a wire.

"Your letter filled me with heartbreak. Am taking Twentieth Century Limited this afternoon. Reach home in time for dinner tomorrow night."

"Now," he said to his secretary, "we will do five days' work in five hours."

Tom's telegram was like a touch of miracle to the convalescing mother. Against the protests of Anthon she arose and went to the kitchen, beginning vast preparations for Tom's homecoming dinner. She had new life and strength. The old house was a-stir again.

Then came the most cruel blow of all. The dinner hour was approaching. The table was set and another telegram came:

"Called to Washington on important state matter, detained indefinitely, will try again soon. Dearest love. TOM"

Mrs. Anthon stumbled off upstairs to her room. Her heart was gone.

Back in New York Emily and Stephen were due, in the wake of the returning Senator Raeburn. Kate, on the way to the docks to meet them, stopped at Frank's studio to take him along. Absorbed in his work, Frank demurred. While they were talking in came Emily and her husband. The steamer had docked two hours early.

(Continued on page 115)

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The Old Nest

(Continued from page 113)

"You'll get to Carthage just in time to have Christmas dinner with the old folks." Frank said it in his matter of fact way. He had no idea other than that Stephen and Emily were going to Carthage.

"Why!" Emily was taken back by his assumption. "Stephen and I have to go to Washington with Senator Raeburn this afternoon."

Then Emily whirled on Frank.

"You are always trying to send me home. Why, you haven't been home in years!"

The weeks rolled by and spring came again. Then one exciting day the local daily paper tossed on the Anthon's door-step contained a headline:

CARTHAGE MAN HIGHLY HONORED.

President Appoints Thomas Anthon Attorney-General of United States.

"I always said my son was a wonder," said Dr. Anthon, beaming on his wife.

"My son—my son," the mother murmured.

"But it's a pity your son couldn't have telegraphed before we read it in the paper." Anthon was bitter again.

"The attorney-general is too busy to be sending telegrams to old fogies like us." Mrs. Anthon was defending and excusing her children as of old and always.

The Old Nest

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn picturization of Rupert Hughes' story of the same name. Scenario by Rupert Hughes. Directed by Reginald Barker with the following cast:

- Dr. Horace Anthon.....Dwight Crittenden
- Mrs. Anthon.....Mary Alden
- Tom, } age 13.....Johnny Jones
- } age 36.....Richard Tucker
- Jim, } age 10.....Buddy Messenger
- } age 22.....Cullen Landis
- Kate, } age 9.....Lucille Rickson
- } age 21.....Louise Lovely
- Frank, } age 6.....Robert Devilbiss
- } age 28.....J. Parks Jones
- Emily, } age 12.....Billie Cotton
- } age 22.....Helene Chadwick
- Uncle Ned.....Nick Cogley
- Hannah.....Fanny Stockbridge
- Stephen McLeod.....Theodore von Eltz
- Molly McLeod.....Molly Malone
- Harry Andrews.....Lefty Flynn

The telephone rang. Mrs. Guthrie, the chronic patient, was calling Mrs. Anthon. She had read the paper, too. Mrs. Anthon answered with pride.

"Yes, yes."

"Funny you didn't tell me anything about it." Mrs. Guthrie was being a cat. The maliciousness told on Mrs. Anthon, but she unflinchingly sprang to the defense.

"Well, of course we've known about it a long while, but the president asked Tom to let the announcement come from the White House. So we kept quiet."

"Mother, mother," Anthon was shocked, but he grinned.

Mrs. Anthon went back to her chair. She was feeling as useless and cast away as an old broomhandle in the world's backyard.

The suffering, hurt old mother was in the throes of a nightmare, reliving again the horror of the wreck that killed Arthur, when the doorbell startled her with its chirp.

"Somebody calling the doctor—too bad they can't let him sleep," she murmured.

There was a hurrying on the steps and her



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"I'm to be manager of the Eastern Division and my salary has been raised \$300."

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"I didn't know it, then, but they were sizing me up. The reason I was promoted so rapidly after that was because my studies were always fitting me for the job ahead."

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"The folks at the I. C. S. are right, Mary. The trained man always wins!"

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The Old Nest

(Concluded)

door was flung open. Mrs. Anthon sat up in bed. Tom rushed into the room and flung his arms about her.

"Mother—I have a tremendous surprise for you." His voice was like a boy's.

Mother knew what Tom had to say, but like the mother she always had been she pretended a wild curiosity.

"I've been appointed attorney-general of the United States. I hurried home to be the first to tell you."

A shade of doubt came into Tom's eyes. He stood back from his mother to look at her.

"The news leaked out—but you hadn't heard?"

"No, darling baby."

Mother lied again—for her son. "I hadn't heard a word of it until this blessed moment."

Tom rushed to his mother and kissed the tears of joy from her eyes.

"Oh, I'm glad of that—and I have brought the whole family home for the celebration." Tom turned and shouted.

They came trooping in through the open door, where they had stood in waiting for the summons,—Kate and Emily and Frank and Stephen, and Jim—then Dr. Anthon.

Jim was the picture of a successful ranchman. He went up to his mother's bed and spread out the jewelry he had borrowed.

"You see, Mother, I've made good at last."

"I knew you would." The mother hardly glanced at the jewelry. She was thinking of Jim and his estrangement from his father. She called Anthon. The father came forward, hesitated a moment, then put his arm on Jim's shoulder.

"Well—my son." And that was all he needed to say.

Mrs. Anthon raised her face to Heaven in gratitude.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 74)

A. W., RHODE ISLAND.—The custom of bottling tears is practiced in Persia, but fortunately not in this country. Fancy bottling all the tears shed by Lillian Gish in "Way Down East"! I have no record of Mary Pickford in "Enoch Arden." However, Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid filmed it for Mutual some years ago, while Linda Arvidson and Wilfred Lucas did it for Biograph. D. W. Griffith directed both, I believe. "The Mother Heart" is Shirley Mason's latest picture. Larry Semon is thirty. Richard Travers in "The White Moll" with Pearl White.

HENRIETTA, DETROIT.—Who fixes that star's hair? Well, do you mean her hair-dresser or her druggist? Corinne Griffith is not the wife or the sister of D. W. Griffith. They are not related at all. Corinne's latest appearance is in a Vitagraph picture in which Catherine Calvert also appears. Jack Pickford's real name? Why, John, I suppose, though I've never heard anybody call him that. He was the husband of the late Olive Thomas. Mary's pictures, "Through the Back Door" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" were made under Jack's direction in cooperation with Al Green.

T. H., BALTIMORE.—I have never heard of an Anetta Harner in pictures. She may have done extra work, and in that case we would have no record of her appearance. I am sorry. If I ever hear of her I'll let you know.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A. NIKI, KOBE, JAPAN.—Your letters do not trouble me. On the contrary, you are quite correct when you say that I have sympathy and kindness in my mind—as far as you are concerned. Sorry I couldn't answer sooner but you should see how much work I have to do. In the large theaters in New York and other American cities, the program changes once a week. In the smaller houses, twice a week and sometimes every day. Peggy O'Dare is married now, and not playing in pictures. Possibly a letter addressed to her at Universal City would be forwarded to her. Eddie Polo is married and has a grown-up daughter, Miss Malveena, who sometimes appears in Universal films.

DOROTHY.—I read somewhere about a thing called the radio-micrometer. It is said to be so sensitive that it will respond if anyone near it blushes. Not much chance of trying it out, is there? I would like to see one of those good old-fashioned girls who still can blush without assistance from her makeup box. Priscilla Dean's latest pictures are "Outside the Law," "Reputation" and "Conflict." Here is the cast of "Reputation": Fay McMillan, Laura Figlan, Pauline Stevens—Priscilla Dean; Pauline Stevens, the child—May Giraci; Morty Edwards—Harry Van Meter; Dan Frawley—Harry Carter; Jimmy Dorn—Niles Welch; Max Grossman—William Welch; Karl—Spottiswoode Aitken.

Mrs. R. C. L.—Happiness is what you make it, not where you take it. Otherwise, your letter was correct. Elaine Hammerstein is still single. Buster Keaton is married to Natalie Talmadge, and Dorothy Gish isn't divorced.

R. DOROTHY, PHILADELPHIA.—I don't believe in "Early to bed and early to rise." But, then, I have never tried it. I generally find that when I get up very early in the morning, I feel extraordinarily arrogant in the forenoon—and go to sleep in the afternoon. That doesn't please me, or my stenographer. You want more males in the rotogravure section. I confess I prefer the ladies.

DORIS, DETROIT.—You should have a good calling-down, for you're upstage. If all the actors you say sassy things about were as upstage as you they'd hate themselves. Frank Thomas in "Nearly Married," with Madge Kennedy. Miss Kennedy is resting this summer but will go on tour with her play, "Cornered," in the fall. Frank Morgan was the husband, and John Cumberland the friend, in "Baby Mine."

EDITH M. MORRIS, CAMDEN, N. J.—Thank you for your blurb about me. You needn't apologize to Delight Evans because you wrote it in *vers libre*. She can't possibly answer for all the free poets. However, your verses were charming—because they were about me; and I think you will be put on the list of Favored Correspondents. (You see how easy it is to get around me.)

OEI TJONG YONG, JAVA.—Only too glad to oblige you. Jack Dempsey retained his title as world's heavyweight champion against the French challenger, Georges Carpentier, July 2, 1921. Winifred Allen in "The Woman and the Law." Ramsey Wallace was the leading man, and Jack Connors was little Jackie. Helen Holmes is not working at present. Ruth Roland is not married. Pearl White's husband is Wallace McCutcheon, who has often played opposite her on the screen.

GRACE B., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—So you don't know how to express your admiration for Jim Kirkwood. Why not write to him about it? Your school teacher, who rarely goes to pictures, says James Kirkwood is her favorite actor? He's one of mine, too. He is to be a Paramount star soon. He certainly deserves stardom as much as anybody, and I wonder that producers have not realized this before.

A. C., OMAHA.—Short and Sweet and cousins. Really—Antrim is thus related to Blanche. Miss Sweet is now in Hollywood. She returned from Europe some months ago. I do not know when she will make more pictures, as she has been quite ill and is only just recovering her strength. She's not married. Neither is Antrim. He is one of the leading characters in Vitagraph's "The Son of Wallingford."

D. YORKE JARRETT, ENGLAND.—Many thanks for the very kind letters. I appreciate your interest. Pauline Frederick is, I believe, an only child. She resides with her mother, Mrs. Lotta Frederick, in Beverly Hills, California. There will be pictures of her home in October PHOTOPLAY. I have no record of Mahlon Hamilton's screen appearance with Miss Frederick. Hamilton is married. Write again; always glad.

LOLA.—I have great fun reading your letters, which are sometimes intentionally amusing and often otherwise. So both Lillian and Dorothy Gish sent you personal letters. Yes, indeed, I'll let you know when I hear that Lillian is engaged. She has never been married.

PRIVATE HOMER L. D., CUBA.—You wish to know if any director needs a signal man who knows the semaphore code when directing mob scenes on location. As a rule, the directors do all the wig-wagging necessary—and then some.

EVA MAY.—The "Girl on the Cover" of the July PHOTOPLAY was Gloria Swanson. Bebe Daniels is the senorita gracing the August issue. Write again—for a thirteen-year-old you are exceedingly sensible.

MAE M., FRISCO.—You enclose a poem, asking me how I like it—"that is, if it is a poem." That's the question, Mae—would you call it a poem? However, to our stint: Charles Ray is married, and Albert Ray is his cousin. Mrs. Charlie was a Miss Grant. Mrs. Albert was Roxanna McGowan.

TERENCE C.—If you get your complexion from your father, he must have been a druggist. Thank you for your picture, which you colored so vividly. Here's the cast of "Pleasure-Seekers": Mary Winchell—Elaine Hammerstein; Craig Winchell—Webster Campbell; John Winchell—Frank Currier; Rev. Richard Snowden—James A. Furey; Clara Marshall—Marguerite Clayton. Yes—the same Marguerite Clayton who used to be with Essanay.

MISS BILLIE.—I can't write "awfully cleverly" to order. It's always an accident, honestly. You say you would promise to send me some fudge, but you know I must get tired of having girls promise me candy and then never getting it. What an ingenious excuse! Corinne Griffith and Webster Campbell are married. Vincent Coleman opposite Constance Talmadge in "Good References" and Constance Binney in "The Magic Cup." I have no recent address for Francis Feeney; you might write to him care Universal.



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You don't want to disappoint your wife and make her life a burden, do you? You want to put the light of happiness in her eyes. You have in you the power, the ability and surely the desire to make good your promises, and you can do it easily. If you could only realize how quickly success came to thousands of other husbands, how splendidly they made true the dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A. H. E., GAINESVILLE, FLA.—You think PHOTOPLAY is the best magazine you ever read. Well, I know it's the best magazine I ever worked on. That is, if you call this work. Shirley Mason's real name was Leonie Flugrath. Viola Dana is the widow of John Collins. She's Shirley's sister.

DOT.—The fair-minded man is the man who sometimes admits the umpire's decision against the home team is right. I saw Babe Ruth run home the other day. I think a good story and a good director would make a good movie star of The Bambino. J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Joyous Liar." You discovered J. Warren a little late, my child; he was a screen star for some years, but right now doesn't seem to be doing much. Thomas Meighan is six feet tall and weighs 190.

ELIZABETH W. WILLEY.—The Editor enjoyed your letter, and so, when it was passed on to me, did I. You say you almost wish your small niece had never read PHOTOPLAY, she asks so many questions about her favorites. Bebe Daniels pronounces her name Bee-bee, with the accent on the first bee. She wouldn't object too strenuously if you call her Babe or even Beeb, but I've an idea she prefers Bebe. Miss Daniels is not married.

H. O., DENVER.—You say you think I don't like you any more because you didn't send me another box of your home-made candy. My dear Harriet—your not sending another box of your home-made candy made me like you all the more. Rudolph Valentino is with Metro, but he has just been borrowed by Paramount to perform the leading role in George Melford's production, "The Sheik." Valentino and Alice Terry were the lovers in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "The Conquering Power," both Rex Ingram productions for Metro.

R. Z., MAYAGUEZ, P. R.—Your Latin and your French floored me. All the Latin I know is "Amo, amas, amat," so I don't know whether you were telling me I was terrible or wonderful. Of course I know which I am, but I didn't know that you knew. Creighton Hale is, I think, under contract to D. W. Griffith. At any rate he appeared in Griffith's "The Idol Dancer" with Clarine Seymour and Richard Barthelmess, in "Way Down East," and is now working in "The Two Orphans." Hale played opposite Mollie King in "Her Majesty." Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass. Bebe Daniels will probably send you a picture if you address her care Lasky studios, Hollywood, California.

CHARLES E. QUICK, SCRANTON.—James Morrison played opposite Jean Paige in "Black Beauty." Miss Paige is now Mrs. Albert E. Smith, and is making a new picture, "The Prodigal Judge." Much of James Morrison's early screen work was with Vitagraph. Have no record of him being with the Wharton studios at Ithaca. During the war he was in the officers' training camp, but did not get to France, and was not with the Red Cross in Italy. There must be another James Morrison.

ESTHER L. U., SCHENECTADY.—Don't you take life a little too seriously? Cheer up, as Shakespeare has so often said—it may not all be true. Norma Talmadge is 26, Natalie 24, and Constance 22. Mahlon Hamilton is married, but his wife is not in pictures. They have no children—neither have the Talmadge sisters.

M. M. C.—You were bored to tears writing to me? Well, all I can say is that my yawn, as I pounced on my reply, is so huge that it threatens to swallow my corona-perfecto, and only my more gentlemanly qualities restrain me from telling you what I think of you. Agnes Ayres is not married or engaged. She is now in California making her first stellar picture for Paramount. Agnes was made a star by popular demand. I was one of the demanders.

J. E. B., CHICAGO.—Lon Chaney is not really a cripple, although he did look it in "The Penalty," as the legless man. He played with Priscilla Dean in "Outside the Law." Mary Pickford, not Marguerite Clark, is making "Little Lord Fauntleroy," playing both the child and "Dearest," his mother.

MARY I. O., OREGON.—"Who is Madame Glyn?" She is an English writer—"Three Weeks" is her chief claim to literary fame. Elinor is the widow of Mr. Clayton Glyn. Her two daughters, Margot and Juliet, were married not so long ago, in London, to titled Englishmen. Madame Glyn is now writing original stories for Gloria Swanson at the Lasky studios in Hollywood; the first of them is "The Great Moment," already released.

JESSIE, ILL.—Mary Thurman is playing with Roscoe Arbuckle in "Should a Man Marry?" so you may address her at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood. Mary isn't married. Her hair is red and bobbed and banded, and it's very becoming to Mary. If Harry Carey ever lived in Argyle, Wisconsin, he never confided in us. William Fairbanks is not related to Doug. The latter was born in 1883.

ARTHUR K., INDEPENDENCE.—You wish to know how to pronounce John Pialoglo. What pleasant weather we are having—a little too warm, though, don't you think? Quite so. *What?* Oh, it's Pe—alo-glo, with accent on the second syllable, I think. I can't help wishing that our Constance had married a man named Smith.

EDITH M. P., PENNSYLVANIA.—The reason some gentlemen I know didn't go to the Big Fight was because they got enough of it at home—they said. "The Unfoldment," Florence Lawrence's return picture, has not yet been released. "Home Stuff" starred Viola Dana; "The Last Card," May Allison. Milton Sills is married. He has a daughter, Dorothy.

C. T., OKLAHOMA.—I am going to send for that cast and will publish it under your initials next month. Constance Talmadge is married to John Pialoglo, who was born in Greece, but who has been living in New York City for some time. He is a tobacco merchant; which is quite a profitable thing to be. Pearl White is not married. Helene Chadwick, Goldwyn. Hazel Daly is Tom Moore's leading woman in his new picture. Eddie Polo, Universal. Peggy O'Dare, his former leading woman, married and retired from the screen. I will let you know when and if she comes back.

OLIVET.—Elaine Hammerstein is her real name. She is the granddaughter of Oscar Hammerstein, who occupied a prominent place in the American theater. Elaine is not married, works in Fort Lee, and lives in Manhattan. Henny Porten played *Anne Boleyn* in "Deception." Edna Mayo has apparently retired from the screen. She has not made a picture for several years.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

C. T., OKLAHOMA.—I am going to send for that cast and will publish it under your initials next month. Constance Talmadge is married to John Pialoglo, who was born in Greece, but who has been living in New York City for some time. He is a tobacco merchant, which is quite a profitable thing to be. Pearl White is married. Helene Chadwick, Goldwyn. Hazel Daly is Tom Moore's leading woman in his new picture, Eddie Polo, Universal. Peggy O'Dare, his former leading woman, married and retired from the screen. I will let you know when and if she comes back.

JUANITA.—Edward Langford opposite Elaine Hammerstein in "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes." Address him care Whitman Bennett Studios, Yonkers, N. Y. He was born in 1890 and I wouldn't be surprised if he answered your letter.

BILLIE.—Here's a poser! Why is Tom Meighan such a wonderful lover? Referred to Mr. Meighan for answer. Tom's brother-in-law, Cyril Ring, is to be in a picture for Famous Players, I understand. Mrs. Meighan was Frances Ring before her marriage.

N. H., N. Y.—So you saw Tom Mix in person. He's a great guy. I saw a lot of Tom while he was in New York. Did you see his horse, Tony? That nice little blonde whom you saw with Tom was his wife, Victoria Forde, and the older lady was Eugenie Forde, Tom's mother-in-law in name only. Victoria's mother is not a comic section mamma by marriage. Everybody likes her. Write again.

BRIGHT EYES, PHILA.—What kind of eyes has Mary Miles Minter? Very soulful eyes, I'm sure. But if you mean their color, I'll gladly answer blue. Katherine MacDonald is her real name. Mary MacLaren is really Mary MacDonald. Juanita Hansen has been ill, but I believe she will soon return to the screen. A few great men I could name are Aristotle, Huxley, Solomon, Newton, and Ben Turpin. The most famous of these is undoubtedly Ben. He has been made a star by Mack Sennett. I have often envied Mr. Turpin his wide vision. There is a Mrs. Turpin. Katherine MacDonald hails from Pittsburgh.

DOLLY D., PASADENA.—Service is not servitude. I am the servant of all you people, but I am not humble. It takes a strong disposition to withstand all the rocks and roses I get every month. Bert Lytell was born in 1885; Wm. Scott in 1893. Scott is going to marry Gladys Brockwell, if he hasn't already.

Miss M. D., LOUISVILLE.—You say you did a lot of fishing this summer. I suppose the fish were so greedy that you had to hide behind a tree to bait your hook. Nazimova weighs 125 lbs., although she doesn't look it. She has not yet announced her future plans. Her last picture for Metro was "Camille," in which Rudolph Valentino played *Armand*. Alla was born in 1879, but don't tell a soul.

F. K., GENEVA, OHIO.—David Graham Phillips did not appear in "The Hungry Heart," which starred Pauline Frederick. David Graham Phillips has been dead for some time. Howard Hall appeared opposite Polly in that picture which was released in November, 1917. Norma Talmadge in "Regeneration Isle," "The Sign on the Door," which is fictionalized in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY, and "Smilin' Through," an adaptation of Jane Cowl's play.

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PHOTOPLAY

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Illustration



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(Adapted from a little
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For had not *La Fée Gracieuse* herself conferred on the *Princesse Mignonne* the gift of lasting beauty! Had she not transformed, with her gentle arts, the young *Princesse* born to let love pass her by because she was so homely!

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XX

No. 4

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What's the Matter with College Women?

ARE women's colleges "Old-Maid Factories?"

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PHOTOPLAY wanted to know and decided to find out.

You'll find the answer in the November issue. A very definite answer—for PHOTOPLAY has scoured the country and put into its rotogravure section four pages of portraits of college beauties—east and west.

**ORDER YOUR
NOVEMBER
COPY NOW**

Why I Cried After the Ceremony

Two whole months I planned for my wedding day. It was to be an elaborate church affair, with arches, bridesmaids and sweet little flower-girls. Bob wanted a simple ceremony—but I insisted on a church wedding.

"We are only married once, you know," I laughed. "And oh, Bob," I whispered, nestling closer, "it will be the happiest day of my life."

Gaily I planned for that happy day and proudly I fondled the shimmering folds of my wedding gown. There were flowers to be ordered, music to be selected and cards to be sent. Each moment was crowded with anticipations. Oh, if I could have only known then the dark cloud that overshadowed my happiness!

At last the glorious day of my marriage arrived. The excitement fanned the spark of my happiness into glowing and I thrilled with a joy that I had never known before. My wedding day! The happiest day of my life! I just knew that I would remember it forever.

A Day I Will Remember Forever

How can I describe to you the beauty of the church scene as I found it when I arrived? Huge wreaths of flowers swung in graceful fragrance from the ceiling to wall. Each pew boasted its cluster of lilies, and the altar was a mass of many-hued blossoms. The bridesmaids, in their flowing white gowns, seemed almost unreal, and the little flower-girls looked like tiny fairies as they scattered flowers along the carpeted aisle. It was superb! I firmly believed that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for. The organist received the cue, and with a low, deep chord the mellow strains of the triumphant wedding march began.

Perhaps it was the beauty of the scene. Perhaps it was the strains of the wedding march. Perhaps it was my overwhelming happiness. At any rate, the days of rehearsal and planning vanished in a blur of happy forgetfulness, and before I realized what I was doing, I had made an awful blunder. I had made a mistake right at the beginning of the wedding march, despite the weeks of careful preparation and the days of strict rehearsal!

One Little Mistake—and My Joy is Ended

Some one giggled, I noticed that the clergyman raised his brows ever so slightly. The sudden realization of the terrible blunder I was making caused a pang of regret that I had not read up, somewhere, about the blunders to be avoided at wedding ceremonies. A hot blush of humiliation surged over me—and with crimson face and trembling lip I began the march all over again.

It all happened so suddenly. In a moment it was over. And yet that blunder had spoiled my wedding day! Every one had noticed it; they couldn't help noticing it. All my rehearsing had been in vain, and the event that I had hoped would be the crowning glory of my life, proved a miserable failure.

Of course all my friends told me how pretty I looked, and the guests proclaimed my wedding a tremendous success. But deep down in my heart I knew that they did not mean it—they could not mean it. I had broken one of the fundamental laws of wedding etiquette and they would never forget it. After the ceremony that evening I cried as though my heart would break—and, incidentally, I reproached myself for not knowing better.

I Buy a Book of Etiquette

After the wedding there were cards of thanks and "at home" cards to be sent. The wedding breakfast had to be arranged and our honeymoon trip planned. I determined to avoid any further blunders and so I sent for the famous "Book of Etiquette."

Bob and I had always prided ourselves on being cultured and well-bred. We had always believed that we followed the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law. But, oh, the serious breaches of etiquette we were making almost every day!

Why, after reading only five pages I discovered that I actually did not know how to introduce people correctly! I didn't know whether to say: *Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Smith; or Miss Smith, meet Mrs. Brown.* I didn't know whether to say, *Bobby, this is Mr. Blank; or Mr. Blank, this is Bobby.* I didn't know whether it were proper for me to shake hands with a gentleman upon being introduced to him, and whether it were proper for me to stand or remain seated. I discovered, in fact, that to be able to establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make conversation flow smoothly and pleasantly, is an art in itself. Every day people judge us by the way we make and acknowledge introductions.

Blunders in Etiquette at the Dance

Bob glanced over the chapter called Etiquette at the Dance. "Why, dear," he exclaimed, "I never knew how to dispose of my dancing partner and return to you without appearing rude!—and here it all explained so simply." We read the chapter together, Bob and I, and we found out the correct way to ask a lady to dance and the polite and courteous way for her to refuse it. We found out how to avoid that awkward moment after the music ceases and the gentleman must leave the lady to return to his original partner. We even discovered the correct thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance.

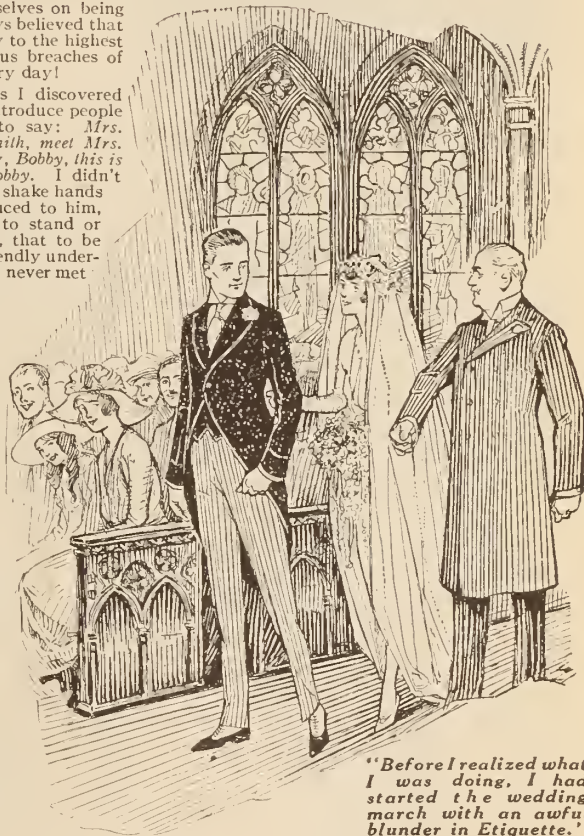
"We will find invaluable aid in our 'Book of Etiquette,'" I said to Bob. "It tells us just what to do, what to say, what to write and what to wear at all times. And there are two chapters, I see, on foreign countries that tell all about tips, dress, calling cards, correspondence, addressing royalty and addressing clergy abroad. Why, look, Bob, it even tells about the dinner etiquette in France, England and Germany. And see, here is a chapter on wedding etiquette—the very mistake I made is pointed out! Oh, Bob, if I had only had this wonderful book, I never would have made that blunder!"

My Advice to Young Men and Women

The world is a harsh judge. To be admitted to society, to enjoy the company of brilliant minds, and to win admiration and respect for oneself, it is essential for the woman to cultivate charm, and for the man to be polished, impressive. And only by following the laws of etiquette is it possible for the woman to be charming and the man to be what the world loves to call a gentleman.

I would rather lose a thousand dollars than live through that awful moment of my wedding again. Even now, when I think of it, I blush. And so, my advice to young men and women who desire to be cultured rather than coarse, who desire to impress by their delicacy of taste and breeding, is—"send for the splendid two-volume set of the *Book of Etiquette.*"

Send for it that you may know the correct thing to wear at the dinner, and the correct thing to wear at the ball. Send for it that you may know just what to do and say when you overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen. Send for it that you may know the proper way to remove fruit stones from your mouth, the cultured way to use a finger bowl and the correct way to use napkins. Send for it, in short, that you may be always, at all times, cultured, well-bred and refined; that you may do and say and write and wear only what is in the best of form and utterly in accord with the art of etiquette.



"Before I realized what I was doing, I had started the wedding march with an awful blunder in Etiquette."

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For a short time only the complete two volume set of The Book of Etiquette is being offered at the special price of \$3.50. Don't wait until your wedding, your party, your dinner is spoiled by a blunder. Don't delay—send for your set NOW before you forget.

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Mae Murray and David Powell in George Fitzmaurice's Paramount Picture, "Idols of Clay"

The most fascinating thing in the world!

—learning to write for the Movies! Millions are yearning to do it! Thousands are learning how! Movie lovers everywhere are taking it up! It's a wonderful new idea—exciting, magnetic, full of a thousand glowing new possibilities for everyone—**LEARNING HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPlays AND STORIES BY A SIMPLE NEW SYSTEM OF GOING TO THE MOVIES TO GET IDEAS!**

The wonder, the thrill, the joy, the deep personal gratification of seeing your own thoughts, your own ideas, your own dreams, the scenes you pictured in your fancy, the situations sketched in your imagination, the characters you whimsically portrayed, —all gloriously *come to life* right there on the screen before your very eyes, while you sit in the audience with that flushed, proud smile of success! Yours! Yours at last. And you never dreamed it could be! You doubted yourself—thought you needed a fancy education or "gift of writing."

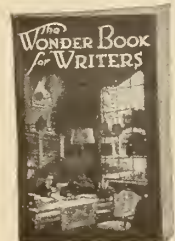
To think of thousands now writing plays and stories who used to imagine they NEVER COULD! Not geniuses, but just average, everyday, plain, me-and-you kind of people. Men and women in many businesses and professions—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeeper, salesman, motorman, truckman, barber, boiler-maker, doctor, lawyer, salesgirl, nurse, manicurist, model—people of all trades and temperaments deeply immersed in "manufacturing movie ideas," of planning scenarios, of adapting ideas from photoplays they see, of re-building plots, of transforming situations, or re-making characters seen on the films—all devoting every moment of their spare time to this absorbing, happy work! Turning leisure hours into golden possibilities!

And the big secret of their boundless enthusiasm, now *catching on like wild-fire among all classes of people*, is that many of them, by reading some article just as you are reading this, have discovered the wonders of a New System of Story and Play Writing, published at Auburn, New York, which enables them to make such rapid progress that they are soon transfixed with amazement at the simplicity and ease with which plays and stories are put together for the magazines and moving picture studios.

For the world's supply of photoplays is constantly absorbed in the huge, hungry maw of public demand. Nearly anybody may turn to playwrighting with profit. It is the *most fascinating thing in the world!* And also most lucrative. Skilled writers live in luxury and have princely incomes. They dictate their own terms and never are dictated to. They live and work and do as they please. They are free, independent, prosperous and popular!

You need not stay outside of this Paradise, unless you WANT to! You have as much right to Success as they. They, too, had to begin—they, too, were once uncertain of themselves. But they made a start, they took a chance, they gave themselves the benefit of the doubt, they simply BELIEVED THEY COULD—AND THEY DID! Your experience may be the very same, so why not have a try at it? The way is wide open and the start easier than ever you dreamed. Listen! The Authors' Press, of Auburn, New York, today makes you this astonishing offer: Realizing that you, like many others, are uncertain of your ability and don't know whether you could learn to write or not, they agree to send you absolutely free, "THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS," which is a book of wonders for ambitious men and women, beautifully illustrated with hand-drawn photographs—a gold mine of ideas that will gratify your expectations so fully that you will be on the tip-toe of eagerness to BEGIN WRITING AT ONCE!

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The Authors' Press, Dept. 297, Auburn, N. Y. Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City and State.....

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

- ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,
 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
 (s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.
 (s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
 J. Parker Reed, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
 (s) MacK Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
 (s) Marshall Neilan, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
 (s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
 (s) King Vidor Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., Bush House, Aldwych, Strand, London, England.
- ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.
- FAMOUS-PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.
 (s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.
 (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.
 British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
 Realtar, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.
 (s) 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
- FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York;
 R. A. Walsh Prod.,
 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
 Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod.,
 Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.
 Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles Cal.
 Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.
 Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
 David M. Hartford, Prod.,
 3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Hope Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.
 (s) Chas. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles.
- FOX FILM CORP., (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- GARSON STUDIOS, INC., (s) 1845 Alessandro, St., Edendale, Cal.
- GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.
- HAMPTON, JESSE B., STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.
- HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.
- HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., N. Y.
- METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York. (s) Geo. B. Seitz, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.
- ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
- SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.
 Mary Pickford Co., Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave.; Hollywood, Cal.
 D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 George Arliss Prod., Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverdale Ave., Vonkers, New York.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.



HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

American School of Correspondence
 Dept. H-771 Chicago, U. S. A.

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I want job checked — tell me how to get it.

.....Architect	\$5,000 to \$15,000Lawyer	\$5,000 to \$15,000
.....Building Contractor	\$5,000 to \$10,000Mechanical Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000
.....Automobile Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000Shop Superintendent	\$3,000 to \$7,000
.....Automobile Repairman	\$2,500 to \$4,000Employment Manager	\$4,000 to \$10,000
.....Civil Engineer	\$5,000 to \$15,000Steam Engineer	\$2,000 to \$4,000
.....Structural Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000Foreman's Course	\$2,000 to \$4,000
.....Business Manager	\$5,000 to \$15,000Photoplay Writer	\$2,000 to \$10,000
.....Certified Public Accountant	\$7,000 to \$15,000Sanitary Engineer	\$2,000 to \$5,000
.....Accountant & Auditor	\$2,500 to \$7,000Telephone Engineer	\$2,500 to \$5,000
.....Draftsman & Designer	\$2,500 to \$4,000Telegraph Engineer	\$2,500 to \$5,000
.....Electrical Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000High School Graduate	In two years
.....General Education	In one year.Fire Insurance Expert	\$3,000 to \$10,000

Name.....
 Address.....

How Many Pounds Would YOU Like to Lose Next Week?

Three pounds, five pounds, seven pounds, ten pounds? How many? One woman lost thirteen the first week through this remarkable new discovery. Thousands lose from three to seven pounds weekly, without inconvenience.

AN amazing new discovery takes off flesh almost like magic, without medicine, starving or strenuous exercise, and without the slightest discomfort. Most people begin to lose weight right away. A great many see results in 48 hours. All who have used it have reached their ideal weight through his simple new secret.

Yet they have not starved themselves. They have not punished themselves with strenuous exercises, with bitter self-denials. They ate food they liked and did fully as much as they pleased, following only the one simple little natural law that has recently been discovered. And their superfluous weight disappeared, melted away—by a rapid, natural, safe process.

"I am glad I tried your way of reducing weight," writes one delighted woman from Montana. "I lost fifty pounds and feel so much better." Still another writes, "I have taken off twenty pounds of my surplus flesh. I find that I am able to reduce just as fast or as slow as I desire." And one man who reports that he has always been 25 pounds overweight writes an enthusiastic letter in which he says, "I have reduced my weight 25 pounds without discomfort."

Scientists have been searching for this very secret of weight control for years. It is not a fad or a theory. It is not an expensive "treatment" or a series of self-sacrifices and denials. It's just a simple little natural law that any one can follow with ease.

You Too Can Quickly Reduce to Normal

You can begin right away, the moment you make up your mind, to lose as much weight as you wish. You can so regulate this remarkable new law that has been discovered, that you can reach your ideal weight in a definite time. You can take off as much or as little fat as you please—and whenever you please. When you reach your normal, perfect weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another ounce.

Some people report that they have reduced at the rate of ten pounds a week. Others arrange to take off a pound of fat a day. Some apply this new method so that they reach their ideal weight in a month's time—taking it more gradually. For instance, one man who lives in Hickory, N. C., writes: "I arranged to lose three pounds per week, and by the middle of May I weighed just what I wanted to—175 pounds." Only a short while before he had weighed 205 pounds.

The Secret Explained

Everyone knows that food causes fat. But why do some people become fat and others remain thin? Why may thin people eat whatever they please without seeming to gain an ounce, while fat people who deny themselves the foods they would like to eat, continue to put on flesh? Specialists realized that there must be some vital, natural law of food upon which the whole secret of weight control is based.

It was to discover this secret that Eugene Christian, the world's foremost food specialist, began his remarkable experiments. For a long time

the secret remained hidden, because of its very simplicity, but now that Christian has made his important discovery, it exceeds even his greatest hopes. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it! Certain food combinations cause fat; others consume fat. If you eat certain kinds of foods together at the same meal, they are converted into fat in the body. But if you eat these very same two foods at different times, they are converted into blood and muscle, and the fat you already have is used up in energy!

Eat Off Flesh by New Method

And now people are actually eating off weight! Men who were formerly so stout that they puffed when they walked quickly, men who had to deny themselves many pleasures because of their burdensome flesh, report that their return to normal weight and youthful energy was amazingly rapid. Stout women who always felt tired and listless, who had to deny themselves the colorful, fluffy clothes they would like to wear, marvel that this one simple little rule should enable them to attain their ideal weight so quickly. And not only have they eaten down to normal, but they enjoy their meals more than ever before, they feel refreshed, brightened, strengthened.

A delighted woman writes: "I now weigh 137 pounds—just what I should weigh. I feel so splendid, and every one says how 'just right' I am."

Remember, you don't have to starve yourself, or follow a rigid diet, or put yourself to any discomfort, through this new method of flesh reduction. You eat off the fat you want to lose; eat it off as quickly or as slowly as you wish. You control your weight just as you control your speech or the pace at which you walk.

Weight Control the Basis of Health

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable food revelations in 12 simple lessons which he calls "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." And to enable everyone, everywhere, to profit by his valuable discovery, he offers to send his complete course on trial to anyone sending for it.

You have always wanted to reduce weight, to attain the ideal weight for your height. Here is your opportunity to prove to yourself that you can do it, and without discomfort, without denials or sacrifices! Here is your opportunity to take off just as much flesh as you wish, and yet eat delicious foods, many of which you may now be denying yourself. And it need not cost you one cent to make the test.

No Money in Advance

Just put your name and address on the coupon to the right. Don't send any money. The coupon alone will bring Eugene Christian's complete course to your door, where \$1.97 (plus postage) paid to the postman will make it your property, with the understanding that if it doesn't do all we claim or you are not fully satisfied in every way, you may return the course within five days and your money will be instantly refunded.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Then glance through the lessons carefully, and read all about the startling revelations regarding weight, food and health. Now make up your mind as to how much weight you want to lose the first week, and each week following. Then put the course to the test. Try the first lesson. Weigh yourself the very next day or so and notice

Read What Others Say:

13 Pounds Less in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days), and am feeling fine. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could go to sleep, but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months."

Mrs. —, New York City.
Loses 40 Pounds

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the Course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I lost forty pounds."

Mrs. —, Glens Falls, N. Y.
20 Pounds Lighter

"Eugene Christian's Course has done for me just what it said it would do. I reduced twenty pounds. I will need to reduce some more, and with the directions of the Course I can do that as fast or as slow as I desire. Many thanks for your interest and the Course."

Mr. —, Detroit, Mich.
100 Per Cent. Improvement

"Weighed 216 pounds when I started, and today I weigh 153 pounds. I can safely say that I feel 100 per cent. better than I did when I was fat, and I am sure that I look much better also."

Mrs. —, Ryder, North Dakota.
Weights 34 Pounds Less

"I reduced from 207 to 173 pounds in three months without the slightest inconvenience, and still retain this weight by following your course. It's a godsend to people who suffer from corpulence."

Mrs. —, Palestine, Texas.
Lost 25 Pounds

"I have found your Course in Weight Control very satisfactory. Have lost twenty-five pounds in weight, and expect to lose a few more in order to bring my weight down to normal."

Mrs. —, Tacoma, Washington.
Reduces 6 Pounds in One Week

"The first week I lost six pounds."

Mrs. —, Keokuk, Iowa.
48½ Pounds Taken Off

"After studying the lessons carefully I began to apply them to myself, and as proof of results, will say that I lost just 48½ pounds."

Mrs. —, Colville, Washington.

(Note: The letters are in most cases too long to print in full. The above are merely excerpts.)



Everyone Can Now Have the Attractive Grace of a Slender Figure Through the New Discovery of Science.

the marked result. Still, you've taken no medicines, put yourself to no hardships, done almost nothing you would not ordinarily have done. You'll be as happily surprised as are the thousands of others who are quickly regaining normal, beautiful figures in this new scientific way.

Mail the coupon NOW. No money—just the coupon. As we shall receive an avalanche of orders for this remarkable course, it will be wise to send your order at once. Some will have to be disappointed. Don't wait to lose weight, but mail the coupon NOW and profit immediately by Eugene Christian's wonderful discovery. The Course will be sent in a plain container.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-20810, 43 West 16th St., New York City

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-20810, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

You may send me prepaid, in plain container, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival, but I am to have the privilege of returning the course after a 5 day trial and have my money refunded, if I am not entirely satisfied.

Name..... (Please write plainly)

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Price Outside U. S. \$2.15. Cash with Order



"A Skin You Love to Touch," by F. Graham Coates.

You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

IF YOUR skin is not just what you want it to be—if it lacks freshness and charm—do not let this fact discourage you.

Remember—*every day your skin is changing*. Each day old skin dies and new takes its place. This is your opportunity!

By giving this *new skin* the special treatment suited to its needs, you can gain the clear, smooth, attractive complexion you long for.

SKINS differ widely—and each type of skin should have the special treatment that meets its special needs. Treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is

wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and learn from this booklet just the right treatment for your skin. Begin using it tonight.

USE Woodbury's regularly in your toilet to keep your skin in the best possible condition. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

SWEET sobber of the celluloid: Pauline Starke, seen here in a more care-free moment. Poor Pauline has wept her heart out in many pictures, but she manages to remember how to smile. She has just returned to the California studios.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

WE WISH Betty Blythe would pose for a whole gallery of famous ladies of history. She has the subtle power to project herself into ancient ages and bring back their fairest women to our silversheet. Facts: she's Mrs. (Director) Paul Scardon.



Alfred Cheney Johnston.

IT DOESN'T make much difference what we write under this new portrait of Corinne Griffith. You're so busy looking at that lovely languorous lady with her mysterious eyes and her Lucile kimona, you won't have time to read the caption.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

NORMAN KERRY is a lot more enthusiastic about golf than you'd think. The photographer made him look like this. Mr. Kerry is adding another volume to his life work, "Beautiful Women Who Have Loved Me—On the Screen, of Course."



Alfred Cheney Johnston

SHANNON DAY The only commonplace thing about her is the fact that she came from the Follies to the films. She's lending her Irish presence, out in Hollywood, to pictures directed by the deMilles. Miss Day is an ingenue in age only



Actual photograph of turquoise blue silk sweater after a season's wear and 15 washings with Ivory Flakes. Statement of original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

15 washings—yet this blue silk sweater is like new!

To Wash Silk Sweaters

If the color is not fast, set it before washing. Place 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of Ivory Flakes in bowl and add a quart of boiling water. Work up suds, then add three quarts of cold water. Drop sweater into suds and squeeze suds gently through the fabric with the hands. Do not lift garment from the water and do not rub. Put a towel under the sweater to lift it from the suds. Rinse gently in three waters of same temperature as suds. Always use a towel in taking garment from one water to another. Place between cloths and run through loosely adjusted wringer. Lay flat on thick towels in shade and pull into shape for drying. Turn frequently. Press with iron barely warm.

Send for Free Sample

with complete directions for the easy care of delicate garments that you would be afraid to wash the ordinary way. Address Section 45-JF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



The sweater in the picture was photographed *after* a season's wear and 15 launderings. It is as lustrous, shapely and colorful as new and there is not even one break in the delicate open-work mesh of the weave. It shows that it is possible to keep knitted outerwear as clean and attractive as ordinary wash fabrics.

The owner attributes the present beauty of the sweater—and her success in washing other silks—to Ivory Soap Flakes.

Ivory Flakes makes such thick suds that you do not have to rub the gar-

ment; it is cleansed just by soaking and swishing it in the bubbling foam. And, no matter how often the garment is washed with Ivory Flakes, it shows no sign of wear from the soap, because Ivory Flakes is genuine Ivory Soap in flake form and cannot injure any fabric that water alone does not harm.

To keep your sweaters, blouses, silk lingerie and all other fine garments as beautiful as new, and to make them last the longest possible time, use Ivory Flakes. Send for the free sample and directions offered at the left and see for yourself how Ivory Flakes works.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes pretty clothes last longer



PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XX

October, 1921

No. 5

Imagination



IMAGINATION is the torch which has guided men down the dim paths of the ages. It has ever been the supreme force in the onward gropings of the human race. Imagination has created the dream of progress. It has fashioned and built the world. It has penetrated the hidden secrets of life, and unearthed the glories of inanimate things.

Imagination has given us the enduring beauty of great art, the inspiring splendor of great achievements. In all human aspiration—from the lowliest task to the most majestic enterprise—imagination is the mainspring of success. When the imagination fails, the germs of death and decay creep in.

Often it happens that the brain of man grows tired and complacent; it succumbs to fatigue and *laissez faire*. And then it is that the mind becomes merely a capable mechanism, performing automatically the tasks to which it long has been accustomed. Man becomes a machine—the imagination, which is the vitalizing spirit of endeavor, has ceased to function.

This apathy is the normal reaction to strain. The mind, like the body, wears down; it loses its resiliency, and weariness sets in. We call it “going stale.”

After years of tireless effort and activity the makers of motion pictures have begun to “go stale.” Their elan and enthusiasm have diminished. Pictures have become too formal, too orthodox. They follow too severely the paths of tradition; they adhere too closely to the standards of the past.

What motion-picture production needs today is an infiltration of new blood—new thoughts, new dreams, new ideas, new points of view—in short, a new imagination.

It is true that the motion-picture industry has drawn into its ranks many eminent authors and playwrights; and while these men and women have accomplished much that has been significant and worth-while, they have failed to revivify the art of the films as it might have been revivified. Their very popularity in the world of letters—the fact that they were so widely accepted by the public—was, to a certain extent, an argument against their originality and the freshness of their imagination.

On the other hand, there are in America many young creative men, rich in experimental ideas and unspoiled by tradition, who are untrammelled by the demands of a conventional popular following, and who are striving earnestly for a new ideal, for an original means of expression, for a more compelling method of bodying forth their dreams. They are the true harbingers of progress—the apostles of the great new movement in all branches of human thought and activity, which is sweeping over the world today.

These are the men whom the motion pictures need, for these are the men who symbolize imagination.

Imagination!

Without it no enterprise, no work of art, can live for long, for without it the soul of achievement is lacking.



What Caligari Did to the Camera

"MODERN" art is perhaps the least misleading term for the effort that, for the last half century, a certain now world-famous group of painters has been making to save painting from becoming photographic. These painters have succeeded so well that the camera, finding itself spurned by art, turned about and began imitating painting with the astonishingly successful results to be found in photoplays of the "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" type and in the work of a great many photographers. The above impressionistic—or shall we stick to our story and call it modern?—photograph of Molly Malone was made by Clarence Sinclair Bull at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City.

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK

Photoplay's artist changes his medium and paints a delightful picture with words.

By
RALPH BARTON



The most insignificant figure in the above group is Alice Terry—one of the extras in an old Triangle production starring Dorothy Dalton.

IT was my first trip to California and I was disappointed. I saw no flowers and no trees except occasional groups of palms and eucalyptus. Los Angeles I thought we were still in the desert. The fantastic, squatty bungalows—miles of them—depressed me. The climate was wretched—four seasons every day: spring in the morning, summer at noon, fall in the evening and winter at night. I looked forward to a long siege of nostalgia and bronchitis.

And then I met Alice Terry!

Now I rave about California like a Native Son.

You have seen her, of course, and know what I mean. Before you saw her you believed yourself safely beyond the Sentimental Age. You felt that you could never again revert to that youthful emotional state when you contemplated suicide because the leading lady of the local stock company had married the stage-manager, and when you clipped photographs of Lillian Russell from magazines and gazed surreptitiously at them during the algebra lesson. The first thousand feet of the picture in which you first saw Miss Terry melted the snows that had drifted round your cardiac plexus since Commencement Day, and the last thousand feet rendered you fifteen and maudlin.

Moreover, Alice Terry can act—she is what they call in Hollywood “a great little trooper”—but it is not altogether her acting which carries you back to your high school days and makes you long to embrace another Hopeless Love. It is the way in which she unconsciously projects her adorable weakness and appealing femininity from the screen into every corner of the house. As you watch her you feel that here is a woman who does not particularly want to vote, or box, or be

an aviator, or join a Reform society, or dominate her husband. Her sex appeal is a wholesome and natural one, and yet vastly stronger than that of the dear departed Vampires; and her sweetness is more alluring and infinitely less cloying than that of the Pollyannas.

She makes the men in her audiences feel as romantic as they did when they first read the King Arthur tales, and there is not a woman in the house who would balk at introducing her to friend husband.

I met California and Alice the same afternoon. Neither of them tallied with my preconceived ideas. But whereas California fell far short of the Californians' descriptions of it, Alice proved far lovelier than the cool, blonde, worried Marguerite Laurier of “The Four Horsemen,” whom I expected to see in Hollywood. She had the poise of a patrician and the modesty of a Maud Muller. Her coloring was exquisite, and of the Dresden-doll, pink-and-white tonality. Her dancing blue eyes and the mobile corners of her small, sensitive mouth indicated the presence of a bubbling sense of humor. Her voice, almost contralto, made her pronounced Middle-Western accent seem smooth and melodious.

But the thing which startled me the most—which, in fact, almost dumfounded me—was her hair. *It was red-brown and very dark!*

They had gilded the lily! Marguerite Laurier's golden hair had been a wig!

I couldn't forgive them and demanded to know who was responsible. Rex Ingram gave reasons for the change—good reasons, I suppose, since they came from him—and yet there she stood before me twice as lovely in her own hair. I shall never be convinced that the wig was

(Continued on page 97)

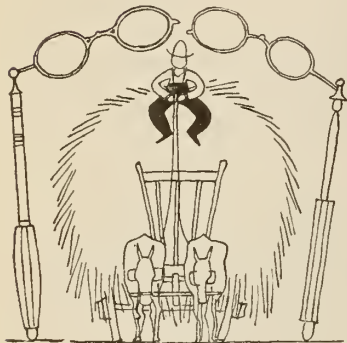


Rice
Alice Terry, present day, one of the most significant figures in the films, as Eugenie Grandet in “The Conquering Power.”

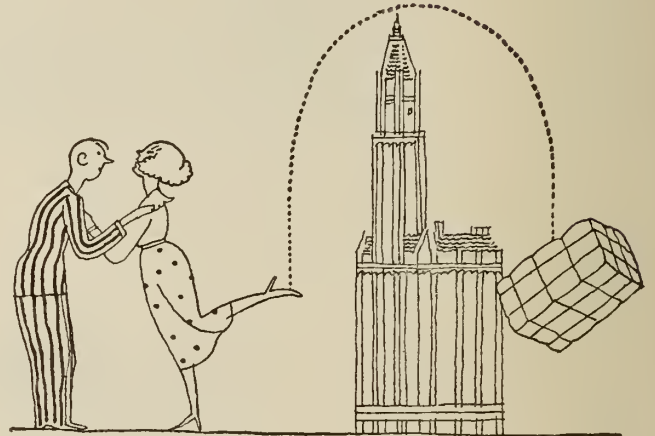
MOTION PICTURE STATISTICS FOR 1920

(With apologies to "Scientific American")

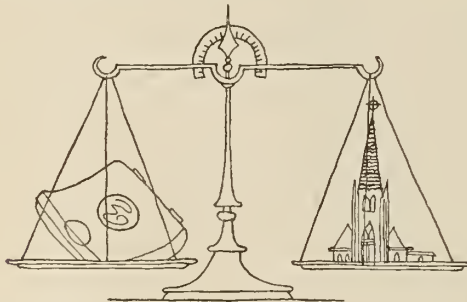
DUE to the tremendous progress and growth of the motion picture industry, all information heretofore concerning the films has been too general; it has lacked accuracy and mathematical precision. Therefore, for the benefit of historians and scientists, we present herewith, accompanied by illustrations, all the vital and important facts connected with motion picture production for the year 1920.—Editor.



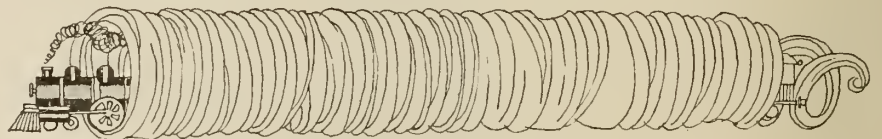
If all the lorgnettes with which society matrons of the 1920 films haughtily inspected persons to whom they were introduced, were amalgamated into two lorgnettes and placed together, they would form an arch sufficiently large to permit the passage of a load of hay.



The united force of all the kittenish back-kicks given in 1920 by film ingenues when greeting people would be sufficient to heave a bale of hay, weighing one and a half tons, over the Woolworth building.



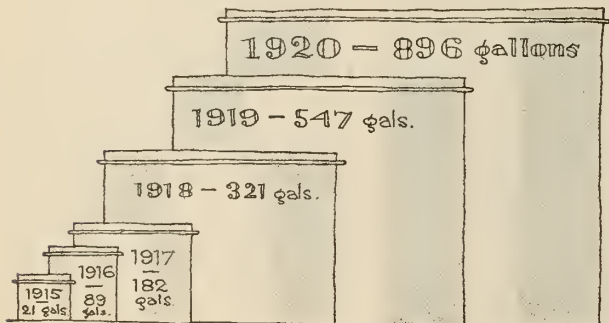
The combined weight of the metal cigarette cases carried during 1920 by fashionable leading men in the lower right-hand westcoat pocket would be equal to that of Trinity Church.



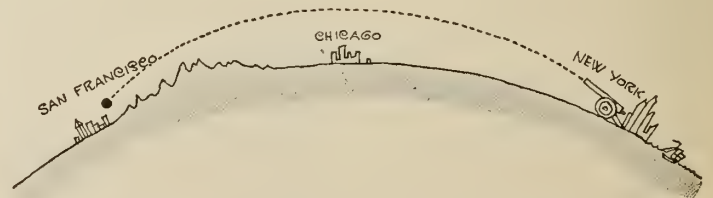
If all the curls of the 1920 screen ingenues were made into a single volute, they would form a hirsute tunnel large enough to engulf a seven-coach passenger train.



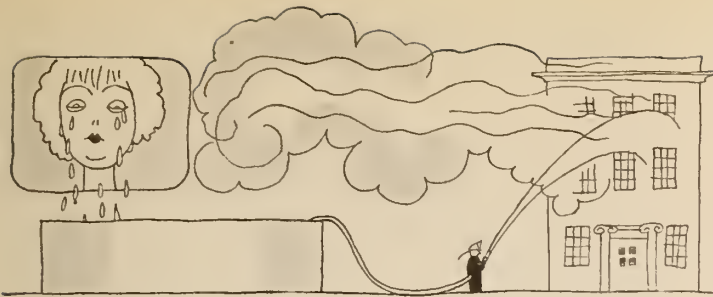
The total distance covered by chases in the comedy films of 1920 was 247,816 miles, or the approximate distance between the earth and the moon.



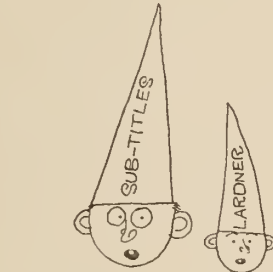
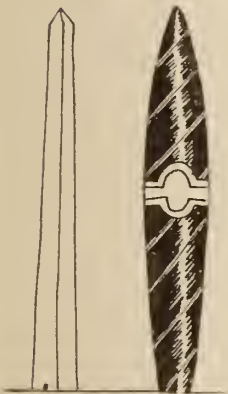
Comparative pictures showing the marked increase in the amount of hair salve used by cinema actors (male) during the past six years. (The figures include vaseline, pomade, bear-grease, gelatine and all the various unguents for making the hair sleek and glossy.)



If all the jovial slaps on the back which took place in the gentlemen's clubs of the 1920 society films were concentrated into a single unit of energy the force of the combustion would be sufficient to fire a twelve-pound cannon ball from New York to San Francisco.

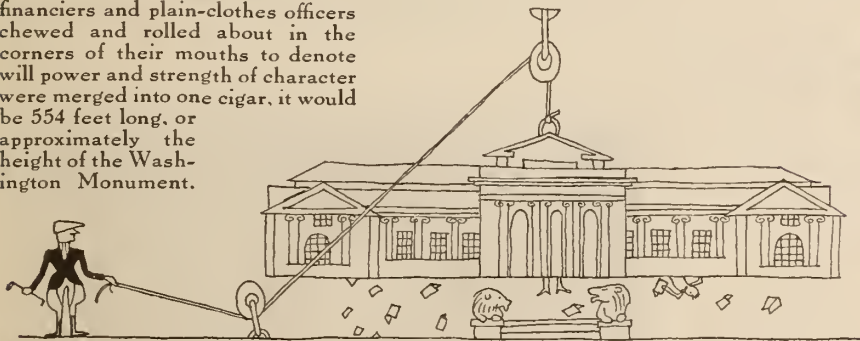


The amount of tears shed in the close-ups of leading ladies during 1920 would be sufficient to extinguish the conflagration of a three-story dwelling.

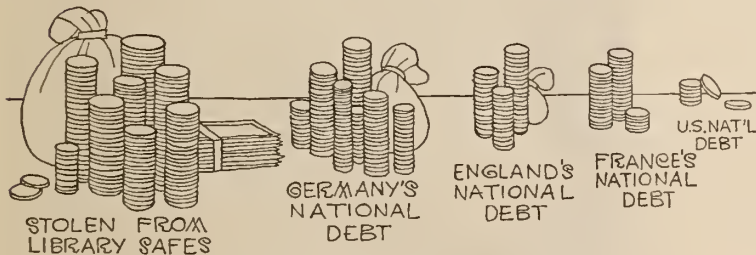


The number of errors in spelling and grammar appearing in the sub-titles of 1920, as compared with the number of errors in the complete works of Ring Lardner.

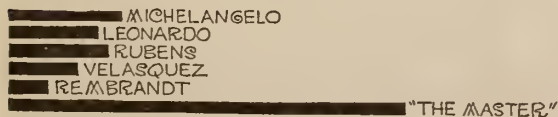
If all the heavy black cigars which financiers and plain-clothes officers chewed and rolled about in the corners of their mouths to denote will power and strength of character were merged into one cigar, it would be 554 feet long, or approximately the height of the Washington Monument.



The amount of energy expended in 1920 by wealthy villains in luring pure and innocent working-girls to their luxurious bachelor apartments would be sufficient to hoist the New York Public Library thirty-one feet from its foundation.



The amount of money stolen from private-library safes in the screen dramas for 1920, compared with the present national debt of Germany, of England, of France, and of the United States.

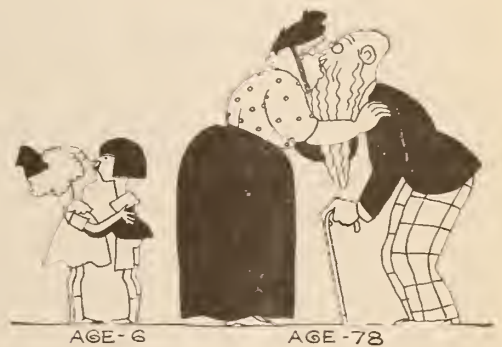


The relative amount of "great artistic triumphs" and "supreme masterpieces" produced by D. W. Griffith, and by Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Leonardo and Michelangelo.

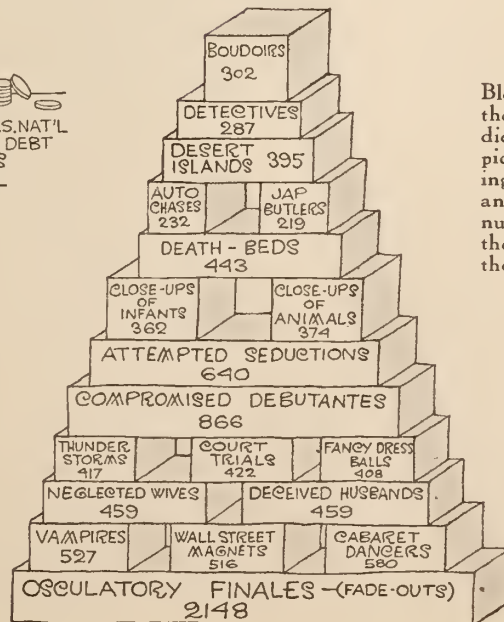
Comparative figures showing the number of 1920 film convicts who were innocent (having been unjustly condemned or preferring to serve time in order to shield another), and the number who were actually guilty of some crime.



If all the waxed moustaches of society villains in the pictures of 1920 were placed end to end, they would reach from Wall street to Yonkers, with enough hair left over to stuff eight sofa pillows.



The lingering fade-out kisses used as climaxes in the 1920 film dramas would, if fused into one sustained osculation, last 72 years. That is to say, if a couple should begin this composite caress at the age of six, they would be 78 at the break-away.



Block pyramid of the principle ingredients of motion picture plots, showing both the exact and the relative number of times they were used in the photoplays of 1920.



Helen Ray, the continuity clerk who plays *Intoxication* in "Experience."

SHE DOUBLES IN BRASS

THERE'S nothing like versatility.

There used to be a man out in Montana who ran a pantatorium during the day and engineered a flourishing hot peanut and buttered popcorn wagon on the Main street at night.

Six months ago Helen Ray decided that she would much rather possess a job than to stay home and help mother with the dishes or sew on fugitive buttons for big brothers.

Helen lives in Brooklyn and a mile away shines the dazzling facade of the Famous Players-Lasky studio. So Miss Ray decided that she might manage to obtain employment in the big studio.

She went in and demonstrated to the employment manager that she could extract 75 words a minute from a well-oiled typewriter, and she could spell "receive" correctly (which very few persons can do) and she was diligent.

Being a continuity clerk is not a hard job if you haven't got temperament. It is the most untemperamental job there is in the place. All you have to do is sit on a camp-stool, book and pencil in hand, and as fast as the director barks out changes in the scenario or continuity, you simply dash off a few thousand words, type it on a folding typewriter right on the spot, and hand it to the director within, say, five or ten minutes.

One day the camera-man had a new lens. He desired to try it out.

"Listen, Helen," he said in that frank, familiar way that all cinema photographers have, "listen. Put a little powder on and stand over there under the lights. I want to try out my lens."

Helen did as she was invited and the camera-man shot several hundred feet of film to try out the lens. And when the reel was developed and run off through the projecting machine as a test, what do you suppose happened?

It developed that Helen was an actress.

"She is a wonder," said Hugh Ford, a veteran director.

"She is a find," echoed John Robertson, another director.

"She is a peach," enthused George Fitzmaurice.

George Fitzmaurice cast her for the role of—we hate to say so—"Intoxication," in the big production of "Experience."

But Helen has not forgotten her regular job in spite of her part in the film play. Between whiles, when she is not playing "Intoxication," she sobers down, as one might say, and sits on the little old camp-stool, and with note book in hand jots down continuity changes.

THE SCREEN'S NEWEST WOMAN PRODUCER

THE screen now has its second woman producer-director. Lois Weber no longer holds the feminine fort alone. Marion Fairfax—famous playwright and one of the most successful screen writers of the day—has formed her own company and is at present engaged in "shooting" her first picture.

There have been a number of feminine directors—including Frances Marion—but in spite of the fact that Lois Weber has been successfully making her own pictures for four years, no other woman has followed her lead—until Miss Fairfax recently announced that she had become head of the Marion Fairfax Productions and would produce, direct and write her own pictures.

Miss Fairfax has the sort of a career behind her that makes you think you are writing for "Who's Who" when you try to tell about it.

Before she "went into pictures" she was one of the most eminent stage authors in the country. She wrote such New York hits as "The Builders" which had a record run at the Astor, "The Chaperon," in which Maxine Elliott starred and which was chosen to open the Maxine Elliott Theater, "The Talker," "Mr. Crew's Career," in collaboration with the celebrated English author, Mr. Winston Churchill, "Mrs. Boltay's Daughter" and "A Modern Girl."

She has given the screen a number of delightful stories and has written scenarios galore for Marshall Neilan—during the past year and a half those to her credit being "The River's End," "Go and Get It," "Dinty" and "Bop Hampton of Placer"—and before that for Famous Players-Lasky.

She wrote the story herself for the first production to bear her name and the cast includes her husband, Tully Marshall—wouldn't it be funny to be directed by your own wife on the stage?—Marjorie Daw and Pat O'Malley.



Marion Fairfax has been a close student of acting, her husband, Tully Marshall, being one of the best character actors in America.

A WHITE-HAIRED "CHILD OF PROMISE"

I HAD seen her around the Lasky lot any number of times—a little white-haired old lady, simply dressed in gray.

I noticed her particularly because she didn't seem to belong—and thought she must be somebody's grandmother acting as temporary chaperon or something of that sort.

Then one day somebody wanted to introduce me to the author of "One Wild Week"—Bebe Daniels' successful comedy.

I visualized an Elinor Glyn-ish sort of person, sophisticated, worldly, blase, probably with red hair and sparkling eyes.

I was introduced.

And it was my little white-haired old lady!

Immediately I perceived her business-like connection with the work in hand.

For Miss Frances Harmer, whose official title is now literary assistant to William deMille, was a very important part of the enormous set Mr. deMille was staging for his production of "The Stage Door."

She is just four feet, ten inches tall, and she is sixty-three years old, is Miss Frances Harmer. But there is a spring in her step, a twinkle in her eye, and altogether bright, active joy of living in her whole personality, that instantly explains her ability to hold the important position she holds.

So now—at sixty-three—she is a successful scenarioist, and a co-worker with one of the greatest directors.

Her original position was in the readers' department at Lasky's. And she was formerly a teacher.

I asked her how she happened to write "One Wild Week."

"I like a lot of quick action," she said briskly, tapping her pencil on the open script before her and keeping one bright blue eye on the set where Lila Lee, Jack Holt and twenty or thirty lovely young things in tights, etc., were performing. "So I decided that whatever happened in my story should happen in a week. Then I thought the week needed description, so I stuck in the 'Wild.' That's all."

Miss Harmer assisted Mr. deMille in preparing Edward Knoblock's "The Lost Romance" for the screen and also "The Stage Door" by Rita Weiman.



Frances Harmer, scenarioist, is just four feet ten inches tall and is sixty-three years old.



John Robertson is a celebrated director now, but there was a time when he played the kerosene circuit.

A Highbrow Barnstormer

THEY were making a picture on the old Vitagraph lot. An actor who was on the pay-roll for \$50 a week was acting loudly and laboriously all over the place.

The director—a mild-mannered party with pleasant blue eyes—watched the actor performing and interposed a soft suggestion.

"I believe it would be better if you did it this way," said the director amiably. And he showed the \$50 actor how it should be done.

A while afterward the \$50 actor sniffed.

"Huh!" he muttered. "That's the way with these directors. They think they know how to act."

The director, John S. Robertson, didn't hear this aside.

If he had, he might have indulged in a couple of merry gurgles.

For John Robertson knows every barnstorming town in the United States and Canada.

He has played Kankakee and Keokuk. He has knocked 'em off their seats in Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon. He has done low comedy with dramatic troupes which thought nothing of offering "East Lynne" on Tuesday matinees and "The Sidewalks of New York" on Tuesday nights.

It is no exaggeration to aver that John Robertson started at the bottom; that he learned the rudiments of the show business—acting, directing and everything else—in the atmosphere where rudiments are the most conspicuous element in the landscape.

But he emerged from this atmosphere and he admits that he learned a great deal while playing on the Kerosene Oil Circuit. Upon emerging he played for two years in support of Rose Stahl and emerging further he acted up on the platform with Maude Adams and other stars.

Then romance entered his life. He met Josephine Lovett who was writing scenarios for the screen. This was in the old days when a two-reeler was a "super" picture.

Realizing that the silent drama was going to be very big time eventually, John Robertson abandoned the speakies. Left 'em flat, and decided he would be a picture director. It was a canny decision, but then you'd expect it of John Robertson for although Canadian born, his parents were Scotch. You know him as the director of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "39 East" and "Sentimental Tommy."

No wonder John Robertson would have smiled if he had overheard the bolshevistic actor make that crack:

"What does he know about acting?"

THE GRAY

By
**JACK
BOYLE**

Another of the fascinating "Boston Blackie" stories, relating more about the mysterious underworld organization that fights the causes of men hounded by law.



THE girl turned toward the man who had paused just within the doorway to appraise the dingy little law office in a swift, comprehensive glance.

The man's eyes returned to the girl's face—an oddly winsome face that suggested in its pensive lines the workings of a melancholy mind whose deepest interests lay within itself. Her eyes were on her visitor's face—wide-set, dark eyes that shocked curiously by their blank fixity. At once the man realized that she was blind.

"What may I do for you, sir?" the girl inquired, her slender fingers wandering restlessly over the keys of her typewriter.

"I'm wanting to see the lawyer," the visitor answered, inwardly congratulating himself that the girl's blindness made his task an easy one. "My name's O'Neill and I've a bit of a case I want—"

"Your name is not O'Neill," she interrupted with positive and unruffled calmness. "You are Patrick Connors, upper office detective from police headquarters. An hour ago Police Commissioner McElvoy instructed you to come here for the purpose of finding an opportunity to install a detectaphone. The commissioner's exact words to you were: 'Get a detectaphone into the office of a broken-down, has-been attorney named Caesar Septimus Sills. He's the clearing-house of communication between the outside world and the dangerously shrewd chief of the crook organization that calls itself the Gray Brothers. Three times within ten days attorneys employed by the Gray Brothers have forced us to release men we were holding without warrants for third degree purposes. They're forcing us to conform to the strict letter of the law. Locate this chief crook and I'll put him where he won't interfere with my police methods for the next twenty years.'"

The detective's face had become a ruddy map of stupefaction. Word for word the blind girl had repeated to him his superior's commands given in the supposed sanctity of the police head's private office. No one else had been present; and



"Where is that Hartley letter now?" interjected Whelan, producing it. Senator Whelan's face grew a pasty

yet, within an hour, a blind typist in a third-class law office was detailing to him with stenographic accuracy a police secret he had been particularly warned to keep inviolate.

As the officer mopped his brow to cover speechless confusion, a telephone bell rang. The girl reached for one of three phones that stood on her desk. If amazement had not dulled Patrick Connor's innate shrewdness he might have guessed the secret of the solicitude unconsciously betrayed by the tone in which the girl spoke into the phone and listened, then, with a faint hint of color suddenly livening her cheeks. He might have guessed that a Voice had become the secretly nurtured romance of a blind girl's otherwise drab and eventless life. And,

BROTHERS

Sequel to "Through the Little Door", the thrilling death-chamber story that appeared in the September issue of Photoplay.

Illustrated by
Lee Conrey



lan, brusquely. "Here," answered the Gray Brother, white. "Where did you get it?" he demanded.

had he guessed, he would have known with what utter loyalty she served the Voice that illuminated her unlighted days.

The girl spoke into the phone in a soft and strange language that seemed a jumble of purling vowel sounds. A few seconds of attentive listening and she hung up the earpiece and turned again to the detective.

"The Chief Brother asks you to inform the police commissioner that our organization does not commit crime nor concern itself with cases of men guilty of crime," she said, "but it has forced and will continue to force the release of men detained by the police without proper process of law; also of men convicted by error or perjury. The Chief wishes you to tell the

outlaw mind that governed the uncannily prescient power called the Gray Brothers.

While the head of the city's police raged, Caesar Septimus Sills, a shabby, white-haired, little man, returned to his office and found his blind daughter with the tint of color left by the magic of a Voice still on her cheeks.

"Maia, Maia, I have it at last," the old man exclaimed rapturously.

"The letter taken from the Governor!" delightedly from the girl in an Indian tongue.

"Yes, the letter, too. But I meant a specimen of the Heliactin Bilopha. It completes our collection of South Amer-

commissioner that the position of the Gray Brothers is that the sanctity of all law is equal and that a police force in ignoring any man's law-given rights in efforts to enforce other laws, itself becomes criminal. And to save you the trouble of attempting to install a detectaphone in this office, our chief invites you to remain here at your pleasure. He adds for your information that you're welcome to listen in on our phones whenever you choose, as all messages of importance are delivered and received, alternately, in one or several of the original twenty-three languages of the North American Indians."

The girl took a typed sheet from her desk and handed it to the now-speechless detective.

"Our chief suggests that this transcript of the commissioner's private instructions to you in reference to the Gray Brothers will, as it comes from this office, serve as a needed reminder to him of the extreme inefficiency of his police methods. Is there anything else I can do for you?" she concluded with irritating sweetness.

"Down for the count at the end of the first round—that's me," gasped the frankly-awed detective to himself as he banged the office door behind him and returned to headquarters to turn the police commissioner's face an apoplectic purple with the message sent by the master



ican humming birds. It's a perfect specimen of the male with the purple, green and golden crests that give it its colloquial name, Sun Gem. Oh, Maia, my dear, I would give half my life if you could see this treasure which is the final achievement of our collection. It's priceless! It's—"

"But the letter, father," interrupted the girl gently. "The Chief Brother has phoned the command that you are to send it up to him at once. He wants it tonight without fail."

"Yes, Maia, I'll start it on at once. Tell the chief I wired the funds to San Francisco to attend to the Lessing matter and that I delivered the \$1,000 to send Chauffeur Danny's widow and child to the Colorado sanitarium. Inform him our bank balance this morning is \$397,842.16. I think that's all, my dear."

As her father's steps died away down the corridor the phone on the girl's desk tinkled. Maia reached for it with eager fingers and as she began to speak in the soft accents of Indian

"Tell the Chief I delivered the \$1,000 to send Chauffeur Danny's widow and child to the Colorado sanitarium. Inform him that our bank balance is \$397,842.16. I think that's all, my dear."



racess now all-but-forgotten, her cheeks again glowed with the magic tint of happiness—happiness that flowed to her from the sound of a Voice that never had been anything more tangible than just a voice over a phone.

II

Governor Jarid Husted switched on the lights in the library

of his home and waved Police Commissioner McElvoy to a chair.

"Commissioner, I've brought you here tonight to ask your advice in a vital matter—a matter that may decide next week's election. My problem is this." The Governor paused to light a cigar. "I have received through the mail a letter which, if genuine as I believe it to be, insures my re-election as governor of the state. It's conclusive proof that my esteemed opponent is exactly what I have asserted throughout my campaign—a man pledged in advance to serve certain corporate interests I have fought during my four years at the capitol. This letter in his own writing over his own signature convicts him. Evidently it was required by his corporation backers as a guarantee of ultimate performance. Well, Commissioner, I have this letter—but I can conceive of no possible way in which those who sent it to me could have obtained it except through theft. Am I or am I not justified in using it?"

The police commissioner's smile was approval personified.

"That's news I'm mighty glad to hear, Governor," he replied. "My advice is to use it the moment you have proved it genuine. Even if it did reach you through devious means you are not responsible. Have you any idea by whom the letter was mailed to you?"

"I have," the Governor answered slowly. "It was accompanied by a brief, typed note which read: 'Make use of this document. It will keep you in the Governor's chair for another four years.' The note was signed, 'The Gray Brothers.'"

The police commissioner sprang to his feet.

"The Gray Brothers again!" he exclaimed. "Everything that happens in this town lately can be traced back somehow to that mysterious band of crooks. Is the letter here? May I see it?"

The Governor unlocked a desk drawer and drew out a wallet.

"Here is the document," he said, selecting an envelope and tossing it across to his friend. "Read it and tell me whether or not I am right in asserting that it crucifies our friend Hartley."

The commissioner's expectant smile vanished as he drew a typed slip of paper from the envelope.

"Good God, Governor, the letter is gone! You've been robbed," he cried.

Governor Husted snatched the typed slip and read:

"The other side offers more for the Hartley letter than we care to refuse so we are retracting our gift to you. With regrets,

The Gray Brothers."

"Stolen—from my own desk—here in my own home," the Governor ejaculated. "There's not a scratch on the desk and it's still locked as I left it. How did they do it?"

"Men capable of obtaining such a letter from the corporation vault from which I judge it came would find your simple desk lock a bit of child's play," the police commissioner explained. "Always the Gray Brothers! There's a master criminal mind, directing that dangerously powerful order of criminals. But even I would not have guessed they would dare this, Governor."

The Governor's fist banged the table.

"Dare this!" he exclaimed. "The robbery of a Governor's residence is a triviality to them. Let me tell you one of their real exploits. They kidnapped and drugged me, the Governor of the state. I lost consciousness as I rode in a cab on the streets of our capital. I recovered in a prison cell—a death house cell—bereft of my identity. They told me I was in Lester penitentiary death house, sentenced with my cellmate to execution. They made it so real I actually reached a state of mind in which I believed them. They shaved my head for the electric chair! They sent me through the little door to the chair itself."

Involuntarily the Governor shuddered.

"They strapped me in The Chair! A black cap shut the light from my eyes," he continued. "And then—blackness that I thought was death. When I opened my eyes I was in my cab unharmed. Beside me was the man who had been my cell-partner. He explained what had happened and why."

"The explanation, what was it?" demanded the astounded commissioner.

"The Gray Brothers! My prison and The Chair had been built expressly for me in one of their (Continued on page 106)



"The Senator lost no time in phoning McElvoy that I, chief of the Brothers, am in the home of Governor Husted," said Blackie. "They expect to trap me as I leave."



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

I Went to the Ball-Game.
Tom Mix was There, too.
And Maybe you Think
We didn't Get Fun.
Oh no—not just
Tom and I—but
Tom's Wife, too, and
Her Mother:
Victoria and
Eugenie Forde.
Some of the Cartoonists
Should Meet this Mother-in-Law.
It would Spoil
All their Little Jokes.

Everybody had a Good Time
At this Ball-Game.
The Men
Thoroughly Enjoyed themselves—
None of the Ladies
Asked a Single Question.
Why
Should they Worry
About a Silly Old Ball-Game
When Tom Mix was There?
Tom didn't Want
To be Recognized—so
He Wore his Sombrero.
Babe Ruth walked Right Up
To Tom's Box to Shake Hands—
And Nobody Noticed Babe at all.
Tom and the Babe were
Friends in California.
So Babe Obligated
With a Home Run.
They Say he Only Does That
When there's Somebody he Knows
Out in Front.
You Could Only See
The Top of Tom's Hat
When the Crowd Followed him Out
Afterwards,
Cheering him—
What's the Use
Of Being a King
Or a President, Anyway?
Tom Came East
Just to See the Fight and
Babe Make a Homer and
Play Golf with Bill Fox, his Boss—
Bill Won,
But he Gave Tom
A Beautiful New Golf Set
To Make Up for It. Tom
Can always Use it in Pictures.
Mr. Mix from California
Inspected the White House and
Met the President. He Says



"At the ball game, Tom didn't want to be recognized, so he wore his sombrero."

Everything Looks All Right, but
He Will be Glad
To Get Back to Cal.

PRINCESS Fatima
Of Kabul
Came to Town. They Named
The Cigarettes After her.
I will Impress her
As soon
As she Signs her Film Contract.
She hasn't Thought about it Yet,
But I'm sure she will.
She's a Princess, isn't she?
If you are One of those,
Of which I was another,
Who never heard of Kabul—
It's in Afghanistan,
Honestly.
"I Want



"Tsuru Aoki looks exactly like an exquisite Japanese doll dressed up in French clothes."

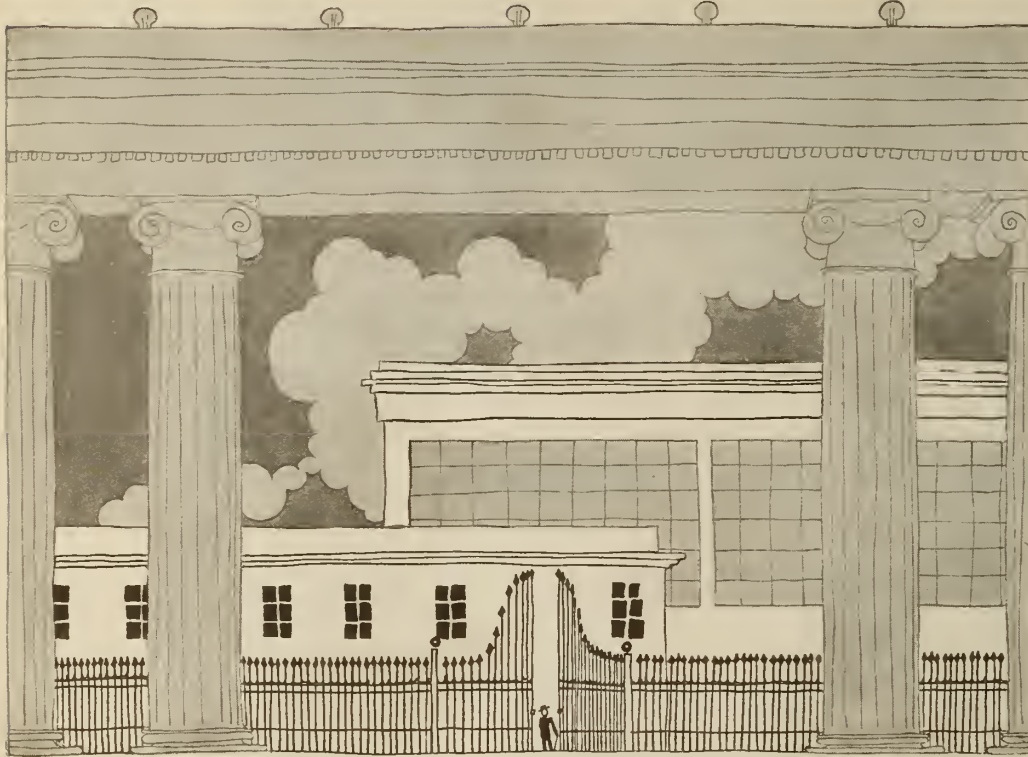
The Hyawakawakawas",
I Told the Hotel Clerk.
"I'm sorry," he said,
"But
We haven't Any
Just Now.
Shall I Order Some
For You?"
Just then,
Sheshue and
Shury Came Up.
I Made Certain Sounds
But Nothing very
Definite, Addressing them,
But
They're Both Clever, and
They Gathered what it was
All About.
He Said he'd
Just Met the President, but
He is Unusual in Many Ways.
It was her First Trip East—
In America. She Looks Like
An Exquisite Japanese Doll
Dressed Up
In French Clothes.
She's The Sweetest Thing I Ever Saw—
only
Sometime Somebody
Is Going to Pick her up
And Take her Home
To his Little Girl.
She's Intelligent, even
For a Movie Actress.
She May Remind you
Of a Doll—but
She can Say Other Things
Besides Papa and Mama.
She Said
They had a Rather Important
Appointment,
And he Grinned.
I Asked them
Where they were Going—it seemed to be
The Thing to Do.
"I give you three guesses," she said,
In her Quaint little Voice.
I Give Up.
So she Whispered:
"To Coney Island!"
I'm Sure you'd Like
Sessue Hayakawa and
Tsuru Aoki.
(I Can Spell it, even if
I Can't Pronounce it.)



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

WE are often asked why Marilyn Miller, the youngest star on Broadway, has never transferred her radiance to the silent drama. (She's singing and dancing now in "Sally" and before that she was a star in Ziegfeld's "Follies." For her services in the current production Miss Miller is said to receive somewhere in the neighborhood of \$3500 a week.) Someone put the question to her. "Well," she said, "you know there are so many girls in pictures who look like me." We have never seen any. We wish we would.

THROUGH the GOLDWYN GATE



By
RALPH
BARTON

The impressive—and useful—entrance to the Goldwyn acres in Culver City. Besides being a good gate, it occasionally works in a picture as a set. Did you see it in “Doubling for Romeo?”



Lon Chaney is the easiest man on earth to draw. If the sketch doesn't look like him he will deftly make up to look like the sketch. You can't go wrong.



Making a scene in “The Glorious Fool”—E. Mason Hopper directing Richard Dix, three sheets in the wind on histrionic hootch, out of his club and into the scrub-lady's bucket. The portable organ at the left is playing an old American folk-song: “We Won't be Home until Morning.”

Sketches from a notebook filled at Culver City.



What Reginald Barker does to actors who won't act.



Will Rogers, while making "Poor Relations," has dropped roping and taken up fiddling as a between-the-scenes amusement. Jimmy Rogers, on the side-lines, asks, "Say, Dad, when are you going to work with me in a picture again?"



Renée being very much *adorée* by her new husband, Tom Moore.

Molly Malone, in spite of the fact that she is pretty and is in pictures, always reads between scenes.



Droves of eminent American authors scurry to and fro about the Goldwyn Valhalla. A glance in any direction will reveal at least a Rita Weiman, a Rupert Hughes, a Gertrude Atherton, or a Gouverneur Morris, script in hand, on the way to or from the set.

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

NOW an "editorial committee" from the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry is to pass on the fitness of the motion pictures produced by its members. This is a part of the promise made in answer to censorship advocates that the motion picture industry would "clean up." Quite without prejudice one can wonder wherein this sort of a committee supervision will differ materially in character or effect from the work of the "National Board of Review," which has been in operation a number of years. The National Board was also in turn and in the day of its inception an organization to meet a promise to "clean up." To install another board of review, another voluntary self-censorship, is not to meet the issue squarely. Also to establish such an institution is to make a confession in behalf of a whole industry that is not justified by the facts.

THE most innocent "prop" down on the farm was the homely, comfortable old "dasher" churn. One of Hollywood's actor princes acquired one of these honest old contrivances recently. Does he make butter in it? He does not; he makes cocktails in it for his parties! Thus is the immortal extravagance of Cleopatra and the classic pearl dissolved in vinegar outdone!

NOW comes the discovery that the principle of "the persistence of vision," which makes the motion picture move by the superimposition of visual images in the mind's eye, was known as early as 65 B. C. Ben J. Lubschetz in his "The Story of the Motion Picture," states that writing in that day Lucretius recorded his observation that a stone whirled at the end of a string gave the appearance of a solid disc. This observation came about no doubt by watching some hardy hill man hurling stones with his sling. The whirling stone not only conveyed the principle of the motion picture but also made the enemy see stars.

THE New York police have been investigating Greenwich Village—the so-called artistic quarter of New York, inhabited largely by long-haired men and short-haired women—to see if it is as bad as it appears in moving pictures made in Los Angeles by young Californians working under directors from the Middle West.

WORLD-FASHIONS in matrimony are changing. Formerly impecunious foreign noblemen came to Fifth avenue, or Newport, in quest of alliances with rich young New York society girls. Now they are in California, pursuing the diamond-crusted young picture stars.

EVERY comedian and every punster has taken a fall out of the now-famous—or infamous, according to your point of ignorance—list of questions propounded by Thomas A. Edison. But in our opinion the hand-painted moustache cup for the best single burlesque should go to Baird Leonard of the New York Telegraph, who asked: "Who shot what off whose head?"

PROHIBITION is getting more and more cruel to the photoplay industry. And we don't mean that the sufferer now is the wealthy actor, at his Lucullan feasts; nor the director, intent on punching his big dramatic wallop out of a banned drinking scene. We mean that the fellow hurt most is the manufacturer of the raw film itself. Alcohol is a most important, if not the most important, solvent in the manufacture of film stock, and restrictions upon its manufacture, distribution and use are becoming such that even the biggest makers are being seriously handicapped.

TO hear the talk about the cheapness of feature-making in Europe, one would think that an ancient alchemist had stalked from his forgotten tomb to turn all metals into gold for some *kino-koenig* of *Deutschland*. As a matter of fact; no place has yet been discovered on this small round world where one gets a lot for nothing. "Deception"—these figures are established—cost 11,000,000 marks. At the present rate of exchange, this is \$200,000. And at that, considering what they got, even in mere material, it is a most economical outlay compared to some of the profligate expenditures in California.

ANOTHER old adage has gone by the board—the spring-board—in Hollywood. It used to be: "What is home without a mother?" Now, in the spacious establishments of the kings and queens of the movies, they ask: "What is home without a swimming-pool?" If you haven't one, in western Los Angeles, you are in the pitiable class of the pencil and shoestring vendors.

CHANNING POLLOCK, in a recent interview, said that it took "ten years and a world-war" to make people believe in the real-life possibility of his old play, "Such a Little Queen." At the rate the world is speeding now, ten years more may make a motion-picture serial seem like everyday life. Then, oh, Destiny, it will be about time to bring on that devastating comet!

MOVIE audiences in New York, says Sherwood in *Life*, have been educated up to the point where they actually outrank the theatrical audiences in intelligence. He bases this conclusion on the appreciation that has resulted in the wonderful development of the art of presentation of pictures. Did you ever stop to think how few of the great theatrical producers have made a success in motion pictures? Many have tried but most have flopped. It's very easy to view the pictures and criticize, but if you knew the complications and heartaches involved in their making, you would be more tolerant.

IN TENDENT on living our lives for us and on legislating us into heaven, the reformers refuse to credit lovers of motion pictures with intelligence beyond the moron stage. But, with all their deficiencies and violations of good taste, we have never met a producer that was not more human and sincere than the average professional guide to heaven by the legislation route.



YOU may have heard that Wallace Reid came east to play in a picture. But the real reasons for his journey all the way from California are seen here. Wally visited his mother and grandmother in his old home at Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

THEIR CHILDREN

AND a Few Parents! We didn't particularly intend to include any parents at all, but several of the members of the Junior Sunshine League of Hollywood are either too young or too shy to be photographed without their fathers. Some of these children you'll recognize. They are, you see, growing up. We hesitate to give the ages of the young ladies, because they are the stars of tomorrow, and stars are singularly averse to birthdays. We hesitate—but here they are!

ONE of the most popular of Hollywood's younger set (below): Miss Mary Joanna Desmond. She has just celebrated her first birthday and is feeling very blasé about it. Her father is William Desmond.



THE Rogers kids: Will, Jimmy (the famous movin-pitcher actor,) Mary, and Will, Jr., in the sun-parlor of the "The House that Jokes Built." Will is reading from one of his own books. By the way, we hear he is going back to the Follies.



THE twenty-one-months-old daughter of Sam Wood (there, we've given her away) is happy because she's a namesake of Gloria Swanson. Little Gloria plays in pictures when her father is directing Big Gloria.



IF THIS were an equine instead of a canine, we could say something about Barbara Flynn's gift horse which gave her Maurice B. ("Lefty") Flynn, former Yale football star, for a father. Barbara is half-past-three.



THE two younger children of Jack Holt: two and a few months old respectively. These youngsters, and a girl of nine, are three good reasons why Jack Holt is known in the film colony as a "family man."



HERE'S Bill. You know Bill. He is probably the most frequently photographed of all film children. William Wallace Reid, to call him by his Sunday name, passed his fourth birthday on June 8th. This is his private ocean.

LITTLE Mary Pickford, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, and the real daughter of Lottie. She makes her film debut in Aunt Mary's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and she is almost certainly a future star.



BELOW: Dorothy Sills, the daughter of Milton Sills. Before he became a prominent leading man, Mr. Sills was a college instructor; and Dorothy is going to follow in his footsteps. She has written stories and recently received a prize for an essay.



THE two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn: Sonny—nobody thinks of calling him Bryant, Jr.—and his little brother, Dwight. Sonny is more than just a big brother—he's a pal, a guardian, and a grandfather in responsibility.

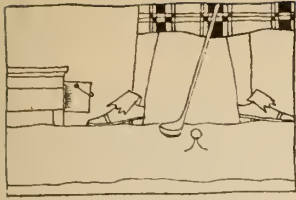


CONRAD and Ruth Margaret Nagel: the thousandth portrait of the one and the very first portrait of the other. Ruth Margaret's mother was Ruth Helms, who is pretty enough to be a star herself, but prefers to be simply Mrs. Conrad Nagel.

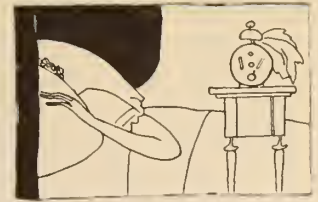


Nelson Evans

QUITE apart from her beauty, her charm, and her dramatic ability, PHOTO-PLAY considers Mary Pickford one of the great women of her time. As star and manager of her own company, she has produced pictures of lasting value.



How I Keep in Condition



By

KATHERINE MACDONALD

THIS is the second of a series of articles by celebrated beauties of the screen, in which they divulge, for the first time, their secrets of health and charm. Katherine MacDonald has been advertised as "The American Beauty"—and everyone who has ever seen

her knows that her press-agents have not exaggerated. She is a fine example of wholesome, athletic young womanhood. Next month, Corinne Griffith, a Southern beauty, who is an entirely different type from Miss MacDonald, will tell you how she keeps fit.



Katherine MacDonald has three rules of health and good-looks: eight hours' sleep, every night, plenty of exercise, and regularity of existence.

THERE are three things which I have found absolutely necessary to keeping in condition.

Sleep, exercise and regularity of existence.

I have placed them in the relative order of their importance.

Sleep is certainly the first. Because it is the foundation of every element of health, beauty, fitness, nerve control, and mental vigor.

I must have eight hours' sleep and nine if I can get it.

I prefer this sleep to cover the same hours—from ten to seven, if possible. No woman can keep fit without at least eight hours' sleep a night—and by that I mean eight hours' sleep every night, not two or three one night and twelve hours the next night. Day time sleep never is the same rest that night sleep is.

I think I can safely say that I am in bed by ten o'clock nine nights out of ten. I never go to parties, theaters or cafes at night when I am working. Perhaps if my call is late the next morning, I will take in a show once every two weeks.

You must sleep with all the windows open—on a sleeping porch, as I do, if possible. With just as few covers as you

can be comfortable with, and never any artificial heat of any kind provided even during the day.

For goodness sake, don't sleep with your hair done up in curl papers, or stuff on your face or gloves on your hands or any of those utterly absurd things. Because if you do you won't sleep at all, really. You are always semi-conscious of these trick things and you will wake up to find little lines in your face that you cannot explain.

Many physical culture experts believe that it is a good thing to sleep without even the restriction of night garments.

No one can keep in condition without exercise. That is an absolute "lead pipe cinch," as the slang phrase has it.

Now here is the great difficulty with most women. They simply will not exercise.

I am a large woman, as the American woman goes. I stand five feet seven and a half and weigh around one hundred and thirty or forty pounds. For me exercise is essential, or I get logey, might get stout, and would assuredly lose the elasticity and spring that are essential to an actress who hopes to express emotions.

There are two ways

(Continued on page 99)

LIFE

I—THE ARTISTIC LIFE

THIS is the first of a series of satirical articles on the different phases of life as depicted in the motion pictures. "The Social Life," "The Club Life," "The Underworld Life," "The Island Life," and "The Wild West Life" are to follow.

By
WILLARD
HUNTINGTON
WRIGHT



The wealthy artist's studio in the films.

THE aesthetic life, as the average film reveals it to the gaping eye of the uninitiate, is a strange and astonishing existence unlike anything as yet discovered on this drab terrestrial globe.

Just as Jules Verne created a fabulous sub-maritime existence; just as H. G. Wells invented a weird figmental lunar life; just as Dunsany fashioned a fantastic universe of gnomes and trolls and demi-gods—so has the modern motion picture director drawn upon his febrile fancy and given birth to an art world of astonishing and frenzied aspect—an Einsteinian world in which all ordinary laws are suspended, and in which a delirious and bizarre system of ethics and actions obtains—a world unto itself, a microcosmos with its own unearthly codes and manners, its own amazing modes of dress.

Regard, for instance, the manner in which the cinema gentleman of the brush and palette bedecks himself. Upon his head, surmounted with East Aurora hair, we find a tam-o'-shanter—the *sinc-qua-non* of the motion picture artist. He wears it at all times—in and out of the throes of creating, at table and at church, in cafes and in bed. He fails even to remove it when wooing.

Nor is it an ordinary tam-o'-shanter of the familiar Scottish cut, designed primarily as a protective covering for the scalp. Far from it! It resembles a gargantuan mushroom, and is worn on the extreme left side of the head, its bulbous folds depending to the collar-bone. Stuffed with feathers it would make a circular sofa-pillow of extraordinary size. Inflated with gas, and with a basket attached, it would serve as an observation balloon.

But this fungoid head-dress is but one of the sartorial idiosyncrasies of the painter as depicted on the screen. In

addition, he wears a snug Eton jacket of black velvet, whose length is barely sufficient to form a junction with the broad sash which encircles his Dardanelles, and which acts as a substitute for the ordinary waistcoat. The style of this girdle is based upon that of the Spanish pirate of olden times, and is similar to the abdominal scarf of the modern toreador.

The Eton jacket hangs open in front like the alpaca Tuxedos of waiters of the red-ink circuit, revealing a soft, quasi-sport shirt not unlike the outer chemise which has been adopted (along with puttees and riding breeches) by the motion picture directors themselves, as the insignia of their profession. But whereas the director spurns the effeminate luxury of a cravat, the cinema artist affects a black Windsor tie of voluminous dimensions.

The trousers of these motion picture Rembrandts are, in reality, bloomers *a la Turque*. They have a circumference at the hips of eight feet, and are drawn in tightly about the ankles. The fabric is always corduroy.

The habits of the screen artist are fully as astounding and rococo as his integuments. Take the practice of kissing, for example. The incipient Leonardo of the films habitually caresses his model when she arrives for work—which is generally about tea time. And he also implants a buss upon her lips when she departs—which is immediately after tea. One would imagine that either all models refuse to pose without a labial *pour-boire*, or else all painters are aesthetically impotent unless inspired by osculation.

Then there is the question of studio lighting. In the world of the motion pictures all artists invariably paint against the light. They place their easel with its back to the window, which, as a rule, is heavily curtained; and adjust the canvas

IN THE FILMS

Decorations by
RALPH BARTON



The manner in which the cinema gentleman of the brush and palette bedecks himself.

so that it is entirely in the shadow. This may account for the fact that the model is always posed within a few inches of the easel.

And this brings up another curious point in the art life of the screen. The subjects of all pictures have to do with ladies *au naturel*. Deprive the film painter of the nude, and you deprive him of his art.

However, only a small portion of a cinema artist's time is spent in the drudgery of painting. He is too busy leading the artistic life to work much at his trade. For instance, his hours are busily occupied with playing childish practical jokes on other artists, for he is nothing if not hilarious and light-hearted. His *sans-souci*, in fact, is infinite; and, by way of expressing his exuberance, he is constantly waving objects in the air—such as bottles, chairs and loaves of bread. In addition, he whiles away the time by dancing gaily about the studio and singing *chansons*.

When the *concierge* comes to collect the rent (which is every quarter of an hour) he grabs her jovially in his arms, does a *tarantelle*, and then playfully ejects her from the room with a violent *coup de pied*. He is a boisterous and gregarious bird, with the mind of a half-wit; and he rarely greets a fellow Bohemian without throwing both arms about his neck and hugging him affectionately. Instead of walking, he skips.

His nights are devoted entirely to attending fancy-

costume balls, at which all the girls, dressed as Marion Morgan Greek dancers, do musical-comedy chorus numbers and, during the intermission, sit on the tables drinking free champagne, brandishing their glasses, and chucking gentlemen visitors under the chin.

The climax of these luxurious orgies, which take place nightly in the Latin Quarter of the motion picture art world, is the arrival of a gigantic cake of frosted *papier-mache*, from the center of which there leaps—to the utter amazement and staggering bewilderment of all present—the "Queen of the Models"; although why this pastry phenomenon should so flabbergast everyone is difficult to understand, inasmuch as it happens every midnight during the entire life of the cinema artist.

And this brings us to the "Queen of the Models" herself. Without her no motion picture art quarter is complete. She is very much sought after by all the painters, for she alone, it would seem, is capable of inspiring masterpieces by the perfect curves, arcs and parabolas of her "altogether." And although she is gay and vivacious and given to dancing on tables and emerging from cakes in the scantiest of attire, her purity is almost supernatural. Her soul is as white as the driven snow, and no thought of wrong has ever clouded her virginal mind. With her meagre earnings she supports a phthisical, nonagenarian mother, two invalid sisters, four Belgian war orphans, and a crippled brother who can be cured only if she saves up enough money to have an operation performed by a certain famous specialist.

No description of the art world of the films, however, would be complete without a word concerning the studios themselves. To begin with, the artist of the motion picture director's imagination is either a Croesus or a pauper—there is no middle financial ground. If poor, he lives in an attic with sloping walls, a cook stove, a camp cot, a deal table, a kitchen chair, and a candle stuck in a claret bottle. The *mise-en-scene* never varies. Several window-panes are broken, the implication being that the poorer the artist, the more windows he breaks. Also, the poor painter is obviously in the habit of knocking down the plaster in large triangular patches; for in no poor artist's studio are the walls intact.

The wealthy artist's studio, on the other hand, is a mad, Heleogabolian debauch of antiques, Persian rugs from Hoboken, department store tapestries, bric-a-brac, *objets d'art*, ottomans, hookas, sconces, sofa pillows, Afghans, tabourettes.

(Continued on page 104)



The "Queen of the Models" leaps from the papier-mache cake.

A Rodeo Romeo

*"Let sixteen gamblers come handle
my coffin,
Let sixteen cowboys come sing me
a song.
Take me to the graveyard and lay
the sod o'er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy and I
know I've done wrong."*

By
JOAN JORDAN

IT was, I judged, the 79th verse. We had covered miles and miles and miles along the mountain trails back of Chatsworth to its tuneless agony. Buck Jones sang it with due and becoming gravity. His face was expressionless, his voice dolorous. Yet I somehow detected a deep and perverse mirth within him.

Suddenly he turned to me with an engaging and innocent smile.

"Ain't that terrible?" he remarked, in his soft, southern drawl. "But at that, I know some worse ones."

We were headed for his "location camp"—a permanent institution in the mountains a few miles back of Hollywood.

I turned to take a good look at him as he rode on a few steps ahead of me, long and loose and graceful in his saddle.

Buck Jones is the only cowboy-actor I have met so far who remains completely the cowboy. In some mysterious way, he possesses all the glamour of the cowpuncher as our very best fiction writers have drawn him. He might have stepped from "Wolfville" or from the pages of O. Henry or Owen Wister without even mussing up his chaps. He breathes the allure, the thrill, the picturesqueness of the westerner, the horseman who has actually vanished from our American life—the last touch of our romanticism.

I have met a few of the real ones—left over from the day and age of their glory. But they had not the advantage of being young and decidedly handsome.

"You were really a cowboy, weren't you?" I ventured.

"Yes, ma'am, I was. I was born and reared in Oklahoma. It's a pretty good little state. I spent most of my time on top of a horse, and I have had a look at the country. I was pretty much of a rover—couldn't seem to settle down." (I discovered later from his director that he was in the Mexican trouble from the beginning and also in the World War.)

"But that was before I got married."

"Oh, are you married?"

I don't know why it surprised me. The good looking ones always are.

"Yes, ma'am, I got married quite a while back. Got a little girl playing 'round the house now."

"Is your wife a professional?" I asked, meaning, of course, an actress.

"No, she's not a professional. But she's a marvellous rider. I never see any woman could do as pretty trick riding as she can. She's so graceful on a horse and she don't get



Buck Jones is the only cowboy-actor who remains completely the cowboy. He breathes the allure of the last touch of western romanticism.

nervous no matter what he takes it into his head to do." "How did you happen to go into motion pictures?"

"Rode in," he said with a grin. "Come clear out here from Oklahoma pretty nigh three years ago to go into pictures. I saw how well some of the fellows were doing and I decided I'd take a chance. So out I come. Never saw a stage from behind in my life. Never knew a thing about acting. Anyway, I rode round extra a while, and then I got a chance to double for Tom Mix, when he was hurt one time.

"I been mighty lucky this year—only got hurt 7 times, and then just little things like busted ribs and a broken foot and leg. Never had to have anybody double for me yet. I'm a tough guy to bust up.

"Anyway, after that I played a part or two. Nothing much, I thought. And when they sent for me over here at Fox—first off I wouldn't come. Thought some of the boys were playing tricks on me. Sho' nuff. My friends are mighty fond of a little practical joke. And there's the camp."

I made the acquaintance of a gentleman named Windriver Bill—the camp cook. He seemed obsessed with two passions—hatred of the purchasing agent who issued his requisition orders at the studio and could never be persuaded of the appetites of cowboys—and adoration of Buck Jones.

From him I learned that Buck is considered the best all-round cowboy and rider in the game, that he can do anything on a horse, that he has more nerve than a congressman and a heart as big as the Texas range—that he takes care of "his gang" with care and devotion and that he has never changed in any detail since Fox starred him a year ago.

It was easier talking to Windriver Bill—because Buck Jones has a soft, peculiar way of talking, without moving his lips, that makes it a constant strain to listen to him.

"By the way," I asked, "is his name really Buck Jones?"

"No," said Windriver Bill.

So you know as much about that as I do.

OUR ANIMATED NEWS BULLETIN

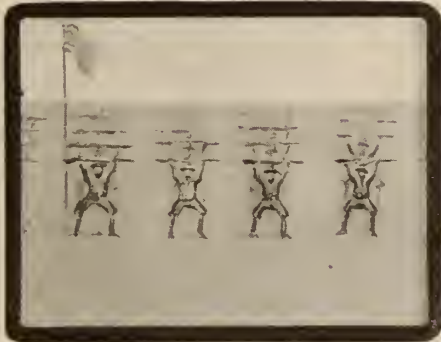


Battleship { Tennessee
Nebraska
Texas
Wyoming } at target practice.

FOR the benefit of those who have had to leave before the "Current Events" were flashed, or, for some other reason, were unable to gather their knowledge of world affairs from the screen weeklies, we present herewith all the epoch-making happenings of the month, carefully selected from the principal animated news services, and conveniently condensed, so that anyone may, at a glance, become cognizant of all the recent events of vital interest.



Daredevil hanging from air-plane above..... { Long Island Sound.
Boston Harbor.
San Francisco Bay.
Lake Michigan.



Soldiers at Camp { Dix
Travers
Funston
Grant } doing setting-up exercises.



School Children of { Altoona
Decatur
Schenectady
Elmira } dancing in the public park



Elks' Odd Fellows' Shriners' Knights of Pythias } parade at { Utica.
Council Bluffs.
Sioux City.
South Bend.

Norman Anthony at the Camera



The { Yankees
White Sox
Indians
Athletics } in a closely contested game with the { Athletics.
Indians.
White Sox.
Yankees.



Old Joe
Old Bill
Old Oscar
Old Ned } getting his weekly manicure.



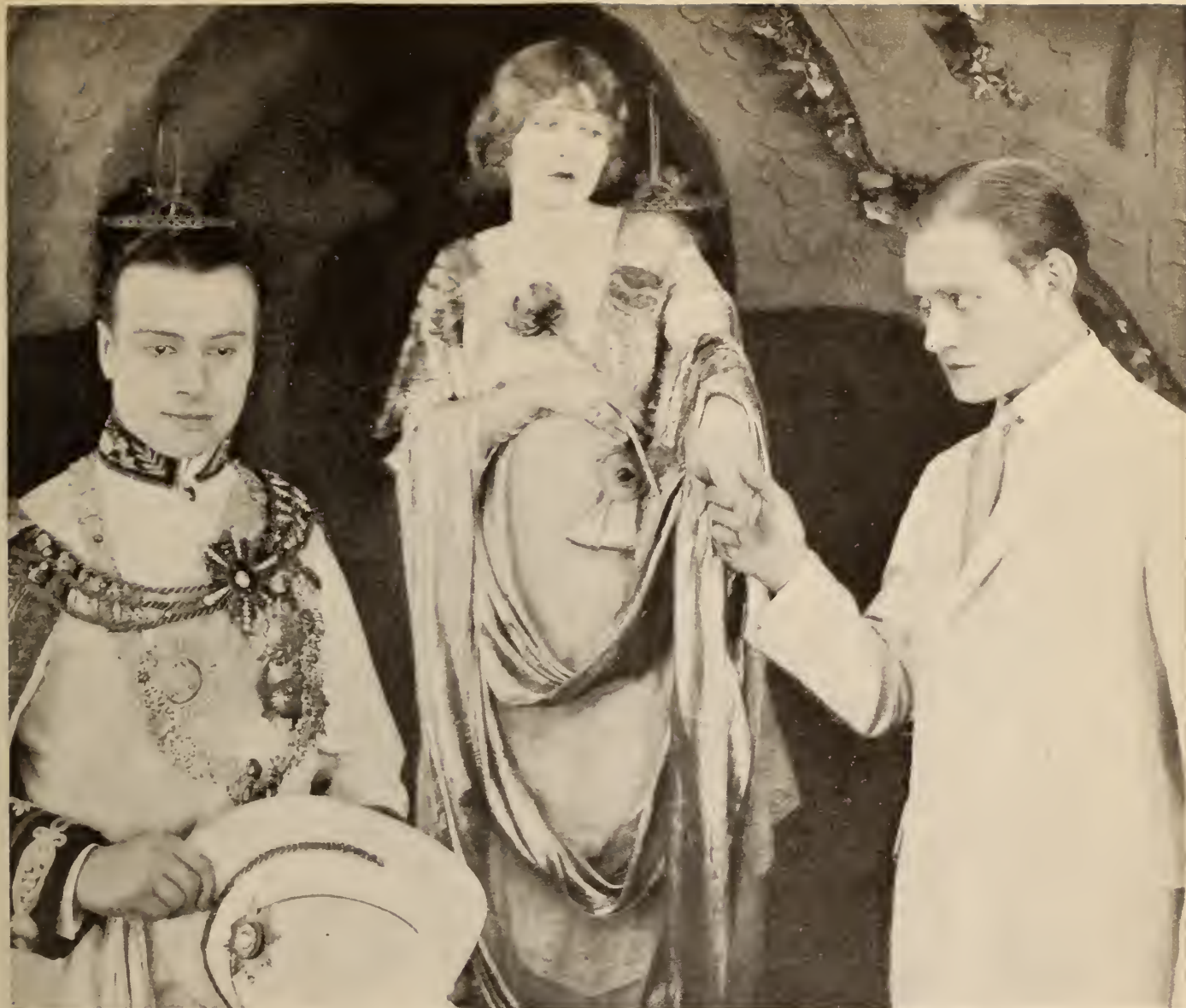
Pres. Harding putting on the { second
fourth
sixth
eighth } green.

GLORIA · VICTIS



An Impression
of
Gloria Swanson

By
Ralph Barton



Arthur bade Rosa come with him. Talat-No. wished her to remain. "This is the appointed hour of your final choice," he said, "make it here and now."

FOOL'S PARADISE

The great awakening of a man who loved a dream.

By

GLADYS HALL

ARTHUR PHELPS convalesced successfully from the wound to his eyesight. The military hospital pronounced him a "cure." From Rosa Duchene he did not convalesce so successfully.

He told himself that he was a sentimentalist and a fool, and he answered himself that he did not care. He argued with himself that a kiss from a French dancer, an inconsequential, impartial little kiss can mean nothing, and he argued back to himself that it meant his world and he knew it. The dreams he had never dared to dream—he dared to dream them now, because he must. The sweet pain he had kept under cover—it was in the open, tugging at him, at his heart-strings, at his sensibilities. Women were no longer women—they were so many imperfect manifestations of Rosa Duchene—Memory—but she *was* memory.

Ah, so this was love! Arthur remembered buddies of his dying with their lips pressed to funny little bits of pasteboard, to scrawled scraps of scented paper. He understood now. Why had he ever laughed? He remembered a rain-gray night and a gaunt man dying with a woman's name twisting his lips. What a futile way to die, Arthur had thought. Now he knew. Curious, one kiss . . . the contour of a face . . . a voice. Men have loved less.

Rosa Duchene went on. She sang at a great many of the military hospitals. She kissed a great many of the men. It was a part of the entertaining, quite a successful part. Rosa did it very well. It was impersonal with her, although she tried to give to each a personal touch. That, she felt, was Art.

Now and then there were come-backs, so to speak. The quick grip of some poor chap's hand on her own, hungry. A

man's eye's, with a prayer or something akin to it. The man who had told her his name, for instance, Phelps, as she recalled it. How he had looked at her. She had the curious and surely the fantastic notion that he had never looked just so before, that possibly he might never look just so again. Absurd. She was a novice, after a fashion. She would forget him, after awhile. And after awhile she did. As has been said, she went on.

Arthur Phelps went on, too, but not forgetfully. He took Rosa Duchene's face and voice and kiss back with him to America, to the oilfields of the Southwest. That he sunk everything he owned in an oilfield which proved itself to be worthless, bothered him far less than the memory that smote him, awake and asleep. He was, he told himself, one of the fools of love. He was weak, but his weakness was his strength, the greatest strength he knew. He spent his days in ineffectual labor and his nights in the composing of poems to the French dancer. Occasionally, he drifted to the Mexican side of the oil town and watched the dancing in a cantina owned by the Spaniard, Roderiquez.

AND so with dreaming and with failure, the days and the nights drifted past him, individually unimportant, compositely a sonnet to the memory of Rosa Duchene, until . . .

It was a peculiarly arid sort of a night. Overhead the sky was streaked as by a passionately careless hand, with chrome and an uneven scarlet. There was a sultry wind. Following the gritty road to his shack, Phelps kept a bitter pace with his thoughts. They had not been bitter until tonight. Something, it seemed, had happened to him, innerly. He seemed, for the first time since the war, to have a perspective on himself, on his work, on his life. What was he? A drifter of dreams. What was his work? Failure. Miserable toil in some miserable fields that had no more prospect of oil than they had of fourteen karat gold. His life was all of a piece with the rest of him. The only vital thing in it was the vivid memory of a woman's face and a woman's kiss. Both impartial. Both impersonal.

It came to him tonight, stingingly, how many other men must be remembering Rosa Duchene's face and her kiss. Of course they were. Did he, in his silly fool's paradise, suppose himself the sole recipient of the dancer's favors? Would any other man be such a fool as to make his life of this fleeting thing? Memory was not enough. Tonight he wanted response.

HE walked into the shack—and found Poll Patchouli awaiting him.

At first he did not recognize her. She was not Rosa and that was the recognition he accorded all women. Then, with scrutiny and some effort, he recalled that he had seen her before . . . of course, at the cantina of Roderiquez on the Mexican side of the town. She was the star dancer there. There were strays of gossip. Roderiquez was madly in love with her. She reciprocated, or did she not? Phelps couldn't remember. What did it matter? And why was the woman here?

Before he could formulate the question she was telling him, volubly. She had saved, it would appear, some young girl from a white slaver in the cantina. The white slaver was one of the most liberal patrons of the cantina and Poll's intervention had brought the wrath of Roderiquez upon her head. It had been necessary for her to evade him and for safety she had run to the American side of town and

claimed refuge in the first shack, which happened to be Phelps'. "So you see!" she said. Her gesture was expressive, conclusive.

ARTHUR felt annoyed. He did not want the woman here. Here where the walls were living with the pictured faces of Rosa. Here where he compiled his sonnets to her memory. He was a sentimentalist. Well and good. He would be one and be damned to them.

He told her it was quite impossible for her to remain. She told him that it was quite impossible for her to go.

He asked her whether or not she valued her reputation. She said she didn't, but that she did value her life. Would her remaining hurt *him*?

He said, yes, that it would. Unconsciously, his eyes strayed to the many pictures of Rosa Duchene.

Poll's dark eyes strayed there at the same time, and at the same time, too, something warm stirred in her breast and



"This is a matter of life with me," Poll told Roderiquez. "for you it's

touched her bright eyes with a rare humidity. Life had been hard. For her, sentiment and tenderness were almost done, almost uprooted. Cynicism, cheap because of its environment, was beginning. And then, this man, with the fair face that shone, so it seemed to her, in the gathering dusk, like a great white star, this man whose blue eyes turned unerringly to a woman's repeated face upon the wall. The woman's face was why, no doubt, he was never seen about the town, at the cantina. There were men like that.

POLL was silent. A transition was taking place in her inner life with the suddenness belonging to her volcanic nature. How she could cherish a man like this; how she would value so splendid a love!

Half an hour passed, touching them with its silence. After awhile Phelps roused himself: "Aren't you going?" he asked. He had just thought of a new sonnet to Rosa. Her kiss was to be the trembling high-note. He felt the creative thrill. In

this sonnet he would make Rosa Duchene and a woman's kiss simultaneously immortal. In this sonnet he would show the world what a woman's kiss can mean.

POLL'S answer grated back to him. "No," she said, "I'm not going."

"Then I'll turn in on the porch," Arthur said, and stalked out. He wanted to call back to her to make herself comfortable, but he feared the possible lessening of his dignity. Why didn't she go back to her cantina? He composed his sonnet to Rosa on a piece of timbre, writing with chalk. It didn't go so well on the timbre as it had in the mind. The woman's fault. He kept thinking she must be cold. He hadn't told her where the blanket was. Well, what the devil was it to him if she were cold? However, he didn't delude himself into believing that on this particular evening, in this particular sonnet, he had made either Rosa or the kiss immortal.

In the morning he found himself covered with the blanket. At first he was bewildered. Then it came to him—she had found it and had put it on him.

In the morning, too, she told him that she was not going back to the cantina. She thought she could get work on the American side of the town. She had rather not go back. She repeated this several times, with significance. Arthur said, "Roderiquez will hit the sky?"

THE woman nodded. "He wants me bad," she said, starkly.

"So I've heard," Arthur shrugged. The simplicity of her reply had suggested to him another sonnet. Something more primitive than any he had yet attempted. Perhaps he had been too elusive in his versifying. Poll gave him a new angle.

It wasn't difficult for Poll Patchouli to find work. The fame of her dancing in the cantina had spread to the American side of town and the one hotel seized upon her eagerly. She was to sell the cigars at the counter, she told Arthur with some pride. She also suggested that they go to a movie together. Arthur refused. "I must not be bothered," he said, curtly.

Where were his evenings, with their ritual solemnity? He had dedicated himself to a memory and he would not have it violated—certainly not by a woman with disturbing eyes, a woman named, absurdly, Poll Patchouli.

Then all things great and small were forgotten in the announcement that Rosa Duchene and her Dancers were coming to El Paso, en route to New York.

ARTHUR did not sleep for three nights. At last . . . at last . . . from half across the world the unforgotten woman was coming back to him! He fed upon every least remembered grace. The tint of her hair, the hue of her eyes, the gestures of her hands, the sway and sweep of her body. Someone said they had seen her pictures being pasted up before the theater. Someone else said they thought Poll Patchouli resembled her. Arthur laughed. Poll Patchouli!

The great night came and the town of El Paso turned out in a body. Roderiquez was there. Poll was there. At the entrance of the theater she gave Arthur a cigar. He thanked her abstractedly and walked into the lobby. Roderiquez stared after him and observed that that guy looked "like he hadn't woke up yet." Poll, her laugh bitter, agreed with him. "I've given him something to help him along," she said.

Rosa Duchene and her Dancers were giving the Ice Queen Dance. It wouldn't



a matter of death, if you interfere. I take it you know better, Senor."



He would beg her favor as many times in the past, he had spurned it. Then he would tell her this story—the story of a fool, in a fool's paradise.

have mattered to Arthur what they were giving. A miracle had happened? The desert place had flowered at his feet—for he had called on Rosa Duchene and had, in his arms, carried her through the mud and rain to the theater door.

LIFE had held, in that brief space of time, a sweet, too sweet, almost a brackish taste. He had reminded her of the overseas hospital, and the kiss. She had remembered. Her remembrance was somewhat vague, to be sure, but Arthur held on to the belief. She had been so afraid of the rain and the mud, so childish about her dainty chiffons. Now and then her voice had a plaintive note, like a spoiled baby's. How sonorous was the voice of Poll Patchouli. He hated a woman with a sonorous voice.

Once inside the theater he stood as in a trance awaiting the rise of the curtain, the gratuity of Rosa's presence again. In a trance, too, he took from his pocket the cigar Poll had given him, lit it, absently . . . there was a sharp explosion . . . something went smoky and blurry before him . . . an old remembered pain smote his temples, shifted to his eye-balls.

A trick cigar! His eyes! The wound opens as when, for a long time, he had awaited a verdict of perpetual darkness. He reared his head back savagely. It was that woman! What had he ever done to her? Wanted of her? Desired from her? Nothing. Absolutely nothing at all. He was too primitive in his psychology to know that in the nothingness lay her hurt.

Across the aisle he caught a glimpse of her after the smoke had cleared away, away, but not quite away. A mist still hung before his eyes and the curtain behind which Rosa

Duchene was soon to appear. A portentous mist that meant . . . why, it meant . . . he didn't finish the thought. Not as he had intended. He finished it by the prayer that the fateful mist would not deepen, would not thicken until Rosa Duchene had finished her Ice Queen Dance. He prayed that his failing sight might not fail before the dimming of the stage lights, that his last earthly vision might be Rosa as his last memory would be.

Poll shrank back into the shadows, but he didn't see her. The curtain was rising and Rosa was on the stage, and then, for the next hour, while the light of the world ebbed away from his earthly vision, he fed the light of his mind and soul that they might, in their turn, feed him through the dark years that were to come. Rosa should be the sun of his day, the moon and the stars of his night, the flowers he would not see again, the silver running of rivers, the young green wheat, the chrome and crimson sky. When the final curtain fell both upon the stage and upon his eyes he groped his way from the theater with a smile, such a smile as Poll Patchouli, aching, dared not infringe upon.

POLL, as so many women of her type, was essentially a masquerader. Instinctively she covered a wound with a jest, a tear with a laugh. The next day she covered the gap she felt within by imitating Rosa Duchene for a small and appreciative audience. She did it exceedingly well. Applause testified to that. The face of Arthur Phelps testified to that, too, when, entering the hotel, he heard the last whispers of what he believed to be Rosa's voice. (Continued on page 110)

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED MAN WILL WEAR

Mr. Arbuckle brings from Paris to the readers of Photoplay an exclusive close-up on what the French designers are about.

By

ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE

With apologies to Carolyn Van Wyck.

ONE of my favorite bits of literature has always been "What the Young Men Will Wear," the exciting serial that has been running in the New York theater programs for several years. It is a companion piece to "What the Young Women Will Wear," though the plot is not so complicated. These two literary gems, between them, give the sartorial low-down on all the latest styles for both sexes, embracing not only the last-minute creations of Fifth Avenue, but of Paris, London, and Omsk as well. If one will but read either, or both, between the acts, no matter how punk the play, the evening is not profitless and life is still worth while.

Not long ago I asked the proprietor of a large Los Angeles cinema emporium why he did not get in touch with the author of "What the Young Men Will Wear," or the author of "What the Young Women Will Wear"—or perhaps the same person does both—and secure the rights to these brilliant works of fiction for his program.

"What," he answered, "would be the use? With such exquisitely costumed ladies as Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, and Elsie Ferguson and such perfectly groomed men as Charles Chaplin, Lawrence Semon,



Bull Montana, and yourself appearing on the screen here, why need my audiences go further for information regarding clothes?"

Well, in a way the man is right. On the other hand, the power of the printed word is still strong, and when one has a message to deliver on such an important subject as clothes—for what one of us does not, some time in life, face the question of clothes?—I feel that no medium should be neglected. I, for instance, recently returned from Paris. In the shops on the Champs d'Elysees and the Fromage de Brie I acquired some inside knowledge of the coming developments in men's clothes which I do not feel at liberty any longer to conceal.

Suppose these advance styles should break without warning upon the masculine world. Would I not feel guilty, a traitor to my sex? The Editor of PHOTOPLAY reluctantly agreed that I would, and that it was nothing short of a duty for me to write a screen version of "What the Young Men Will Wear" for him, as follows:

It is reassuring that all the Parisian garment-makers are agreed that men's suits will continue to be divided, like Gaul, into three parts—pants, coat, and vest. The vest will be worn inside the coat, and the trousers will, as in former years, hang from the waist downward. Suspenders are gradually going out—somehow they lack the snap! However, the ultra-conservatives will probably follow the style set by President Harding and wear both galluses and belts, though this seems to be carrying caution a bit too far. "Harding Blue" is the very latest color in suspenders, though red will continue to be the favorite with firemen and motion picture cameramen.

Laundry-sharpened collars that leave the fashionable red line around the neck will continue to be a la mode. These will be worn with two collar buttons and one cravat.

At this point I might announce that I have invented a new style of collar button to be known as the Arbuckle Non-Skid. This information, however, must be held confidential, as I have not as yet secured a patent right. The idea is briefly this: the button would be equipped on the bottom with a rubber suction cup that would force it to adhere to anything on which it was placed. In other words, park it on top of your dresser and, instead of, as formerly, rolling immediately off upon the floor and under the dresser, my new style of button sticks like a spring cold. No more grovelling beneath dressers after itinerant collar buttons. No more profanity during the dressing hour. Watch for the Arbuckle Non-Skid.—Adv.

Cravats will be worn in front of the collar this year, occupying the opening between the two wings, with their ends thrust jauntily into the top of the vest. The smart set will continue to tie them at home, while ex-actors and Chautauqua lecturers will buy them ready-made at the haberdashers.

(Continued on page 101)

"A WIDE latitude is permitted in vests; even I am permitted in one, securing my special brand from the manufacturer of Ringling's circus tents. The fashionable gravy shade in vests is favored by stout men who dine out a lot. For the ultra-economical, a crazy-quilt design that embraces all the courses from soup to nuts is coming more and more to dominate."

"WHERE BILL LIVES!"

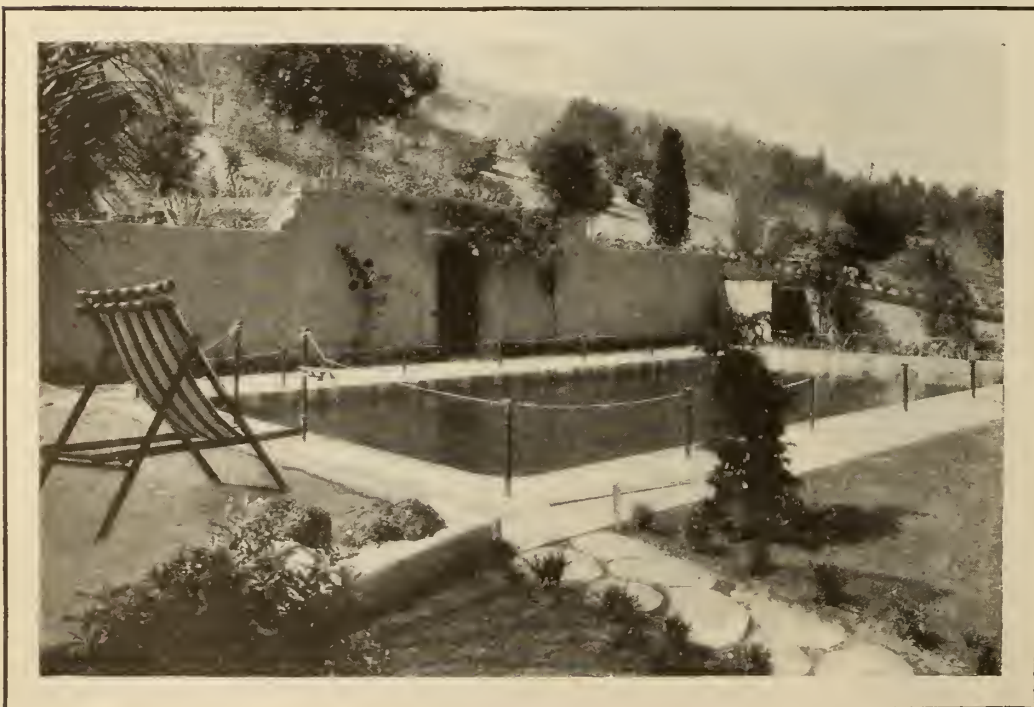
To the adult world, the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid and son. But to the neighborhood fellows, just "Bill's House."



These pictures are your pre-view of the very newly-built California home of Wallace and Dorothy Davenport Reid—oh yes, and Bill! Mrs. Reid herself really designed the house to suit the needs of her two men-folks: Wally and little Bill. Above: a glimpse of the entrance-hall. The little iron stair-rail is very effective in giving charm and distinction to the stairway.



Mrs. Reid in her favorite reading corner. The use of the wicker lends a "boudoir" touch to a room whose keynote is elegance. The enamel is a soft grey, to match the walls and the carpet.



The particular and personal domain of young William Wallace Reid, Jr.: the swimming pool and sand pile. The walk around the pool is in squares of yellow and blue to match the awnings. The first five feet of the pool is a level two and a half feet deep, with a tennis net across the far end, especially designed for Bill and his friends.



The Reid home from the boulevard in the rear. The one-story wing contains garage and billiard room. The grounds have just been laid out. Mrs. Reid never missed a day on the lot while the house was being built. Like so many of the film stars' residences, it is in the exclusive Beverly Hills section of Los Angeles.



The billiard room—Wally's own sanctum and Mrs. Reid's "lifesaver." Here Wally can have his men friends and play as much as he likes without injuring the furniture! The floor is cement with all the little squares painted in different colors. The piano is the first one the Reids bought after their marriage. When a fire is crackling on the hearth of this man's room, and the low lamps are lighted, it is the most cheerful place imaginable.

The drawing room is an exceptional room, both because of its size and because, the house being only one room wide, it has French doors down both sides. The walls are a silver-grey brocade and the window draperies are grey linen with hand-sewed designs of blue. The Chinese rug is blue-bordered around a tan center and the chairs are of velvet in many colors. The iron grills above the doorway are very new and give a finish otherwise lacking. Bill doesn't care much for this room.



And here is Bill himself: the most important member of the family, the young man around whom the other two Reids revolve. He's a snappy youngster, despite his gentle demeanor. His father says he's a roughneck! His nursery—of course Bill calls it a playroom—is developed in grey.

FAMOUS

BARA

TO Galli Marie, Pauline Lucca, Minnie Hauk, Selina Dolaro, Zelig de Lussan, Calvé, Mary Garden, Marie Roze, Bressler-Granoli, Marie Fay, Alice Gentle, Marguerite Sylva and Geraldine Farrar add—Theda Bara! . . . Well, why not? Was not Carmen a vampire? And is there the slightest doubt about Theda being a

GARDEN

THERE has never been a Carmen like Mary Garden's. In her case a clever artistry entirely dominated her feelings. Her impersonation was necessarily a *tour de force*, for Garden couldn't possibly be a gypsy, and not even her marvellous acting and her personal lure were sufficient to create the necessary illusion. But, after all, do such things really matter where "the divine Mary" is concerned? She dresses attractively and conventionally—but oh, how modestly!—realizing, no doubt, that voluptuous and vampiric clothes would only accentuate the blondness of her soul and her lack of gypsy blood. At times she managed to be hoydenish, but scarcely seductive; and one felt that her aim was to portray a somewhat primitive type, rather than a specific personality. Consequently her Carmen was more temperamental than emotional, with little in common with Merimée's seductive hussy; and her performance was always repressed in both atmosphere and execution. However, Garden gave this girl of Seville a self-willed nature, although the sensuous, instinctive passion of Carmen, as interpreted by her, never went beyond a subtly calculating coquettishness.



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CALVÉ

ALTHOUGH Galli Marie created the role of Carmen in 1874, it was not until twenty years later, when the "adorable Calvé" sang the part, that Bizet's masterpiece became an operatic fixture. Calvé, indeed, is the most famous of the vast army of Carmens. The huge red rose she wore in her raven hair, and the gorgeous red silk petticoat with which she flirted so coyly and alas! so elegantly, are now as much a part of theatrical lore as Marguerite's xanthous curls and Caruso's embonpoint. Calvé overdressed the part of the gypsy tobaccoist in all her scenes; but then, she tread the musical boards in a florid era, when the opera was far more artificial than it is to-day, and when there was a grand manner to be upheld at whatever cost. But even so, it was hardly necessary for her to bedeck herself with long gowns *a la mode*, of the kind worn by eminently respectable *senoritas*, on Sunday mornings. Calvé was not exactly a hot-blooded, sensual gypsy girl, with spontaneous, untamed instincts. She was capricious and flirtatious, emotional rather than passionate, gesticulatory rather than undulating. But despite her generously proportioned form, with its voluminous curves and hyperboles, she fused the role with abundant energy and personal charm. And this fact, coupled with her marvellous voice, made her memorable for all time.

vampire? *Voilà l'affaire!* Madame Bara—as was her prerogative—had her own ideas about Carmen—ideas which, to say the least, gave piquancy to the role. Hers was the most modern Carmen we have had. No tradition for La Bara! No paltry conventions of the operatic stage to cramp her style! She even smoked modern, machine-made Turkish cigarettes, large and oval-shaped, such as Merimée's Carmen never saw. And her amatory technique was of the latest histrionic fashion, with rolling eyes, languishing inhalations, and tense, undulating movements. Theda's Carmen was indeed a vampire, sensuous, passionate, and fairly groggy with emotion. But, scoff as you may, she looked alluring and acted seductively.

CARMENS

SYLVA

A STRANGE and unfamiliar Carmen, somewhat colorless and inconsistent, but with a luscious ocular appeal; was Marguerite Sylva. To say that this voluptuous lady was dull would be unfair; for beauty is never dull; and he who tells you that Sylva lacks pulchritude is old and unresponsive and soured on the world. Marguerite, too, knew that she was alluring to the senses, and busied herself throughout the film putting that beauty over. The result: her Carmen was a trifle vain and self-conscious—a trifle conventional, and fashioned on the lines of popular tradition. And oh, how beautifully this gypsy girl bedecked herself! What opulent wages the factory girls must have received in those early days! No wonder they never went on strike! Withal, Sylva was very emotional, though always in the most approved manner. In fact, she was too dramatic to be wholly convincing. Hers was a Carmen of the stage, rather than a Carmen of a cut-throat gypsy camp. But where there is beauty, all is forgiven. If you dispute this, ask the Roman senators who tried Phryne!



FARRAR

GERALDINE FARRAR braved the terrors of the Calvé tradition, and followed Marie Fay, the "Carmen of the kitchen." On the operatic stage she was too mild, though always incisive, and one critic remarked that her idea of a gypsy was a sort of transplanted Hottentot. Her performance, however, was not devoid of



Ira L. Hill

traditional influences. She was coquettish, hot-blooded and perverse; and, as usual, she dressed far beyond the financial means of a factory girl of old Seville. But on the screen Farrar "turned loose." Only in the closing scenes did she attire herself lavishly; in the earlier parts of the picture she dressed simply, though attractively, in what has been described as "a chemise bodice of an Andalusian female of the people," with her arms entirely bare. And she made of Senorita Carmen a feline—one might almost say, tigerish—creature of violent, boisterous manners, and brutal, elemental nature. There was physical passion in her acting, and at all times one felt that an almost ferocious joy of life was animating her. But, despite her primitive power, she was always graceful and inherently human.



NEGRI

AND then came Pola Negri in "Gypsy Blood"; and for the first time since Galli Marie donned the Carmen mantilla nearly half a century ago, the wayward heroine of Merimée's novelette actually appeared before us—a woman of flesh and blood, of verity and conviction, captivating and unforgettable—a gypsy through and through, passionate, instinctive, hoydenish, perverse—a dirty, fickle, seductive, cruel, wild-blooded creature of uncontrolled desire and primitive ferocity, careless of her personal appearance, shameless and self-sufficient, brazenly independent. Her face and hands and arms were soiled and grimy; her clothes were ragged and unsightly. And yet she was seductive, for her seductiveness went deeper than mere appearances: it sprang from an inner, hidden flame of powerful desire and wantonness. And Pola Negri made this power felt, despite the dirt and the tattered aspect of her garments. Of all the Carmens we have had, hers was the truest, the least artificial, and the nearest to the actuality of Merimée's conception. It took courage and a high capacity to portray so real and unadorned a Carmen; but Negri's art was equal to the task, and her role will live when the others are forgotten, because she subordinated herself—and her beauty even—to the demands of an unlovely but compelling truth.



Louis Silvers is the first man to devote his entire time and energy to composing and arranging music for the motion picture. He is a member of D. W. Griffith's producing organization.

“WITH MUSIC BY—”

Being an account of the rapid growth of interpretative music for motion pictures, and of the composer who has done most to develop it.

By

FREDERICK VAN VRANKEN

MUSIC as a means of enhancing the pleasure of certain recreations and pleasures of mankind, is nearly as old as history. The early savages accompanied their ceremonial dances and religious rites with crude musical sounds. The ancient Greeks introduced music into the recitations of poetry and dramatic readings, and thus sowed the seed from which developed grand opera. In the Middle Ages minstrels and peripatetic tellers of tales set their stories to music; and with the advent of the troubadours even the ancient art of wooing was accompanied by the soft playing of instruments. Today we have reached a point where an orchestra is almost necessary to our enjoyment of a meal.

Why should music have become so necessary an accessory to our pleasures and diversions? Simply because it has the power to express and interpret nearly all human moods and emotions; and when these moods and emotions are accompanied by music which exactly harmonizes with them, their effect is heightened and intensified.

It was inevitable, therefore, that the value of interpretative music for motion pictures would in time be recognized; and, although it was only a very few years ago that the first film drama boasted its own incidental music, since then many of the more important pictures have had orchestral scores written especially for them.

A number of capable musicians have arranged music for motion pictures, among them Carl Briel, Victor Schertzinger, Hugo Riesenfeld and Louis Gottschalk. But the first composer to create an individual technique for screen music, and to perfect a new thematic type of instrumental interpretation for both the characters and the actions of a motion picture, was Louis Silvers, who wrote the music for “Way Down East” and “Dream Street.”

Mr. Silvers, in fact, is the first man to devote his entire time and energy to this new form of art; and he is also the first

composer to serve as a permanent member, with a regular salary, on the production staff of a motion picture organization.

The difficulties attending the writing of a motion picture musical score are tremendous, and little does the spectator realize how complicated is the process by which a composer is able to make the music accord with each step of the picture's action, and at the same time to create a unified and smoothly flowing score.

When writing an opera the composer has the libretto before him, and merely follows the words and the indicated action. The score can be played at any tempo and will still come out correctly, for the singers and actors follow the leader's baton. But for a motion picture the music must be timed to the second, in exact accord with the characters on the screen. Moreover, there are no words or lyrics in a film which merely require an appropriate accompaniment. Every bar of the music must be dramatic and interpretative; and not only must it stand by itself, but it must be related to what came before and to what is to follow.

The method by which Mr. Silvers overcomes the technical difficulties of his work is unique and interesting, and takes many weeks of strenuous, intricate labor.

First, he studies the film, projected at ordinary speed, until he has absorbed the general idea and atmosphere and emotional color of the story. Then, while the film is run as slowly as the projector will turn, he dictates a complete synopsis of every piece of action, every entrance and exit, every change of scene and lighting, every variation of mood and emotion, every bit of atmosphere, so that he will have a script embodying each minute detail of plot and characterization. Sometimes he has to make as many as eight drafts of this script in order to be sure that nothing is omitted. When completed, it contains more words than the average long novel.

(Continued on page 105)



TO the pure all things are impure—even Marie Prevost in a two-piece bathing suit. Someone once said that "Beauty is God's hand-writing." We believe it. Don't misunderstand: this is not a defense of this water baby. She needs no defense. If this is a "bathing picture" such as the censorial-minded folks object to so strenuously, then we give them up as hopeless.

Joel Feder



Freulich

GLADYS WALTON, in spite of the fact that she has all the traditional qualifications—curls, pout and poke bonnet—isn't really a flapper at all. A saving sense of humor makes the Walton comedy-dramas pleasant things to see.

SHE HASN'T CHANGED A BIT



Any baby is adorable according to its fond parents; but personally we prefer the Betty Compson sort, the occasional kind-and-placid infant who looks as though she never cries.

A companion piece to the more celebrated, but no sweeter, "Age of Innocence." No matter how hard-hearted, no one can gaze upon this picture of three-year-old Betty without murmuring, "Bless her heart" or sounds to that effect.



NOT all young ladies are willing to reveal their pictorial pasts to an eager world, but Betty Compson doesn't mind. She's so young, you see, that to publish a picture of her taken a dozen years ago only brings the comment, "She hasn't changed much."

Now has she? Just glance at these pictures: Betty as a baby and Betty as a little girl. We wish our kid pictures were half as cute.



Even at the age of twelve, she was not so awkward as the average sub-flapper. Later Betty became a vaudeville performer, and then, by easy stages, a screen star.



A scene from the photoplay that made her a star overnight: Geo. Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man" — showing Betty Compson as Rose and Joseph Dowling as The Patriarch. After this success, Miss Compson had her own company, and then signed with Paramount, where she is starring today.

Today she can walk along both Broadways—New York's and Los Angeles'—and see her name in letters six feet high; she gets letters from perfect strangers and she owns her own home in California. But—(chorus): she hasn't changed a bit!



FOREVER—Paramount

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S picturization of Du Maurier's romance is not a particularly faithful "Peter Ibbetson," but it is a fine "Forever." The spirit is well maintained, the whole leaves a pleasant, gently sad, if mild flavor. Elsie Ferguson is exquisite as *Mimse*. Wallace Reid, miscast as *Gogo*, almost overcomes this by a splendid performance. It is censor-proof. By all means see it.



AN UNWILLING HERO—Goldwyn

THERE is a quality in Will Rogers' acting which harmonizes perfectly with O. Henry's stories; and this note of harmony is evident all through "An Unwilling Hero." Whimsical Will impersonates a tramp, "Whistling Dick," who becomes involved in a robbery and a Christmas party. It is a pleasant characterization enabling Rogers to indulge in his quaintly sophisticated wit.



THE SIGN ON THE DOOR—First National

NORMA TALMADGE is most effective when she is standing at bay, her hair partly down, the left shoulder-strap of her modish evening gown torn from its moorings, and a high powered gun in her hand. "The Sign on the Door" is a drawing-room melodrama which combines all of these features; and so Miss Talmadge appears to advantage. The cast includes Lew Cody and Charles Richman. Herbert Benon directed.



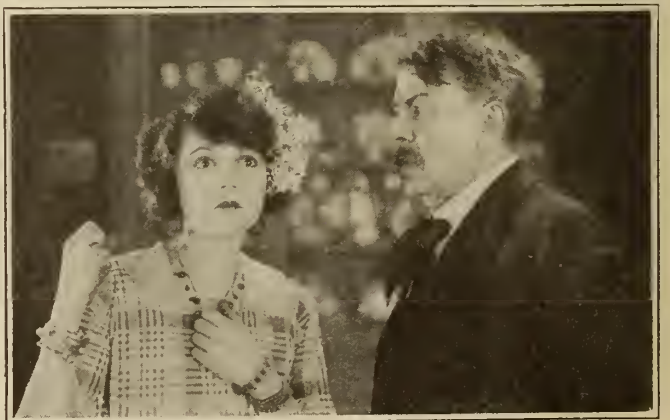
THE NORTHERN TRAIL—Selig-Rork-Educational

THE new two-reel feature photoplays are creating a mild sensation in film circles. This is the first of the series, and merits the consideration of your entire family. From a popular Curwood story and with a cast including Lewis S. Stone, it is an intense, actionful drama, equaling more pretentious offerings, and gaining in dramatic tensivity because of its brevity. You'll like it.

THE SHADOW STAGE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

A Review of the new pictures



LITTLE ITALY—Realart

IN "Little Italy," Alice Brady has a role eminently suited to her temperament. She portrays an Italo-American girl of cayenne quality, who behaves so mischievously that her irate father decides to get rid of her at any cost. He trots out one suitor after another, but the girl turns them all down flat for one reason or other. Miss Brady, and George Fawcett as the father, are both at their best.



FOOTLIGHTS—Paramount

ELSIE FERGUSON does the best work of her screen career in "Footlights." It is a vivid and richly dramatic story, played at a consistently high pitch by Miss Ferguson and the polished Marc McDermott, and skillfully directed by John S. Robertson. "Footlights" refutes the ancient movie axiom that it is impossible for a picture to combine good taste and artistic merit with box office value.



AMONG THOSE PRESENT—Pathe

HAROLD LLOYD seldom disappoints us in the comedy field, his latest—a three-reel release—being no exception to the rule. It's all about a humble bell-boy who impersonates an English lord, and quite successfully, until he loses his dignity and his riding breeches in an unguarded moment. Then the plot thickens, but the fun does not slacken. Mildred Davis is most attractive.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents reviews of the pictures released during the preceding month in a conscientious effort to be of real service. Our aim is to assist you in saving your motion picture time and money. In patronizing good pictures you encourage deserving producers. It is important for you to discourage insincerity, mediocrity, salaciousness, and bad taste by refusing to patronize pictures with such qualities. The reviewers of PHOTOPLAY are unprejudiced, and are lovers of the motion picture. While it is our belief that motion picture producers should not be expected to make pictures suitable for adults and children alike, we will warn against pictures that children should not see.



LURING LIPS—Universal

JOHAN MOROSO'S story "The Gossamer Web," entered in the Photoplay Magazine Prize Fiction Contest, proved excellent photoplay material. A human, appealing story of intelligent construction, it has been given a thoughtful interpretation and careful direction. Edith Roberts is the wife, Darrell Foss the husband, and Ramsaye Wallace the banker. Despite the altered title, it is a family film.



THE INNER CHAMBER—Vitagraph

A GLOOMY background is furnished Alice Joyce this month. Why this sudden vogue of nineteenth century melodrama? Of course, Pedro de Cordoba can die artistically, and Holmes K. Herbert can wear a sad look in a most interesting manner, and Alice is appealing, happy or sad, but her place is in the sun, not the shadows. Here is an excellent cast in an average production. Author! Author!



THE MARCH HARE—Realart

THERE is evidently a clause in Bebe Daniels' contract stating that no matter what emotions she may be called upon to register—hate, fear, grief or exaltation—she must not be compelled to disarrange the rosebud contour of her lips. In "The March Hare" she never musses her mouth once. Aside from that, the picture is a palpable starring vehicle for her, with scant humor and an excessively thin plot.



THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN—Paramount

THERE is not much to recommend in "The Conquest of Canaan," nor is there much to condemn. It is a pleasant but neutral affair, with many excellent exterior scenes, taken in the Main Street of a real town that might easily have inspired Booth Tarkington's conception of "Canaan, Ind." Thomas Meighan is miscast as a seventeen-year-old urchin—but he improves as he grows up.



STRAIGHT FROM PARIS—Equity

IN "Straight From Paris," Clara Kimball Young portrays a high-born French milliner who becomes engaged to the profligate scion of an aristocratic New York family. The young man's mother frowns upon the union, and attempts to discredit her son's fiancee. The latter outwits her, however, thereby demonstrating the triumph of mind over mater. For all that, it is a mediocre picture.



SHORT SKIRTS—Universal

FEW ingenue stars would attempt a role as unsympathetic as that which Gladys Walton carries through this story. As a selfish, vain little flapper who upsets a political campaign and deserves a jail sentence rather than the handsome hero, this young woman contributes to the screen an unusual study in human nature, and makes entertaining an unimportant story. Suitable for children's viewing.



LOVETIME—Fox

WE thought that old plot concerning the Marquis in disguise, the beautiful peasant girl, and the villain from Paris and points South, had been laid away to rest. But not so. Here it is again, with Shirley Mason its one excuse for reappearance. We had no idea France so resembled our dear Hollywood! If you're over sixteen, you'll probably be bored. Possibly you will be, anyway.

Photoplay's Selection of the Six Best Pictures of the Preceding Month



MOONLIGHT AND HONEYSUCKLE—Realart

THÉ latest Mary Miles Minter offering is not nearly so offensive as its title would indicate; but that should not be taken as unqualified praise. The story is a laborious attempt at farce comedy, with a few amusing situations, and much boredom. Miss Minter, apparently, has discarded the wistful dream of her childhood, and is trying to become another Dorothy Gish, with none too satisfactory results.



CABIRIA

THE revival of D'Annunzio's spectacle, "Cabiria," tends to shatter many of the illusions of youth. Viewed through the smoked glasses of 1921, "Cabiria" shapes up as somewhat of a back number. The acting is grotesquely exaggerated, and most of the scenery flimsily artificial. The vast marble temple bears a striking resemblance to soda fountains.



LIFE'S DARN FUNNY—Metro

THIS photoplay is frivolous, inconsequential but quite entertaining stuff. Viola Dana as a French violinist and Gareth Hughes as a somewhat dazed but all-American artist, whose detached manner ever gives him the appearance of not quite belonging to this earth, serve up Greenwich Village temperament, a la carte, and though the ending is inevitable it's quite satisfying. A family film.

1. "FOREVER"—(Peter Ibbetson.)
2. AN UNWILLING HERO—(Will Rogers)
3. FOOTLIGHTS—(Elsie Ferguson)
4. AMONG THOSE PRESENT—(Harold Lloyd)
5. THE SIGN ON THE DOOR—(Norma Talmadge)
6. LURING LIPS—(From Photoplay Magazine's Prize Story Contest)



DON'T NEGLECT YOUR WIFE—Goldwyn

THIS renamed picturization of Gertrude Atherton's "Noblesse Oblige" is well told, but—. Pictures like this do no harm, although the scenes of the old Five Points are not for children to see; but neither do they do any particular good. Lewis Stone, a fine actor, is below par in this. Mabel Julienne Scott is miscast. Some of the titles are terrible. Don't neglect your wife to see it.



THE KISS—Universal

A RATHER haunting story of early Californian days, not strong, but pleasing and offering fair entertainment. This equals Carmel Myers' recent offerings, though she is not convincing as a Spanish senorita. Don't bar the youngsters.

Additional Shadow Stage reviews appear on page 93.



A VIRGIN PARADISE—Fox

IF the celluloid result is anything like the script version of his story, Hiram Maxim had better put his own silencer on his scenarios. But Pearl White's followers will not be disappointed in her, if you don't mind incongruities. She has never seen a man nor anything as modern as an electric light, nevertheless in a few weeks she is handling a gun like Bill Hart and wallops the villain with Jack Dempsey skill.



If you are golfing these days, or hiking, you really should wear a costume like this. Knickers are very, very popular with ladies of all ages. Of course, they are worn for sports. But—whisper this—I have heard that very soon we shall see formal street suits with knickers! With woolen stockings, and sturdy oxfords, and a trim coat, and a rakish little hat, your sports costume is complete.

WHAT exquisite temptations these first crisp cool autumn days are to me! It would be so simple to keep to myself all the treasures I have seen displayed. But I cannot let the first fall month go by without telling you of the things which have pleased me. Fall, I think, is a time of inspiration. Then, if ever, do you feel as though the world were waiting for your Alexandrian efforts. And the general enthusiasm seems to have spread to the coutouriers. They have surpassed themselves providing costumes



A most fascinating chapeau is Gidding's turban of pink rose petals. With a deep blue veil, what could be more demure and interesting? It is most appropriate for a brisk fall day, when one is wearing a suit of dark blue or a dress of black.



There is a sleeve for every mood and fancy, this autumn. You may have the long tight sleeve, or you may have the wide flowing sleeve. As the artist has pictured it here, the graceful blonde prefers one essentially soft and feminine, but the pensive brunette affects the more severely interesting sleeve. It is entirely a matter of choice—as so many difficult things seem to be!

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 98.



Before Miss Pearl White, the cinema star, went to Paris, I persuaded her to promise that she would send me the very latest news from the real center of fashion. She went a step further and sent me this picture of her new black twill riding habit, and her smart white coat of lamb's wool—with herself in them.

ANNOUNCING THE MODE FOR FALL

to compete with the autumn glory. Here are the expressions of many geniuses of line and fabric and color, whose ambition it is to please you. I wish to call to your particular attention the Smartest Woman on Fifth Avenue, pictured at the right.

Carolyn Van Wyck



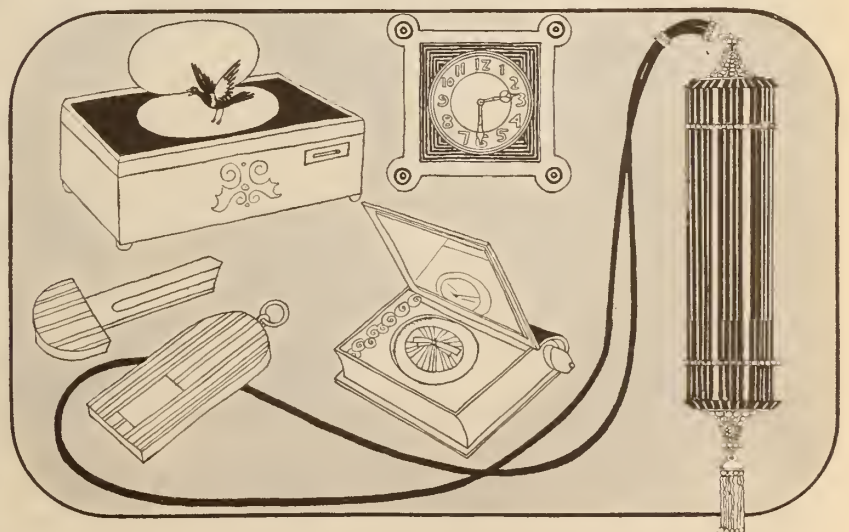
There is nothing smarter than the fur shoe. It is something new—but I prophesy that it has come to stay. Alexandre offers this model of natural broadtail fur. It does not lose its original color or prove any more impractical than the leather shoes. I have a pair!



Here is the Smartest Woman I have seen on the Avenue. Her costume may be copied with excellent results, for it is extremely original. The coat-dress of brown duvetyne has bands of chinchilla, a youthful neck line, and wide, graceful sleeves. The young lady graciously permitted herself to be sketched and confided to me that her black satin hat was from Joseph's, as was her interesting bag of blue galilith.



Miss White wore, to the races, this very effective costume. It is of black twill, trimmed with a wide ruffle of white crepe, with a cut-steel girdle. Her cape is of black serge with white carraucal collar. The hat is a huge pom-pom of white crepe and black felt. The trimming on the cape is cut-work buttonholed at the edge.



Here are: first, an ingenious gold box which opens to let a little bird—with real feathers—pop out and sing a little song, and pop in again. Next, a little gold clock for the dressing-table. At the lower left, an ornamental contrivance for the commonplace key: of striped gold. Then, a deceitful vanity box, disguised as a book. And last, but not least, an enchanting cigarette case, with a diamond and pearl tassel and top. All of these clever novelties from Udall and Ballou, the Fifth Avenue jewelers.

THE PERFECT LIE

Wherein it is made clear that the Game of Love is a ladies' game. An unusual and, perhaps, daring short story, entered in PHOTOPLAY'S prize fiction contest.

By

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

"BETTY!" exclaimed the girl who was combing her hair before the mirror, turning sharply to her companion. "Engaged? You don't mean it."

"Yes—although it isn't announced yet."

"But—I don't understand. I thought Bob Otis—"

"Polly—" the girl on the couch drew her shapely legs beneath her and curled up amongst the pillows—"I'm going to tell you something—something nobody else in the world knows, or ever *will* know, I hope, except yourself. And I wouldn't tell even you, though we *have* been such good pals all these years, if it weren't for the fact that you half know, already."

"You mean—about Phil?"

"Yes—about Phil. Now I'm going to tell you the whole story, so you'll understand. But you must give me your word of honor you'll never breathe a word of it to a living soul."

"I promise, Betty. You can trust me." The girl laid her comb on the dressing table, and coming swiftly over to her companion, put her arms about her. "You know, Betty, I always liked Phil—and I thought he cared for you, too."

"He did, Polly, although I didn't have sense enough to realize it. We were all a little mad, last fall, I think. You remember how we'd been going on—Sarah Pope and the rest of us. Carrying drinks about in our vanity bags—checking our corsets at dances so the boys wouldn't say we were armored cruisers, and refuse to dance with us—giving our garters to men as souvenirs—painting ourselves up like wax figures—drinking more than was good for us, too, at times, and then sitting out dances in dark corners, having petting parties—trying to see how far we could make the men go. No, I haven't become a prude. I think frankness, the kind of frankness we girls have today, is a whole lot better than the pretended innocence our mothers set so much store by—innocence that made it a crime for a girl to mention the fact that she had legs, or could experience a thrill, like any other human being. But we were fools, for all that—most of us—myself included."

"Thrills are all very well, but I'm ready to admit that some of the dancing we did was pretty raw, although it seemed great fun, at the time. And you can't expect to play with a man's passions to amuse yourself, and get away with it. I guess we were all just copying the methods of the women who do that sort of thing for a living, and we didn't know it, or if we did, we didn't care, although we had decent mothers and fathers to tell us the truth. Oh yes—I'll admit I've changed a lot. You'll see why, before I'm through."

"I met Phil long before I ever knew Bob Otis. Bob was in his senior year at Yale, then. I knew he and Phil were friends, but I didn't know, until afterwards, what close friends they were. I didn't know they had grown up together, and cared for each other like brothers—more, I guess, than most brothers do."

"Phil and I liked each other the moment we met. We went about everywhere together. He said he cared for me, and I know he did. But, being a miserable little fool, I started out to rouse the devil in him. Isn't it funny, how we girls thought we could play with men? We all did, more or less, our crowd, and most other crowds, too, from what I hear. Phil wasn't any different from other men. They're all pretty much alike, I guess. So I succeeded, that's all."

"I'll never forget the night I went to his studio. Phil studied in Paris, you know, and is an artist to his finger-tips—a real artist. He's going to do big things, before he gets through. But about that night. We'd been dancing at the Palais Royal—Sarah Pope got together the party to go—you

were along, weren't you? Of course—I'd forgotten. Then you remember how Arthur Brent poured two pint prescriptions into the fruit cup—an awful mixture, but we drank it—nobody cared. I felt full of the devil, like the rest of the crowd, and when I danced with Phil I did everything I could to tantalize him. Pash stuff, we called it, didn't we? I hope I've got better sense, now. The music was that way, too—you know how that jazz stuff sets you going—meant to, I guess—and the words—I kept singing them into Phil's ear, with cheek against his—something about 'I want you, mah jungle—jungle man.' You remember it, don't you? Everybody was singing it, last year."

"When the party broke up—it was about one-thirty, I think—I got into Phil's car. He was to take me home. When I saw that he'd started downtown, in the direction of Washington Square, I didn't say a word. Just kept quiet, as though I didn't know. I wasn't worried, because I had a key to the house, and mother had gone to Lakewood for a couple of days, anyhow. The way I felt that night I didn't care if I never got home."

"There isn't much more to say. I'm not the only girl, I guess, who ever did a thing like that. I thought I could take care of myself, of course. We all did. I imagined it would be simply ripping to see the place where Phil worked, and everything. Well—I saw it—a great dark studio, full of plaster casts and statues and old furniture. Had something more to drink, too—some cordial Phil got out—like bottled fire. We were a mad lot, Polly, weren't we? Thinking we knew it all. When Phil took me in his arms, I felt as though I never wanted to leave them—I—I was in love with him, of course, madly in love. You and I have been pals a long time, Polly, and I know you understand."

The girl who had been combing her hair tightened her arms about her companion and kissed her.

"You poor kid," she said.

"Of course I couldn't bear to see Phil, after that, although I wanted to, terribly. And he wanted to see me, too, and kept calling up the house, but I wouldn't answer. Phil is a splendid fellow, Polly. He'd been drinking, that night, and then, I'd done my best to appeal to the worst side of him, just like the rest of the crowd did. Don't you remember how Sarah Pope used to boast she could make any man crazy about her? Why shouldn't she—the way she danced with them? If they'd try dancing like that on the stage, somebody would call in the police."

"Three weeks after that night Phil went to Europe. I didn't see him again, before he sailed. I just couldn't. But I cried all night, when he left."

"Then Bob Otis came back from college, and started in to have quite an affair with me. Of course I like him—immensely. And then too, I wanted to forget. You know how Bob is—impetuous—high-tempered—one of the most attractive boys I've ever met. We went about everywhere together—that was while you were in Italy, wasn't it?—but I didn't try any of that pash stuff on him, the way I had on Phil. We danced, of course, and everything, but it was—well—different. You know what I mean."

"Before the summer was over, Bob proposed to me. Said I was different from the other girls he knew—that I was finer, better, more honest. Imagine how I felt. Yes—I made him propose, of course. Not because of his money, either. I had another reason. And, as I've told you, I liked him—everything about him. Bob is a peach."



"We were all a little mad last fall, I think—checking our corsets at dances—giving our garters to men as souvenirs and drinking more than was good for us."

"And you accepted him?" the other girl asked.

"No. I didn't accept him. And I didn't refuse him, either. I wouldn't give him a definite answer—just kept him dangling, and of course, that made him more eager and attentive than ever. He sent me flowers every day, and candy—tons of it. Kept begging me over and over to say the word, so that our engagement could be announced at once. And as a matter of fact we weren't engaged at all—just one of those

indefinite arrangements where everybody takes it for granted that the thing's settled, and yet nobody can say for sure. Bob kept telling me I was an angel—an angel, Polly—just fancy that, after what had happened, and insisting that I say yes, but I wouldn't. I was waiting for Phil to come back from Europe."

"Betty! What for?"

"You'll see in a minute. Don't forget, Polly, I'd found out

about Bob's and Phil's friendship. Bob told me all about it himself—how they'd sworn, when they were kids, to stand by each other through thick and thin—to be absolutely honest with each other, no matter what happened—even to death. Schoolboy stuff, in a way, but they meant it. So you can see that I had every reason to think that as soon as Phil got back, something would happen. And it did."

"Good Lord!" The girl who was listening with widened eyes tightened her arm about her friend. "I—I see."

"No you don't. Not yet. But I knew that the minute Phil got back, he and Bob would have a talk, and I knew, too, that Bob was going to tell him about his love for me. I knew it, Polly, because Bob had said to me the night before that was just what he was going to do."

"And you—you—you couldn't do a thing! What a situation!"

"I didn't want to do anything. I may be a fool, Polly, but I'm not a liar. You ought to know that. So the two of them had dinner together, and Bob said he had asked me to be his wife."

"Can you imagine, Polly, what that meant to Phil? Just think—just try to put yourself in his place. He didn't want to be a cad—I don't believe Phil could ever be that—and tell Bob about *me*, and still, he felt himself in duty bound to his friend to—well—to keep him from marrying the sort of girl I guess he supposed I was. You see, Polly, there wasn't the least reason why Phil shouldn't have thought my visit to his studio wasn't the only one of that sort I'd ever made. You know. A man would naturally think that. To other studios, perhaps. I'd given him cause."

"What did he do?"

"He just mumbled some congratulations, said some nice things about *me* he didn't mean, and changed the subject. He was absolutely thunderstruck—unable to decide what to do. I know, for he came to see me about it the next day."

"He came to see you? About that? Betty!"

"Yes. He called up, first, and asked if he might call. I was expecting it. You see, Polly, I knew what I was about. I wasn't acting blindly. So I saw him."

"He was terribly embarrassed, at first, and fenced about a long time before he said what he meant. I didn't help him a bit, either, although I realized perfectly well what was coming."

"Finally he said he knew he was a rotter, and all that, but that Bob had told him about proposing to me, and that as Bob's friend he felt he ought to advise him not to marry me—not to marry anybody right now, in fact, that he was too young, and ought to wait a year or two, before he made up his mind. Then he went on to tell me how he'd promised Bob's mother to look after him, when she died, and that he didn't believe I was the sort of girl to make a fellow like Bob happy, anyway—that he needed a more quiet, serious sort of wife, to—hold him back."

"I listened to all this, feeling mighty sorry for Phil, because of the situation he was in, and trying, too, to make up my mind how much of what had happened was his fault, and how much was mine. It wasn't easy, either, but I guess I gave him the benefit of the doubt. Then I asked him, point blank, to tell me just why he thought Bob and I ought not to marry."

"Betty—what a simply terrible thing—"

"Why? I had to make him say it. He fumbled about a

good deal, but at last he came out with the truth. When a man got married, he said, he naturally expected certain things in his wife—was I able to give them? I felt like saying that if I wasn't able to, it was as much his fault as mine, but I didn't. I just asked him, very quietly, what he was going to do?

"He looked like a man about to be executed. 'What do you want me to do, Betty?' he asked. I said there were only two things he *could* do—either tell Bob the truth, or lie like a gentleman. I left the matter in his hands."

"He got very red, at that, and seemed unable to answer. 'You see, Phil,' I said, 'whatever has happened' between us, never was a part of my life, either before, or since. Except for that one night, I can give Bob everything any other woman could.'

"He felt terribly, when I said that, and began to walk up and down the room. 'How can I lie, to my best friend?' he asked—'the man I've always played square with, and always will.'

"'Has he asked you any questions about me?' I said."

"'No,' he said, Bob hadn't, but he was afraid he would—not that Bob was the sort of fellow who would discuss the woman he loved with any man, but that he always came to him and asked his advice, about important matters. How could a chap lie, he said, if his best friend asked for his approval?"

"I told him I didn't know *how* he could lie—or whether he ought to lie at all. It was up to him, I said. I left the matter entirely in his hands. But I did say that upon his answer my whole future happiness would depend."

"We had quite a dramatic scene, Polly. I didn't rant, or make speeches, the way they do in the theater. We talked it all over very quietly, but my heart was breaking, just the same, and I cried that day, too, after he left me."

"You poor dear—I don't wonder. Of course he didn't say anything."

"Wait a minute, Polly. There's a lot more to all this than you think. Something else began to happen, just as I expected it would. Before Phil had been back from Europe a week, some of the old crowd began to talk. Not that they could say anything against me, of course, but you see they remembered how attentive Phil had been to me, before he went away, and that we were supposed to be terribly in love with each other. So, of course, now that he was back, they began to gossip, to ask each other which was the lucky man, Bob, or Phil. And of course, the minute this came to Bob's ears, as I knew it would, he went right to Phil and asked him what it meant."

"Betty—how simply awful! I wonder you aren't dead."

The girl among the pillows smiled. There was a strangely happy light in her warm grey eyes.

"I knew it would all come out for the best," she said. "But that day Bob went to see Phil, I was afraid, just the same—so afraid that I felt horribly sick. And the funny part about it is, I was just as much afraid on Phil's account, as I was on my own."

"But—I don't see—"

"You will, Polly, when I get through. Bob went to see Phil at this apartment. He wasn't angry, or anything like that, but he just didn't understand. Phil told me all about it, later on. Nothing much happened. Men aren't (Continued on page 95)

Popular Delusions

THAT all vamps are as bad as they're painted.

That all villains go home from work and beat their wives.

That all villains go home from work.

That all foreigners have titles and want money.

That all Americans have money and want titles.

That all city folks are bad.

That all country folks are good.

That all screen heroines wear six diamond bracelets—three on each arm—carry canes and Pomeranians, have French maids, and live with their mothers.

That Hollywood is Little Bohemia.

That you can see Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Lillian Gish and Nazimova strolling down Sunset Blvd. any old time.

That all the good screen stories were used long ago.

That all college men live in rooms papered with pennants and bathing girl photographs.

That all boarding-school girls give fudge parties.

That all old pictures are immeasurably better than those we see today.

That all producers used to be in the fur business. (Some of them used to be in the grocery business.)

That everybody who is anybody in the movies today, began with Griffith.



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Bearcat Models*
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STUTZ

*Four and Six
Passenger Models*
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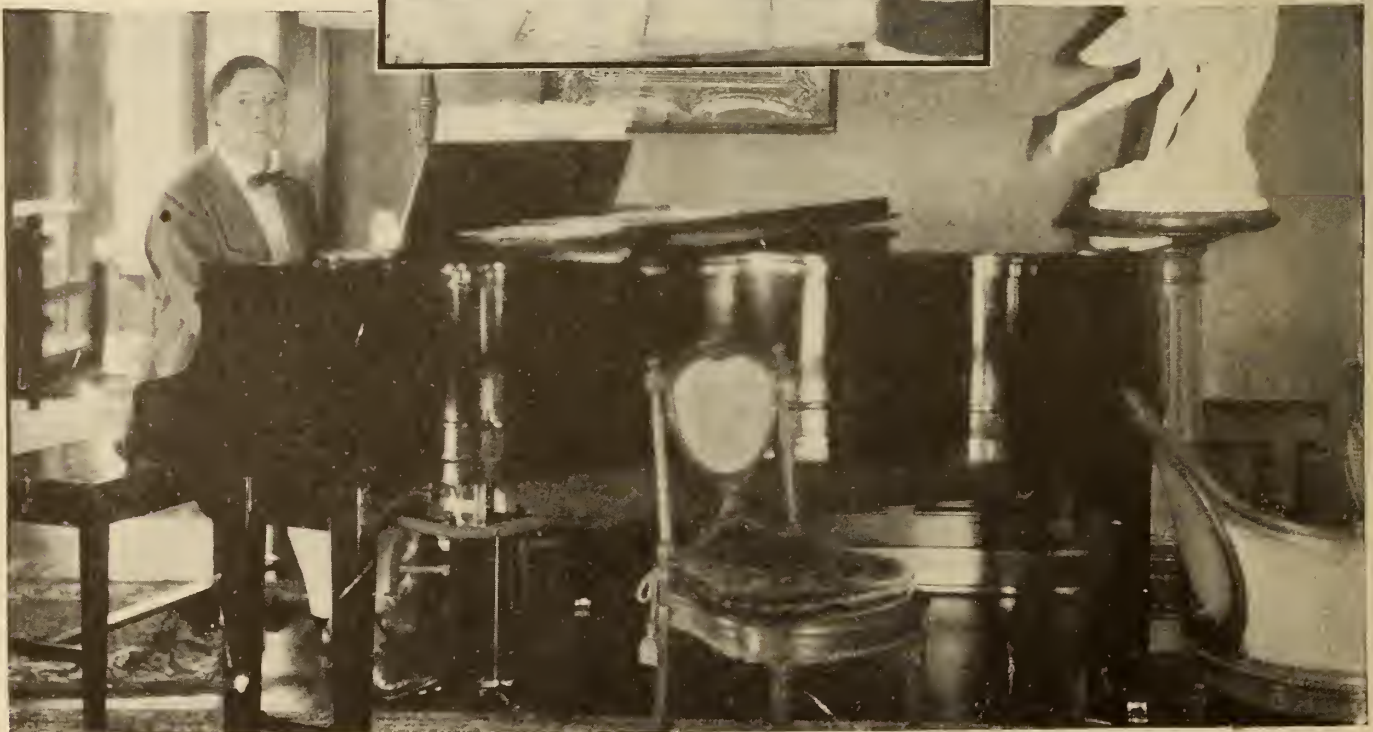


The Rupert Hughes home in Hollywood: representative of the palaces the California film folks live in.

Author!
Author!



THE author, occasionally, has his innings. Sometimes after the first act on the first night of his new play. Sometimes when the royalties roll in, on his best seller. Sometimes—in the movies. Rupert Hughes, an eminent author who lives up to his advertising, is writing and directing his own stories for the screen. And he lives in Hollywood, in a house that looks like of one his own sets. At the left, with his wife and daughter. Below, in his music room.





Fourteen leading makers of fine fabrics tell you how to launder them

Fourteen famous manufacturers of washable fabrics and garments joined with the makers of Lux in giving women the best and safest washing directions for every kind of fine fabric.

For their own protection, as well as the satisfaction of their customers, these manufacturers recommend the gentle Lux way of laundering.

These directions are now released in our new 20-page booklet, "How to Launder Fine Fabrics." Send for a copy today. It is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. S-10, Cambridge, Mass.

Read why the leaders in each industry advise the Lux way of laundering

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Belding Brothers make millions of yards of silk each year. They say: "The use of a harsh soap on pure silk is ruinous to the texture of the fabric. We have found Lux to be ideal for washing silks because of its great purity and gentleness."

Onyx Hosiery—"We advise every woman who buys our silk stockings to launder them in Lux."

Kayser "Italian" Silk Underwear—Kayser says: "To make silk underthings last, launder them the safe Lux way."

Max Held, Inc., maker of Forsythe Waists, makes a million silk blouses each year. He says: "Once in a while a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. If women would wash their blouses in Lux, 90% of our complaints would disappear."

David Crystal, New York's best known maker of silk sport skirts, writes: "Washing a garment the safe Lux way actually lengthens its life."

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Our new booklet tells you. Send for it today.*

WOOLENS

Carter, famous maker of babies' knit underwear, says: "We wish every young mother would wash her baby's shirts in the safe Lux way."

The makers of the famous Ascher's Knit Goods say: "Lux is so pure it cannot injure the sensitive wool fibre."

The North Star Woolen Mill Company make the finest blankets in America. They write: "We are glad that the tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets."

The makers of Fleisher Yarns say: "We are urging the women who buy our yarns to wash them in Lux. The dirt dissolves in the Lux suds and leaves the garment soft and unshrunken."

Do you know how to dry your sweater so that it will keep its shape?

Our new booklet tells you. Write for it today.

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Betty Wales Dressmakers say: "Lux preserves the fine texture and color of the most delicate lingerie dresses."

James McCutcheon & Company, "The Linen Store," writes: "Our experience in the laundering of fine laces and embroideries has proved beyond question the value and reliability of Lux. We know of nothing better."

Puritan Mills is one of the largest makers of beautiful drapery fabrics. They say: "Analysis shows Lux to be free from any harmful agent."

Pacific Mills, the largest makers of printed wash goods in the world, say: "We advise the use of Lux."

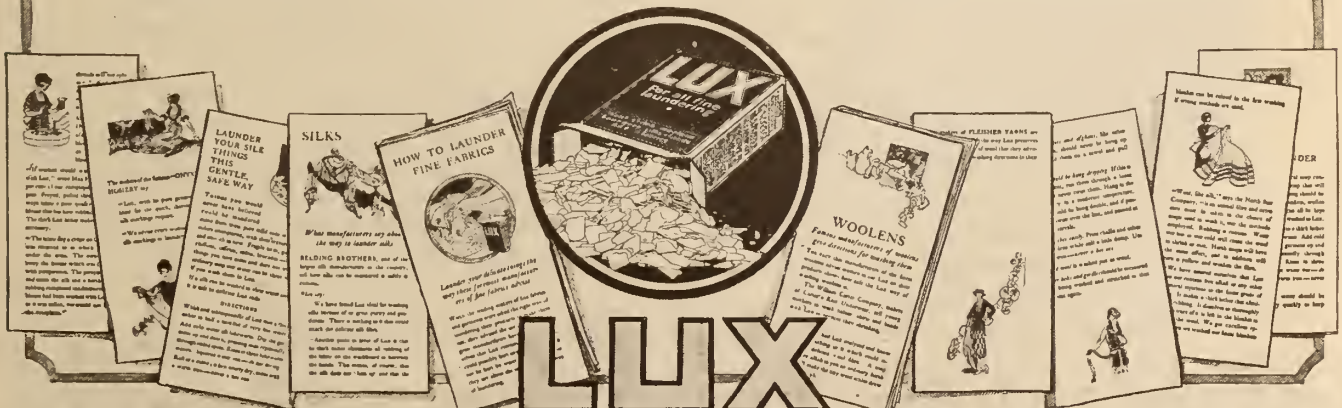
The maker of Mildred Louise Dresses says: "The Lux way of washing quickly and without rubbing is ideal."

Is Irish Crochet flat after you press it?

Our new 20-page booklet tells you how to "pick-up" the design. Send for it today.

Send today for this booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free

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GOLDWYN
Presents

The



The mother whose children no longer seemed to want her

*One of the outstanding motion pictures of all time
is Rupert Hughes' heart-gripping story of Home*

SUDDENLY they have all grown up and left her—the babies she used to tuck in bed at night. The old house is empty and silent. All have forgotten her. Her birthdays pass unnoticed.

Each child has embarked on a drama of his own. Loves, ambitions, temptations carry them away. There are moments of laughter and comedy, romance, adventure, tragedy. The story of their lives sweeps you along.

Your life—your home—your mother—as they might have been or as they are. "The Old Nest" will awaken deep in your heart memories of the mother to whom you ran

with your childish troubles.

Never before has the screen touched with such beauty and such dramatic force a subject which finds an echo in the lives of every one of us. It is a masterpiece of a new type—a presentation of life as it really is with its moments of great joy and flashes of exquisite pain. One of the most heart-gripping dramatic stories ever narrated.

The people in the play—You know them all

Mary Alden, Helene Chadwick, Cullen Landis, Dwight Crittenden, Lucille Ricksen, Richard Tucker, Laura Lavarnie, Robert DeVilbiss, Johnny Jones, Fanny Stockbridge, Louise Lovely, Buddy Messenger, Billie Cotton, Nick Cogley, Molly Malone, M. B. (Lefty) Flynn.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Old Nest

RUPERT HUGHES'
heart-gripping story of Home



Dr. Frank Crane writes:

"Hughes has taken down one wall of the American house of today, and you walk in and know the family. A film story of life—all bitter and sweet, and sad and glad, and majestic and petty, and divine and pitiful."

Fannie Hurst writes:

"Rupert Hughes dipped his pen into his heart when he wrote 'The Old Nest.' Seeing the picture is for all the world like strolling through the family album of America."

Alice Duer Miller writes:

"'The Old Nest' will appeal to anyone who ever had a mother and most people have. It is real and touching and almost incredibly without an atom of false sentiment. I have seen it four times and cried each time."

To be followed by
Rupert Hughes'
"Dangerous Curve Ahead"

DIRECTED BY
REGINALD BARKER

Sept. 11th • A GOLDWYN PICTURE

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VAMPS OF ALL TIMES

As seen when a modern spotlight is turned upon ancient legends.

By SVETEZAR TONJOROFF

FRICCA was the wife of Wotan, the All-Father. It is recorded that she clung to the old-fashioned custom of taking breakfast with her husband seven days in the week—that is, when Wotan happened to be staying at the family mansion, Asgard Hall. But Wotan was a good deal of a Wanderer between times. In the Sagas, the Eddas and the Wagner operas he is shown strolling about his kingdom disguised in a long dark cloak and old slouch hat, looking after things.

Wotan's habits as a travelling man must have had an unsettling effect upon Fricca. During these trips she seems to have taken an outing on her own account now and then, passing under the name of Freya. It was on his return from one of these Haroun-al-Raschid expeditions that Wotan found Fricca wearing a beautiful golden necklace.

"Where did you get it?" asked Wotan, somewhat disturbed.

The All-Mother replied with nothing but silence, and very little of that. She also positively refused to give up the bauble.

Becoming more and more suspicious, Wotan called in the famous private detective Loki, the Sherlock Holmes of Asgard. Disguising himself as a fly, Loki buzzed into Madame's chamber through a crack in the roof. He found Fricca fast asleep with the necklace around her milk-white throat. He saw at a glance, however, that he could not get it without waking her, because she was lying on the clasp.

Loki then hurriedly disguised himself as a flea and bit her on the cheek, which caused her to turn in her sleep. Then Loki unsnapped the lock and took the necklace away with him.

Pursuing this clue, the great detective traced the necklace to four dwarfs—Alfrig, Dvalin, Berling and Grer—who kept a silversmith's establishment in a cellar in the Main Street of Asgard and up to that time had enjoyed the patronage of all the gods.

The most careful examination of their books under duces tecum proceedings, however, failed to disclose any money entry in payment for the necklace, either from Fricca, alias Freya, or from any of the neighbors.

Loki was about to do the last thing any detective ever does, and admit he was wrong, when his keen eyes fell on a memorandum slip on which was jotted down the tell-tale line:

"For good and sufficient value received . . . one sixty-carat gold necklace, to Madame F."

Things now began to look black for Freya; but after a dis-

IV—FRICCA

passionate weighing of all the evidence in the case, Wotan ordered his counsel to discontinue the proceedings. The impression prevailed in the Valhalla Club that Wotan had been success-

fully vamped.

This mysterious transaction apart, Fricca, when she was not travelling under the name of Freya, appears to have earned the reputation of being a good wife and mother.

Among Fricca's household pets was a German tribe called the Winiler, who were trying to wrest a home-rule measure from the Vandals, the Ambri and the Assi, who were taxing them without granting them representation. Having declared an Easter revolution, the Winiler were about to be attacked by the Vandals and their friends.

In advance of the battle, the chiefs of the Vandals, the Ambri and the Assi, appeared before Wotan as he sat on his throne, his flaxen beard spreading over half the floor of the throne room. They promised all sorts of sacrifices on his altars if he would help them crush the Winiler and put an end to the home-rule movement.

"I am not so sure about that," responded Wotan thoughtfully, tipping back his golden crown and scratching his forehead. "You see, Her Majesty the Queen, our beloved All-Mother is very favorably disposed toward the Winiler

on account of their extreme gentleness. Let's see . . . F-e-e, fi fo fum!"

Then, an idea coming into his massive head, he touched the buzzer on the arm of his throne. It was Brunhild who responded to the summons.

"Mead for the gentlemen," ordered Wotan with true Northern hospitality. When they had been served he announced:

"The battle is going to be won by the army that I first lay eyes on when I wake up tomorrow morning. My bed faces the east windows. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient."

And he dismissed them with a benevolent nod, gathered up his beard and moved with great dignity out of the throne-room.

That night at bedtime Wotan committed the indiscretion of telling Fricca about the arrangement. Fricca at first pretended not to care; but when she heard Wotan snore soundly and had made sure that the snoring was sincere, she got up, crept out of bed, tiptoed to an armchair, and sat there for a long time, wringing her hands and weeping silently.

Suddenly she stopped crying, smiled, glanced at the sleeping Wotan, put on a fresh boudoir cap, (Continued on page 84)

Fricca clung to the old-fashioned custom of taking breakfast with her husband seven days in the week.





When Eyes Are Close

The Final Touch Is Your Complexion at Ease

Does your complexion wince under the appraising gaze? Does it fear the verdict—"make-up"—"coarse"—"muddy"? Or is it a complexion of confidence—one that delights in close inspection? It is the latter if you use Carmen! For Carmen gives the beauty, the youthful bloom, the satiny smoothness that craves scrutiny, knowing that the more critical the gaze, the more pronounced the praise.

Carmen, the powder that *stays on*, is also Carmen the powder whose charming natural effect on the skin is never lessened under dampness or glaring light. It is truly the face powder extraordinary, as a test will show.

Sample Offer Send 12c to cover postage and packing for purse size box with three weeks' supply—state shade preferred.

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CARMEN

COMPLEXION POWDER

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and new
Brunette Shade, 50c Everywhere

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How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful Well Kept Hair
You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell, when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO



Betty Compson



Norma Talmadge



Viola Dana



Conna Griffith



Anita Stewart



Priscilla Dean



Mae Murray



Ruth Roland

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.



BOBBY E.—You wish my opinion of a girl sixteen years old, wishing to become a movie actress. My dear I am a gentleman.

JANET.—Thanks for the gum, but I don't chew. However, I took it home to my cat. Harold Goodwin, Fox. John Bowers, Goldwyn. John is married; Harold isn't.

CONSUELO, L. G.—You say your heart is broken. What did you do with the pieces? Carol Dempster is not related to D. W. Griffith, or Mr. Griffith's brother, Albert Grey. But she went abroad with Mr. and Mrs. Grey. She uses her own name on the screen and was a well-known Denishawn dancer before entering films. Her first appearance was as a dancer in "Intolerance." She is in New York now, but is not working at present. Griffith, for whose organization she acts, is making "The Two Orphans" now, in which neither Carol nor Ralph Graves appears. Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Joseph Schildkraut are the principals in it. Schildkraut is the young Roumanian actor whose performance in the Theater Guild's production of Franz Molnar's play, "Liliom", was the sensation of the past season.

JANE S., TEXAS.—You wish to know the color of Clara Kimball Young's hair when she was in Nashville, Tennessee, sometime in March, 1921? Her hair then was the same color as it is now, and always has been: dark brown.

MISS O'GRADY.—Perhaps it is because Marguerite Clark makes a picture so seldom that you don't see more about her. However, PHOTOPLAY published several pictures and two stories about her when she was making her latest picture, "Scrambled Wives". We'd be only too glad if she made more. She is living on her husband's—H. Palmerson Williams'—farm near New Orleans, La., now.

EDWINA.—You are going to start a hair-dressing parlor? How nice! May I ask if you are going to advertise "Lips Curled. Doors Banged"? Lew Cody was born in 1885. He is unmarried. Dorothy Dalton was once Mrs. Cody. Lew has been in vaudeville, but he is back in Hollywood now preparing to make more pictures.

M. S.—John Ruskin said:—"We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts." The geniuses of the earth are those who put their hearts into it. Earle Williams did not appear in "Ducks and Drakes." Jack Holt was Bebe Daniels' leading man in that.

MARY PICKFORD FOREVER.—You are very faithful; but who wouldn't be faithful to Mary? Here is the cast of "Through the Back Door": Jeanne Bodamere, Miss Pickford; Hortense Reeves, Gertrude Astor; Elton Reeves, Wilfred Lucas; Marie, Helen Raymond; Jacques Lanvain, Norman Hammond; Margaret Brewster, Elinor Fair; James Brewster, Adolphe Menjou; Conrad, Peaches Jackson; Constant, Doreen Turner; Billy Boy, John Harron.

Their Bad Habits

BILL HART: that fixed "Hands Up" look.

Katherine MacDonald: that hard-working hauteur.

Wallace Reid: those elliptical eyebrows.

Viola Dana: that painful pout.

Elsie Ferguson: that how-dare-you-sir stuff.

Douglas Fairbanks: that—you guessed it—eternal grin.

Carol Dempster: those Gish-Marsh movements.

May Allison: that injured-innocence expression.

Mae Murray: that cabaret complex involving décolletage *ne plus ultra*.

Universal: Eric von Stroheim.

Cecil B. deMille: boudoir sets.

Griffith: the chased heroine.

Nazimova: directing.

R. T., RIDGEWOOD.—It is easier to tell how to be clever than to be clever and not tell it. Gladys Walton is married. She's seventeen. "Short Skirts" is a recent Walton release. Elaine Hammerstein in "The Girl from Nowhere."

ROSALTHEA.—Was the original intention to call you Rosalie Theodora? Niles Welch is thirty-three; he is married to Dell Boone. They have no children. Claire Adams and Robert McKim, B. B. Hampton Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

VIRGINIA NEIL.—I am going to inaugurate a new department, which will be run right in these columns. No questions will be answered. But emotions will be stifled, eyes narrowed, laughs provoked, wits sharpened (if possible), remarks pointed, and chances thrown away. Will you be the first contributor? "The Affairs of Anatol" is released. Wallace Reid's hair isn't naturally curly, but it is specially curled for "Peter Ibbetson," which you will see on the screen as "Forever"—at least, that's what they're calling it today. It may be something else again tomorrow.

H. C. S.—Your impression of New York reminds me of a slightly worn, but almost as good as new, story about the Iowa tourist who stood upon the California shore and gazed at the Pacific. "Well, Uncle," said the Native Son, "what do you think of the ocean?" "It's pretty," was the reply. "But," rather wearily, "it ain't as big as I thought it would be." Constance Binney was born in 1899 and has been making pictures since 1918. She and sister Faire made their film debuts in Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life."

A. W. B., MONTREAL.—I am sorry you have had to wait so long for an answer. But I really am rather busy, between eight a. m. and ten p. m., and your letter must have arrived during that time. Viola Dana? Well, she was born in Brooklyn in 1898, is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 96 pounds, went on the stage at the age of eleven, is the widow of director John Collins, and is with Metro, Hollywood, Cal. Short and snappy—just like Viola.

E. T., CHARLOTTE, N. C.—No. I don't take after my father, but he takes after me sometimes. Agnes Ayres doesn't give her age for publication, but she is about twenty-three, I think. She was recently divorced from the husband nobody knew she had—Captain Frank Schuler. Anna Case is not making any pictures. Norma Talmadge was born in May, 1895, and married in November, 1916.

(Continued)

CHARLES.—You want Rudolph Valentino on the cover for a change? I don't think Rudie would want to be on the cover for anything. Besides, we never have men on the covers. If we ever decide to have men on the covers, I'll be the first man. Valentino is now playing in "The Sheik," having been loaned by Rex Ingram to Lasky for one picture. Agnes Ayres plays opposite him. Good team, eh? Dorothy Gish is twenty-three, has fair hair, is five feet two inches tall, has blue eyes. I may deserve sympathy—but do I get it? Occasionally.

K. S. J., WEST PHILADELPHIA.—The players in "Blind Wives" were Estelle Taylor, Marc McDermott, Harry Sothern, Sally Crute, Robert Schable, and Annett Bracy. Is that all? I am surprised.

MUGGINS.—Sometimes I wake in the dead hours of the night, pluck at the coverlet, and moan: "Charles Ray's eyes are brown. Brown, I say! Didn't you know?" And his hair, too, although I don't dream that so often. Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., in 1891. He is married to a non-professional.

JOE.—I've heard a rumor that Barbara Bedford is to star for Fox. I think she is very sweet and pretty, and a good little actress. She is twenty and unmarried. She appears with Florence Lawrence in "The Unfoldment."

WALLACE.—You pain me. I a Miracle Man, indeed! I'm not saying that every-

body and anybody can do the work that I do, the way I do it, in the short time I do it, still—Richard Barthelmess is with Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MRS. J. O.—I think the highest price ever paid for land in America was \$8,000 a square foot, or \$960,000 for 1,200 square feet of soil at 18 Wall Street. That is why I never have bought a home for myself and my canary. I have never been able to afford really good land, and I won't have any other kind. Tom Moore was Alice Joyce's first husband. He is married to Rene Adoree now; and Alice to James Regan. Alice Joyce Moore, daughter of Alice and Tom, is five years old. The Wallace Reids (sounds like a society column) have one son, Bill. Warren Kerrigan isn't married. He is making a new picture.

THIRTEEN.—It's unlucky, but if you can stand it, I can. Agnes Ayres' real name is Agnes Hinkle. She has one brother, who is married and has a little girl named Agnes Ayres. Address Agnes Ayres—the first—at Lasky studios.

GENEVIEVE.—You want something good to read? I would suggest that you read the rules at the head of my department. It may not be good reading, but there's a chance that it may be instructive. Of your questions about me, there is only one I can answer. That is, "How old are you?" Answer: I am not old at all. Bryant Washburn and Lois Wilson in "It Pays to Advertise."

LOUISE P., FORT WAYNE.—Thank you for your nice little letter. You like Lillian Gish and don't think she is popular enough. I'll have to look into it right away. I like her well enough to make her awfully popular. Lillian is at the D. W. Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. I think she'll answer you. Tell her I asked her to. I don't know what good it will do, but tell her.

FAYE M.—Yes, they are wearing fur shoes now. Miss Van Wyck told me about it. I don't mind telling you that, but I can't tell you any more, because the fashions come under her department, not mine; and besides, who am I to discuss fashions? Jackie Coogan will make more pictures. Jewel Carmen in "Nobody." Ruth Roland was born in 1893; Clara Kimball Young in 1890.

R. G., MANILA.—I am deeply grateful for your consideration of me. You say: "I hope that when this reaches you, you will be very well—in order that you may answer my questions." *That's* what makes me cynical. *That's* what makes me know that my noble efforts are never appreciated. Of course I've known it for some time, but it needs a letter like yours to convince me all over again. Have no information about Agnes Emerson and William Marion. As substitutes I offer, hoping that they will take it good-naturedly: Frances Marion and John Emerson. May Giraci, Metro. Eva Novak, Fox. May McAvoy, Realart.

(Continued on page 109)

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

*contributes one of the greatest
short stories of the year in the
November Photoplay. Do not
miss it. It's worth waiting for.*

"THE END OF THE ROAD"



FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH, Chicago War Worker, whose photoplay, "The One Man Woman," won First Prize of \$2,500. Mrs. Elijah writes:

"You can understand how grateful I feel to Mr. Read for giving me an opportunity to succeed and how thankful I am to the Palmer institution for having given me a training which made the success possible."



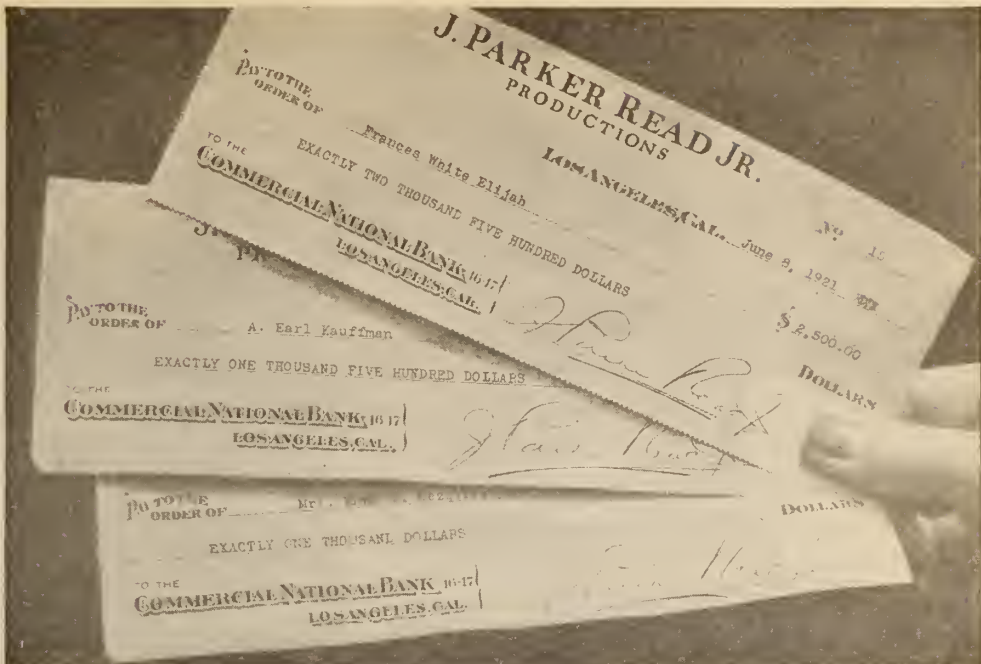
A. EARL KAUFFMAN, Secretary to the Mayor of York, Penna., whose photoplay, "The Leopard Lily," won Second Prize of \$1,500. Mr. Kauffman writes:

"I didn't win the \$1,500 prize. The Palmer Plan won it. But I'm going to spend it."



ANNA B. MEZQUIDA, of San Francisco, short story writer and poet, whose photoplay, "The Charm Trader," won Third Prize of \$1,000. Mrs. Mezquida writes:

"I should not have known how to go about preparing an acceptable scenario without the Palmer Plan to point the way. Screen technique is so different from that of the short story that they must be learned separately."



Palmer students capture every prize

All three winners in the J. Parker Read, Jr., \$5,000 scenario contest attribute their success to the Palmer Course and Service.

THE PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION construes the success of these three students, against a field of nearly 10,000 scenarios submitted, as complete justification for every claim its advertising has made.

You have read that advertising. You know that it has always been our confident claim—and we now renew it with increased faith—that any person possessed of creative imagination, or story telling ability, can be developed into a writer of saleable scenarios by the Palmer Course and Service.

That story-telling gift, which we have discovered in farm houses, city offices, average homes and industrial plants, often exists unknown to its possessor until it has been revealed by the unique test which we require of every applicant before accepting enrollment for the Course.

Developing native story telling ability

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation did not endow Mrs. Elijah, Mr. Kauffman, and Miss Mezquida with their gift; no human agency could do that. What the Course and Service did was to develop it—to teach these students how to use native ability to their lasting satisfaction and profit; and they took the training at home during their spare hours.

And what we did for these three, we have done for many others who are today enjoying fame and income as successful photoplaywrights.

Will you let us test you, free?

If you have ever felt the urge to tell a story for the screen, this may prove the most interesting offer you ever read. In its nation-wide search for story-telling ability suited to the screen, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly send you without cost or obligation the Van Loan Questionnaire. It is the test that started the three photoplaywrights whose pictures appear on this page on the road to success. From it, we can tell you whether or not you possess the talent we seek. The test is confidential. If you lack the requisite ability, we shall frankly tell you so. We accept for training only those who show real promise of success. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

We invite you to send for the Van Loan Questionnaire. It may open the way to fame and fortune, and establish you in the most fascinating industry in the world. Use the coupon below, and do it before you forget.

With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of The Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writer's Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, P. 10 124 West 4th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free sample copy of the Photodramatist.

NAME

ADDRESS



THE PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION is primarily a clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers. It is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

Its Department of Education is a training school for the development of men and women whose ability is worth training. This department is literally carrying the country for the right kind of story telling talent.

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The thirteen Trebaol children, whose mother takes them to their respective studios every morning and calls for them at night. Nine of them appear in pictures regularly to attract the attention of a missing father, who disappeared two years ago. They are: Jeanette, 6; Isabella, 8; Philip, 9; Francois, 10; Maria, 11; Anne, 13; Yves, 14; Eduoard, 17; Yvonne, 18; Cecile, 23; Oliver, 21; Irving, 20; and Jean, 25. Little Jeanette has played with Mary Pickford and Will Rogers.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment
about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By
CAL. YORK

THEY were going to call "Peter Ibbetson," in its film form, "The Love Dream." Then somebody—probably the office boy—suggested that "The Great Romance" was a great title—in fact, it always had been a great title. So they have decided to call it that. Today, that is.

And in place of Mrs. Dean, the English woman who helps Du Maurier's plot along considerably, Paramount has introduced a Spanish senorita, played by Dolores Cassinelli. Why? Don't ask us.

Yes, we thought so. The "final title" is, at the time of going to press, "Forever."

A CERTAIN film company gives advance showings of its new pictures to a few privileged reviewers. Upon the occasion of the celluloid debut of a slightly-known comedian, the various members of the publicity staff were called into the department head's private office.

"Listen," he said, "I want all of you people to go in there when we're showing that picture to the press. And I want you to laugh, understand? Whether you feel like it or not?"

They laughed, whether they felt like it or not. And the scheme worked, for the reviewers' reviews were not nearly so icy as they might have been—if the poor press-agents hadn't tickled their risibilities with hee-haws and ho-hos to order.

CARMEL MYERS is making a serial—for Vitagraph.

The dusky Miss Myers completed her Universal contract—and left the lot where she had worked for many months.

Well, we always have thought that Miss Myers' abundant gestures and flashing eyes were a little too strenuous for the fragile vehicles in which she has been appearing. But in a serial, Carmel can cavort to her heart's content.

THE engagement of Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, predicted some time ago by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for the first time, has been officially announced by the interested parties. The wedding will take place shortly—probably immediately following the completion of the present Rex Ingram production, "Turn to the Right," in which Miss Terry plays the leading role. Mr. Ingram then expects to go to Europe to make several pictures—and Miss Terry is to retire from the screen, that being her wish as well as that of her fiance.

Mr. Ingram and Miss Terry have played as pretty a romance off the screen as they conceived on it. Mr. Ingram chose his future bride from the extra ranks to play in a production of his and later cast her for the leading part in his now famous film, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It was during the making of this picture that a love affair began and ripened.

H. C. WITWER—who does these clever baseball and war yarns—is one eminent author that doesn't claim to have made a fortune from films.

"I get a wire every now and then from some firm saying, will you take \$20,000 for such and such a story? I always wire back 'yes' and then I begin to spend the money. But I never hear anything more—so I decide that they've read the darn thing and run out on me," says Mr. Witwer.

GOVERNOR NATHAN MILLER of New York has appointed his censors, and the picture producers are enjoying comparative peace and quiet. Before the three who are to pass upon the Empire State's future entertainment were named, the industry was more or less uneasy. Now that they know—well, it's never so bad after that.

They are George H. Cobb of Watertown, N. Y., a former Lt. Governor; Mrs. Eli T. Hosmer of Buffalo, vice-chairman of the State Congress of Mothers, and Joseph Levenson, a Republican leader and a director of the Young Men's Hebrew Association. The appointments are for one, three, and four years, the longest term going to Mr. Cobb, and the short term to Mr. Levenson. The censorship applies to all motion pictures shown in and produced in New York State after August 1.

(Continued on page 80)

To protect your skin, one cream—to cleanse it, an entirely different cream

Every normal skin needs these two: for daytime use, a dry cream that cannot reappear in a shine—at Night, a cream made with the oil necessary to keep the skin soft and pliant

These two creams are totally different in character and the results they accomplish are separate and distinct. Your skin must have both if it is to keep its original loveliness.



For the nightly cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream—the cream with an oil base.

For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

YOU must protect your skin from sun, wind and dust or it will protect itself by developing a tough florid surface.

Make a point of always applying Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears en-

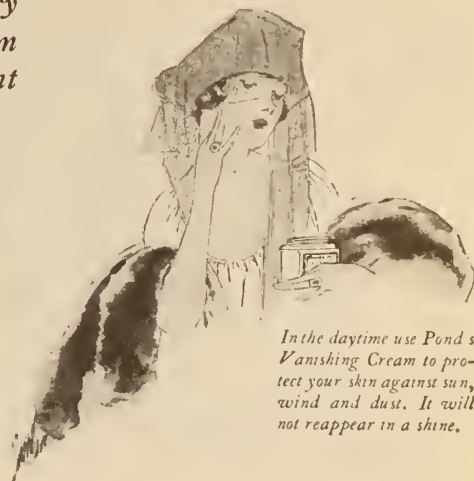
tirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

At night—the cleansing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clear-



In the daytime use Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against sun, wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.

ness and freshness. Only cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores, and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
127 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

POND'S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream



(Continued from page 78)



Who will play "Peter Pan?" Can you see any one of these children in the role? Director John Robertson went to England to confer with Sir James Barrie about the picturization of Barrie's classic, and was besieged by youthful applicants at the Paramount British studios at Islington.

PEARL WHITE has always been persistent in her refusal to permit the public to peek into her affairs.

Until she got a divorce from her husband, Wallace McCutcheon.

You can keep a marriage out of the papers but you can't always soft-pedal a divorce. So when Pearl appealed to the courts to let her be Miss White again, the greatest part of her public was a bit surprised.

McCutcheon was a major during the war, when Miss White met him. He played in many of her serials and later in her Fox feature dramas.

Her first husband was Victor Sutherland, an actor of some prominence.

Oh, well—now she can have her big white house at Bayside all to herself. It's a peach of a place, the Pearl White estate—there are acres of it, with a private beach, and kennels, and stables. She's one of the few motion picture stars who boasts a butler—a real butler, who doesn't spoil things when important guests are coming.

FLORENCE DESHON, a pretty film villainess who has recently been seen with Goldwyn and Fox productions, has forsaken the silver sheet to become second woman for the Wilkes Stock Company in Los Angeles. Miss Deshon is a member of the rather exclusive—and intellectual—set of which Charles Spencer Chaplin is the chief glory.

THOMAS S. WALSH, the director, was one day this summer walking down Broadway. It was hot and Walsh wore white flannels and spotless shoes. A friend met him and kidded him. "Lily white is the name for you!"

Walsh smiled. Then he shook his head. "There was never a spotless 'lily white' man on Broadway—except one. And he's gone."

"Who was that?" asked his friend.

"Bobby Harron," replied Walsh. "If there was ever a clean, pure soul in a man, that soul was Bobby Harron's. He had the highest ideals, and he lived up to them. If there is a heaven, and God's on his throne, Bobby Harron will be in the cast, make no mistake about that."

HOPE HAMPTON, in July and August, made personal appearances in the New York theaters. She sang three songs charmingly—she has, really, a beautiful lyric soprano—and the audience had called her back for an encore. She began to talk to them—spontaneously, for all her speeches are impromptu.

"I want to thank you all," she said. "I've had as much fun as you seem to. But—you know I do like my matinees better. I like them because there are always lots of kids in the audience. At night, now, by the time I come on, all the children have gone, it's so late: I—"

Just then a small voice piped out from somewhere in the pit. "I'm here, Hopie!" it said. "I stayed to see you!"

ONE of Conway Tearle's former wives is suing him for more alimony. We forget which one. She says Conway is getting more money from the company for which he is making pictures than he has ever received before in his career—and she wants some of it. Mr. Tearle's salary is said to be \$1,750. He is said to get it. We dislike to be sordid—but does he really get the money? If he does—\$1,750 a week—he is very, very fortunate. Some of the not-so-celebrated are contributing their services to the same company and receiving considerably less, if anything.

THEDA BARA just won't be interviewed. Particularly by **PHOTOPLAY**.

The Editor of this Magazine thought she might have something of interest to tell her motion picture public after being away so long. But when approached by a representative upon the subject, Miss, or should we say, Madame Bara, flatly refused to be interviewed.

Perhaps she isn't going to make any more pictures. Perhaps she doesn't care to talk about her new husband, Charles Brabin, her erstwhile director, for publication. Perhaps she remembers—after many years—the interview written by Delight Evans in **PHOTOPLAY**, "Does Theda Bara Believe Her Own Press Agent?" and the letter she wrote to Miss Evans saying that there was one who avenged all lies, insults and be-

trays—she having construed the truthful statements of facts as "betrayals." And perhaps she even remembers the more recent interview of Agnes Smith, called "The Confessions of Theda Bara," in which Miss Smith brilliantly set forth the truth about Miss Bara—the truth as Miss Smith saw it—that Theda Bara was a remarkable woman, that she had permitted the wild press stories to go out about her for business reasons, and that she was good to her family. These things were not sugar-coated; and apparently Miss Bara likes sugar.

So if you want to read something new about Theda Bara, and what she's going to do for the screen in the future, if anything—you'll have to be disappointed. For she simply won't be interviewed.

ENRICO CARUSO, the world's greatest tenor, died August 2nd, at the age of forty-eight, in his beloved Italy.

Caruso's health had been poor ever since he burst a blood vessel while singing last winter at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He was stricken with pleurisy soon after, and it was thought he would not live until spring. He rallied, however, and was soon well enough to journey to Italy, where he planned to rest and recuperate at one of his four villas in his native country. He was apparently on the road to recovery when he had a sudden relapse which made an operation imperative. He died in Naples.

His widow was, before her marriage, Miss Dorothy Park Benjamin, daughter of a well-known New York lawyer, who was said to have objected strongly to her becoming Mrs. Caruso, but later relented when little Gloria Caruso was born. The baby accompanied her parents to Italy.

Caruso made two photoplays for Famous Players. "My Cousin" showed him in a dual role.

Through the films and the phonographs, Caruso of the golden voice and genial smile still lives.

FRANCES MARION has left the International studios. She has stopped work for a while, and in her country home at Chappaqua, New York, is taking a complete rest.

It is said by some who should know, that it was Miss Marion's disappointment in her latest picture, "Just Around the Corner," the Fannie Hurst story which she scenariorized and directed, that was the real reason for her leaving. The few who have seen the picture say it is a very fine thing—not a spectacular drama, just a simple story of sweet and simple people. But it will probably not be released as it is; and it is thought Miss Marion, who put all her understanding of human nature, and her expressive pen, and personal direction, into it, feels that her efforts were wasted.

With her husband, Fred Thompson, she has left Manhattan for the summer at least; and it is very probable that a play and a novel from her pen will appear in the fall. She has had offers for both.

PEGGY HYLAND is married to Fred Granville.

We know who she is, but we don't know who he is.

YES, Theda Bara married Charles Brabin. Everybody said she would, sooner or later.

Mr. Brabin has for some time been Miss Bara's most ardent admirer—both artistically and personally. And he doesn't care who knows it.

(Continued on page 86)

AN OPPORTUNITY

You know that millions have been MADE in every branch of the motion picture industry.

You know that millions have been LOST through investment in fake motion picture enterprises.

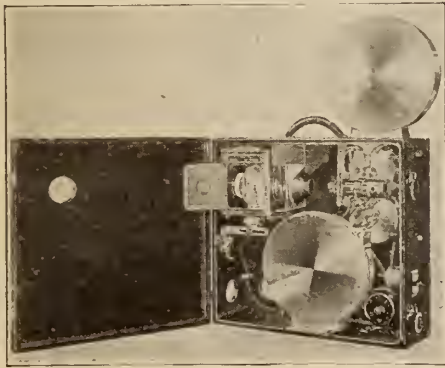
Do you know that an opportunity is now presented whereby you can secure a share in the profits of a legitimate business with an assured minimum return of 8% per annum?

Do you know that there is a tremendous demand for a safe, fireproof, foolproof, portable projecting machine?

Do you know that such a machine exists, which, due to its exclusive features, should soon have the field to itself?

Do you know that the business of this company is expanding so rapidly that additional financing is necessary to increase its plant capacity, its output and to expand its selling organization?

Paramount Projector Corporation



Registrar,
Harriman National Bank, N. Y.

Transfer Agent,
Central National Corp., N. Y.

CAPITALIZATION
Authorized, \$500,000

To Be Outstanding \$500,000

8 percent cumulative participating
preferred stock.
Par value \$10 per share.

COMMON STOCK:
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full paid, non-assessable.

THE business of the Corporation is the manufacture of portable picture projectors. Paramount projectors produce a picture as efficiently and as clear and flickerless as the large stationary machines used in motion picture theatres. It is built in compact form to give portability and is absolutely safe and most efficient for use in schools, churches, institutions and the home. Its Spherical Reflector Lens are supreme in their field. The Condensing Lens is a special heat-resisting glass designed to give the maximum amount of illumination. The WATER SCREEN, an exclusive feature, assures safety from fire by absorbing the heat rays, yet permits the unobstructed passage of the light rays. The film may be threaded with the light on and may be stopped at any point to project any particular scene of a picture for an indefinite period of time with absolute safety. The machine uses standard film, has a capacity of 1,000 feet, and at 70 feet throws a clear, sharp picture 9 feet by 12 feet in size. The demand for such a portable projector is tremendous and world wide. Estimated on orders and contracts now in hand, the corporation should market not less than 5,000 machines per year, which represents a profit of \$250,000. Contracts already closed call for the delivery of 2,500 machines.

We Recommend the Purchase of This Security for the Following Reasons:

- 1—This Corporation manufactures what is claimed to be the only safe, fireproof, portable projecting machine on the market.
- 2—Its safety features are unique, the most important of which is its water screen which also by the heat rays, prevents heat reaching the film and makes possible the use of motion picture film for stereoptican purposes.
- 3—The Corporation has an almost unlimited field for its products.
- 4—The dividends on the Preferred Stock will be paid quarterly.
- 5—Its estimated earnings, based on contracts and orders now on hand, approximate three times its dividend requirements for 1921, this without taking into consideration orders to be obtained during the balance of this year.
- 6—Financial statements, before and after giving effect to this financing, are by W. A. Fleming & Co., Public Accountants, and Byrnes & Baker, Certified Public Accountants, both of New York.
- 7—Its plant has been favorably reported on by Moses, Pope and Trainer, Consulting Engineers, New York. The machine has been inspected and favorably reported on by J. Verrier, of Verrier, Eddy Co., and by practical men of the motion picture industry.
- 8—The original owners are receiving only stock in the Company for the interests they held prior to the organization of this Corporation.
- 9—The exceptional field for the company's product, the exceptional demand for a machine of this character and the large margin of profit create, in our opinion, exceedingly attractive earning possibilities for the Common Stock.
- 10—Taken from a report by Byrnes & Baker, Certified Public Accountants, the statement of the Company, after giving effect to this financing, shows

Tangible Assets, \$393,483.29
Total Liabilities, \$4,596.81

FERGUSON-GOODSELL & CO., Inc.

28 West 44th Street, New York

Gentlemen:—I am interested in securing, without obligation on my part, further details on Paramount Projector Corporation.

Name

Address



Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



Movie Manners

KENNETH HARLAN, in the Constance Talmadge picture, "Lessons in Love," has traveled all the way from California to Florida with his sister. Yet only a short time after their arrival, when she tells him she will see him at the hotel later, he shakes hands with her!
V. A. CARTER, Denver, Colorado.

Always a Perfect Gentleman

IN "Colorado," while Frank Mayo is trying to save the heroine in the mine, he has his rubber hat swept off. But it is very noticeable later when he removes it while standing at the bedside of Kate.
P. V. K., Auburn, Indiana.

The Vanity of Villains

SANDERSON, the villain of "Way Down East"—played by Lowell Sherman—enters the supposed minister's house wearing a cute little bow tie. After the ceremony, he is wearing a handsome four-in-hand. At another time, he goes into the farm house wearing high walking boots, and appears in the sitting room with low shoes on. Going out, he has the high boots on again. What a wardrobe Sanderson had!
ALBERT E. PETERS, JR., Birmingham, Mich.

It's Worth Looking At!

IN Vivian Martin's picture, "Pardon My French," we are invited, in a subtitle, to "have a good look at the rain." We are looking down a small-town street. While rain pours and sweeps across the foreground, a number of large pools of water further down the street are as calm and unruffled as plate glass mirrors.
THEODORE H. BAUER, Los Angeles, Cal.

Not Enough Speed

IT happened in Wally's "Too Much Speed." An old man is seen in the back seat of a car, bouncing up and down from the speed it's going. But look out the side window and you'll see that the windows and the trees are standing perfectly still.
A. P. HERSCHLER, JR., St. Paul, Minn.

This Made the Answer Man Laugh

IN "Mother Eternal," the old gray-haired mother jumped from the wharf, trying to kill herself.

Later on when she had been rescued, a close-up showed that her hair was now decidedly dark. I'd like to find out just where that scene was taken, as I have an aunt who is using sage tea quite unsuccessfully.
CAROL GREGG, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Mix-up

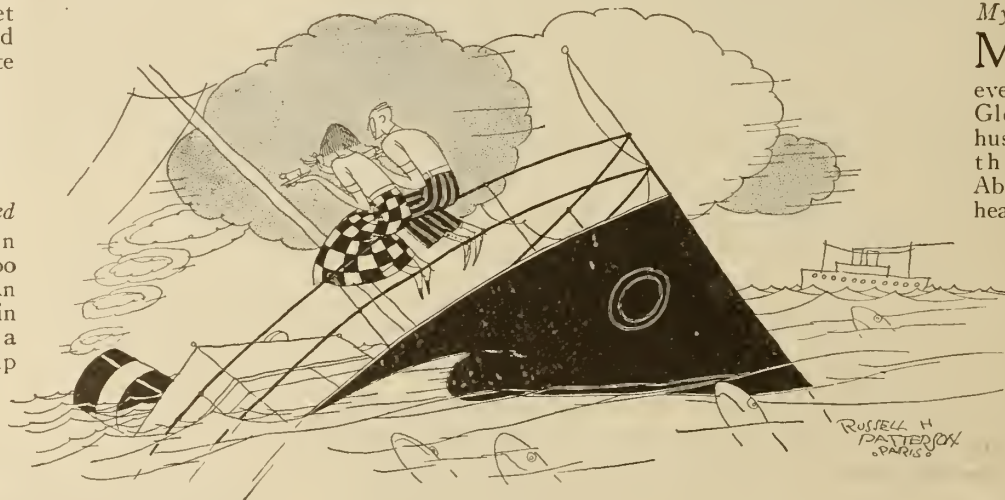
TOM MIX is in jail in "The Ridin' Romeo." He calls his horse to the window, takes the lasso off the saddle, and fastens it around the cot in the cell. Then from a standing start the horse pulls the cot through a brick wall. Then Tom, with the cot still attached, gallops through a gate in a picket fence, but when the cot at the end of the lasso reaches the fence, it stops and pulls Tom off his horse with enough force to make him see stars.
W. B. BUHLMAN, Allendale, N. Y.

Where Did He Get It?

IN "The Foolish Matrons," Wallace MacDonald is shown in a saloon, more than slightly—er—pickled. There is a glass of beer—beer—beside him. A close-up is shown and the glass is empty. After the close-up it is again full.
HAROLD BROOK, Glenbrook, Conn.

They Called It a Day

IN "The Common Level," during the battle of the Gauls and the Romans, there are several scenes of men falling from their horses. When the dust clears away a second later, no men are to be seen!
SARA E. MILLER, Newark, N. J.



HOT COFFEE!!

I saw the picture, "Lying Lips." In it House Peters and Florence Vidor are supposed to be the only survivors of a ship which has been blown up by a floating mine. They climb on one end of the ship which is still afloat. All the rest has sunk but this one end, and yet House Peters goes to a gas jet on the wall and lights it and also later goes somewhere and makes Florence a cup of hot coffee. Some people have all the luck!

G. C. STEVENS, Chicago.

My Word, Monte!

MONTE BLUE, whom I like ever so much, was Gloria Swanson's husband in "Something To Think About." Just after hearing good news, Monte picks up the coffee pot and dances around with it in his arms. A few minutes before, Gloria had poured boiling hot coffee from the same pot.
H. A. S., Muncie, Indiana.

Rah Rah Rah!

I'VE seen many foot-ball games, I but when a game was over, I never saw the teams with their sweaters and stockings, etc., as spick and span as when they started. That's what happened in "The Golden Trail."

MAX D., Sparta, Ill.



Federal Student Gets **\$500.00 for a Single Drawing** **Made in 12 Hours**

HOW would you like to make \$42 an hour? That is what Martin S. DeMuth did. He was third prize winner in the Victory Hall Poster Contest held at New York City. An unknown artist, this Federal student won fame overnight. Mr. DeMuth started his poster for this contest on a Wednesday afternoon. He finished it Thursday afternoon and delivered it just before closing time.

Competes With Famous Artists

Imagine his surprise when the newspapers announced him as winner of the \$500.00 prize. The other prizes were won by artists of international repute—men with years of experience in the work. Overnight this Federal student took his place in the ranks of prominent artists.

How would you like to have your name placed side by side with the names of the greatest artists in the United States as did this Federal student? All these men were students once just like Mr. DeMuth. You, too, have the same chances for success.

Learn in Your Spare Time

Every mail brings us letters from some of our students telling of their advancements and increased salaries won through spare time study. Don't wait any longer. Take the step now that will turn your liking for drawing into money. Turn your wasted hours and dull moments into profit and pleasure. You can easily learn in your spare time without interfering with your regular work. Sixty of America's leading artists and illustrators will tell you how. They will guide you step by step to success and help you solve every problem. These men teach you the same principles and practices that have made them such big successes.

Get This Free Book

Send for a copy of the book, "A Road to Bigger Things." It tells about the opportunities waiting in the world of illustrating and cartooning. It tells how many nationally known artists made the start that made their names famous. Send for your copy of this free book today. State your name, address and age. Send 6c in stamps to cover mailing cost.

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Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere 25c each. Sample each free by mail. Address: **Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. J, Malden, Mass.**

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ESTABLISHED 1897

INCORPORATED 1904



Vamps of All Times

(Concluded from page 72)

slipped on a simple flowered silk kimono, stole out of the bed-chamber and set to work.

Having summoned Gambara, the queen of the Winiler, Fricca gave her some whispered instructions. Then, tiptoeing back to the royal chamber, Fricca carefully and slowly wheeled the royal bed into such a position that on opening his royal eyes the first thing in the morning the All-Father would gaze, not through the east windows but through the west windows.

When Wotan awoke at break of day he stretched himself, yawned noisily and looked out. There, surely enough, he saw a great army in battle array. But it was not the Vandals and their spiritual kin that Wotan beheld, but the host of the Winiler. Fricca's silvery laugh was the first intimation he had that something had gone wrong.

"The Winiler win!" declared Fricca, clapping her robust German hands.

"H'm," he admitted with a disgusted expression. "But where in the name of the great Ash-Tree did all these bearded warriors come from? I didn't know there were so many men in the entire tribe."

"A little trick of mine," explained the All-Mother proudly. "You see—I sent word to their women to line up with the men, with their long hair draped down over their shoulders and chests to look like beards."

"Bright idea, Fricca—bright idea," confessed the All-Father with a wry smile.

"Thanks, Wotan," rejoined Fricca sweetly. "After the victory their name shall be Longo-Bardi, or Long-Beards."

Which was another bright idea on the part of Fricca, except for the mere detail that the word Longo-Bardi means Long-Spears and not Long-Beards. But what is a little thing like the peculiarity of language between gods? And, besides, the Lombards told the story on themselves.

We are assured by the writers of the Sagas that Fricca was particularly agreeable at the breakfast table that morning, although Wotan was not in good humor and spoke rather shortly to Brunhild when she brought in a tankard of mead that lacked the usual tang.

That day Fricca took personal command of the Valkyrie, who had an exceedingly busy time picking up dead and dying Vandals and galloping up to Valhalla with them as the tide of battle turned more and more strongly to the gentle and unresisting Winiler.

Although the mistress of Asgard Hall was a spiritual first cousin to Aphrodite, the First Lady of Olympus Mansions, the two goddesses never met. It was a matter of common report both in the Valhalla Club and in the Old Sports' Corner of the Immortals' Club of Olympus, that Fricca severely disapproved of Aphrodite's methods, and especially of the carryings-on of "that person's" priestesses in the Lighthouse district of Alexandria. So Fricca refused to meet Aphrodite.

"I may be a Vamp," observed Fricca one

day to the magazine editor of the Asgard Daily Herald, in an interview strictly not meant for publication; "but I hope I try to be a good wife and mother."

Unlike Aphrodite, Fricca was not fond of display. It was admitted even by some of Aphrodite's best friends—her own son Aeneas, for example—that she was somewhat addicted to what the Anglo-Saxons of a later period called "Swank." Nobody outside the family circle ever saw her when she was not posing for a sculptor, and in most cases in the "altogether."

Fricca, on the other hand, much preferred the simple home-life of Asgard Hall to the stiff formality of a temple. Her reception of Queen Ambara in the modest costume of a boudoir cap and a flowered silk kimono on the eve of the Winiler-Vandal battle is an apt illustration of her marked distaste for ostentation.

Except on important state occasions, Fricca kept her crown, her royal robes and the other symbols of her All-Motherly dignity put away in her closet. It is said that on one occasion Wotan, on his return from a celebration at the Valhalla Club, found her polishing the mead-horns in the kitchen.

"What d-does this m-mean, my dear?" he remonstrated; "haven't you got Valkyries enough to do the work?"

"Oh, I gave them an evening off," she responded cheerfully. "The poor things looked as if they needed a good gallop over the clouds, so I let them all go."

By some accident the purport of this conversation got into the society column of the Asgard Daily Herald the next morning. Greatly as she regretted the unauthorized publication, Fricca was consoled by the reflection that it helped her to establish the reputation she sought to establish—the reputation of sober-minded, motherly matron who was always taking thought of the happiness of others.

It was noticed that Fricca never ordered a statue of herself. In this respect she differed conspicuously from Aphrodite, who had all the sculptors of Athens, and several in Alexandria and Rome, executing her commissions.

Fricca's powers of persuasion were strictly of the domestic, the womanly sort. One of the tribes that worshipped her called her by the name of Frowa. From that word is derived the expression "frou-frou"—suggesting the gentle, soothing, unobtrusive yet almost unailing influence by which the wife of the All-Mother achieved her purposes.

With the sole exception of that trifling incident of the dwarfs and the necklace, Fricca's domestic life was as placid as a summer's day.

No more glowing tribute was ever paid to her than the remark made by one of the ladies-in-waiting of the late Queen Victoria after she had laid down "The Memoirs of Fricca" which she had just finished reading:

"How like the home life of our dear queen!"

Are Women's Colleges Old-Maid Factories?

Do you know? How many college graduates can qualify as beauties? How many of whom you could say, "It's her college education that makes her so charming?"

Why is it that among the many beautiful and intelligent women in motion pictures, only two are college graduates? As far as we are able to find out, only Miss Betty Blythe and Miss Mary Thurman came to the screen from college: the former from the University of California; Miss Thurman, from the University of Utah. Why aren't there more?

Read the answer in November Photoplay.

You Can Win \$1,000.00



Extra Puzzle Pictures Free on Request

Answer This Puzzle — Cash Prizes Given

How many objects in the picture above begin with the letter "P"? For instance there is a pipe, paddle, pig, etc., and all the other objects are equally clear. See who can find the most. Fifteen cash prizes will be paid for the 15 best lists of words submitted to this puzzle. The person sending in the largest and nearest correct list will win first prize; second best, second prize, etc.

Right after dinner this evening, gather all the members of your family together, give each one of them a pencil and sheet of paper, and see who can find the most "P-Words." We venture to say you will never have as much fun. You will be surprised to find how large a list of words you can get after a few minutes' study. Sit down and try it—then send in your list and try for the big prizes.

Costs Nothing to Try—Everybody Join In

You don't need to send in a penny to win. This is an advertising campaign to increase the popularity of our Famous No-Seam Combination Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe. As a reward for boosting our goods, we are making this special offer, whereby you can win LARGE CASH PRIZES by purchasing ONE or TWO of our Seamless Hot Water Bags.

YOU CAN WIN \$1,000.00

If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, you will win \$20.00, but if you would like to win more than \$20.00, we are making some special cash prize offers during the Big Advertising and Booster Campaign, whereby you can win more than \$20.00 by sending in an order for one or two of our Seamless Hot Water Bottles.

Here's the Plan If your answer wins first prize and you have purchased ONE of our \$3.00 Water Bottles you will receive \$300 as your prize, instead of \$20.00; second prize, \$150; third prize, \$75, etc.

Or, if your answer wins first prize and you have purchased TWO hot water bottles (in all \$6.00), you will receive \$1,000 as your prize, instead of \$20; second prize, \$500; third prize, \$250, etc.

Although it is not necessary to send in an order with your answer, yet every home should have one or two of our "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bottles. In case of sickness they are indispensable, and the syringe attachment makes it doubly useful. Made of the highest grade red rubber, molded in one piece; it has no seams and will not leak.

Note the Low Price

Our "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe is an excellent value for the money. Only \$3.00 for the complete outfit, including all attachments.

Two Bags for \$6.00

OUR GUARANTEE

We guarantee our "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bag and Fountain Syringe not to leak. If the bag leaks, or the fittings become imperfect, we will replace the bag free of charge any time within one year.

THE PRIZES

Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

	If no bags are purchased	If ONE \$3.00 bag is purchased	If TWO \$3.00 bags are purchased
1st prize	\$20.00	\$300.00	\$1,000.00
2nd prize	10.00	150.00	500.00
3rd prize	5.00	75.00	250.00
4th prize	5.00	50.00	125.00
5th prize	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th prize	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th prize	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th prize	3.00	10.00	20.00
9th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
11th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
12th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
13th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
14th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
15th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00

In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. NOTE: In the event the winner of first prize fails to win the full \$1,000 by not having purchased a water bag, the balance of this prize money shall be divided proportionately among the remaining winners who have purchased water bags.



Our NO-SEAM Combination Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any person residing outside of Minneapolis and St. Paul, who is not an employee of the W. M. Rubber Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by September 30, 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use hyphenated, compound or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural, but when the plural is used the singular can not be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "P" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may cooperate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. There will be three independent judges having no connection with the W. M. Rubber Co., who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following three registered Minnesota school teachers, now teaching in the public schools of St. Paul, Minn., have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition:
 - Miss Mable Claire Kline,
 - Miss Meta Gortsche,
 - Miss Laura Johnson.
9. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not a W. M. Rubber Bag is purchased.
10. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person purchasing a Rubber Bag.

W.-M. RUBBER CO. 239 SIXTH AVENUE, NORTH MINNEAPOLIS - MINN.

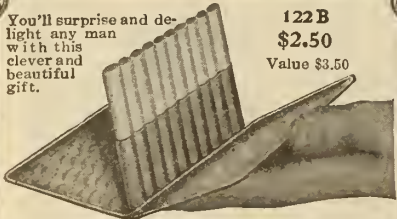
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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 80)

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Buy Quality Xmas Gifts
DIRECT From the World's
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You'll surprise and delight any man with this clever and beautiful gift.

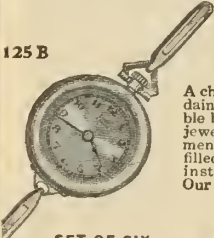


122 B
\$2.50
Value \$3.50

"FILKWIK" CIGARETTE CASE

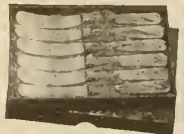
It is heavily silver plated outside, gold lined and has unique individual spring holder for row of cigarettes. Usually sold for \$3.50. Our price only **\$2.50**

125 B

**LADIES' BRACELET WATCH**

A charming Xmas gift. This dainty, plain round convertible bracelet watch, has a 15 jeweled Lady Alton movement, 20 yr. guaranteed gold filled case and bracelet. Sold in stores up to \$22.50. Our price only **\$15.00**

SET OF SIX BUTTER SPREADERS
Wonderful value. Six Butter Spreaders, lustrous mother-of-pearl sterling silver ferrules, heavily silver-plated blades. Retail up to \$7.50. Our price for set of six, only **\$4.50**



114 B

**103 B—BABY HEART CHARM**

Don't forget baby this Xmas. Here's a cute Heart Charm, made in 10K gold with dainty 13 in. chain. Sells up to \$1.50. Our price only **\$1.00**

THIS \$5.00 "GILBERT" RADIUM DIAL ALARM CLOCK

\$3.00

On this well-known "Gilbert" you can see time from 7ft. to 10ft. in the dark. Stands 6 in. high, diameter 4 1/2 inches, plain radium numerals stand out against grey dial. A family friend. Never sold under \$5. Our price **\$3.00**



120 B



LADIES' CAMEO RING
Any woman will be delighted to get this ring for Xmas. It is made in 10K gold set with a charming pink and white shell Cameo. Sold by jewelers up to \$6. Our price only **\$3.50**

121 B

Send size when ordering.

10K GOLD LOOSE LINK CUFF LINKS

Surprisesome man with these loose link 10K Gold Cuff Links in Roman Gold finish. Sold in stores up to \$6. Our price only **\$3.50** Monogram .50 extra.



101 B

27th ANNUAL BOOK OF GIFTS—FREE

This wonderful book has 168 pages, profusely illustrated with thousands of Xmas gift suggestions of fine jewelry at big money-saving prices. Mailed free to everybody ordering goods or requesting same by letter or postal.

National Distributors of **COMMUNITY PLATE** and Other Well-known Brands of Silverware.

Baird-North Co
809 BROAD ST PROVIDENCE R.I.



Mabel and Polly—pals, even if they are both movie queens. Miss Normand came over to help Miss Frederick with her rodeo for crippled children, directed by Polly at her Beverly Hills estate with an all-star cast. Both are wearing the costumes in which they appeared.

MARY PICKFORD pulled a tooth. One of her own.

It happened like this: As Little Lord Fauntleroy, whose life she is now engaged in recording on the screen, Little Mary tied a string to her tooth and then attached it to the big knob of a heavy prop door in "Dorincourt Castle." You get the idea: Director Jack Pickford—in private life Mary's little brother—was supposed to take charge of the scene. But he caused the door to slam at the wrong moment—through some mistake in the signals—and Mary Pickford's tooth was actually pulled. Lucky the director was her own brother. Otherwise he might have found himself out of a job.

EVERYBODY—that is, nearly everybody—who could raise the price of admission and get a leave of absence from the studios long enough, attended the Big

Fight, when Jack Dempsey retained the heavyweight championship of the world against Georges Carpentier.

Wallace Reid occupied a ringside seat. So did William Fox and David Belasco. Justine Johnston raced across the Atlantic from London to reach the huge arena in Jersey City in time—and she left the next day for Europe. David Griffith was there, though it's hard to believe. Irvin Cobb, Don Marquis, Christopher Morley and many more literary lights attended.

A great many of the film people arrived at 10:30 in the morning, to give the scores of photographers on the job a good chance to take their pictures.

Watch out for another serial starring Jack Dempsey.

Unless you live in New Jersey you will have to content yourself with the newspaper pictures of the fight. The censors simply won't let them show movies of it.

A Minute A Day Keeps Father Time Away

For a Glowing, Youthful Complexion

Simonson's Complexion Cream, non-greasy and vanishing, gently massaged into the skin with an upward and outward movement—then

A tiny touch of Simonson's Rouge on cheeks and lips to give the piquant, roseate hue of buoyant health—and finally a thin film of Simonson's Face Powder delightfully fragrant and clinging, to lend charming softness to the complexion.

For Invitingly Dainty Fingernails

Remove all excess cuticle with Simonson's Cuticle Remover, a clear liquid which leaves skin at base of nail perfectly smooth—then

Brighten each nail with a mirror-like-water-proof polish, using Simonson's nail polish—and finally

Add a delicate, elusive fragrance to hands and nails with Simonson's Astringent Toilette Water, which completes the perfect manicure.



For Beautiful, Attractive Hair

Shampooing is of first importance in the care of the hair. Cleanse the hair and scalp with a refreshing shampoo, using Simonson's Lemon Blossom, Pine, Tar or Castile Shampoo—then

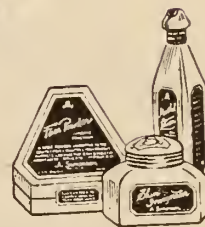
Glorify the hair with Simonson's, the SAFE Henna Shampoo—which adds the attractive, glinting sheen that charms and flatters even the most beautiful—without changing the natural color of any shade of hair or making it red.

SIMONSON Toilette Products are sold only by the best store in each of the following cities:

ALLEN TOWN, PA., Hess Bros.
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 ANNISTON, ALA., Alabama Drug Co.
 ASHTABULA, OHIO, C. F. Schaffner
 BALTIMORE, MD., Hutzler Bros.
 BETHLEHEM, PA., Prosser's Drug Store
 BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., Sisson Bros.-Weldon Co.
 BRUNSWICK, GA., Coiler's Drug Store
 CALCUTTA, INDIA, The H. T. K. Trading Co.
 CLEVELAND, OHIO, The May Co.
 CORNING, N. Y., Terhell-Calkins Drug Co.
 DOTHAN, ALA., The Hilden
 EASTON, PA., Wm. Laubach & Sons
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 JAMESTOWN, N. Y., The Abrahamson-Bigelow Co.
 JERSEY CITY, N. J., Belmont Pharmacy
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 MADISON, FLA., Johnson Hay Drug Co.
 MERIDIAN, MISS., Caver's Drug Store
 MONROE, MICH., Hagans Drug Co.
 NEWARK, N. J., Petty's Pharmacy
 NEW ORLEANS, LA., Maison Blanche
 NIAGARA, N. Y., Niagara Dry Goods Co., Inc.
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 OWEGO, N. Y., The Woodford Pharmacy
 PAINESVILLE, OHIO, Gail G. Grant
 PINE BLUFF, ARK., Reinberger & Collier
 RANGELEY, ME., Mrs. B. Wesley Offen
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Your territory may still be open. Write for particulars of exclusive agency offer.

A. Simonson's TOILETTE PRODUCTS



Sold everywhere in Greater New York, or at exclusive stores listed here, at one standard price.

50 Cents Each
Regular
Size

75 Cents Each
Double
Quantity

DIRECT BY MAIL. 10 CENTS EXTRA
FOR POSTAGE, PACKING AND TAX.

A. SIMONSON, 506 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

I enclose 50c for regular size or 75c for double size and 10c for postage and tax on EACH item checked.

- SIZE
50c 75c
- Complexion Cream
 - Rouge [cake liquid powder cream
 - Face Powder [loose liquid cake
 - Astringent Toilette Water
 - Cuticle Remover
 - Nail Polish [liquid cream powder
 - Shampoos [Henna Tar Lemon Blossom
[Pine Castile

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Plays and Players

(Continued)



To Clean Your Closet Bowl

It is no longer necessary to go through all of the fatiguing distasteful work of dipping out of water and scrubbing in order to clean the closet bowl. *Sani-Flush* does all of the hard work for you. Sprinkle a little into the bowl, follow the directions on the can and flush. Where there were stains and markings before there is a refreshingly white and shining surface and the hidden trap is as clean as new. Disinfectants are not necessary for *Sani-Flush* does its work thoroughly.



Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, O.

Canadian Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Sani-Flush

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



Everybody told Monte Blue how much he looked like Rod LaRocque, so when Rod came to Hollywood, Monte looked him up, and they posed for this picture. The question is: which is Rod and which is Monte?

GARETH HUGHES—of "Sentimental Tommy" fame and now a Metro featured player—is a fine little actor, but he isn't what might be called molded for battle. In a recent picture, a series of reincarnation cut backs gave Gareth the leading role in a battle filled with noise, excitement, murder and sudden death.

In the middle of the scene, young Hughes suddenly threw down his spear, gave a shriek and disappeared at a run toward the cafeteria, where he camped under the counter and declared in frantic tones to all persuasion, "I won't do it. I hate it. I'm an actor, not a prize fighter. I never said I'd play a battling hero and I won't."

It took much persuasion before he could be lured into completing the sequence.

WILL ROGERS, having completed his contract with Goldwyn in June, is to make two reels with his own company.

"I tell you," says Rogers, "critics always say about my pictures there was enough material for good two-reel pictures—or the story could have been told in two reels—or something like that so I just decided I might as well quit feeling around and make two-reelers to begin with."

THE film colony of Hollywood is mourning the loss for a time of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hickman (Bessie Barriscale) who have gone to New York to produce a play of Mr. Hickman's with Miss Barriscale in the leading part.

The gorgeous Barriscale home, one of the most elaborate mansions in Los Angeles, was sold at auction as were its beautiful furnishings, and Mr. Hickman and Miss Barriscale have flitted. They were one of the most popular couples in the screen circles and everybody is already beginning to miss them.

A Single Drop Lasts a Week

Flower Drops the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made from flowers. A single drop lasts a week.

Bottle like picture with long glass stopper, Lilac or Crabapple, \$1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet, \$2.00; Romanza, our latest Flower Drops, \$2.50. Above odors in half oz. bottles \$3.00, one oz. \$3.50. Send 25c stamps or silver for miniature bottle.

Rieger's Flower Drops Toilet Water \$1.75 large 5 ounce hexagonal bottle.

Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Rieger's Mon Amour, ounce \$1.50; Garden Queen, \$2.00; Alcazar, \$2.25; Parfum Rienz, \$2.50, nothing finer; Honolulu Boquet \$1.00 At druggists or by mail.

Send \$1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.

PAUL RIEGER & CO., 107 1st St., San Francisco

Send for Miniature BOTTLE 20'

Plays and Players

(Continued)

THE other day Mary Pickford was making some kid scenes for "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Just when the camera began to grind, Mary felt a shot from a pea-shooter, and left the set to investigate. There didn't seem to be any small boys around, so work was resumed. But as soon as Little Mary began to act again, she was disturbed by some more peas from the invisible pea-shooter. This time she made a thorough search—and discovered, not her brother Jack, but her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, perched on a rafter above the set, having the time of his life keeping his wife from working.

THE motion picture has captured Paris. You'd think—in fact, always have thought—that the French were fond of their cafes and their Opera Comique to the exclusion of any other form of amusement. But no—during 1920 the cinema theaters had the largest audiences. Nineteen twenty, in fact, is the most prosperous year the amusement halls have had. In 1913—before the war—the gross receipts of all classes of houses was 68,500,000 francs; in 1920, 219,455,194.

MOST of us were surprised to learn that Agnes Ayres was divorced, as we never knew she was married.

Her husband was Frank Schuker, a Captain in the army whom Miss Ayres married in Brooklyn about three years ago.

A PROMINENT young celluloid luminary had, in a moment of madness, consented to be "shown" a small middle-western city when she was crossing the continent not long ago.

She was riding with the Important Citizen and his wife, both of whom had undertaken to tell her a few things about their town.

"There, Miss," said the P. C., pointing, "there's the gas-works."

"Oh, yes," said the star, "yes, I was aware of the gas-works quite a while back."

HOLLYWOOD has been literally over-run with swimming parties this hot month. Everybody who has a swimming pool—and numerous screen celebrities have—is enjoying it themselves and inviting their friends to do likewise.

Wally Reid's hillside estate sports a very grand pool, with a walled-in sand pile, completely shut in from the road and Mrs. Reid—who was pretty Dorothy Davenport—is to be found in it about eight hours out of every twenty-four. The other afternoon she and Wally were joined by pretty Wanda Hawley—who looks very nice indeed in a blue one piece affair, which she fills with curving completeness—Mabel Normand, and was there ever anybody before or since who could look like Mabel in one of those Italian silk suits of unrelieved black—T. Roy Barnes, and his wife Bessie Crawford, Bill Hart, May All son, who is just learning to swim and does it with fascinating timidity amid prolific masculine instruction—and wears a modest, taffeta bathing dress that looks very Frenchy and ties in the back. Not to mention young Bill Reid, who at the age of four has learned to swim under water like an enlarged minnow, but can't swim if his nose gets above water.

Charles Ray has also built a pool—of pale green tile, with a fetching little Japanese tea garden at one end and green tile dressing rooms at the other. Mr. Ray's pool cost \$11,000 and is said to be the very nicest one around here.

BEAUTY · STRENGTH · POWER · COMFORT

HAYNES'

GREATEST OFFERINGS

THE NEW 1922 \$1785
HAYNES 55 F. O. B. FACTORY

By the frequency with which the new 1922 Haynes models 55 and 75 are seen on the highways and boulevards, you may know the instant enthusiasm which has greeted them in the few short weeks since their introduction. This is true evidence that these two new Haynes offerings give the motorist the fullest advantage, not only in price, but in obtaining cars which express proved principles of desirability which otherwise would not be available for many months.

The Haynes 55 is a new production possessing many desirable developments and refinements. The body is greatly beautified. A full, five-passenger touring car, with a 121-inch wheelbase and the famous velvety-powered Haynes-built, light-six motor, it surpasses all expectations at the low price—\$1785, f. o. b. Kokomo. The utmost in style, economy, durability and performance has been given this light-weight car. Individual fenders and steps fit gracefully into its semi-sporty lines. Exterior cowl lights, cord tires and genuine leather upholstery add to its appearance. Mechanically, the Haynes 55 more than fulfills your expectations for ruggedness, dependability and reserve power.

THE NEW 1922 \$2485
HAYNES 75 F. O. B. FACTORY

Several months in advance of the usual time of presentation of such a car comes this new 1922 Haynes model 75, priced fully a thousand dollars below what you would ordinarily expect it to be.

A newly-developed, big, powerful Haynes-built engine, perfected after many months of careful scientific research, equipped with the Haynes fuelizing system, assures power, flexibility and acceleration even greater than ever before enjoyed with the always popular Haynes power plant. Larger valves, larger intake and exhaust, thermostatic engine heat control and other decidedly advanced features emphasize the distinct advantage of the Haynes 75 motor alone.

The new 1922 Haynes 75 has a more rugged chassis and in lines and finish, as well as fittings, is completely a 1922 idea. The seven-passenger touring car offers the extreme of luxury and utility in such a production, and the price—\$2485, f. o. b. factory—is in keeping with the Haynes policy of extending to the purchaser every benefit of the organization's manufacturing and distributing methods.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Kokomo, Indiana
 EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)



Will-o-Wisp

THE ONLY ONE OF THE
HAIR NET

A "fitting" Crown for the Queen of Hearts

Packed in Dainty Blue Envelopes
Containing One Net—*for 15¢*
Containing Two Nets—*for 25¢*
Containing Four Nets—*for 50¢*

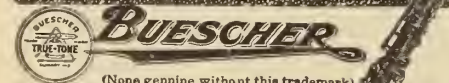
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ELASTICITY—STRENGTH—INVISIBILITY

EASY To Play To Pay



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True-Tone Saxophone

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to greatly increase your income, opportunities, popularity and pleasure. Easiest of all wind instruments to play—you can learn to play the scale in an hour and in a few days be playing popular airs. Practice is a pleasure.

Saxophone Book Free Tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

Free Trial You can order any Buescher instrument and try it six days without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free. (26)

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
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KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY HIDES LARGE JOINTS



Affords instant relief for bunions and large joints, hides irregularities of foot form. Worn in any shoe; no larger size required. Over one-half million in use. Ask your shoe dealer or druggist. Write today for special free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left foot.

The Fischer Manufacturing Co.
First National Bank Bldg., Dept. 35, Milwaukee, Wis.

What's the Matter With College Women?

If anything? Are they more successful in their careers than women who have never gone to college? Could the college girls you know qualify for motion pictures? You'll find the absorbing answer in PHOTOPLAY for November.



Johnny Harron, the little brother of the beloved Bobby, is a big boy now, and has played in several pictures, most recently with Harry Carey. Here are Harry and Johnny tracing the old Sante Fe train which figures in Carey's new Western.

THE wedding of Lloyd Hughes, rising young Ince star, and Gloria Hope, pretty screen ingenue, took place in Los Angeles during the first week in July.

Thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Hughes certainly hasn't told—but it leaked out somehow, and his friends have been adding insult to injury in the matter of kidding the bridegroom.

Mr. Hughes is working for King Vidor in his forthcoming production. He had had the license for several days, burning a hole in his pocket, waiting and watching anxiously for a chance to use it.

One afternoon Mr. Vidor's assistant director came to him and said, "Mr. Hughes I don't think we're going to want you for three days anyway. If you want to get away, now's a good time."

Mr. Hughes certainly did want to get away. The wedding was arranged for the next day—took place in the forenoon—and the happy bridal pair left for a delightful and exclusive hotel at Santa Barbara.

That same morning, King Vidor took a look at the script, exercised his masculine prerogative for changing his mind, and declared that he absolutely must have Mr. Hughes on the set the next morning at nine o'clock. After much excitement, the company located him, telephoned him the sad news and "like a sap" as he himself put it, he climbed out of bed at four o'clock in the morning and was on the set ready to work at nine.

CLAIRE WINDSOR, leading woman for Lois Weber productions, was the heroine this week of a sensational disappearance drama that startled all Hollywood and resulted in turning out the entire police department of Los Angeles.

Miss Windsor left her home—where she lives with her mother and her four-year-old son—on the morning of Ju'y 15th at nine o'clock, went to the Hollywood Riding Academy, got her horse, went into the Hollywood foothills and disappeared. At

noon her horse was found, riderless, on a lonely hill bridle path.

The alarm was sounded and within a few hours posses composed of friends of the missing beauty, police officers, and citizens of Hollywood were scouring the hills in every direction from the spot where it was discovered she had either fallen or been dragged from her horse. Bloodhounds were put on the trail, but for 35 hours failed to find any trace of the girl.

The police struggled between the theories that she had been assaulted, dragged from her horse and kidnapped, or that she had been thrown and seriously injured and was lying unconscious in the hills.

Late the next afternoon, a woman living in Hollywood Park heard moans near her door and going out found Miss Windsor, dazed and faint from fatigue, her face cut and her habit stained and torn.

Summoning the police, the girl was rushed immediately to a hospital and the next day was able to tell the officers that she fell from her horse, and that after the terrific fall remembered nothing until the time she woke up in the hospital.

One of the posses was led by Charles Chaplin, who also offered \$1,000 reward to the person who should find her.

There are those unkind enough to say that Miss Windsor wrote to the woman in whose house she was found—a Mrs. Dodge—some time before the "disappearance" asking if she could put her up for a few days, that Miss Windsor's boots and gloves were absolutely unscratched and that it was strange if she was lying on the hill for thirty-five hours the bloodhounds, police and searchlights did not find her and that she was never seen except after she was inside Mrs. Dodge's home.

But of course there are always people that would suspect the Angel Gabriel.

If, by any stretch of the imagination, it was a press agent yarn, it was remarkably brilliant both in conception and execution.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

JULIE CRUZE—the eight-year old daughter of director James Cruze and Marguerite Snow—took a trip into the mountains this summer with some friends. Before she left, her mother gave her some stamped and addressed postal cards and said, "Now Julie dear, write a few words on these every day and send them to manima, so she'll know you are getting along all right."

The first one she received was crowded with writing in the space allotted to correspondence and read as follows:

"Dear mama. We arrived safe. It is grand up here. Coming up here we had a great deal of excitement. While we were walking up the highest trail we heard a woman wildly yelling for help—'Help! Help!' There is not room on this post card so I will finish telling you about it tomorrow. Kisses and love, Julie."

FAMOUS PLAYERS has secured the rights to "Miss Lulu Bett."

Now let's have a good time wondering who's going to play the Carol McComas part on the screen.

The betting on the film "Peter Pan" is not so spirited as it was. Perhaps the public knows that although it may want Mary Pickford or Marguerite Clark to play it, Paramount holds no such illusions. Neither Mary nor Marguerite has been a Famous Player for some years.

CATHERINE CALVERT is not with Vitagraph any more. She says she is going on the stage as Otis Skinner's leading woman in a Broadway production of Ibanez' "Blood and Sand."

Wonder when she will get married to the gallant Canadian who has been so attentive to her for so long?

WE are at a loss to understand the attitude of Corinne Griffith about her husband, who is also her director.

She has been married to Webster Campbell for quite a while. She loves him, and he loves her—or else they are both extraordinarily fine actors. She likes to have people meet him. But always, after an interview, or anything, she says: "Please don't say that I'm married."

Her excuse is that if the public knows she is married, it will no longer render her homage. The public has known it for a long while, and it hasn't seemed to make any difference. But if the same public discovers that she is continually denying her marriage it may change its mind about her.

IF there is one little girl who is popular around her studio, it is Alice Calhoun.

She's so young, and so pretty, and so naive, that we hope her future film experience will not spoil her. She's as nice to the property boys as she is to Vitagraph's president. Pete Props and his assistants recently presented her with a wrist-watch, just to show her how much they like her. We don't blame them. And the answer is: Mother Calhoun. Not a stage or screen mother; just a sweet, old-fashioned, unworldly woman, who never objected to her daughter's theatrical ambitions, but who helped her to realize them. That's the kind of a mother to have.

ALMA RUBENS is again a member of the Cosmopolitan forces. She is not a star, but, like Seena Owen, a featured leading woman. Miss Rubens has been away from the screen for some months. She wanted a certain salary from the Hearst company which they did not care to give her at the time. Now, however, she's getting it.



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Plays and Players

(Continued)



House Peters is the proud father of a baby girl. His director, Frank Lloyd, has a little daughter, and he feels the same way about her.

LEW CODY returned to Los Angeles this week to make personal appearances with his last production "A Dangerous Pastime." Mr. Cody's one desire seems to be—if his apparently heartfelt speech is to be taken seriously—to reform entirely, at least on the screen. He says he doesn't want to be a male vamp any more, that he doesn't believe in male vamps, that he never intends to vamp any woman again on the screen and that the public can rest in peace with the assurance that from now on they are going to see him in good clean, outdoor roles.

"WAY DOWN EAST" will be a "program picture," after all. At first it was announced that the Griffith drama would be shown throughout the country except as a "road show," in special theaters and with top prices. But Griffith himself, in making the change, said, "This action is taken because we feel that present conditions dissuade any producer from taxing the public too greatly. A fair reduction is \$1.00 a seat for all theatrical productions, making the \$3.00 seats \$2.00, and the \$2.00 seats only \$1.00."

THERE seems now to be no doubt of the separation of Gloria Swanson and her husband, Herbert Somborn, formerly connected with Harry Garson's company.

Miss Swanson and her ten-months-old daughter, Gloria 2nd, are living at the Beverly Hills Hotel, but Mr. Somborn evidently is not. It is understood that he has taken up his residence at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

The beautiful deMille star married Mr. Somborn—who came to Hollywood from New York to enter the executive end of pictures—were married about two years ago, at which time it was rumored that Miss Swanson had refused the hand of one of the richest young men of the millionaire Pasadena set, to marry Somborn.

No legal action has been taken and it is not known whether or not Miss Swanson contemplates any.

What the cause of the break in this matrimonial tie may be, her closest friends do not seem to know, but it is rumored that temperamental incompatibility is the basic cause. Miss Swanson and Elinor Glyn—the famous English authoress who is now in Hollywood and has written some plays for Gloria—have become close friends and Madame Glyn does not believe in marriage for artists, since she claims that "marriage is good and art is good, but they do not appear to assimilate to perfection." Her theory is that great artists must not be bound within the narrow walls of domesticity.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK is bankrupt. He admits it, via the courts. He had better hurry up and make that picture, "The Beauty Shop." As Eric von Stroheim would probably say, "It's never too late to spend."

THE first get-together meeting of church and film folk was held Monday evening, July 18th, in the Immanuel Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, under the auspices of the Immanuel Brotherhood, with H. J. Middaugh, president of the Brotherhood presiding.

Everything was grand and friendly—everybody made speeches—and everybody on both sides decided that when the church began to co-operate actively with the motion picture industry in a real effort to obtain better pictures, better pictures would undoubtedly be obtained and censorship rendered an unnecessary evil.

Questions on censorship were threshed out, with the ultimate decision that a concerted and well directed effort on the part of the churches would soon bring about pictures which would need no censorship, thus eliminating the evils that censorship is bound to bring and achieving the same good.

The church leaders suggested another meeting in the near future to outline a plan to carry out this theory and to spread it to national churches.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

DICK BARTHELMESS, in his first starring story, "Tol'able David," by Joseph Hergesheimer, doesn't need to use any make-up at all. "David" is a son of the soil, hardy and brown. Dick acquired a wonderful sunburn in the surf—near his home at Rye, New York. In fact, the Barthelmess sunburn is so wonderful that Dick prefers not to discuss it at all, much less think about it. It is of the burn-and-then-peel variety.

Dick and Mary, by the way, are very happy. They are both keen about tennis and swimming and each other.

GEORGE FITZMAURICE went abroad in July.

So did Ouida Bergere—Mrs. Fitzmaurice. "Fitz" will work at the Islington, England, studio of Famous Players. His first production to be made abroad will be "Three Wise Fools." He finished "Peter Ibbetson" before leaving.

WALLY REID tried his darndest to look pale, wan, and aesthetic as "Peter." The marcel wave he wore helped a great deal.

Wally with a marcel wave! Bet "Peter Ibbetson" is Mr. Reid's most unpopular picture.

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, Florence Lawrence, once the First Lady of the films, who recently staged a comeback, has been married to Charles B. Woodring, an automobile salesman.

They met in New York when Miss Lawrence was in retirement. They met again in San Francisco when the actress returned to the screen. Five days later they were married.

Florence Lawrence's first husband is dead.

(Continued on page 112)

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 61)

THE GOLDEN SNARE—
First National

THE Canadian Northwest Mounted Police have a wonderful press agent in James Oliver Curwood; he has advertised their slogan, "get your man," in every corner of the globe. In "The Golden Snare," he keeps the publicity campaign up, but adds nothing new to the world's stock of knowledge. In fact, this picture is exactly the same as every other frozen north exhibit, except that the characters and the Eskimo dogs have different names. There is the usual amount of snow.

A HEART TO LET—Realart

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE'S new picture, "A Heart to Let," possesses one of the most incredibly foolish plots in history. The heroine is an impoverished Southern belle, in whose home boards a blind young millionaire. For no reason whatsoever, she impersonates her great aunt (deceased)—even going so far as to dress the part—so that she may fool the sightless youth into believing that she is somebody else. The picture should go big in a blind asylum.

THE SPIRIT OF '76—All-American

OH, propaganda! What crimes are committed in thy name. "The Spirit of '76" was first designed as German propaganda. But the Germans, after seeing the



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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

film, evidently disowned it. So now it is called Irish propaganda. Whatever its political significance, it resembles nothing so much as a fourteen reel Ben Turpin comedy without the talented Ben. If this is a specimen of the real Spirit of '76, how did we ever manage to win the Revolution?

SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN—Realart

THIS is no world-beater. But it's just the thing for a children's program; a light, clean, sweet little film, with the adorable Constance Binney queening it, the old plot bolstered up to modernity, and Vincent Coleman swaggeringly effective as the Little Queen's King.

MARY TUDOR—World

A GERMAN film, with all the artistry of its predecessors—the tale of Bloody Mary of England, after Victor Hugo's drama. The simplicity of the sets is amazing, the acting is very good, and the direction, by whom we don't know, is smooth and dramatic. Ellen Richter as Mary is not a Pola Negri in beauty or ability, but she is better than any American actress could be in the role, and she has her moments of real power.

GREATER THAN LOVE—Associated Producers

A RISQUE story, purporting to teach a moral lesson, and really doing nothing of the sort. The producer left out actually offensive scenes, but put in everything else. The reformation of a houseful of painted ladies, with Louise Glaum billed as "The Unregenerate" forms the nucleus of the plot, and a nice quiet suicide is thrown in for good measure. Don't encourage this type of film.

MORAL FIBER—Vitagraph

ALL our best heroines are plotting revenge these days. Corinne Griffith is the latest fair plotter, with Catherine Calvert the dark-eyed Cause of it All. These two young women are superior to this type of melodrama, which, even in their hands bears the mark of the commonplace. They could do something really worth while together with an author to lend a helping hand. Joe King and Harry C. Browne brighten things for feminine fans.

SINGING RIVER—Fox

FIST fights and gun play. A sheriff with a daughter. Another sheriff. A villain. Several more villains. A red-blooded hero—William Russell, who has drawn down a price upon his head and has a hectic time getting rid of it—the price, of course. Time-frayed melodrama for those who enjoy it. Vola Vale is its beauty spot.

THE MYSTERY ROAD—British Paramount

A NOTHER scenic, under the guise of a feature photoplay. Possibly when the British producers have filmed all their scenery, they will send us some real stories. But we may be disheartened before that time arrives. Here are views of England, France, Monte Carlo and David Powell. Well, if we must have scenics, we are glad David is in 'em.

HURRICANE HUTCH—Pathe

FEATURES come and features go, but the serial goes on forever. Charles Hutchinson is author and star of this one, a

typical "thriller" which wastes no time on plot, but is crowded with daring adventure. No risk too great for Charles, and his most exacting followers will acclaim this a sure-fire-hit. Warner Oland and Lucy Fox complete the triangle. George B. Seitz, director.

DANGER AHEAD—Universal

YOU can see this one with your eyes shut. It's all about the innocent country girl, the villainous artist—there is no happy medium in artists, you know, they are either villainous or virtuous—and the rich but honorable hero. We're still wondering where Universal "found" Mary Philbin, its new star, and why? But there is one good thing about this picture—Jimmy Morrison.

MAN TRACKERS—Universal

A GAIN, the Northwest Mounted Police, but not even their presence can make so sadly jumbled an affair as this acceptable. Too many villains for the length of the story, our hero bringing in his man after the audience has forgotten what all the shooting is for. The youngsters can see it. It's not pernicious, just tiresome. George Larkin and Josephine Hill head the "all-star cast."

THE MAN WHO—Metro

THE title means little. The photoplay less. Our hero, in a much padded story, succeeds in reducing the High Cost of Living by going barefoot. Attempt is made at comedy, but Bert Lytell is not funny without his shoes. The children may safely see this, but they'll be bored. Virginia Valli and Lucy Cotton lend assistance, pictorially.

CRAZY TO MARRY—Paramount

THE sort of comedy that causes one to wonder where the blame should be placed, whether with author, star or director. Roscoe Arbuckle tries hard to be funny and succeeds occasionally, but for the most part it is an uninspired piece of work, recalling early Keystone days when a few comedy policemen and an automobile chase made a picture. Lila Lee and Bull Montana appear for contrast.

DEVOTION—Associated Producers

OR "The Tale of Two Sisters." One marries for love, the other for money. Both have a sorry time. The story is mediocre, both direction and continuity are bad, and though Hazel Dawn and E. K. Lincoln put up a worthy struggle, the odds are against them. Why do producers give us this sort of stuff? Hardly suitable for the children, though not offensive.

MAID OF THE WEST—Fox

A TYPICAL Fox farce, with an aviator, a maiden fair, a mysterious robbery and various other things to keep the camera grinding for the necessary five thousand feet. It's quite lively. The children, particularly, will enjoy it.

THE SAILOR—Fox

NOT as entertaining as former Clyde Cook efforts. The first reel contains but few amusing situations and these are overworked. The second reel, with Clyde shipwrecked on a cannibal isle, is much better, though the comedy lacks spontaneity, at times. Rate this as average.

When Irene Castle Bit the Villain

YOU are always asking if those film fights are the real thing.

Irene Castle says they are.

She was enacting a scene in her new picture, when Edward Hollywood, her director, insisted that so much vigor be put into the fight that Mrs. Castle Treman was laid up in a hospital as a result.

The star was "fighting" with Howard Truesdale, who took the director at his word and grappled with the heroine in real pugilistic fashion. Irene became so carried away by the action that, feeling an arm twine about her neck in no gentle manner, she forgot all the rules of the game and sank her pearly teeth into the "villain's" arm. Mr. Truesdale immediately countered with a blow that was like a bolt out of the blue as far as Irene was concerned, because she went right out.

Of course she wasn't hurt much—she was only in the hospital about a week. Perhaps the next time she is called upon to do a Dempsey, she will not insist upon too much realism.

The Perfect Lie

(Continued from page 66)

very dramatic at such times—not real men. Bob just said he's heard a lot of damned lies about me and Phil—that we were in love with each other, and all that—had been, for almost a year, and that I was going to marry him, Bob, on account of his money, but that I really loved Phil, and that he had turned me down. 'Betty may be love with you, Phil, for all I know,' Bob said, 'I shouldn't blame her a bit, old chap, if she were. She hasn't accepted me, yet. But I'd like to know. That Townly girl said some pretty low-down things. Now look here, Phil—is there any reason why I shouldn't marry Betty? Wouldn't you, in my place.'

"It was a pretty hard question to answer, wasn't it? Between a man and his dearest friend. You know, Polly, men are a lot squarer with each other than women are. And Phil didn't want to lie."

The girl on the edge of the couch gazed at her friend with puzzled eyes.

"What on earth did he say?" she whispered.

"He said, 'Bob—I don't know of any reason why I shouldn't marry Betty, if I were in your place.'"

"Then he *did* lie?"

"Yes, I suppose he did, in a way. But it was a perfect lie, because it was the truth. There wasn't any reason why Philip shouldn't have married me—that was true enough—in fact, he was, in that particular sense, the only man in the world who could. And yet, it was a lie, because Bob was perfectly satisfied with his answer, and went away very happy.

"Phil came to see me, that night. He was cold as ice, and only stayed a few minutes. He told me what he had done. 'There isn't anything to prevent your marrying Bob Otis, now,' he said. Then he went away. I could have hugged him. And I didn't cry, that time, after he'd gone. I laughed, from joy, Polly, and I'll bet right now you haven't an idea why.

"It wasn't fifteen minutes after Phil left, before Bob came. I was expecting him, because he'd telephoned. He was mighty sweet, and after talking for a little while about things that didn't make a bit of difference to either of us, he proposed to me again. 'You see, Betty,' he said, 'a lot of people have been gossiping—saying that it's Phil you're in love with, and not



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The Perfect Lie

(Concluded)

me. I don't think, as matters are, that it's fair for you to keep me guessing any longer. Of course, if Phil loves you—

"I stopped him right there. 'Phil hasn't asked me to marry him,' I said.

"Well, I have," he went on. 'And I want you to give me your answer tonight. We can go to the City Hall and get the license the first thing in the morning, and be married before noon. Then we'll go to Europe for our honeymoon. My yacht's in commission.' Attractive, wasn't it? Bob is worth at least ten million."

"Attractive! I should say so. And you accepted him?"

"No, Polly—I didn't."

"What? Why, I thought you said—"

"I rejected him, definitely, finally. How could I help it?"

"But—after getting Phil to lie for you—"

"I didn't get Phil to lie for me. I left it entirely to him. But oh, Polly, you'll never know how much I hoped he would, not on my account, but on his own. I was testing him—trying to find out the sort of a man he was. But you don't suppose for a moment I had any idea of taking advantage of that lie. Why—don't you see, I was a perfect lie, myself. So far as Bob was concerned. So although he begged and begged, I told him there wasn't a bit of use—that I didn't love him, at least not enough to marry him. Just let him think me a mean, shameless little flirt. It was a hard thing to do, for Bob is a splendid fellow, and I hated to hurt him, but there wasn't any other way, for me. I don't know, Polly, how many bad women there are in the world, and perhaps they might not all have felt just as I did, but I had to send Bob Otis away. And I was sorry, because it hurt him.

"Yes, that's why he went abroad. He said he wanted to get away where he could forget. I hope he has. Men usually do—at twenty-four."

"And how about you? What about your broken heart?"

"Oh, Polly," the girl amongst the pillows laughed a golden laugh. "My heart wasn't broken! I was just—waiting—waiting for something I thought there was just one chance in a thousand might happen. And I'd taken that chance, from the beginning, because I knew it was the only one, for happiness, I had."

"Betty, you're too deep for me. What on earth were you waiting for?"

"You silly—I was waiting for Phil. I hoped he might come, sooner or later. Do you imagine for a moment that I would ever have married any other man? Haven't you seen, from what I've told you, that I loved him from the start? So I just waited, hoping that when he heard about my refusing Bob, he might come back. And he did. He said that I had done a wonderful, a noble thing. 'I never thought so much of you in my life, Betty,' he told me. 'To think of your sending him away like that, when you loved him.'

"I didn't love him," I said. 'If I had, I'd have married him.'

"I don't think Phil knew just what to make of that. But he kept on coming to see me, night after night, and I began to hope that things might turn out the way I'd always dreamed. I wouldn't even let him hold my hand, of course, although if

I'd been as big a fool, as I was before, I'd have been in his arms in two minutes.

"Love is a mighty queer game, Polly. Remember what I tell you. A man always values things by the difficulty he has in getting them. Even diamond tiaras wouldn't be worth anything if you could pick them up on every street corner. The truth of the matter was that Phil loved me, and I had loved him, from the beginning, but just because I'd been fool enough to make myself cheap, he concluded I wasn't worth anything. When I refused Bob Otis, with all his millions, it opened his eyes. But still he wasn't sure."

"It was touch and go, for weeks. I'd nearly lost him, of course. And there were times when I just ached to feel his arms about me—when I was weak, and silly, and almost ready to take what I could get, rather than hold out for something I wasn't sure of at all. But I did hold out, just the same. I said to myself, day after day, 'Betty, you're going to be Phil's wife, or an old-maid—one or the other.'

"Then last night came, just when I was beginning to give up hope, and without any preliminaries whatever, he said, 'Betty, I want you to marry me!' Just like that. Then he took my hand, and I let him. I felt just like crying, too, for I'd waited so long to hear him say it, and sometimes I thought he never would. I don't suppose I deserved it, either. But Phil, thank God, really cared.

"So I looked at him as well as I could, for my eyes were a little misty, right then, and said, 'Yes, Phil, I'll marry you—if you want me to.'

"That didn't seem to satisfy him, though. 'I don't want you to marry me, because of anything in the past,' he said, 'I'm not asking you on that account. If you say 'yes' I want it to be because you love me. Do you, Betty?'

"When he said that, I simply couldn't hold back any longer. 'Oh Phil—Phil!' I told him, 'don't you know?' Then I just fell into his arms and stayed there. I don't remember what we said—I was too happy. We're going to be married next month."

The girl who was listening turned to her friend and kissed her rapturously.

"Betty!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it just splendid! To think you're going to marry Phil after all! I can scarcely believe it. And we all thought you were after Bob Otis. I'm glad, dear—mighty glad, even though Phil hasn't any money. It's all come out for the best. But what I can't understand is, why you carried on with Bob the way you did. We all thought you were crazy about him."

The girl amongst the cushions rose, and looked at herself in the glass. A faint smile hovered about the corners of her beautiful mouth.

"Polly," she cried, "do you really mean to say you don't know? After all I've told you? Why—you dear, silly goose, I arranged everything, from the start. Bob was Phil's best friend. So I—I let him fall in love with me, of course. It was a terrible chance, because Phil might have failed me, but it was the only one in the world I had, to get him back, so I took it. And it worked, Polly—it worked! I'm the happiest woman in New York!"

How to Tell the Truth

SPEAKING of moving-picture actors, a good story is told of one who was suing a company for breach of contract. When asked by the court why he claimed so large a sum he replied, "It is because I am the greatest actor in the world."

A few days later some of his friends badgered him about the mighty high opinion of himself expressed in the statement. "I know it must have sounded somewhat conceited," he explained, "but I was under oath, so what could I do?"—*Boston Transcript*



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You Never Know Your Luck

(Continued from page 21)

necessary and earnestly hope that in her future pictures she will be allowed to appear in her own natural beauty.

Alice and Ingram and I had dinner that night at the Garden Court on Hollywood Boulevard, and, by carefully concealing from Ingram the fact that I was head-over-heels about her myself, I managed to have many other dinners with them. I even succeeded in getting Alice to talk about herself. Her over-night rise to fame had, like most over-night rises to fame, been preceded by years of strenuous and disheartening work. She had moved to Los Angeles with her mother when she was fourteen, from Vincennes, Indiana, where she was born in 1901; and shortly after her arrival had been attracted to motion pictures while visiting a studio with a girl friend.

Under her real name—yes, they changed that too—which is Alice Frances Taaffe (she is Welsh and pronounces it Tafe) she worked as an extra at Vitagraph, Triangle and other studios. If you are shy, there is not much chance of having your work as an extra noticed by directors; and poor little Alice was shy and made no progress.

"Anyway," she said, "there were a few kind-hearted people—William S. Hart and Milton Sills among them—who used to tell me that I ought to have parts, but somehow no one ever dared give me one. I felt so small and miserable, always looking over stars' shoulders so that the camera would pick me up and the company would get its seven-dollars-and-fifty-cents' worth of me every day, that I gave it up and went into the cutting-room at Lasky's. That was even worse, but I stuck at it for two years. The confining work began to tell on me and I worked again as extra for Metro.

"One day, when I was feeling completely cowed and unusually wretched, Mr. Ingram walked across the lot, turned his head, straightened out his eyebrows, and looked right through me. I thought he was going to have me arrested for trespassing. But he didn't. He gave me—a part!"

The part was in "Shore Acres," and it was little more than a "bit." But one cannot have ability on an Ingram set and go undiscovered for long. Mr. Ingram gave her a bigger part in his next picture, "Hearts Are Trumps," and she saved a bad story from being a bad picture. Then, despite the fact that she was always frightened by her importance and doubtful of her own ability, she was cast for the part of Marguerite Laurier in "The Four Horsemen." Her remarkable work in this picture made her famous; and the part of Eugénie Grandet in Mr. Ingram's latest picture, "The Conquering Power," secured her a throne on the cinema Olympus.

Thus ends the story of Alice Terry's early struggles. She is no longer suppressed by worries, but though she is making a bit more than the \$18 a week she received in her cutting-room days, she lives quietly with her mother in the heart of Los Angeles five miles from the studios, and does not own a motor. There is no chance of her contracting the dread disease "staritis," for she is enjoying life so fully that she gives little thought to the success that makes the enjoyment possible.

Oh, yes! The hero gets his reward, too. Rex Ingram is going to marry the heroine as soon as they can both get away from Hollywood at the same time. They will probably be married in New York (Alice has never been east of Vincennes) or in Europe, if Mr. Ingram's plans work out.

"You see," says Mr. Ingram, who is Irish and superstitious, "there's no luck in Hollywood marriages. They don't last!"

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MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 62 and 63.

HENRIETTA, COLUMBUS.—Yes, skirts are to be longer. In fact, they are already, in Paris. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, upon her return from the French fashion center, told us that Paris decrees that the short skirts are no longer a la mode. Carol Dempster, the little film actress, brought back many frocks from Paris—but she has had them all shortened, as she doesn't care for long skirts. Neither, I must confess, do I. With Betty Compson, I say: "What do we care what Paris says about skirts? They may know a lot about clothes—I'll admit they do—but this is one matter in which I am defying them. Short skirts are more comfortable, healthful, and pretty than long skirts, and I, for one, am going to continue to wear them!" Bravo!

MRS. NORMAN.—Yours is a letter I will keep and read again. I am so glad you consider my advice about your little daughter's dresses worth while. I will tell you now that I am having, in my next month's pages, frocks and hats for little girls just your little girl's age! I wish you would wait and look at these and then, if you wish to know more about them, write to me. If you have brown hair and brown eyes, and a good complexion, there are very few colors you cannot wear. Blue, I think, should be your color—any and all shades.

RUTH L., OAK PARK.—Until I read that part of your letter in which you said you had little natural color in your cheeks and did not care for the other kind, I was about to suggest that you make your informal evening dress of black. But neither black nor white would be as becoming to you as jade green or pink. I am sure the green would be charming. As for the style, please look up the first of those three evening gowns sketched on page 60 in the September issue. This is a delightful dress for a young girl.

MRS. O., FRANKFORT, MICH.—I am answering most of your questions by mail. But I want you to be sure to look at the golf suit, sketched in my department, in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Knickers are the newest, smartest, and most sensible things for sports!

MISS HELEN L. C., OLD MISSION, MICH.—You ask so very many questions, I am going to answer some in the Magazine and others by mail, if you don't mind. For a girl of your type, which you give me to understand is not the fluffy, frilly flapper, simple, straight lines would be more becoming than intricate drapes. Do not make your evening gowns so low. Young girls should wear the neck line that was created for them: that graceful, round line. You should have a lace fan, rather than a feather fan. Instead of carrying a bag about with you, as you suggest, why not make one of those silk arm bands, to match your gown, in which there is room for a powder-puff quite large enough for any pretty girl?

D. D., ILLINOIS.—You wish to know if your sister should bob her hair. I do not flatter myself that I am competent to settle this family question, but if you must know, I approve of the bob and think she should try it. She can always let her hair grow again, you know. It depends upon the woman as to what age she should discontinue bobbed hair. I do not care for it on an older woman. As to the banged style affected by Mary Thurman, which is most becoming to that delightful film star, it is not suitable for every girl. The Irene Castle bob is more generally popular. Yes, Mrs. Castle was the pioneer in the bobbed hair movement.

RAY PULLMAN, WASH.—For the girl of seventeen, an organdie dress is quite all right for informal wear. Gingham may be worn in the morning and afternoon, but hardly for the evening, particularly if you are going to a party!

L. F. M., TEXAS.—Why don't you bob your hair? Gingham dresses were much worn during the past summer. For winter, dresses of serge and tricotine made in the simplest possible style are the thing for a fourteen-year-old.

CURLY LOCKS.—So the hair-dresser told you bobbed hair was out of style! She doubtless meant that women of all sizes and ages are no longer rushing madly to "get bobbed." But for young girls I shall always think that bobbed hair is the best. When you get tired of it that way, let it grow. While it is at the awkward length, pin it under.

M. B., BINSKARTH, CANADA.—It is perfectly all right to darken your lashes and eyebrows. I have not heard of the powder you mention but I will try to find out about it. I know it is not being sold in New York. Perfume is permissible, I think, if you do not use too much of it, although many women I know do not approve of it. Much depends upon the perfume you use.

Chaplin's Unfinished Scenario

AMONG the papers found in the cabinet of the late Edmond Rostand, premier dramatic poet of modern France, were preliminary sketches for an extraordinary satiric play upon manners. It seems that Rostand had heard, somewhere, the tragic-comic story of the Englishman who invented the derby hat—or, as our British cousins say, the "bowler." According to this grotesque narrative, when he appeared on the street with his hard headgear the unfortunate inventor was clapped into an asylum. Emerging, ten years later, he

saw men of good taste wearing the very headpiece for which he had been put away. Rostand found such sad and universal humor in this quaint fable of human frailty that he projected a gigantic comedy upon its groundwork. The comedy got no farther than preliminary sketches. But what is of especial interest is that Rostand had planned this piece for one actor only—an actor, at that, whom he had never seen in person. It was to be placed at his disposal to do upon the stage any time he saw fit. The actor: Charlie Chaplin.

How I Keep In Condition

(Continued from page 39)

to make the American woman exercise, and only two, as far as I can see. I do both.

One is to sugar-coat her exercise with enjoyment, the other is to give it to her without any exertion on her part, which is the new way coming into vogue so rapidly from Sweden and Norway.

The first includes, of course, horse-back riding, tennis, swimming, and golf.

I am a confirmed golf fiend. Some day when I am through making pictures I am going to become a golf champion or something like that. Yet I find that golf is too strenuous for me when I am working eight hours a day in the studio.

I will sometimes walk around nine holes with my sister or a friend without playing, if I have time. But that is enough.

Otherwise, at least four and sometimes five times a week, I have home exercise given me by a masseuse.

The Swedish girl who does this for me is an expert. She understands every muscle in the body. She places me on a table or bed, and taking my ankles, makes me walk or run two or three or four miles. She can give me the same amount of actual exercise while I am resting, relaxing comfortably there as though I wore myself out on the golf course. Then she hardens the muscles and refreshes the skin with an alcohol rub, which is also an excellent astringent, and actually I am in a reposeful and vitalizing sleep before she gets out of the room.

On Saturday—every Saturday for almost a year—my sister Mary and I visit friends who have a home in the Pasadena foothills. Saturday afternoon when I arrive I walk over nine holes of the golf course, take a plunge in the swimming pool, have dinner and go to bed.

On Sunday I play eighteen holes of golf, at the Annandale club, which is within walking distance of my friends' home, have another swim, and spend the evening playing bridge.

Between pictures, when I am not working, I play from nine to eighteen holes of golf every day.

That is the program of my exercise, and it is one that almost any woman can follow. I advise it for any professional woman.

Regularity of existence—I think I am a bit of a crank about that. The Scotch crops out in me, I guess.

No one can keep fit, no woman can keep her beauty, who does not lead the majority of the time a regular, wholesome and more or less systematic life.

Eat regularly and you will not need to pay a great deal of attention to your diet because your system will regulate the diet itself. Have your breakfast, luncheon and dinner on the dot if possible—set an hour, at least, where you are most apt to be able to keep it. Then, you see, you will eat only what you need. Your body will call for its proper amount of nourishment, and no more.

Be regular at your meals. I have breakfast at 7:30—luncheon at 12:15 and dinner at seven. I eat whatever I want, of good wholesome foods. I do not believe in trick diets unless there is something wrong that needs to be corrected. That is getting in condition.

But my system of keeping fit is not an expensive one. It is true that I am earning a large salary. But I am not spending it. My mother and I live on the same scale, have varied our expenses very little since we—Mary MacLaren, my sister and I—were earning very little.

So that any woman of moderate means can follow this program.

Fresh air, of course, goes with it all.

And it ought to insure to any woman who is not organically wrong, perfect physical well being.



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We will send for the asking a new-method tooth paste. Modern authorities advise it. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

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Ways to combat it

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now dentists the world over are urging their adoption.

These methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which meets every modern requirement. And a ten-day test is now supplied to everyone who asks.

These effects will delight you

Pepsodent removes the film. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva—the factor which digests starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—the factor which neutralizes acids.

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**THE
Squirrel Cage**
by
A. G. NUTT

AN American tourist in Scotland took a great fancy to a handsome collie he saw, and offered to buy it. The owner asked some questions, and on learning that it was the would-be purchaser's intention to take "Jock" to America he refused to part with the dog.

Just then an English tourist came along, and he also made a bid for the collie, which, though less than the first offer, was accepted. The American was annoyed, and when the Englishman had departed, he said: "You told me you wouldn't sell your dog."

"Na, na," replied the canny Scot. "I said I couldna part wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or two, never fear. But he couldna swim the Atlantic."
—London Opinion.

AN American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative place, passed away, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating on an obituary notice. "What shall we say of him?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"Yes," answered another of the group, "that's all right, but are you going to give the name of the trust?"—The Argonaut (San Francisco).

MEN have been known to eat butterflies, white ants, frogs, June bugs, white mice dipped in honey, mole soup, birds' nests, locusts, snails, cooked chrysanthemums, and so on.

In the island of Formosa dogs' feet are considered a great delicacy. People who read this may be horrified, forgetting that they like pigs' feet themselves, to say nothing of ox-tail soup and calves' brains!

In this country we employ bees only as manufacturers of honey, but in Guiana, when a Negro is stung by a bee, he proceeds to catch as many of the insects as he can and devour them in revenge.

The natives of Ceylon hold a torch beneath a bee-swarm hanging to a tree, catch the bees as they drop, take them home, and boil and eat them.—Tit-Bits (London).

MR. I. G. NORANT (to dealer in antiques): "Two thousand years old? You can't kid me! Why it's only 1921 now!"—Tit-Bits (London).

A PROMINENT New York debutante recently ordered "four seats on the aisle" at the theater. When her party arrived at the performance they were surprised to find themselves arranged in a column instead of a row. Nothing daunted, the debutante turned to the bored, middle-aged man next to her. Surely he would not mind changing with her friend in front.

"I beg your pardon," she said politely.

No reply. He must be deaf.

"I beg your pardon," she repeated, louder.

Still no reply.

"I beg your pardon," she said, bumping his elbow.

He took out a pencil and wrote on his program: "That's my wife on the other side of me. Safety first."—New York Evening Post.

TWO women, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception.

After a few conventional remarks the younger exclaimed: "I can't think what has upset that tall man over there. He was most attentive to me just now, and now he won't even glance at me."

"Perhaps he saw me come in," said the other. "He's my husband."—Tit-Bits (London).

A YOUNG lady in search of her husband, particularly if she lived in Massachusetts, where there are ninety-six and a fraction more to every hundred women, would do well to consult the Census Bureau, says "The Literary Digest." There she would learn that in Nevada men outnumber women by nearly half; that is, she would have a better chance by one and a half times (theoretically) of getting a life partner in the Sagebrush State. In Georgia, however, there seems to be just about the right number of each sex to go around; the average for the whole country, according to Washington figures, is 104 men to every 100 women.

S"HALL I go over the top?" asked the talkative barber, posing his shears.

"Yes, as soon as your gas-attack is over," answered the weary customer.—The American Legion Weekly.

THE old wheeze about a robber holding up a policeman has become true. It happened right here in Los Angeles. We lead the world!—Los Angeles Times.

FIRST Doughboy—"Did you have trouble with your French while in Paris?"

Second Ditto—"No, but the Parisians did!"—Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).

"OH, my dear, your skirts are creeping up!"

"Well, you know how it is—man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."—Bulletin (Sydney).

"MAUD says she puts her very heart into her cooking." "She must have been heavy-hearted when she made this cake."—Boston Transcript.

AS long ago as 1857 the Philological Society (philology is the science of language) decided to begin the work of compiling a great dictionary which should contain every word in our language.

A week or two ago the last word of the New English Dictionary was written. Nine huge volumes have already been published; the tenth and last will be on sale in 1923.

Sixty-six years will have passed between the first approval of the giant scheme and its completion. More than twelve thousand pages, each of which measures about twelve inches by nine, densely covered with small print, are the results of the labors of those who worked upon the dictionary.

Half a million words are catalogued and explained in it; and the ways in which they are used are shown by means of two million quotations from English writers of all ages.—Tit-Bits (London).

TWO ancient coins were found clasped in the hand of a skeleton unearthed during excavations in London. It is thought to be the remains of the first Scotsman to visit the metropolis.—The Passing Show (London).

"MADAM," said a man standing in the street car, "why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?"

"I want to make you look round so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't go off and say that women haven't any manners."—Boston Transcript.

A NEW YORK jeweler foiled a bandit by biting him. Barking at bandits doesn't do much good. We have to make it snappy.—Minneapolis Tribune.

THE comedian was bantering the young actor.

"Ah, well," said the latter, with great self-satisfaction. "So far the profession has brought me bread and butter."

"And eggs, Arthur—and eggs!" said the comedian.—Tit-Bits (London).

THE fellow who received a letter from the government telling him that his body had arrived from France must have felt very much relieved to know that he was no longer lying dead on foreign soil.—The Argus (Seattle).

A SUDDEN sound of whistling disturbed the slumberous air of the classroom, and the strains of "I'm for ever blowing bubbles" floated over forty small heads bent above forty small slates.

"Who's that whistling?" screeched the teacher, as she recovered from her surprise.

"It's just masel!" answered Sandy Macpherson, with true Scottish imperturbability. "Did ye no ken ah cud whistle?"—Tit-Bits (London).

A MERCHANT was recently persuaded to purchase an excellent parrot. This one had traveled far and could jabber in several foreign tongues. He ordered it sent home. That same day his wife had ordered a fresh spring chicken for dinner. On leaving the house she said to the cook: "Mary, there's a bird coming for dinner. Wring its neck and have it fried hot for Mr. Richards when he gets home." Unfortunately the parrot arrived first and Mary followed instructions. At dinner he was duly served. "What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Richards. Mary told him. "But, for goodness sakes, Mary," he said, "this is awful. That bird could speak seven languages." "Then, phwy the devil didn't he say something?" asked Mary.—Exchange.

THE charwoman's husband (at door)—"The missis is very ill, ma'am, and won't be able to come this week."

Lady—"Oh, I am sorry, George. Nothing very serious, I hope?"

The Charwoman's Husband—"Well, ma'am, she was so bad last night I had to go to the pictures by myself."—Punch.

HE began to suspect that the War Department mislaid the slacker list and printed the Roll of Honor as a substitute.—New York World.

"WHAT sort of a time is your friend having on his motor tour?"

"Great! I've had only two letters from him—one from a police-station and the other from a hospital."—The Bulletin (Sydney).

What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear

(Continued from page 49)

A wide latitude is permitted in vests; even I am permitted in one, securing my special brand from the manufacturer of Ringling's circus tents. The fashionable gray shade in vests is favored by stout men who dine out a lot. For the ultra-economical, a crazy-quilt design that embraces all the courses from soup to nuts is coming more and more to dominate. These, however, may ultimately be replaced by white vests provided with two secret hooks each, upon which napkins may be hung.

The hard-boiled, or corrugated-bosomed shirts will still be worn with evening clothes, I learn. The movement started by the Movie Leading Men's Union to inaugurate a new style of stiff shirt provided with a hinge located midway between cravat and belt-line seems doomed to failure. In bending over the fair ingenues' hands, they will still have to take their chances. Men of noble blood, on the screen, will indicate the same when wearing evening clothes by a long piece of red ribbon running from the southeast corner of the shirt to the left shoulder in much the same way as the soldiers carried their packs during the Spanish-American War (see Life of T. Roosevelt). A few medals, which may be found in any "prop" room, will help.

Among the most interesting come-backs in current masculine fashions is that of the bandana handkerchief. A year ago, white linen was the proper thing to blow in, and the old bandana was in favor only in Bill Hart pictures and Boy Scout circles. Today colored silk crepe bandanas may be found in the hip pockets of the elite—sometimes they are the only things found there.

After suffering a temporary decline, frock coats are coming into their own, particularly among married men, who somehow do not enjoy the same independence in selecting garments for semi-formal wear as those single-blissers who can rush into a shop, buy whatever they like, and boldly take it home without fear of censorship. Undertakers, Sunday School superintendents, and movie directors off-duty will continue to wear the frock coat. The younger actor set has voted against it. What are the young people of today coming to? If anything.

I often receive inquiries as to what colors or color combinations in men's wear the Parisian designers are kitting to, and I wish to make a general statement that this season no color seems to dominate. The colors are as peaceful as a Ladies' Aid meeting before the first lady gets up and leaves. The blacks and the whites are lying down together. The smart set in London, I hear, is wearing a new kind of green evening suit. This, is probably Sinn Fein propaganda.

However, in the matter of colors it pays to be discreet. One should not, for instance, wear an orange tie and socks to match on St. Patrick's Day or affect a red flannel shirt when passing through a field containing one or more bulls. Speaking of the latter my friend Bull Montana tells me that cerise socks and gray cloth-topped boots will be all the rage this summer. But somehow I cannot credit this.

If the above remarks have helped you in any way with your, or your husband's summer and fall shopping, please do not hesitate to let me know. I can stand anything. With a little care and a good barber, there is no reason why any man shouldn't be as well dressed as Larry Semon, Bull Montana, or myself. I've revealed the secrets, the a la modus operandi, as it were.

Now, go to it!



How the movies gave to shoes new charm and daintiness

DAINTY feminine feet, *always* smartly shod, *always* trim and shapely—a charming picture indeed! And now the movies have visualized it in the Red Cross Shoe—the shoe made to fit the foot in action.

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The favored modes for autumn

One of the high class shoe stores in your community is now showing the smart new Red Cross models for autumn and winter. Among this complete selection you will find the shoes to give your feet that chic daintiness, that satisfying comfort you desire. Red Cross Shoes for fall and winter wear moderately priced at \$8 to \$12.50 with many stylish models at \$10.

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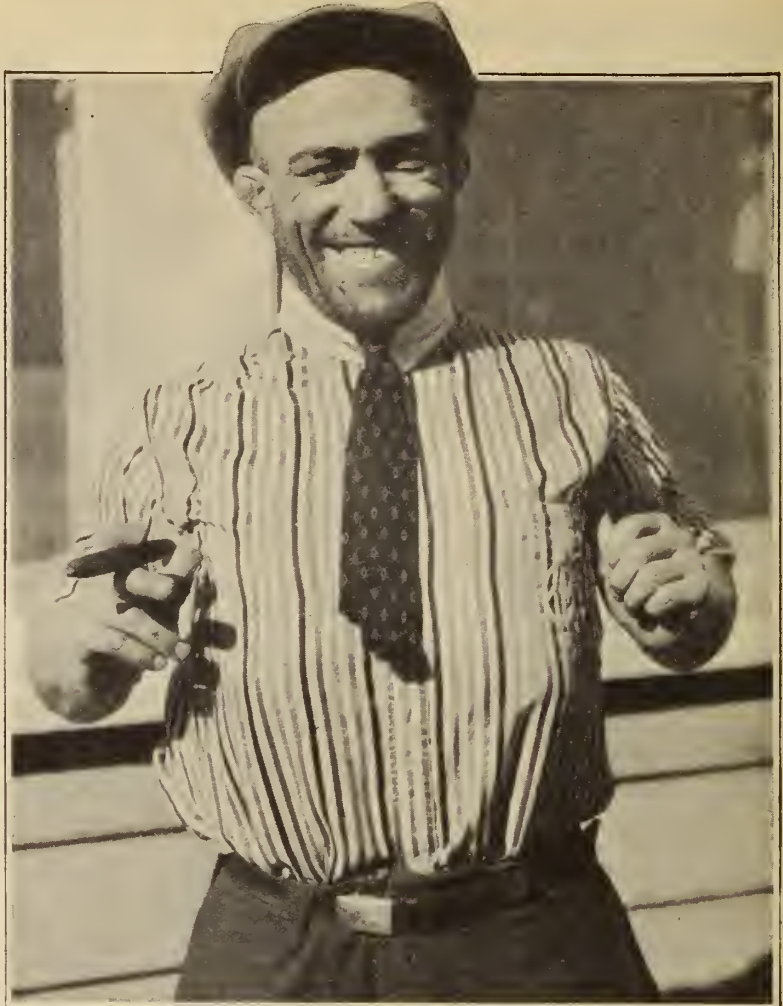
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His looks brought him money in the bank, diamonds on the hand, and automobiles in the repair shop.



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Those Eyes—Those Ears —Those Smile!

THERE isn't any use trying to get away from facts.

Looks do count in the movies.

Every once in a while somebody says they aren't going to any more.

But—there's Wally.

There's Tommie.

There's Tony.

And there's our hero—

Luis Montagna, by baptism.

Bull Montana, by popular acclaim.

"Bull Montan," to hear him tell it.

Now where would any of them be without their looks?

Very early in life, Luis shook the dust of Italy from his feet and left the spaghetti fields behind him, while he set sail for the land of the free. That was before prohibition of course. He sailed, he told me, because he was born of poor-but-honest parents. He knows they were poor and he thinks they were honest.

Today he has money in the bank, diamonds on the hand, automobiles in the repair shop and monograms on his silk shirt.

And his looks did it all for him.

Bull—who is called the Italian ray of sunshine around the Lasky lot—started acting as a wrestler. Dramatic critics always refer to him as a wrestler and sporting

writers always refer to him as an actor.

Wrestling improved what nature had begun. There was a wonderful face to start with, but after our hero had grappled with numerous Russians from Iowa, Swedes from Indiana and Turks from the Ghetto, not even Mama Montagna would have known her little Bull.

Those eyes. Those ears. That mug.

Douglas Fairbanks was the papa of Bull's screen career. The energetic Doug needed an athletic trainer and court jester at the Lasky lot. Bull was not hired as an actor. But if a man has the looks, you can't keep him away from a camera.

Soon Bull was on the road to fame, fortune and silk shirts. For two years he stayed with Fairbanks at the Lasky studio. Then he played with Blanch Sweet in the "Unpardonable Sin," with May Allison, Bert Lytell, Tourneur and Neilan.

When they needed a 100 per cent crook to support Roscoe Arbuckle in "Crazy to Marry," they brought Bull Montana back home.

He came like a conquering hero—some different from the lad who had entered the same portals four years before. He had his large, red automobile and he had a chauffeur. He wore a shirt that suggested battle,

Those Eyes—Those Ears
—Those Smile!

(Concluded)

murder and sudden death. He wore yellow gloves, and he smoked a cigar which a bank president need not have hesitated to inhale.

He arrived like a loud noise.

But he was a bit sad. Only the day before he had sought to pass the examination for American citizenship.

"The Mister Judge talk ver' nice," he admitted, "but he ask too many fool question. He say to me, 'Your name, plees.' I look him and laugh. 'Ev'rybody know me, Judge, your Honor,' I say. 'Look me, over, you see here Bool Montan', great actor."

"I answer all question ver' good. Twice I guess and I guess bad. He say, 'How many judges on Supreme Court?' I think quick, say 'One.' That wrong. I lose.

"Then he say, 'Who wrote the constitution of Unit' States?' I say, 'Mister Volstead.'

"He say, 'Bool, you know too much. You study more, I make you citizen someday, maybe.

"I say, 'Goo' by,' and walk out fast to go find out who Mist' Volstead get to write dat Constitution for him."

Bull Montana is getting on in the world. He has a sense of humor. He lets a lot of people think they are kidding him when he is kidding them. He is an absolutely invaluable member of the screen actors. He gets a lot of fun out of life and makes a lot of fun for others.

And he swears he carries that cane to fight off the ladies since he became popular. It's the looks does it.



Charter Granted
For Safe And
Sane Sundays

THE Anti-blue Law League of America is the imposing name of an organization recently granted a charter by the Sate of Delaware. Its aim is to exploit, throughout the United States, propaganda that will work toward safe and sane interpretations of the institution of Sunday.

Andrew G. Smith is treasurer and general counsel of the League, whose principal office is in New Castle County, Delaware. Any person having reached the age of twenty-one years, and who is a citizen of the United States and not a member "of any organization favoring overthrow of constitutional governments or the destruction of private property," is eligible to membership.

The objects and purposes for which this corporation is formed are:

"(a) Particularly to promote and protect the American Sunday as a day of rest, religion and recreation; opposed alike to the open Continental Sunday and to the austere Puritanic Sunday of the Seventeenth Century; both being foreign and unAmerican.

"(b) Generally to voice conservation against the extremes of present day propaganda which would destroy liberty with libertinism on the one hand, and with purgatorial repression on the other.

"(c) To stand uncompromisingly for constitutional government, obedience to law and respect for those in authority."



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Ask Your Theatre Owner if He
Has a First National Franchise.

Life in the Films

(Continued from page 41)

Venetian chairs, Japanese vases, Jacobean what-nots, bird cages, marble pedestals, tea wagons, lithographs, plaster casts, Paisley shawls, boudoir screens, brass lanterns, ancient cutlasses, medieval armor, coats-of-arms, incense burners, bronze pots, cedar chests, bowls of gold-fish, Copley prints of the Pre-Raphaelites, piano lamps, ivory elephants, and numerous other decorations from which any sane artist in real life would flee in horror.

These opulent studios of the film resemble nothing so closely as a Fourth Avenue auction room on Monday morning. There is no space in them to move about in, much less to paint. But then, the motion picture artist of wealth rarely paints. His days are spent in luring innocent models to their ruin, ordering his butler about, and serving tea. At night—in common with all the painters of the *Quartier*—he attends masked balls and scatters confetti until dawn.

In attire the wealthy painter of the films cannot be distinguished from the impecunious painter. They both buy their tam-o'-shanter, their velvet waiter's jacket and their corduroy bloomers from the same gents' furnishing house. Only in the matter of hirsute adornment can they be dissociated. The poor painter is clean shaven; the rich painter wears a small waxed moustache, and is, therefore, a man of low character and loose morals, with whom no honest working-girl is safe.

Suggesting

Bad Manners

WHILE the professional citizenfixits are blaming every unsolved crime onto the "influence of the movies" it may be well—amid the smiles that intelligent persons must give these busybodies—to remember that there is a very real "influence" of the movies which the calamity howlers, busy predicting the damnation of the adolescent, have seldom given thought to.

The power of optic suggestion to a child of very tender years is tremendous. It is far greater than later in life; it is greater than to boys and girls of twelve or fifteen, simply because a very young child's mind is perfectly plastic, and willing to receive any impressions.

The child does not understand much about crime and malice and evil intent. That comes a little later, with the dawning of a sense of right and wrong. But even a baby understands manners; not to yell, or slap or pinch are among the very first things he learns. He will learn from some films that the very things that have been drilled into his dawning consciousness at home are not ill-bred, but funny and even clever. There is the instance of the little girl who developed a savage propensity of kicking and striking her nurse; analyzed, the baby had seen her father and mother laugh at such antics in the theater, and thought it funny enough for anyone to do.

Of course, here is a proposition on which no definite exhortation can be given; no definite rule laid down. In general, all physical humor is ill-mannered, and derives its very zest from such burlesque of gentility. But there are comedians—and again, comedians. And certainly some of those who dance across the vacant cloth are to be discouraged as tutors of a future breed of boors and uncouth aborigines.



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"With Music By—"

(Concluded from page 54)

All the changes of action, character and mood are then blocked off and set down in tabulated form, one under the other. The film is again run at the correct speed, and, with a stop-watch (accurate to one-fifth of a second), he times the length of each change, and makes a notation of it.

With the entire picture thus blocked off and timed, he begins to jot down suggestions for the themes of the different characters, the quality of music for each scene, the type of melody which will fit the various moods, and the harmonic development demanded by each bit of action. From his extensive knowledge of classical, operatic and popular music, he makes such selections as are best adapted to his needs, and spends days on original themes, paraphrases and transcriptions with which to intersperse these selections.

Then comes the process of welding and moulding them into a compact and consecutive whole. This is a gigantic and difficult task, for changes are constantly being made in the picture; scenes are being transposed; footage is being altered, interpolations made, and "shots" omitted. And each change in the picture means that the score must be recast, the sequence altered, and new modulations introduced. The final score is rarely ready until a few days before the opening.

The most important part of the work on the music for a picture is the orchestration. One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Mr. Silver's scores is his resourceful manipulation of the various instruments. He builds up his orchestration in such a way that the instrumentation, as well as the music itself, interprets the picture.

For instance, he uses different instruments to symbolize different types of people; and for comedy scenes he makes comic instrumental combinations, such as the oboe-bassoon duet in the "chatter-box" theme for the old gossip in "Way Down East." In this same picture the hard-hearted landlady is characterized by the bassoon and clarinets, playing a low, harsh minor theme. And the suave, handsome villain is always accompanied by a sensuous, "slimy" melody, which constantly changes as his manner changes. Then for the innocent country-girl there is a simple sweet melody, simply orchestrated, with the violin dominant, and a "cello *obligato*."

In "Dream Street" the crooked, smuggling pawnbroker has a portentous theme, *mysterioso*, given to the bassoon and muted

horns, and accompanied by the violins *pizzicato*. When the evil fiddler, in the same film, wears his attractive mask, the orchestra plays "Un Peu D'Amour" as a violin solo; but when his mask is removed and his hideous features are visible, the same theme is played brutally, with broken chords and ugly intervals, by the French horns and bassoons.

And herein lies the difference between the technique of Mr. Silvers and that of the other film composers. Mr. Silvers plays to his characters and their thoughts and to the individual action and emotion; whereas the average musical interpreter of motion pictures plays only to the scene or to the general setting. Moreover, in a scene where there are several characters present, Mr. Silvers uses all their different themes as counter-melodies, as in a fugue; and the theme which dominates in the polyphony is the one which belongs to the character who is dominating the action.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been played at every performance. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its composition. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the music should go right at the opening performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silvers make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra for this one performance.

It was Mr. Griffith who saw and recognized the genius of Mr. Silvers, and who gave him his present unique position as the first composer permanently allied with a motion picture producing organization.

Mr. Silvers, though only thirty-one, has been an orchestra conductor and composer for sixteen years. To him, more than to any other man, is due the credit for perfecting a new form of interpretative music in connection with the art of the cinema. And though he builds his technique on that of the Wagnerian opera motif, he has nevertheless achieved a distinctive means of markedly heightening our appreciation of the silent drama; and so sound and effective are his methods and theories that future composers of cinema music must inevitably follow in the path he has blazed.

The Missing "Classic Role"

ONE of the things which the films have not yet developed is the "classic role."

The classic role of dramatic and narrative literature is simply the re-told story; the story which does not wear out by endless repetition. In books it is some great or universally-known subject, which from epoch to epoch challenges afresh the delinquent authorial mind, and provokes succeeding visions from innumerable angles. On the stage it is a great play or a great part, or else a tremendously appealing play or a dramatic character whose human interest is perennial. In literature we have the oft-told "Faust" legend, or the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars, or the legend of the wandering Jew, or the stern, grim, yet ever more human Pilgrim Fathers. Behind the footlights the great Thespians of each generation rise or fall in their essays of Hamlet or Sir Charles Surface or The Misanthrope or Oswald Alving—while actresses are per-

petually intrigued by the damp Camille or the doughty Katherine or the elusive Hedda Gabler or the awakening Nora Helmer.

Of course the perpetuity of the picture argues against such classicism as that of the stage, where each creation vanishes as quickly as vapor on a cold morning. It is a disadvantage where fifty years hence, the master's work may be seen in the ultimate detail of his greatest performance merely by snapping on an electric current. Nevertheless, the screen will and must develop classics of its own. It is already developing repetitions of its fine parts, but these, so far, have been repetitions of production mainly, in which the inadequate mountings of half a dozen years ago have been put to shame by the gorgeous housings of today.

When two, three or more actors take successive turns at some great human role, yet to be embalmed in a scenario, the screen classic will have arrived.

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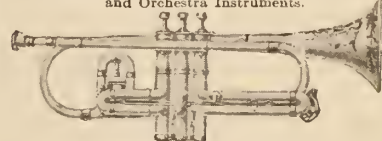
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The Gray Brothers

(Continued from page 29)



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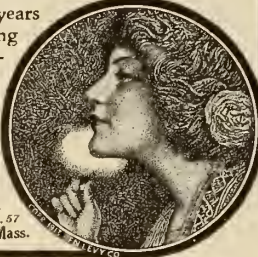
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haunts. They had subjected me to an experience that was the equivalent of an actual execution in order that I might be forced to judge under the stress of such a situation, the case of Jerry McWilliams, a man awaiting electrocution in Lester prison and to whom I had denied a commutation."

"You did commute him. I've always wondered why."

"I couldn't help it," the Governor replied. "McWilliams' story as I heard it in that death cell—I verified every detail after my release—convinced me he did not deserve death. My conscience forced me to commute him."

The police commissioner leaned forward, his face set in lines of fixed resolve.

"His governor, this sort of thing cannot be permitted," he declared. "Today this band had the amazing insolence to send me an accurate stenographic transcript of secret instructions I gave personally in my private office. The Gray Brothers must be crushed. You agree with me?"

"I think I do," the Governor conceded with slight hesitance. "And yet—sometimes I have wondered whether such a check as the Gray Brothers enforce against miscarriage of justice and possible misuse of police authority isn't needed. Well, do what you like with the Gray Brothers but do this for me personally. Find the man who was my cell-partner in that death-house. He is either the Gray Brothers' leader or a dominating personality among them. You'll know him by his hair. It will be like this."

The Governor whipped off a wig and showed a closely cropped head with a round spot in the center of the crown that had been bald.

"This man's head was shaved in the death cell when mine was. When you trap a Gray Brother chieftain with a hair-cut like mine bring him to me."

"I will. And meantime, in the matter of the Hartley letter—"

"That's gone beyond recovery," the Governor interjected regretfully. "The Gray Brothers will have been paid their price for it before now. Surely that is blackmail. You're right, Commissioner. The Gray Brothers are to be stamped out of existence."

III.

JARID Husted reached his home just before midnight after an evening of political addresses in which he had flayed the corporation subservience of his opponent. With him was Jerome Whelan, State Senator and the Governor's friend and political adviser.

"The people don't quite credit my accusations against Hartley," Husted declared gloomily. "They have been buncoed so often by fake reform that they are skeptical. I could feel their attitude at tonight's meetings, Senator. In their own minds they demand proof. That Hartley letter would have won us the election. Its loss may defeat me."

"Does McElvoy give you any hope that he may recover the letter?" asked Whelan with keen interest.

"None. From beginning to end this matter puzzles me. How did they know the letter was in my desk? Why did they send it to me, unasked and without a price, if they are now willing to sell it to the highest bidder, as confessed in their note?"

"A locked desk would be the obvious place to search for a document of such value and as for their willingness to sell out, what else would you expect, Governor, from a band of criminals?"

"Of course, you're right. It shouldn't surprise me—the theft, I mean—and yet,"

the Governor paused, troubled perplexity in his eyes. "I am surprised. From my judgment of them and their chief, based on a three days' personal experience in his company, I wouldn't have pronounced him capable of this."

"You spent three days in the company of the Gray Brothers' chief?" echoed the legislator in amazement.

"I did, and it was the strangest experience of my life, Senator. Come into the library and hear it."

The Governor pressed a light button within the darkened library and found himself facing a masked man.

"Don't be alarmed," said the intruder quickly. "I'm not here to harm you, Jimmy—beg pardon, Governor, but you'll always be Jimmy Holman, my cellmate, to me."

Senator Whelan made a backward step toward the door he had just entered. Instantly the masked man sprang behind him and turned the key in the lock.

"Now we three need not fear intrusion—nor a premature breaking up of our conference," he said. Then to the Governor: "What may I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"Why are you here?" demanded the Governor.

"In your conversation in this room today with Police Commissioner McElvoy you said this, Governor, if my memory serves: 'Find the man who was my cell-partner in the death-house. When you locate a Gray Brother chieftain with a hair-cut like mine bring him here.' And so, here I am."

THE Governor sagged back weakly in his chair.

"Are you man or devil? Do you know everything that is said behind every wall in this city?" he gasped.

"Only those things which seem worth while overhearing. But let's get to business. You want to know how and why the Hartley letter was stolen from your desk. Also who stole it."

"I do."

"Well, Governor, before I leave I contract to answer those questions. But first let us run over the facts—when you received the letter, what you did with it, who was present when you last saw it."

"The letter together with a note from the Gray Brothers, with which I judge you are familiar, reached me in the morning mail," the Governor replied. "I phoned for my adviser, Senator Whelan, at once and discussed with him the propriety of utilizing such a document obtained under such circumstances."

"He advised against using it," the masked man interjected.

"He did," continued the Governor. "Being somewhat in doubt on the question I locked the letter in my desk and spent the afternoon with Senator Whelan in keeping political engagements. Early this evening when I returned with Police Commissioner McElvoy my desk was as I left it but the letter was gone. In its place I found a note signed by the Gray Brothers—a note with which, also, you are doubtless familiar. Those are the facts."

"Not all of them," corrected the visitor. "You have neglected to state that before you locked the letter in your desk you were absent from this room for ten minutes while the Senator personally was typing at your request his confidential estimate of your probable pluralities in the several boroughs of New York."

"Your information is amazingly correct, though I fail to see its particular pertinency."

The Gray Brothers

(Continued)

"You will soon. Now to sum up. In the light of all the facts, I think I am justified in asserting that either the Gray Brothers stole your letter; or that you stole it yourself, Governor; or, lastly, that your friend the Senator is the thief."

"Your last suggestion is absurd. Senator Whelan is my friend and confidant," insisted Governor Husted.

"What we want to know from you is, where is that Hartley letter now?" interjected Whelan brusquely.

"Here," answered the Gray Brother, producing it.

Involuntarily Senator Whelan's hand snapped up toward his breast pocket. His cheeks grew a pasty white.

"Where did you get that letter?" he demanded.

"It was taken from YOUR pocket, Senator, at my direction by the two pick-pockets who jostled you and the Governor rather roughly, you will remember, as you were leaving this afternoon's meeting in Brooklyn."

"You lie," shouted Whelan furiously.

"Do I? We'll see. Produce that wallet for which you unconsciously reached when you saw I had the letter you thought safely hidden in your coat pocket," snapped the Brother.

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Produce that wallet, quick!"

On the heels of his command the masked man rolled back his coat, revealing a gun slung beneath his arm. Slowly the Senator drew out the wallet.

"Now read the slip you will find inside the sheets my men substituted for the Hartley letter."

Obediently, Whelan read:

"Robbing a sneak thief like you who has stolen from the Governor, his friend, is a pleasure for which we acknowledge our indebtedness.

The Gray Brothers."

"GOVERNOR, these crooks have 'framed' this on me," the Senator protested indignantly. "Do you credit this wild yarn?"

The Governor's troubled eyes looked straight into his friend's.

"I can't. I don't," he answered.

"I'll give you final and undeniable proof that the Senator robbed you," interposed the Brother. "He has been the creature of Interborough Traction to whom the Hartley letter was written for years. While you were out of the room he took the letter from your desk and in its place put the note he typed on your machine and did us the honor to sign 'The Gray Brothers.' You will remember, Governor, you did not lock your desk until you returned. Meanwhile—this was your blunder, Senator—Whelan phoned Robert Montagu, political manipulator for the traction interests, from this room and promised to be at his home at midnight tonight with a document he said was worth \$100,000 to Interborough. It's just midnight. I will call Montagu now, impersonating the Senator, and with you listening in on the line, Governor, I predict you will hear him fully confirm my charge that Senator Whelan is expected there at this moment with Hartley's letter."

The phone conversation with Montagu was conclusive beyond the possibility of denial and the Governor, at its conclusion, handed his exposed friend his hat and coat. The latter left the house in sullen silence and eyes shot with a threatening glint of red. Hurriedly, he found a phone and called Police Commissioner McElvoy.

"Do you want the leader of the Gray Brothers?" he inquired. "I guessed you would. He's in Governor Husted's home now."

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The Gray Brothers

(Concluded)

IV

"Why did you take the risk of obtaining the Hartley letter and present it to me without a price-tag?"

The safe-cracker smiled across the table at the Governor—a queer, quizzical smile characteristic of the man known the country over in police records as Boston Blackie, master among master crooks.

"Our primary purpose was selfish," he replied. "Hartley has agreed, if elected, to make Con Kennedy warden of Lester prison. Kennedy is a grafting politician and a prison reactionary. He would make Lester the sort of prison the Gray Brothers know to be a public menace as well as a barbarism. Also, as Governor, you have kept square with a square conscience and we believe in such Governors. So I myself opened the Interborough vault and took the letter that will return you to the capitol for another term."

"But the risk, man!" the Governor persisted with frank curiosity.

Again the confessed safe-robber smiled. "The risks are what make this game worth playing and life worth living," he answered.

The Governor's eyes wandered to his telephone.

"I'll never be content until I learn the secret of the magic that enables you to overhear whatever is said in my home, in the office of the police commissioner, wherever you choose," he said.

"The greater the mystery, the stranger the apparent facts, the simpler the solution always is," answered the Brother. "I'd gladly give my death cell partner, Jimmy Holman, the details. But my pal Jimmy is also a Governor, and as Governor there are some things he can't afford to know. Which reminds me that if you'll allow me five minutes alone in this room I'll guarantee the sanctity of anything said within it henceforth."

As the door closed behind Governor Husted, Boston Blackie stooped beside the telephone and unscrewed from it what was seemingly a patented sanitary mouthpiece. The disk that covered the mouth of this apparently commonplace transmitter was selenium, most sensitive of all sound receivers. Within the mouthpiece and hidden by the disk were tiny wires that hooked into the phone wires beyond the earpiece connection, thus establishing a permanent circuit from the selenium transmitter irrespective of whether the earpiece of the phone were on or off its hook. Blackie snipped off the wires and screwed into place a commonly used sanitary transmitter that seemed the exact duplicate of the delicate mechanism that had preceded it.

"The battery and wireless projecting point that lead off on the roof from these

phone wires will never be found nor understood if they should be discovered," he assured himself. "One of my privately manufactured mouthpieces plus a phone wire to the open air and I have a never-sleeping ear wherever I choose and a voice that will repeat even a whisper across the city to the Gray Brothers' private wireless telephone station and the night and day crew there who transcribe for me."

When the Governor returned 'Blackie in his overcoat and hat' was standing behind the shelter of a portiere gazing amusedly into the street. He called the Governor to his side.

"See!" he chuckled. "In the shadow of the house opposite are a squad of our police commissioner's detectives. The Senator lost no time in phoning McElvoy that I, chief of the Brothers, am in the home of Governor Husted. They expect to trap me as I leave."

"They will," exclaimed the Governor anxiously. "McElvoy is determined to get you and if he does—well, Jerry, even I dare not free you."

"I won't need freeing until I'm caught and as for those fellows out there in the cold—" he snapped his fingers disdainfully. "They haven't a suspicion that I guessed in advance that the Senator would be in a mood when he left here to phone McElvoy. Therefore they expect me to do what they would do in my place—walk unsuspectingly out the front entrance into their arms. Instead I prefer to walk safely away from a rear door to the car waiting for me on the next street. I have men posted behind your home who would have warned me long ago of any danger in that direction. My police friends in front have a chilly, all-night vigil before them—and a roasting from McElvoy for breakfast when they turn up empty-handed as usual."

Blackie turned to the Governor with a laugh of boyish enjoyment.

"How my friend, the Senator, would enjoy seeing me in stripes," he chuckled. "Well, Governor, if you'll show me to a rear exit I'll say goodnight."

There was real friendliness in the Governor's eyes as he gripped Blackie's hand.

"Goodnight and good luck, Jerry, old pal," he said.

Maia stood before the open window of her room. From the street far below, though the hour was after midnight, there floated up the usual confused agglomeration of night traffic noises. There was a smile on her parted lips and the quiet peace of fulfilled happiness lighted her face.

"He called me on the phone just to say, 'All is well, thanks to you, little pal,'" she whispered softly. And then even more softly: "Dear, dear Voice."

Slender Threads

SOME carping critic of the metropolis objects to the fact that there wasn't enough material in Will Carleton's poem "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" to furnish even a basis for the William Fox picture, "Over the Hills." But even greater pictures will yet be made with even slenderer threads to hang the story on. What a wonderful picture might be made with Thomas Hood's poem "The Song of a Shirt" for a foundation. And what a quaint and charming comedy photoplay might be the result of a thoughtful consideration of "The One Hoss Shay." Simple verses have already furnished the theme of successful plays, notably "Barbara Frietchie," in which Julia Marlowe attained the first dramatic triumph of her career. True, some rather astonishing liberties were taken, but the germ idea was found in the poem.

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Cutting Down

THE producers are "cutting down," according to announcements from all of them.

Each succeeding period of deflation in the motion picture business is greeted as though it were the first in the history of the business, and as though it involved something peculiar and perhaps sensational in character. Yet expansion and contraction follow each other through the business in waves as regular as the seasons. They are both healthy, normal reactions common to all of the larger businesses.

Periods of high prosperity in motion pictures bring on increased production and as the rush increases lowered production standards. The same rush to the market stirs up heavier promotions and higher selling costs. Then with too many pictures of mediocre quality on the market producers one morning wake up and call a quick halt. Presently and in due time the resulting shortage forces up the market and the old race is on again. All this has hardly as much significance to the picture going public as the fluctuations in the wheat pit.

The significant fact is that there is never a time when pictures of outstanding merit do not prosper fittingly. The market for poor pictures is poor indeed. But the better theaters are bidding for the better pictures. There is progress in the present situation.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 76)

LORETTA.—Confidentially, Loretta, I have always thought Miss Priscilla Dean perfectly adorable, but I have hesitated to say so because I have heard that Miss Dean's husband, Wheeler Oakman, is a reasonably athletic young man. However, I don't mind telling you that Priscilla is one of my favorites. Address her Universal City, Cal. Her latest release is "Reputation," in which she does really remarkable acting. Mary Pickford in "How Could You, Jean?" That was one of her Paramount pictures, made several years ago.

L. M. A., MILBANK, S. DAKOTA.—I don't know what the film stars do with their cast-off clothing. I know what I do with mine. I hang them up carefully every night and go to bed. Then I put them on again in the morning. Betty Compson is now a Paramount star; address her Lasky studio. Edith Roberts and Marie Prevost, Universal City, Cal. Marie, our former beach queen, has left the Sennett studio to indulge in drama. Mildred Harris is a member of the cast of Cecil deMille's new production, which is an adaptation of Leonard Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady." Up to date they have not changed the title, but don't blame me if they change it later on. Dorothy Dalton and Conrad Nagel are also in the cast. Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. Is that all, really?

O. G. B., CORNELL, WIS.—Edith Johnson is now William Duncan's permanent leading woman. By that I mean that she will always play opposite him in pictures as well as private life. The Duncans are making a feature film for Vitagraph. Now you can see six reels of them at one sitting instead of being obliged to return next Tuesday. Niles Welch and Pauline Starke in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." Welch is married. Miss Starke is still Miss Starke.

(Continued on page 120)



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CINCINNATI

Fool's Paradise

(Continued from page 48)

Poll never missed an opportunity. She didn't miss this one. With a pang at her heart she realized that for the time being she was the woman Arthur loved. She would beg more time and keep it up. She slipped her hand beneath his arm and steered him out of doors, on to the open road.

"Are your eyes bad?" her voice was gentle, silken, Rosa's voice.

"Pretty bad. In France, you see . . . I'm afraid I'm in perpetual darkness, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, no . . . oh, no . . ."

"Don't feel so badly. A man has had worse. And your sympathy is sweet to me. Besides," she achieved a smile, "my last earthly sight was of your face. That will carry me a long way."

"Do you care so much?" It was little more than a whisper.

"So much," he answered, "that I must not talk about it to you—now. But there is one thing you could do for me—if you would."

"Yes . . . ?"

"You could come into my shack with me for one moment, so that, afterwards, your presence will remain. You could . . . ah, if you would, my dear, kiss me—good-bye."

They were inside now. There was a stillness. Then, as a mother might, as tenderly; as a woman might, as passionately, Poll drew his face to hers and kissed his mouth. The compound of pain and tears, of bitter tenderness and regret, smote his spirit to acknowledgment. He tried to speak, failed . . . Poll drew him to a chair. She had stolen Paradise just then, and the unutterable sweetness of the theft was still upon her. Well, why not? Why not prolong the theft? What did it matter that he thought her Rosa Duchene, Rosa Duchene who never, in her silly little life, could have so loved him? She was Poll and she had made him look like this.

NARRATED, by permission, from the Paramount-Cecil B. deMille photoplay. Scenarioized by Beulah Marie Dix and Sada Cowan from Leonard Merrick's story, "Laurels and the Lady." Directed by Mr. deMille with the following cast:
Poll Patchouli Dorothy Dalton
Rosa Duchene Mildred Harris
Arthur Phelps Conrad Nagel
John Roderiquez Theodore Kosloff
Prince Talat-Noi John Davidson
Samaran Julia Faye
Manuel Clarence Burton
Pedro George Fields

"Arthur," she said, very softly, so softly that he might not detect Poll Patchouli, "Arthur, if you won't, I must. Will you marry me, dearest? Will you let me stay with you, here?"

El Paso was sympathetic. The people liked Arthur. He had worked hard and minded his own affairs. They liked Poll Patchouli, too. She had stood little or no nonsense from Roderiquez and she had always fought for right even in the cantina. Their hearts were touched and their imaginations appealed to at Poll's act.

With Roderiquez alone she had trouble. But Roderiquez was fundamentally a coward. He knew that Poll meant business when she told him her knife would reward his tongue if he should open up. "This is a matter of life with me," she told him, "for you it's a matter of death if you interfere. I take it you know better, Senior."

Roderiquez laughed. "When the angel face gets back his light, Poll," he sneered, "I'll get you back at the cantina."

"It won't matter then anyway," said Poll, dully.

Fool's Paradise! How often the words came from Poll's heart to her lips in the weeks that followed. To learn, bit by bit, day by day, of Arthur's great love for Rosa Duchene. To have the dancer's hair caressed, the dancer's eyes poetized, the dancer's mouth kissed, and kissed again. To learn that she had his soul, his senses, his life's desire, that she was the only woman he had ever loved. To pretend and pretend and pretend while her spirit ached for the reality. To taste the sweetness of the knowledge that her money was making him comfortable, her lies making anomalous heaven of his earth.

Lies . . . how inspirationally they came to her. The money . . . she had sold his poems, she told him, and with laughter wedded to tears she placed a slim cook-book in his hands and told him it was the published volume.

"At last, Rosa," he said to her, "at last you and love are immortal."

Then came the great surgeon to El Paso. He was to be there for one day. Roderiquez told her of him, of the miracles he had worked, the light he had evolved out of darkness. Only one day. Then he would go on, never, perchance, to pass that way again. Arthur would never know. The darkness would continue. The myth of Rosa would continue. Fool's Paradise would continue, with the ache that had nurture from ecstasy. Arthur had said his blindness was permanent. He ought to know.

Ah, but how he loved color! How often he had said to her, "Is the sunlight on your hair now, Rosa? Making it gold?" Or "Is the moonlight touching you, sweetheart? How your white face must gleam, snowy as samite!" Sacrifice. Ah, now she had it. Sacrifice. That was the heart of hearts in the beautiful body of love.

Poll called on the great surgeon. He stayed over another day. When he left Poll was assured that when the bandages were removed at the end of the week Arthur would see again.

He did. He saw Poll Patchouli, the ridiculous Poll Patchouli. Roderiquez' sweetheart. The cantina dancer. The giver of the trick cigar. The intruder. Poll Patchouli . . . !

El Paso had almost forgotten Arthur Phelps and the whole affair. If they remembered him at all it was because his oil wells had suddenly spouted oil two years ago and sent him across the world, a wealthy man. Now and then when they talked with Poll Patchouli they remembered that for a little space of time she had been Arthur Phelps' wife in the fantastic sense of masquerade. They had told her she had got what she deserved, but there wasn't much fun in telling spiteful things to Poll Patchouli any more. She never fought back.

Then, abruptly, Arthur Phelps came back. To El Paso. To Poll Patchouli. He went straight to the hotel where he thought she might be working. She had torn up and returned to him the substantial check he had sent her when their marriage had been decreed null and void and he had gone abroad in search of Rosa.

At the hotel they told him she was again in the cantina.

The cantina! Roderiquez with his sneer and his burning eyes. What did this pretend to Poll! Poll, who had shown him that he, he alone, had been the fool in the Paradise?

Well, he must see her, if only once. From the illimitable depths of her tender heart she would not refuse him a hearing. He would go very cautiously, very softly.

Fool's Paradise

(Continued)

He would beg her favor as, many times in the past, he had spurned it. Then he would tell her his story—the story of a fool, in a fool's paradise. She would understand.

Like a badly constructed plot he told his story—but as the denouement rather than as the climax.

At the cantina Rosa received him, but Roderiquez was by her side. "She is to marry me this night," he told Arthur, and the gazes of the two men riveted, locked.

Why, Arthur asked himself, had her decision come with his arrival in El Paso? Why, in the past two years, had this not come to pass? Poll's eyes . . . ah, he had it. Pride was urging her to this step. Pride was a paltry thing as against the fool's paradise she had given him.

Roderiquez was threatening now. "You leave this cantina in five minutes or I leave my knife with you," he said. "My knife never missed its mark yet, Senor."

Arthur took out his watch. Three leaden minutes ticked away. Poll cried out to him, "Don't you know that he means it? Why do you stand there like a wooden thing? Arthur . . . !"

Arthur smiled at her. "Then come with me," he said.

Poll shrieked her "No! No! I shall remain. You go, go, I tell you! We . . . I do not want you here!"

Roderiquez thrust his hand into his blouse. Poll screamed again. There was a rush of intervention. Roderiquez' knife found Poll's breast, interposed between them. Over the blood gushing from the sacrificial wound the two men stared at one another, their faces breaking into comprehensive pity.

And so they were married again before Arthur told his story, on his knees, beside her convalescent chair.

"I found her in Siam," he said, as though ashamed, reluctant, to tell of his stubborn quest. "She was there collecting material for some Oriental dances and also, as I discovered, collecting suitors, notable among them Prince Talat-Noi, a weird chap with a darned shrewd eye, none the less. His poor little native wife was having a frightful time over Rosa, to which fact Rosa seemed blissfully—conscious.

"At first, I thought she was a child, and I made me an altar of her innocence and prepared to offer up frankincense and myrrh—my heart and my very bad poems. (That cook-book, sweetheart!) The Prince seemed to think the same, and we played battledore and shuttlecock with her whims as though they were matters of life and of death.

"She was having a royal time. We were suffering. That came to me one day in a garden when I told her of what you had done and she laughed and said you were 'lost to the stage.' Out of the tremendous thing it was she could laugh . . . make a jest. From that day on there was a taint to her beauty. There was a shrillness to her voice.

"I found Talat-Noi, too, regarding her with inquiry as well as ardor. I had come across half a world of pain, of travel, of eagerness. I wanted compassion and I got coquetry. I found myself wondering what you would do. Then I found myself *knowing*. The surety of what you would do enveloped me, warmly. My awakening had begun.

"Talat-Noi invited us to witness the yearly offering of a young lamb to the sacred reptiles. It was a tremendous ritual to the Siamese and tremendously loathsome to me. Rosa, the Prince and I occupied a throne. I could not help notice the personal preparation of Rosa. Evidently she had thought of the whole as a sort of background for her beauty.

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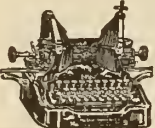
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Fool's Paradise

(Concluded)

"The entire performance was hideous, and when I saw the tiny white lamb about to be thrown to the reptiles I rescued it and incurred the frenzy of the mob. Talat-Noi managed to turn them off and save me, but he ordered me from the temple I had, it seemed, profaned. I had incurred the wrath of the Sacred Reptiles.

"I bade Rosa come with me. Talat-Noi commanded her to remain.

"This," he said to her, "is the appointed moment of your final choice. Make it here and now." There was authority in his manner.

"I held her arm. 'Come!' I urged.

"It was borne in upon me that Rosa was having a tremendously jolly time. She saw herself as the heroine of a dramatic occasion, Talat-Noi and myself as her supporters. She was keying herself up for an appropriate response. She took her cue.

"Raising her glove she flung it into the

pit of Sacred Reptiles. 'He who brings back my glove to me,' she said, 'wins me!' The words rang out, absurdly, profanely.

"Talat-Noi bowed his head. Through his impenetrable Orientalism his essential reaction remained hidden. He jumped into the pit. For a woman's silly whim.

"Oh, well . . . the rest is brief. He could not make it alone. I went in after him. We struggled back—appropriately enough, no doubt, to her feet, and I bestowed her glove upon her. Still dramatic, she hailed me as her love. . . ."

Poll's arms sought him and he smiled. . . . "Does it matter what I said," he finished, "except that I told her I belonged to one woman only? That she loved no one save herself and to herself she had better remain true? Ah, then I knew, my dear! After the half-gods go . . . you gave me the sight of my eyes again and the sight of my spirit, too."

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 93)

RUTH ROLAND was dragged into court the other day on the losing end of a subpoena—and all because she hadn't cut her lawn. Seems Miss Roland—who by the way is reputed to be one of the wealthiest women in pictures—owned some lots in a fashionable part of Los Angeles and she had failed to have the grass trimmed to comply with fire regulations. So she was forced to say "Good morning, judge. I'll sure get that lawn cut right away if I have to cut it myself."

PAULINE FREDERICK gave a Rodeo on her marvellous grounds in Beverly Hills on Sunday, July 3rd, for the benefit of the Los Angeles Orthopaedic Hospital for crippled children.

Probably nothing exactly like it has ever been seen and it certainly did enormous credit to Polly's big heart, charitable instincts and executive ability. Over \$7,500 was raised.

A large ring was arranged, surrounded by a small wooden grandstand, fenced in from the boulevard by high canvas. The program included most of the well known cowboy stars and riders and the audience was brilliant in every respect.

Polly herself acted as hostess, master of ceremonies, ring master and chief attraction, I think, for she looked adorable on her spirited horse, clad in full regalia of chaps, sombrero, vivid orange silk shirt and tiny, polished boots. Her horsemanship is a joy and she carried off her difficult role with the pep and poise that is so completely her own.

George Beban acted as announcer and added to the afternoon with a lot of weird and woolly jokes.

Will Rogers and the Three Rogers children were probably the most successful event on the program. The kiddies rode

their mounts for father to do his roping stunts upon, as well as doing some very tricky trick riding themselves.

Roscoe Arbuckle—not being much of a horseman—nevertheless did his bit in a clever way by pretending to get caught in the middle of the ring. It took him some time to make his way out past the horses and he had the grandstand in convulsions by the time he arrived in his seat.

Tom Mix did a lot of fancy riding stunts, and—since Pauline Frederick is the idol of the cowboys collectively—they were all on hand to demonstrate what a real "contest" looks like.

One event that proved a knock-out, was the sack race. Miss Frederick handed each man a sack—and the man who could untie his sack, put on what was in it, and get around the track to the finish first, won the race. To see Tom Mix adorned with pink silk corsets and lavender garters, Hoot Gibson in a lace camisole and a blond wig and Will Rogers endeavoring to don a bathing suit evidently intended for his seven-year old son, almost brought down the grandstand.

Among the many celebrities who attended were the two latest honeymoon couples—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton. Mrs. Moore (Renee Adoree) had a difficult time negotiating the high steps of the grandstand in her extremely narrow skirt—and once seated couldn't enjoy the show wondering how she'd ever get down, but really she didn't have a thing to worry about. She looked perfectly sweet—as far as could be seen. Mrs. Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) was in sport costume of white silk, with a brilliant knitted scarf. Madame Nazimova was there, in a henna hat and a queer, but fascinating looking smock affair of blue.

DID YOU KNOW that there are only two college women in motion pictures? That out of the many beauties the screen can boast, only two have "college educations?" Why aren't there others? If you want to know, read November **PHOTOPLAY**.

Movies in 1940?

Probable strides of
the screen in the
next two decades.

By
LYNE S. METCALFE

PICTURE theater patrons best know the illuminated screen as a means of entertainment, of thrills, of heart-beats, of tears and of laughter. They have witnessed the development of the topical weekly, the travelog and the occasional educational reel until each has become an integral part of nearly every theater program; each a novelty at the time of its introduction and each marking a step forward in the progress of the visual art.

But, there is rapidly developing what might rightfully be termed the great "unseen movie world"—the world that the general public knows little, if anything about; it is a world in which labor the scientist, the advertising man, the teacher, the employer of men and women and what has been called the visual educational expert.

To most people, educational films merely mean a screen exposition of flora or fauna, mountain streams, biology, natural history, possibly a little chemistry and mechanics. Such reels are really very few. There is a far more vital and important movement going forth in America which has as its basis the almost endless possibilities of the motion picture art. Little is known of these unusual productions for the reason that they never see the screen of a moving picture theater. They are seen, as a matter of fact, but by few people; they are produced for the eyes of only a few people. They are designed to accomplish certain ends and recent experiments have proved out theories which a few years ago might have seemed to be wild dreams of the enthusiast.

Some of these productions rival in photographic quality the best of our star dramatic productions. They run from one reel to five. They are the work of a few specialists who are students of psychology, sociology and personal efficiency.

They are produced for the men of big business.

In downtown New York more than one "big business" office has a portable moving projector in the vault and a silver screen that rolls up like a map. There is also a clerk who knows how to run off the reels; and for audiences, some of the richest and most powerful men in America gather around at intervals and watch the unreeling of the pictures, made to accomplish the purpose of the interests they represent.

Another service that the moving picture is rendering is in the field of mechanics. The perfection of the "X-ray" film has interested the technical units of some of our biggest industrial enterprises.

Now that films have made good as a medium for the rapid transference of

How I increased my salary more than 300%

by
Joseph Anderson

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. These stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare-time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my



studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

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Movies in 1940?

(Continued)

thought and ideas, we may safely predict the course of this branch of the art say twenty years from now.

In the first place, the 12 universities today rendering a complete educational film service will probably be increased to three times that many and instead of an average of 250 reels in their technical libraries, they will have nearer five thousand. There will not be a school house in the United States or Canada—(Canada has progressed very far in this direction) without its movie theater and projection machine. There will not be a school janitor in our cities who will not also be a projectionist of ability and carrying a union operator's card.

There will not be a text book that is not supplemented with illustrations that move, revealing, explaining the lessons and cutting down the time of our teachers 60 per cent because of the rapidity of thought transference by means of visualization. Every school child will spend less time in getting an education because visualization by actual test cuts down the study period 40 per cent.

New mechanical devices will be pictured by means of animated cross section diagrams, for the benefit of prospective investors of capital.

The tiresome tables of statistics, which nobody reads, will be vitalized by animation and the railway cars on our best trains will entertain travelers with the best reels on travel.

A half million homes in the United States will be saving dimes for new movie reels to project from the pocket size home projection machines and the phonograph will find a truly serious rival.

Every factory will have its movie show at noon hour where instruction will be sandwiched in between the 1940 successor to Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford.

Domestic science will be taught quickly to the rising generation of housewives in high schools (as is already being done on a small scale, with success).

The family album will be an "animated" one and instead of a leather covered book, it will be a series of film cans, stored away for projection when the subjects are grown up.

A business man will press a button beside his desk and immediately start a movie on the opposite wall while his visitor witnesses intricate mechanical operations in the factory five hundred miles away.

Public parks will give the people free movies instead of, or in connection with, free concerts, on huge screens that can be seen a block away or more.

The wonders of America's national parks will be exploited in Europe on the screen; American business will show foreign buyers why our products are superior—by means of the movie—in 1940. The armchair globe trotter will sit back in his easy chair, pipe in mouth, before the fire and climb the Matterhorn or the Jungfrau, enjoy the winter sports in the Engadine or the thrills of a lion or elephant hunt in Africa, merely by pressing a button, after having little Willie or the housemaid pull down the shades.

The public will get its pictorial entertainment on the movie screen instead of in the columns of newspapers due to the ever increasing paper shortage. Topical Weeklies will become topical dailies and the news events of this morning will be pictured on the theater screen tonight.

Athletic contests will be decided upon the indisputable proof of the motion picture made by means of the Novagraph or slow motion process which slows down all actions eight times or more.

In 1940, instead of gazing upon a flat world of gray and white, with occasional

black, the film world or shadow world will present itself in natural hues by means of color cinematography.

Objects instead of being flat against the silver screen, will present scenes and objects in perspective—thus leaving only one element missing (and that may come by 1940—who knows?)—the element of sound.

In 1940 there will be no flicker and no sound from the projection room and film will be nonburnable and not dangerous.

In 1940 the best creative brains in the world will find their greatest rewards in the motion picture art and the literary tone of the serious drama will be equal to that of the better class novel.

There will be fewer pictures produced but better ones and the public taste will no longer patronize trash but will demand pictures with literary quality.

Surgery, which has already benefited by over 100 reels of minor and major operations, performed before the camera by the world's greatest surgeons, will simplify the work of the clinic by reproducing many thousands of times the single operation performed before the camera by the surgeon, best qualified in all the world to perform it.

Dentistry, which has already a reel on the teeth, will gain by visual exposition of its soundest truths for the benefit of dentists to come.

In 1940, moving pictures will be the greatest power ever known in propaganda. The man who can circulate a subtle built film before the greatest number of people will win his end no matter what it be. Tuberculosis, in cattle, hogs and human beings, will be stamped out or reduced, by means of the impressive warnings and lessons that the moving picture can present—in terms that even the illiterate can quickly understand.

In 1940 the bedridden hospital patient will lie on his back and watch the unfolding of an interesting comedy on the ceiling, thrown there by inverted projectors and started by the hands of his nurse.

The soldier of 1940 will spend more time in the darkened movie auditorium than he will on the training ground—learning the tricks of soldiering from the millions of feet of film now in the Government Laboratory at Washington Barracks, being edited and titled for West Point, Annapolis and the various training camps.

In 1940, every convention will be "told" in movies, with a liberal sprinkling of cartoons. A dozen firms already have made "annuals" of one reel or more, delineating the firm's past year and predicting for the future.

Twenty years from now, stock market fluctuations will be projected on a huge screen from a movie machine, showing by means of the animated table the rise and fall of stocks and bonds, graphically and quickly.

The immigrant of 1940 will get his ideas on America from an illuminated screen—possibly at Ellis Island.

The productivity of the farms of the United States will be increased because of the teaching value of films in the hands of county agents, with portable units, showing special Government Pictures at granges, fairs, school houses and agricultural college stations as is even now being done on an ever-increasing scale.

In 1940, criminology will movieize every crook, his gait, his face in motion, etc., for the modern rogue's gallery.

Titles in moving picture dramas will be written in good English, with no misspelled words or typographical errors; material for a half reel will not be padded out to five reels; undesirable and cheap advertising will not mar the screens.

Movies in 1940?

(Concluded)

Moving picture operators will be able to descend a mile or more under the sea, with huge lights (they now descend several hundred feet) and show, in brilliant colors the flora and fauna of the deep in action, so that the scientist can study specimens at leisure and determine from the geological features, many important facts concerning the earth's age and stages of its growth.

Astronomy will benefit because of the further development of the animated drawing, already perfected to high degree J. R. Bray has already produced an amazing picture that startles the onlooker by weird views, scientifically correct, of the surface of Mars and Flammarion's radium-driven torpedo which he believes would reach that planet.

Movements of stars may be shown by these diagrams, for study.

There is nothing mentioned in the foregoing which has not already been accomplished to some degree or, which is not now in the serious experimental stage, with indications of rapid development.

By 1940 all of these ideas and more will have been made entirely practical and may be commonplace.

No invention since Guttenberg's printing press has done as much for the development of the human race as has the moving picture. For a decade it has been considered a branch of the "show business," but it is more than that. Many of the most serious minds in the country have seized upon it as a powerful medium for conveying information to the unlettered and others, as every human being can understand more of what he sees than of what he hears or reads.

It Might Come to This

THE Great Author was about to witness the first showing of the motion picture adapted from his greatest novel. It was a very private showing—held in the film company's own projection room with nobody present except the Great Author, the president of the movie concern, the man who directed the picture, and a flock of publicity people.

The room was darkened, and the presentation flashed on the screen. (The Great Author's name was in nearly as large type as the assistant art director's. Which was a concession!) From the first title the G. A. seemed fascinated. As the story unfolded scene by scene, his eyes were glued upon the screen. His lips were parted in a smile, and once in a while an exclamation of pleasure escaped from between them.

The Great Author was obviously tickled to death. The film producer, who had glanced uneasily at the Great Author in the seat beside him several times during the first hundred feet, sighed with relief. The chest of the director took advantage of the darkness to swell with pride. The publicists, noting the G. A.'s satisfaction, wrote mental headlines, "Famous Author Delighted With Film Version of Novel."

Eventually "The End" came, and the lights were snapped on in the projection room.

The Great Author turned with eager eyes to the film producer.

"How much do you want for the fiction rights of this picture?" he asked hoarsely.

"But it's your story already," protested the movie man.

"No, it isn't," said the G. A. "Nobody would recognize it. But that picture, as I just saw it, would make a great novel. And I want to write it! What do you say?"



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For the Purposes of Discussion

A chronicle of a meeting held by some gentlemen who would do a little uplifting.

By MARION CLARK

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AS I advanced into the narrow, austere room the tall, thin man looked up. So did the stout man, in the tight collar, and the middle-sized man. But it was the small, bug-like man who leaped from his place, at the head of the long table, and advanced to meet me. As he came forward—with a smile of welcome, that was almost too glad, upon his mouth—I was reminded, suddenly, of a certain nursery rhyme. It came back to me, with a note that was almost a note of warning, from the past—came back so vividly that when the small, bug-like man opened his lips to speak I almost expected to hear him say:

"Won't you walk into my parlor?" And, as his out-stretched hand groped for mine, I almost found myself supplying the rest of the sentence—"said the Spider to the Fly!" Instead of which—

"We're really delighted to have you with us," said the little man with a suave politeness that was oily instead of convincing. From their places around the narrow table, I felt the eyes of the thin man and the stout man upon my face. But the middle-sized man's unswerving glance had fastened itself upon my blushing ankles. I have always figured, with the French, that short skirts are healthier than long ones—a matter of dust, you know, and microbes. . . . I was about to explain this to the middle-sized man when he spoke.

"I think," he said and his voice was as sharp and cold as an icicle, "I think that the young lady has made a mistake. This meeting is being held for the purpose of discussing the blue laws, not—" he paused, significantly.

"But," for the first time, I spoke. "But I was sent, by my paper, to cover this meeting. There's no mistake, I'm sure." The power of the press is very great! The middle-sized man rose from his seat and his eyes traveled rapidly upward until they met mine—almost.

"Oh!" said the middle-sized man. And then he added, "I hope, in your article—you are planning to write an article?—that

you will spell my name correctly. So many reporters have only used one 'S.'" The small bug-like man was fluttering ahead of me, to the table. He pulled out a chair, held it for me. As I sank, rather gratefully, into it the stout man spoke. His tone was worried.

"We expected a much larger meeting," he told me, plaintively. "I don't know what could have happened to the others! Perhaps—"

"Perhaps—" supplied the thin man, "they're not coming!" I decided, at that moment, that the thin man was the most human one in the crowd.

"Then," the middle-sized man seemed to be the master of ceremonies, "then I think that the meeting had best begin. Will Brother—" he glanced inquiringly about the table, smiled a chill, superior smile, and then—"I will lead in prayer," he said blandly.

He prayed, inarticulately, and for quite a long time—about minor matters, mostly—about petty personal things. It seemed to me, as he prayed, that he was laying an unnecessary amount of detail at the Gate of Heaven. But he went on blandly, passing many a good stopping place. When he paused, at last, the stout man was openly mopping his brow. And it seemed to me that there was an unnecessary amount of fervor in the thin man's "Amen!"

I HAVE been the odd one at many a strange meeting. I have attended seances, and protests, and uprisings. I have interviewed actresses who quoted from the Bible and evangelists who chewed cloves during the whole of the session. And so I settled down, comfortably, to listen, as the small, bug-like man took his place at the head of the table and called the meeting to order.

"We are here," he said pompously—the smaller a man the more pompous he usually is!—"We are here to arrange, for the masses, a saner outlook upon life. We are here to lead the masses to God, and to the right sort of Sabbath-keeping!"

For the Purposes of Discussion

(Continued)

I have always hated the "masses." It has a snobbish sound that irritates me. But there was something humorous, rather than irritating, in the way that the small man used it. As I looked from him to his three associates I could not help thinking how impotent they were—how futile—when dealing with a great majority. And yet—even as I laughed to myself—the thought struck me that many a law had been formulated and passed by the efforts of just such an impotent appearing handful of men. It's the organized few, usually, that come out on top!

"Do you think," I asked suddenly, "that God can be legislated into the hearts of people? Do you?"

The middle-sized man looked at me. His look trickled coldly over my face, like ice water—

"I think that the question is not in order!" he said.

Quite without paying heed to the interruption the small man went on—

"Of course," he said, "we shall in time do away with amusement parks, and motion pictures. We shall, in time, eliminate trolley cars and subways. We shall close public grounds and beaches. In time we shall do all this—but for the present—"

The stout man was sitting forward, finger tips together.

"For the present," he said, "we will only do those things—"

I interrupted for a second time.

"How do you know," I questioned hotly, "that you can do those things—any things?"

The thin man spoke. And again I had the feeling that he was almost a regular person.

"My dear young lady," he said soberly, "you'd be surprised to know how many of these plans are actually laws—some states have already passed them. They need only to be enforced!" Did I imagine that he sighed?

The small man was going on, calmly.

"There will be churches open all day. We will have many extra services," he said, "the masses shall be well taken care of! When there are no services to attend they can sit at home, in prayerful meditation—"

"Amen!" breathed the stout man.

"And wait for Monday!" I said almost to myself, finishing the sentence.

"To stay at home will be a real treat to some of the people," he went on, "the masses should cultivate a home atmosphere—an atmosphere of sanctity. In the serene quiet of that atmosphere they can find their souls—"

"I've heard," I said slowly, "that the law can regulate the height of a woman's slipper heel. And that it can make a sculptor stop working upon a statue. And that it can forbid Sunday-pleasures. But can the law make the people find their souls? Will staying at home—help?"

The small man stared at me virtuously. But it was the stout man who answered.

"I," he told me, "have always enjoyed staying at home!"

I smiled, with a child-like innocence, into his round flabby face.

"You have a nice home?" I questioned.

The stout man, in some former incarnation, must have been a real estate agent.

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For the Purposes of Discussion

(Concluded)

I DID not make any comment. But I could not help thinking of one Sarah Klein who "lives in Essex Street," with her five children in a two room flat. Sarah works in a sweatshop, making button holes, for six days a week. And on the seventh day she goes, with the five children, to the beach, or to the movies, or to some park. Sometimes I think that Sarah would never know God if she did not have her carefree Sundays. Sometimes I think that she touches hands with the Infinite at crowded Coney Island or in a darkened Avenue A picture theatre. I wonder if staying at home in the two rooms will make Sarah Klein—and the many other Sarahs—find their souls? I wondered, and as I wondered I felt, suddenly, that the air of the narrow, austere room was stifling. All at once I was longing for the crowded streets, the noise of the traffic, the yellow sunshine of God's making. I rose quietly from my seat at the table—hurried on tiptoe, toward the door. The four, deep in conversation, did not hear me. Only the thin man raised his head. Did I imagine that his left eyelid was drooping, slightly?

As I closed the door, carefully, behind me, I heard the middle sized man speak.

"Too bad," he was saying regretfully, "that stocks are obsolete . . . Stocks would solve so many problems . . ."

When the Tailor Won the Suit

A LEADING Los Angeles tailor was recently sued for refusing to put his name and label in a suit of clothes which he had made according to the blue-prints and specifications of a Beau Brummel of the screen. His refusal was based on the contention that to be identified as the collaborator in so bizarre and startling a sartorial creation would irreparably injure his aesthetic reputation by inspiring suspicion and distrust in the minds of his clientele. His only defense in court was to exhibit the masterpiece in question. But it was sufficient. The jury took one look at the suit of clothes, and brought in a unanimous verdict in the tailor's favor. There are, alas! some actors who strive to stagger and bembute their fellowmen by the weird originality of their dress; and so long as they keep within the law, we, for one, shall not protest. But they certainly should not expect a hard-working and respectable tailor—a man of family, perhaps, and a deacon in the church—to shoulder the responsibility.

"Tad" Drops Us a Line

"TAD" of the cartoons, T. A. Dorgan without a make-up, is a moving picture devotee and he is strong in his likes and dislikes. He writes to the Editor:

"Just grabbed your magazine and notice a contest that you're running. You gave a lot of ham pictures a tumble but failed on a star.

"In my opinion Will Rogers in OLD HUTCH was a masterpiece. Outside of Chaplin it is the only one I ever snickered at and I've seen many an alleged comic.

"The director of that picture deserves a medal. Most of the others deserve LIFE."

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 N. Clark St., CHICAGO



The dance-hall is an unequalled trellis up which to train the red vine of screen melodrama. But why not picture it as it often was: a hut of light and laughter, memory of music?

NORTHERN LIGHTS

IT'S a photoplay of Alaska—there's a dance-hall, of course—equally of course the heroine "works" in it—and it's certain that she's a pearl among pigs, an icicle in hell, the only "good" girl in the place—the cigar-chewing proprietor is probably after her, or after her claim, or after her father—they throw the hero out until he demonstrates with his fists his right to stay—the "big action" centers here—he takes her away—and usually they burn the terrible place down in the last five hundred feet. All mighty pictorial, and an unequalled trellis up which to train the red vine of melodrama. But how many scenario-writers or directors have used the dance-hall except as a narrative convenience, or have tried seriously to understand its business in that wild desolation, to show its kindnesses as well as its cruelties.

The dance-hall as a dive grew out of the dance-hall as a desperate necessity. The

gold-hunting hordes were not hermit savages, but lonely beings from civilization. Had there been no relaxations, no places of warmth and light and commingling, no huts of memory and music, the northland would soon have been peopled by dead men and lunatics. The first dance-halls on every frontier were places of crude comfort and an attempt at laughter—God knows there was little enough of that beyond their rough doors! Good men shambled over their bare floors, great men raised untrained voices in their elemental chants, honest women sang to outlanders with dimmed eyes the simple songs of home. And under the same roofs, perhaps, Babylon has been shamed, and the Bacchic festivals made to resemble a post-Volstead tea-party!

So much like human life, these Northern Lights under a cold, dark sky!

One might add their goodness to their badness in the greatest epic of the wild!

Opposing Censorship

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Rupert Hughes, Samuel Merwin, Edward Knoblock, Rita Weiman and Montague Glass appear in a motion picture entitled "The Non-sense of Censorship," considered one of the most effective arguments against legalized supervision of motion pictures that has yet been used in the anti-censorship campaign of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry.

This picture, a short-reel, is being shown in theaters in states where censorship is being agitated by the professional reformers.

The first fade-in discloses Rupert Hughes sitting at his desk reading a booklet entitled, "Rules of the Censor." There is a pained expression on the author's face as he puts down the book of rules and writes:—

"The moving picture is about fifteen years old. Sin is somewhat older than that, yet the censors would have us believe that it was not Satan, but Thomas A. Edison who invented the fall of man."

Samuel Merwin, writes a moment, then

there is shown his contribution to the censorship controversy. It reads:—

"This censorship, if applied to literature, would destroy Shakespeare, Dickens, the Bible itself. It is stupid, ignorant, vulgar. It puts an intolerable limitation on workers in the new art of the screen. Carried only a little further, it will abolish free speech in America. I will fight it as long as I live."

Thomas Buchanan is shown at his desk writing this letter to Penrhyn Stanlaws:

"The censor will not permit an unmarried woman to bear a child. Therefore in filming "The Scarlet Letter," please play Hester Primm as a pure woman and have little Pearl born by Arthur Dimmesdale. This should be a decided novelty and also would serve him right anyhow.

There is more satire; including Doug, who is floored by a tough guy without hitting back.



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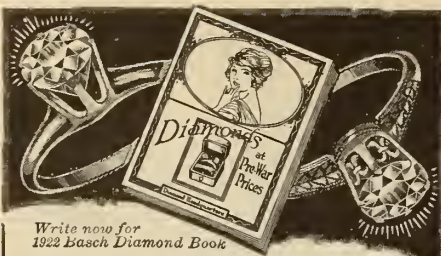
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Censored

By BLAINE C. BIGLER

O H, gee, but I'm unlucky, for I heard the writer's call
And I wrote a play of Eden when the leaves began
to fall;
But the darned old censor canned it, said it wouldn't
do at all,
For things were bare in Eden when the leaves began to
fall.

Then I wrote a tale of train life, and I tried to make it plain;
I strove to show its humor, its pathos and its pain;
But the censor wouldn't pass it, so I told him to explain,
"Well," he said, "you should be careful, there's a red
light on your train."

So I wrote a circus story that had quite a gala air,
But I couldn't find a market though I tried 'most every-
where;
For the censor's eye was on it, and he said, "My son,
beware,
You'll corrupt the people's morals, you've a bare-back
rider there!"

I wrote a book called "August Days"—of ripening fields
of corn,
Bright with hill and vale and woodland and of meadows
newly shorn;
But my hopes were dashed to pieces, now I'm lonely and
forlorn,
The censor said, "Suppress it, it's too near September
Morn!"

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 109)

DOT E. G., ST. LOUIS.—The Answer Man is a little older than he was when you last wrote, but he is still susceptible. Your good wishes and commendation mean a lot to me. Now the thing is to deserve them. Beatrice Dominguez died in February, 1921, in Los Angeles. Hobby Agnew is about eighteen. He played with Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower" and "The Sign on the Door". James Kirkwood, Lasky, Earle Fox opposite Norma in "Panthea".

WIN, WINNEPEG.—You win the marble bicycle. You say, other than the question about James Kirkwood—which, by the way, is answered above—you have nothing else to ask me except one little thing which, though not directly in my line, I might be able to answer. "Last season", you say, "a gentleman played in our local stock company but is not coming back next season and I believe he will be playing in an eastern city. Could you advise me where I might locate him"? He must have made a very deep impression on you indeed,—you don't remember his name, by any chance, do you?

HELEN HAMMOND.—Are you any relation to Harriett? If so, I'd like to meet you. I think I would, anyway. If you are only fifteen I am five. Write to Tom Meighan. I have so many favorites it would take up the whole book to list them. I am not small and wiry, neither am I fat and ponderous. I am just right. "Harriet and the Piper" with Anita Stewart, has been released. Anita is married to Rudolph Cameron. Priscilla Dean is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. She was born in 1896. "Reputation" and "Conflict" are her two latest pictures. Mahlon Hamilton is married.

Y. L., PANAMA.—More about Kirkwood He entered the studios in 1909 as a director for Biograph, and has been directing or acting ever since. His most recent release is "The Great Impersonation". Yes—I like him personally and also consider him one of the best actors on the screen.

MERELY MARGIE.—There are no ladies six feet tall in pictures. Katherine MacDonald, five feet eight inches tall, and Betty Blythe, five feet eight and a half inches—come nearest to it. Now I suppose you'll go right out and station your six feet no inches outside the nearest film studio.

V. J., TORONTO.—Madame Alla Nazimova has completed her Metro contract. Write to her here and it will be forwarded. She is still married to Charles Bryant, her leading man in many of her pictures. Marguerite Courtot, Pathe; Norma Talmadge, Talmadge studio; Anita Stewart, Mayer studio.

MILDRED, MAYWOOD.—Our United States Patent Office has issued more than a million patents and there is a total of only three million for the entire world. Looks like we're an inventive nation. Kenneth Harlan in "Dangerous Business" and "Mama's Affair" with Constance Talmadge. Harlan is not married. He was divorced from Salome Jane Harlan some time ago.

JUST EIGHTEEN.—You like Miss Cotton and think she should be starred. She has been on the screen since 1918, but was on the stage before that. Miss Cotton is still Miss Cotton.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A GIRL'S CLUB.—If your letter was not answered, it was because you did not give your name and address, broke one or all of the rules at the head of my department or asked questions which had been answered before. Olive and Alma Tell are sisters; that is their real name; they don't give their respective ages, but they are not twins. The Tells were born here and educated abroad. Betty Blythe has no children. Neither has Enid Bennett—although I have heard that the stork is on its way to the Bennett-Niblo household.

FATHER OF SIX.—You say you deserve a lot of credit for your family. I would say that you can't very well get along without it. Colleen Moore a great emotional actress? I wouldn't go so far as to say that. Miss Moore is a clever little girl, and pretty, too, but she is not exactly a Bernhardt. Elliott Dexter, Lasky, Hollywood.

MILDRED.—Thanks for the picture of you in your new hat, which you think is so becoming to you. Yes, I think it is more becoming to you than you are to it. Mabel Normand's new picture is "Molly O," for Mack Sennett. Mabel is not married.

L. M., JERSEY CITY.—You want me to tell jokes to you as I do to all the others. I didn't know I did. However, here's a joke which is not new or original, but which I think is charming. A little girl was at Sunday School where the teacher was explaining the lesson. "This is Peter," she said, pointing to a picture. "Oh," said the little girl in a surprised voice, "I thought Peter was a rabbit!" That is what I call a real joke. Ethel Grandin is twenty-five; Charles Chaplin thirty-one.

HELEN.—Tom Gallery is Mr. Zasu Pitts. He is in Vitagraph's picturization of George Randolph Chester's "The Son of Wallingford." Tom was born in 1896, which seems to be a popular year for movie folks to be born in, has brown hair and grey eyes.

ETHEL M. J.—What a nice cheerful creature you are. I suppose you find comfort in that little line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Florence LaBadie was the star of "The Million-Dollar Mystery." She was killed in a motor accident in 1917. Miss LaBadie was one of the most popular stars.

A. L., PA.—According to some people not so well-informed as they might be, Vincent Blasco Ibanez has written two horse stories "The Four Horsemen" and "Mare Nostrum." Pearl White is the only moving picture actress whom the Spanish writer knows personally and whom he is going to write into a new book, according to report. Edith Johnson has light brown hair and eyes; she is twenty-five.

EDWIN C. M., CHICAGO.—Thanks, thanks, said he salaaming. Mighty nice of you to say those things, and I really appreciate it all. Lillian and Dorothy Gish will be featured, not starred, with Joseph Schilkraut in "The Two Orphans." D. W. Griffith is always the advertised "star" of his own productions. Dorothy is Mrs. James Rennie. Lillian is not married.

CURIOUS.—Your originality is positively startling. The late Cyrus Townsend Brady wrote "The Island of Regeneration," in which Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno starred in the old Vitagraph days. Miss Storey made two pictures for Robertson-Cole and then left the screen again. Wish she'd come back; I've always liked her.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARGARET M. M.—The Bible is printed in 650 different languages and dialects. There are twelve editions of it for the blind alone. Yes, Eileen Sedgwick has completely recovered from an operation for appendicitis. She was born in 1896. Estelle Taylor is twenty-one years old. I can't convey to Estelle your good wishes at present, as she is at this writing motoring through New England on her vacation. Later, I will.

RICARDO G., MANILA.—Your letter was not too long. But your name was, so I've abbreviated it considerably. Don't mind, do you? Doris May married Wallace MacDonald on May 5, 1921. A serial called "The Whirlwind" was made by the Allgood Pictures Corp. of 1472 Broadway, N. Y. C. That company must have confidence in itself. You might address Edith Thornton there. I have no recent information regarding her.

Mary Pickford Never Went to College

YET she is the Queen of the Movies, America's Sweetheart; she has perhaps accomplished more, been a finer influence for good, than any other woman of modern times. If Mary Pickford had gone to college, would she have been a better actress, a more popular personality, a more gracious human being? What do you think? You'll find the question answered in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY.

RAY W., ST. LOUIS.—Surely—come right in, there's plenty of room. For improvement, did I hear you ask? Seena Owen is playing the leading role in Cosmopolitan's new production of Arthur Somers Roche's story, "Find the Woman." Betty Compson, Lasky. Eugene O'Brien, Selznick.

KATHERINE B., REDWOOD CITY, CAL.—Confucius died at the age of seventy-two. He believed that man should "slight nothing, forget nothing, leave nothing to chance, nor should he say, 'this is good enough.'" Another saying was: "What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others." Dorothy Phillips and Sonia Markova are widely different persons. Miss Markova's real name is Gretchen Hartman—in fact, she doesn't exist any more, now that Miss Hartman uses her own title. In private life she's Mrs. Alan Hale, and the mother of a baby boy.

R. S., OKLAHOMA.—Eva Novak was a star for Universal, but only had a six months' contract with that company and did not renew. She is now playing leads at Fox. It's Jane, not Eva, to whom Bill Hart is engaged. "The Last Trail" was Eva's final U picture. Jane was formerly Mrs. Frank Newburgh, but is now divorced. She has a small daughter.

SYLVIA.—I am one of the commending swains. I haven't one of those long-suffering dispositions you speak of, I do tell the truth, and I deny that all my correspondents are foolish. Not all of them. Eugene O'Brien does deserve better stories than Selznick gives him—I agree with you. He used to be great opposite Norma Talmadge.

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| .. Headache | .. Flat Feet | .. Gastritis |
| .. Thinness | .. Stomach | .. Heart Weakness |
| .. Rupture | .. Disorders | .. Poor Circulation |
| .. Lunbago | .. Constipation | .. Skin Disorders |
| .. Neuritis | .. Biliousness | .. Despondency |
| .. Neuralgia | .. Torpid Liver | .. Round Shoulders |
| .. Flat Chest | .. Indigestion | .. Lung Troubles |
| .. Deformity | .. Nervousness | .. Stoop Shoulders |
| .. (Describe) | .. Poor Memory | .. Muscular |
| .. Successful Marriage | .. Rhenmatism | .. Development |
| | .. Manhood | .. Great Strength |
| | Restored | |

Name.....
Age..... Occupation.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

LORAINÉ.—What is Wally Reid's speaking voice? Why, it's a—a voice. You know—just like any other voice. That is, it sounds so to me. But then, perhaps I am not properly appreciative. You should meet Mr. Reid and find out. How can you meet him? Don't ask me.

T. E. P., CINCINNATI.—You want to see me. Well, if you did see me you wouldn't know me from Adam. Except, maybe, that I will be wearing more. I can't tell you the names of all the photoplays in which Dick Barthelmess has appeared—not that I don't know them, but because we would have to get out a special edition for your answer, and that isn't being done right now. However, his first work was with Nazimova in "War Brides," and his later releases were with Marguerite Clark. At present he has his own company, making "Tol'able David." Married to Mary Hay, the little dancer.

PEG H., PITTSBURGH.—So you think I am very wise and very patient to answer all those letters. I am very wise to answer all those letters, if that's what you mean. I would find myself sitting on the cold hard pavement if I didn't. But I really liked your letter, and appreciate your kind thoughts of me and my wife. As I haven't any wife, I have taken all the kind thoughts home with me, where they are piled up in three corners of my hall-bedroom. Write again.

M. C. F.—Most of us like to talk and write about ourselves, but few of us will admit it. I am one of the few exceptions. The others are the twenty thousand who write in to me. "The Kid" marked Jackie Coogan's initial screen appearance. This picture was made in 1920. Norma and Constance Talmadge, Talmadge studios. Conrad Nagel, Lasky, Hollywood. All three are married.

PAULINE.—You address me "Dear sir or whoever reads this letter." I regret to say that I read it; if I hadn't, it might not have answered. Ralph Kellard, not Robert. I believe he isn't married. He was born in 1887, and his address is Post Road, Rye, N. Y.

CLARICE.—You say you just love Hope Hampton. I don't mind telling you that I don't blame you. Hope made a personal appearance in your city. Robert Gordon is married to Alma Francis. Gordon is now playing the leading role in "The Rosary," for Selig-Rork. Douglas McLean's wife is a non-professional. Wallace Reid was *Eric Trent*, the young English Captain, in "Joan the Woman."

L. M. V., KANSAS.—I didn't take a vacation, because I don't believe in theft. You ask me which I prefer, the mountains or the seashore. I think I should prefer the seashore, but I have never had a chance to find out. Address Vivian Martin at the Shubert Theater, New York City, where she is playing in "Just Married." Vivian's latest picture is "Pardon my French." She is married and has a little daughter. Mary Miles Minter's engagement has been denied by Mary's grandmother, who ought to know.

LAZY LUKE.—I wouldn't say you were lazy, looking at your letter. A lazy man couldn't think of so many questions. Gladys Leslie appeared recently in "Jim the Penman," "Straight Is the Way," and "God's Country and the Law," in which she is starred. She is married.

A FUTURE CORRESPONDENT.—I don't quite see how you can be a future correspondent when you're among those present, but I suppose it's all right. Florence Lawrence was born in 1896, has golden hair and blue eyes, was married in May, 1912, to Charles Woodring, and was the first movie queen. Her first picture since her return to film activity is "The Unfoldment," not yet released. May McAvoy is probably the "newest" star, as she was elevated to stellar position in 1921.

ROSE.—The favorite roll of most actors is the one he gets on pay-day. Dorothy Davenport, Wallace Reid's wife, was born in 1895. Hope Hampton is twenty-two. Eva Novak is twenty; Jane twenty-five. Harold Lloyd was born in 1892.

ELSIE, FORT WAYNE.—There is a story about Bob Jones in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. We are always only too glad to have stories about the stars you want. Mr. Jones is married. Thanks for all your bouquets.

B. B., MASS.—It was really too bad of you to send me a picture of your garden without herself in it, although you say you are standing between the sun-dial and the fountain. I can't even see the sun-dial. "Smiling Billy" Parsons died of heart trouble. Bill Hart isn't dead; he has merely retired. And at that they say it's only a Bernhardt, as he plans to come back in February. Not that we won't all be glad to see him back—but why the retirement stuff?

ALBERTA J.—John Robertson is in England now conferring with Sir James Barrie about "Peter Pan" and who will play it. If Mary Pickford can't, I'd vote for May McAvoy, the *Grisel* of "Sentimental Tommy" which Robertson directed. Jack Pickford will make "A Tailor-Made Man" for his own company. Elaine Hammerstein is her real name; she is the daughter of Arthur and the grand-daughter of Oscar of the same house.

F. M. E. K., JERSEY CITY.—You say the foot that used to rock the cradle is now stepping on the accelerator. I suppose there is some truth in that. Thomas Mee-an, Lasky, Hollywood. Tom was born in 1884; Eugene O'Brien is three years older than Tom. I hope you are good at figures.

H. S. C., NORFOLK.—I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your letter. If my answers have given you half the pleasure your letter has given me, I am fully repaid. You want Winifred Greenwood, the motion picture actress, to communicate with her sister, at 411 East Freemason Street, Norfolk, Va. If you do not hear from her, write to her care Lasky, Hollywood, where she was playing some time ago. I haven't her present address.

ALICE E. H.—You ask too many questions. Enclose stamped addressed envelope and I'll answer the others by mail. Douglas and William Fairbanks are not related. Mary Miles Minter is nineteen; May McAvoy twenty; Doug thirty-eight; Viola Dana twenty-four; Ethel Clayton thirty.

JUAN DE LA CRUZ, MANILA.—I'm always pleased to hear from you—in fact, you are one of my favorite correspondents. You remember you sent me those beautiful neckties. Your questions happen to be answered elsewhere this month—all except the pronouncement of Carl Laemmle, Universal's president. It is Lemlee, accenting the first syllable.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

FLUFFY, MELBOURNE, ENGLAND.—I don't mind your writing a bit—either in chirography or sentiment. Particularly the sentiment. I like to be told I'm liked. Ann Little, Berwilla studios, Hollywood, Cal.

THE BAT.—When you come to New York, look me up. I am singular, not plural. I have no assistance in answering my letters, although I may need it. Madge Kennedy may return to the screen in the fall; at present she is vacationing. She is married to Harold Bolster, a business man. Martha Mansfield was introduced as a Selznick star in "The Fourth Sin." Martha is appearing in vaudeville in New York this summer. Louise Huff is in the cast of "Disraeli," which George Arliss is making for United Artists release. If you can't come in, write.

C. W. R., OTTAWA.—The reason, my friend, that you never received a reply was that you did not favor me with your address. I am sorry. Tom Mix, Fox western. George Walsh appears in "Serenade," under his brother Raoui's direction and opposite Miriam Cooper, who in private life is Mrs. R. A. Walsh.

MARY E. SMITH, NEWPORT.—A few wonders of the modern world are the airplane, radium, telephone, wireless, and motion pictures. Of the medieval world, the Great Wall of China, the leaning tower of Pisa, the Catacombs of Alexander, and the Coliseum of Rome. Of the ancient world: the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the pyramids of Egypt. The class is now dismissed. I suppose you know that the motion picture is able to reproduce many of these wonders of all times for you and me to see, safe in the comfort of a photoplay palace? Earle Rodney, Christie. Nell Shipman Productions, 17 West 44th Street, New York.

HELEN.—Norman Kerry's picture will go into our next rotogravure section just to please you (and several hundred other girls). Kerry plays Blackie Daw in Cosmopolitan's production of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," under direction of Frank Borzage. Sam Hardy plays the title role, with Doris Kenyon and Billie Dove as the girls. Address Rupert Hughes, Goldwyn studios, Culver City, Cal. Hughes is writing the original stories and scenarios of his pictures for Goldwyn, and he is going to direct too. Recent Hughes films are "The Old Nest"—the fiction version of which appeared in September PHOTOPLAY—and "Dangerous Curve Ahead."

LOUIS S., NEW YORK CITY.—I can't tell you how much I liked your letter, for fear you would accuse me of sarcasm, flattery, or what have you. But—I enjoyed it and hope you'll write much and often. Your question is answered elsewhere.

PHILIP R. D.—May Allison's home address is not known to us, but her age is. This does not sound probable, but I assure you it is. She was born in 1895, and may be addressed at the Metro studios, Hollywood. It is rumored Miss Allison is leaving Metro, but I have not heard confirmation as yet.

BEATRICE.—You are evidently looking for a Dante to immortalize you. But Jack Holt is married, my dear. Address him Lasky, Hollywood. Ethel Clayton has no children; she was born in 1890. Miss Clayton in "The Thirteenth Commandment". You bet I like her.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A FAN, IDAHO.—You tell me a riddle, and then answer it in the same letter. You say the reason why a girl is like an automobile is that both have to have the old paint scraped off before the new paint can be put on. I didn't know that—about girls, I mean. No mention is made of a page in the cast of "A Damsel in Distress," in which June Caprice and Creighton Hale appeared.

MRS. E. P., NEVADA.—The cast of Goldwyn's "The Branding Iron," which, by the way, was a good, strong picture, follows; and don't mention it: *Joan Carver*—Barbara Castleton; *Pierre Landis*—James Kirkwood; *John Carver*—Russell Simpson; *Prosper Gael*—Richard Tucker; *Jasper Morena*—Sydney Ainsworth; *Betty Morena*—Gertrude Astor; *Rev. Holliswell*—Albert Roscoe; *Maude Upper*—Joan Standing; *Wen Ho*—Louie Cheung.

PERSISTENT PERCY.—You say you have a painting which is quite a new departure. Well—let me see you do it. I am really sorry that I cannot accept—and pay for—landscapes in four colors, but I am not the Editor, and he doesn't use landscapes anyway.

H. D. C.—Bessie Love enrolled as a member of the summer school at the University of Southern California. Mary Anderson is Charles Ray's leading woman in "Two Minutes To Go." Mr. and Mrs. House Peters have a baby son. Charles Chaplin's new picture is "The Idle Class." Cullen Landis is with Metro playing with Alice Lake in "The Infamous Miss Revell."

H. E. R.—Your grammar isn't so good. The latest interview in PHOTOPLAY with Tom Meighan was September, 1920. Tom's a very good friend of mine and I like him immensely. He always drops in to see me when he's in town. He is married to Frances Ring, sister of Blanche; was born in Pittsburgh in 1887; went on the stage after leaving college (his parents wanted him to be a physician but young Tom didn't see it that way). He first appeared with Henrietta Crosman in "Mistress Nell." Later he appeared in stock for two years, toured with Elsie de Wolf, William Collier, David Warfield and others. His first film work was for Lasky, where he is today as a star in "The Fighting Hope."

ERMINIE.—Aren't you fancy! By the way, I saw the revival of "Erminie" in New York some months ago and enjoyed it hugely. Francis Wilson, Madge Lessing and De Wolf Hopper were in it, and a good time was enjoyed by everybody. I don't know what became of "that cute little Howard Ralston" who played *Jimmy* in Mary's "Pollyanna," but I do know that if he reads what you call him, he will never come back.

C. P., PHILADELPHIA.—Fannie Ward will be forty-six on November 23, 1921. She looks about twenty-six. I don't mind telling you that my birthday is also November 23. I am not the same age as Miss Ward. No—I won't tell you the difference. I repeat: November 23. Have you all got that firmly fixed in your minds?

MARIE, OHIO.—You are most unusual, or a fortune-teller has told you that you are. Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy, on May 6, 1895. He is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds. Valentino has the title role in Paramount's "The Sheik." He was married to Jane Acker; divorced.

OLIVE MARY.—I have disregarded your request to print only your initials because if I don't disregard a request once in a while I shall become downtrodden and oppressed, and I wouldn't like that; I am not a Russian. Pearl White's real hair is red, so they tell me, but I have never seen it. Miss White wears a blonde wig on the screen. Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed." Ethel Clayton in "Wealth."

A GASTON GLASS ADMIRER.—I will be glad to resemble M. Glass if you'll like me any better. The question is, how does one go about it? M. Glass has beautiful black hair with, if I remember correctly, the slightest suggestion of a wave in it. I have very brown and very straight hair. However, sometimes barbers can help a fellow a lot. By the way, the last time I was in a barber shop who should walk in but two young ladies—both with bobbed hair! They had a hair-cut and a shampoo. Isn't there any place a man can have a little peace—not to mention a shave? Apparently not. I understand all the girls are doing it now. M. Glass and I have one thing in common—neither of us is married.

FLUFFY OF MELBOURNE.—Thanks for your good wishes. Nice of you not to want to bother me, but if you don't bother me occasionally I won't have any job. The more correspondents the merrier, you know. Ann Little, Berwill Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Ann is not married.

LOLA.—You are faithful to PHOTOPLAY, the Gish sisters and me. I must say you have good taste. Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, but he is divorced. Constance Talmadge is twenty-two. Her latest picture is "Good-for-Nothing," written by the Emersons, John and Anita. If you mean Buck Jones when you say "that handsome cowboy," he is with Fox, in Hollywood. I agree that Lillian Gish is a perfect dear, even if she never sent me her picture with "All my love" written on it.

MRS. BEN.—I agree with you. Even if I didn't, I would say so. You do not seem to be a lady one can disagree with with impunity—which means getting away with it. Bebe Daniels is not married. She has had a variety of screen leading men: Jack Holt, Jack Mulhall and Harry Myers, to mention a few.

ELDA.—I've read that the Emperor of Japan has twenty men to carry his umbrella. At least thirty men have carried mine. Mary Anderson in Morsco's "The Half Breed." Mary is Mrs. Pliny Goodfriend. Charlotte Walker did "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" for the films some years ago. Ethel Grandin with Gareth Hughes in Metro's "The Hunch."

R. B. I., GERMANTOWN, PA.—Bless your heart—I had no intention of not answering you. If all my letters were as nice as yours, I would be almost happy. Theodore Roberts will, I am sure, send you a picture if you address him care the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Miss A. T.—Marriage may not be a failure, but the bride never gets the best man. You know that as well as I do. Awfully glad you are going to be married. Congratulations and all that sort of thing. Gladys Walton is married; address her Universal City, Cal. Florence Turner, same company. The Mack Sennett company is at Edendale, Cal.

(Concluded on page 127)

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded from page 125)

S. L., STAMFORD.—So you wish vacation were over. *You do?* All you have to do, you say, is eat, drink, and be merry. I wish that was all I had to do. Bert Lytell was born in New York City—when, he doesn't divulge. He's five feet ten tall. Lucy Cotton and Virginia Valli are his latest lovely leading ladies. Evelyn Vaughn is his wife.

ELLIS B., OMAHA.—You envy me all the work I do, getting to see and speak to all the film people? My dear, with all the work I do, I don't get time to see and speak to the film people. Katherine MacDonald has her own studio in Los Angeles. Cecil deMille's new picture is a filmization of Leonard Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady," retitled "Fool's Paradise." The story appears in this issue of Photoplay. It features Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris, and Conrad Nagel. Julia Faye is in the cast.

CURIOS, HARTFORD.—Well, I wish you weren't so curious. Here, however, is the cast of "Scarlet Days"—which is so long I've saved your other questions for next month. *Alvarez*, Richard Barthelmess; *Chiquita*, Clarine Seymour; *Rosy Nell*, Eugenie Besserer; *Her Daughter*, Carol Dempster; *John Randolph*, Ralph Graves; *King Bagley*, Walter Long.

FLORENCE J., ST. LOUIS.—You wonder why your three letters were never answered? Because you declined to give your real name and address. Don't malign me because I follow my own rules. I don't ask much of you; merely your identification as an evidence of good faith; but evidently that was too much for you. Your latest epistle gave all the details which I do not ask: the color of your hair and eyes. Nevertheless: James Kirkwood, Ann Forest and Alice Hollister had the leading roles in "A Wise Fool," a Paramount production directed by George Melford, released in June, 1921. Studio addresses are found in the Studio Directory, published monthly in this Magazine.

L. L. C., PENNSYLVANIA.—Arthur Johnston, who co-starred with Lottie Briscoe in the old Lubin days, has been dead some years. He was a fine actor. Miss Briscoe is not acting any more. They made a great team, didn't they?

M. MAX L.—Rolf Armstrong paints all of PHOTOPLAY's covers. He is noted for his fine color work. He has a studio in downtown Manhattan. Carlyle Blackwell is in vaudeville now. He is divorced from Mrs. Blackwell, who is a sister of Gretchen Hartman—Mrs. Alan Hale. By the way, the Hale's have a baby son.

BILLY, TEXAS.—I cannot read Chinese writing but I can read yours which is almost as interesting. Gladys Walton was born in Boston in 1904, was educated in Portland, Oregon, and played in Universal comedies with Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons, the now extinct comedy team, before that company started her. She is married to Frank Riddell.

VIVIA GENEVIEVE.—You sound as if you'd just stepped out of a novel by George Joseph McChambers. Joyce Moore is not related to Alice Joyce. Miss Joyce, who is in real life Mrs. James Regan, Jr., has retired for a while to await an event of unusual importance in the Regan, Jr. household. Mary MacLaren married? Nothing so alliterative. She's not married or engaged. Mary is very young—about twenty, I think. Frank Mayo in "The Magnificent Brute" and "The Fighting Lover." What virile titles!

JACQUELINE, WILKES-BARRE.—Actresses by the name of Jacqueline? Well, there's Jacqueline Logan, the former Follies beauty who has played leads for Allan Dwan and Lasky; and then there is Jacqueline Saunders, who needs no introduction under her well-known nickname of Jackie.

ISABELLA.—Julian Eltinge made a number of pictures for Paramount. He is scheduled to appear soon in a screen version of "The Fascinating Widow," but I don't know when it will be released. He's been in vaudeville during the past year. Eltinge is not married.

WILLIAM F., NEW YORK.—Thelma Salter is not in films at present. I suspect she is at the awkward age right now, but she will doubtless return to the screen when she is a full-fledged young lady. Frank Keenan has been devoting his time to stage productions. He presented "John Ferguson" on the west coast and is now preparing a revival of "Rip Van Winkle." I doubt if a studio would grant your request for a strip of films. Photographs used in lobby displays are stills, not reproductions from film.

C. B., TEXAS.—Charles Ray is, I believe, an only child. However, if he happens to have a brother or sister somewhere, you won't like him any the less, will you?

MARIAN M., HOLLYWOOD.—If Eugene O'Brien has not married since I wrote an answer about him an hour ago, then Eugene O'Brien isn't married.

MARJORY.—I suppose Percy Marmont has an age, but he doesn't give it. Mr. Marmont is married and has several children. Monte Blue is, too—married, I mean. Blue was born in 1890. Casson Ferguson opposite Betty Compson in her first stellar production for Paramount: "At the End of the World." Betty has the world at her feet, if that has anything to do with it.

H. K.—George Webb was the deep, triple-dyed villain in "Black Beauty." In spite of his hounding her in that picture, Jean Paige is coming back in a new Vitagraph. David Powell was born in 1884. He doesn't divulge his wife's name except to say that it is Mrs. David Powell.

MISTY.—You certainly are. John Barrymore has brown eyes, so you win the bet. What was it—that picture of him in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY? It's worth framing, I must admit. Mrs. Barrymore was Mrs. Leonard Thomas before her marriage to John, and before that, Miss Blanche Oelrichs. The John Barrymores have a baby daughter, born March 3, 1921.

R. D., CAIRO.—Priscilla Dean in Cairo, Illinois? Not that I know of. Priscilla hasn't even been to the Egyptian Cairo. She is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. Mary Miles Minter is vacationing—not working—in Europe. She was accompanied abroad by her mother and her sister, Marguerite Shelby. Mary isn't married. Bebe Daniels in "Two Weeks with Pay" and "One Wild Week."

GLADYS, WAXAHACHIE, TEX.—You don't know how to pronounce Carl Laemmle? Well, I'm not sure I do either. Suppose you try it: Lem-lee, with accent on the lem. Dick Barthelmess accents the first syllable of his last name. Betty Compson has no brothers or sisters that I know of, but then I might not know of them. You might write and ask her, care Lasky studio in Hollywood.



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PHOTOPLAY

November
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Are Women's Colleges Old Maid Factories?

A remarkable story of a search for Beauty—Page 50



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XX

No. 5

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Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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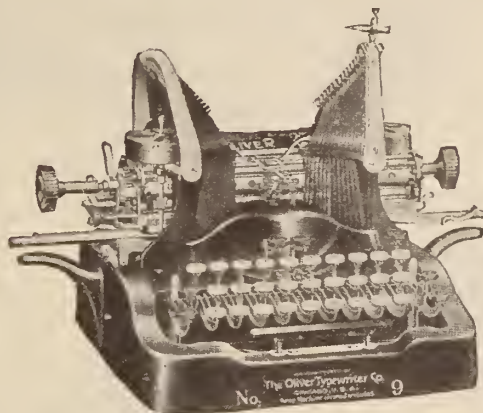
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How satisfying *then* if you can be absolutely confident of your fresh, clear complexion. How reassuring if you can be certain that your skin is free from unsightly blemishes, that it glows with radiant health. How truly do you realize at such a time that a wonderful complexion, after all, is the one thing that contributes most to charm and attractiveness.

You can attain the radiance and bloom of a clear, wholesome skin. You can gain the confidence that comes from a charming complexion, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin today to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream regularly.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream does more than the ordinary face cream. It has an exclusive

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FACE POWDER

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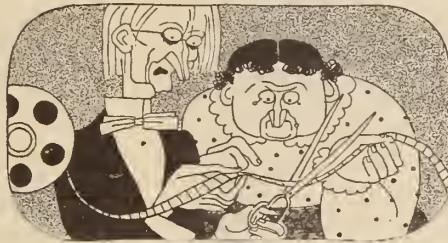
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The "Don't" Men

HUMAN beings are of two kinds, creators and destroyers. You can't be neutral. If you seem to do neither, you really destroy, for you consume, like a parasite, that which has been created by others. Man cannot live the life of a cocoon, wrapped in silky seclusion. That is death. So long as he lives he must either make or unmake, must build up or tear down, must increase or deplete the world's total of wealth and happiness.

He whose existence is guided by the word "Don't" is a destroyer. If he does happen to do a thing, it is half-heartedly, imperfectly, with fear of failure inviting failure to attend his efforts. But worse than that, he is a drag upon the creators. He holds them back, with all his strength, which, pitiful though it may be, impedes progress just so much.

The average censor is a "Don't" man. He is a destroyer. He is a coward, afraid of life, afraid of truth, afraid of his own shadow. He has a nasty mind, which can find in the purest kiss the germs of the lowest passions, and in the loftiest tragedy only a smutty yarn. He measures life by rule of thumb, forgetting the saying of the Teacher, "I am come that ye shall have life, and that ye shall have it more abundantly." The censor does not want more abundant life. He wants life cramped between the narrow parallels of his own insignificant mind.

Thus, lacking manhood and womanhood, they become timorous, pitiful creatures. Whatever is virile, whatever is upstanding and full of the zests of life, whatever transcends the milk-and-water philosophy of the old-fashioned copy-book, throws them into a panic, and they scream "Don't!"

Yet, spineless as they are, they do not trust the public to choose for itself. They pretend that their weakness is strength, and their fear is courage. With all the fanatical intolerance of witch-burners, they strive to impale ideas upon the tridents in their self-made hells. And so they destroy, destroy, destroy.

Recently Governor Miller of New York appointed a state commission of three State censors, politicians every one of them. Not content with following a prescribed set of rules, these people go beyond and condemn a picture because it "lacks artistic merit."

Could anything be more ridiculous?

How can we hope for better pictures when producers are harassed by the supervision of petty minds so overcrowded with cheap politics, prejudices and ignorance? Can you imagine the man or woman with a really great mind becoming a moving picture censor?

Away with these censors, these "Don't" men. The world needs elbow room for the creators.

COMING BACK AT FRIEND HUSBAND

By

MRS. WALLACE REID
(Dorothy Davenport)

to be universalists in spite of iron-clad contracts—and all other cases have their own peculiarities.

But those of us who have survived the first line trenches have gathered some general truths by way of ammunition and have discovered where some of the mines lying hidden may be of assistance to our fellow sufferers. Ignorance is the mother of most matrimonial ailments.

Therefore, while Elinor Glyn has suggested a Charm School for young ladies, I should like to suggest a School of Pre-Marital Training, an educational branch that is being overlooked. Where every bride-to-be could study dependable works on child psychology and rearing of infants, since taking a child to raise and marriage are identical in most respects.

If anything ever happens to Wally, I shall apply for a position as matron of an orphan asylum.

For, being married to a man who has been fortunate enough to become a popular screen favorite, has certainly had its merits as an eye-opener on men and women and marriage. I hate to hear a woman brag about her own husband, but it would be but false modesty to deny that other women besides myself have

admired Wally on the screen. Which is a business and personal asset I should be the last to deny.

Also, I have been told that he is considered quite handsome. Personally, I like my son Bill's looks much better. Mothers are that way.

However, all this being true, and stated with as much modesty as I have at my command, let me tell you that it has kept "Mama"—as Wally always has and always will call me—reading her little book in order to work out a happy home for the three of us.

The few remarks which I am about to make are not personal in any sense of the word. They are gleaned from my eight years of experience as Mrs. Wallace Reid. I have had some unique experiences in those eight years. Many of them, Wally himself does not know. I have found girls hidden in almost every conceivable place in my house. I have been mother confessor to women who began with the idea of being my successor to the position (without consulting Mr. Reid). I have occasionally had an unpleasant experience.

Girls—I have stumbled across many of you in these last eight years. I do think I understand a lot about you. I've only just hit the quarter-century mark myself. It is love—not man—that you are seeking, that all girls are seeking. You dream dreams and you see visions, and your heart seeks something to hang them on. You find this in some man who looks and acts as you hope your Prince Charming will look and act when he comes.

That's great. I'm tickled to death when you find it in Wally. Really, he's very nice. He's a lot of bother and a great deal of care, and he's intensely human and young and he *will* play the saxophone. He has a bad habit of making plans and forgetting them, and leaving me holding the sack. But outside of that, he's a pretty good husband—if there is such a thing.



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, and William Wallace, known week-days as Bill. Mrs. Reid, by the way, is soon to appear in a new picture. She was a celebrated screen actress when she was Dorothy Davenport.

NOT so long ago my husband undertook to tell the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE how to hold a wife. He didn't say whose, but let that pass.

It has taken me sometime to digest his remarks. Besides, it's one of my matrimonial rules never to answer my husband without counting ten, especially if I somewhat disagree with him.

My theory is that wives are not held at all. Man has no more to do with terminating a marriage than he has with continuing it. Wives either decide to stay married or to try Reno for their indigestion. It is often not so difficult to hold a husband as to want to hold him.

Now I am a firm advocate of marriage. I have been married—to my first and only husband—for eight years. I do not believe in tooting the trumpet of connubial bliss too vociferously. I always distrust a married woman who talks too much about her happiness, as I distrust a man who talks too much about his honesty. On the other hand, I can say without fear of contradiction that Wally and I don't insult each other in public and have kept out of the Sunday Supplements.

Our marriage has been what is called successful—and when I say that I'm handing myself the cut-glass bathing suit because I honestly consider that marriage rests entirely with the woman.

Marriage—with a few modifications perhaps—will continue to toddle along, statistics and prophecies aside. Because while there may be only one happy marriage in a hundred, that one is a supreme happiness that nothing else can furnish. Inconstancy in love may give some passing thrills, but constancy furnishes the only real happiness.

In the last analysis, it is all purely an individual problem.

Old men marry chickers as men who cannot read buy books, for their friends to enjoy—beautiful women continue

And I know from experience that a husband is the universal panacea for girlhood's troubles.

But remember—not about Wally, nor about screen stars in general—but about your own man when he comes. The duration of a love affair is nearly always in proportion to the length of a woman's resistance. I refused Wally three times. The first time I meant it. The second time I had to be consistent. The third time I meant—yes.

The great trouble with the modern girl—the modern woman—is that her equality has made her too easy to obtain, too easy of access. Thus she interferes not only with her own business but with that of a lot of wives. Make them win you if they want you. Don't fall into their arms the first time they shake the tree.

And remember a pretty table heaped with goodies looks a lot more alluring before you've eaten than afterwards.

God endowed me so far as I am able to judge with only three requisites for my job—red hair, a sense of humor and the desire to mother everything in the world from my nine stray dogs and three stray cats, to my husband. With these few advantages, so often ignored by the woman who cannot see any charm except that conceived in the Rue de la Paix and executed in the boudoir, I have managed to stagger along and be darn happy.

So here goes.

This young man—Mr. Wallace Reid—says in his recent article in PHOTOPLAY that if you can get your wife to go on record as believing it's a wife's duty to give her husband a large helping of freedom, she will gladly live up to that. Maybe! But gentlemen, take it from my husband's wife that it might be only because she had fish of her own to fry. A lot of smart men go through married life wearing blinders. Many nice little scenes such as my husband seems to think are conducted by wives merely as emotional exhausts, are staged by the weaker sex with a definite purpose in view.

Anyway, to me, such an idea suggests a mother who lets her child play with a button hook because it amuses him and she's too busy reading a novel to take it away from him. I'm always afraid of a wife who is too nice. I like to see a self-respecting woman who can speak her little piece if she isn't properly treated. There's always something wrong somewhere with a woman who takes too much "program" from her husband.

The feminine secret of success lies in never letting a man know how obvious he is. Heaven bless 'em, how obvious they are. But never let them know you don't find them subtle as a Tallyrand. The means by which Wally and Billy attain their ends are so similar it is to giggle.

Dot and Wally, having a little harmony in the music room of their new Beverly Hills home. Mrs. Reid says, in her story: "I have been married to my first and only husband for eight years, and I can say without fear of contradiction that Wally and I don't insult each other in public and have kept out of the Sunday Supplements."

Extracts from an article on "How to Hold a Wife," by Wallace Reid, in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE:

THERE may be a lot of ways to make a man happy, but there's just one way to make a woman happy and that's to love her.

IF you can get your wife publicly to go on record that she "believes it a wife's duty to give her husband all the freedom he desires," you'll find she'll stay put and consequently manage to be happy about a lot of things that would otherwise open the tear ducts.

WOMEN do not grow tired of love. It is an appetite that grows with gratifying

WOMAN is still pagan enough to want her love-life symbolized. The little daily attention, the simple flattery of small gifts, of amusements arranged with an eye to her tastes, or remembrances of her desires are, to her, "outward signs of an inward grace." She is more capable of getting joy from small things.

A MAN actually desires above all things to be sure of his wife's faithfulness.

IF a man is unfortunate enough to find that he has frozen his wife into the arms of another man, he shouldn't run for a gun; he should run for another woman.

A WOMAN wants you to love her because she is beautiful, not think her beautiful because you love her.

THE tree of marriage needs a lot of pruning.

A HUSBAND must be prepared for a certain number of scenes. The uncivilized feminine nature revels in scenes and the wise husband must help his wife to enjoy herself as much as possible.

TRREAT her advice and opinions with infinite respect. A woman loves to believe she is responsible for a man's success. (Especially, says Mrs. Reid, if it happens to be true.)



Yet neither of them has a suspicion that "Mama" is not completely fooled by their deep masculine sagacity.

Ladies, ladies, just one word I pray thee note. Just one word that blocks nearly every complaint a man has to make of a good wife. Just one word that if adhered to will give you the whip hand on every occasion. Tact. TACT. And its twin sister, good taste.

Tears are no longer any advantage to woman. Cheerfulness is the greatest gift Hymen can bestow. Fortunately I never cry except from rage.

Of a certainty, man likes to be sure of his wife's fidelity, not only because it convinces him of her moral soundness, but it proves his superlative attractiveness. Therefore an occasional period of uncertainty gives him a much needed stimulus. And while women do adore the bonbons of life—the small frills and flattering attentions—don't forget a piece of bread and butter and a little meat once in a while, in the shape of trust, affection and companionship.

It may be a wise thing for a man who finds he has driven his wife into (Continued on page 106)



Photograph by Frank Diem

The Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey, the romantic, hard-working young hero of "The Two Orphans"—played by Joseph Schildkraut.

HE was running up and down stairs. He'd run up, stop a minute, and run down again. And oh, yes, he had a young lady with him. In one arm he was carrying the young lady and with the other he was fighting off some rude gentlemen who couldn't see that he had his hands full and were trying to tickle him with swords.

It was a warm day. That is, you might have called it warm if you weren't running up and down stairs. Then you would have called it something else. The young man was all dressed up and he was perspiring. In fact, the perspiration was running down his face as fast as he was running up and down stairs.

I felt so sorry for him.

Presently he stopped. He released the young lady. He took out a lace handkerchief and wiped his face. He sighed.

"That's all, right now, Mr. Schildkraut," said D. W. Griffith's sixth assistant.

"THE FUTURE

is the opinion the critics
have of Joseph Schildkraut.
Herein he is introduced to you.

Mr. Schildkraut unbuttoned the diamond buttons of his beautiful brocaded coat. Then he took off his wig. Then he sat down.

I had to interview him. I began.

"Aren't the costumes charming?" I said tactfully.

Joseph Schildkraut is a gentleman.

"Yes, charming," he replied, smiling a rather forced, but still a willing smile, "charming. Of course, they're rather—er—warm, still—"

I had seen him in "Liliom." He plays the Hungarian roughneck, the title role of Franz Molnar's play, produced by the Theater Guild. He gives a superb characterization of the young man who goes to Heaven and then to Hell at the Garrick. People all around you say, "Oh, yes, that's Joseph Schildkraut. He's from Europe, you know. Aren't those Continentals charming?"

And you watch him and think how easy it must be to be a Continental, whatever that means. And you recall that Max Reinhardt called him "the handsomest man in Europe." And you think, "Ah—and in America, too."

"Oh, yes, I like it." Schildkraut was saying; "it means getting up at an unearthly hour in the morning, to get to Mamaroneck from New York by nine, and then of course I'm busy every minute of the day, until six, and it is a rush to get to the theater in time for the evening performance. But I like it very much."

He looks, when he isn't in action on the set, like a young man from a fine family who has dropped into the studio and has had someone say to him, "How'd you like to be an actor? Well, slap on some makeup and get in this scene."

He has been on the stage for years, and years. He's twenty-six now. He played in every capital in Europe, in every play perhaps ever produced in the leading theaters. He made some pictures over there, too. He says they were terrible. Of course he didn't really say terrible; he talks just like a play, or something.

"I may give up the stage for a year, to make pictures," he went on. "I could never give up the stage altogether, but I find the films fascinating. It is my dream, you know, to establish a repertory theater conducted along the lines of those abroad; and give there only the finest plays of the finest playwrights.

The Theater Guild is an American organization which embodies my ideals. I have a contract with them, and will soon do Franz Molnar's new play, 'The Swan,' which is a satire on European royalty, or what was once European royalty."

"Yes," I said. I had noticed that everyone was staring at me. After adjusting my hat and looking around to see if Lillian Gish or some other celebrity wasn't the object of attention I discovered that I was the cynosure of all those eyes because any young lady who talks with Mr. Schildkraut more than ten minutes around the studio is positively disliked. Disliked is a mild word. The extras count their day lost, even their \$7.50, if they aren't in a scene with him. Francis X. Bushman was never like this.

And yet his indifference is amazing. It is almost insolent. He has an extraordinary apathy as to publicity, close-ups, and screen credit. He has none of those little tricks by which

GREAT ACTOR"

By
DELIGHT EVANS

you can almost always recognize the actor. He cannot understand adulation—American brand.

"What difference does it make to the public where an actor lives, what he eats and wears, with whom he lives? So long as he does justice to his roles? It is a great mystery to me. In Europe, the actor has no private life as far as his audiences know. Here, an actor's private life seems to matter more than his ability."

Only several thousand persons have seen "Liliom." Considerably more will see "The Two Orphans," Griffith's new picture. (The figures will all be published in due time.) The New Yorker knows Schildkraut as *Liliom*. The rest of the world will know him as the *Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey*, a delightful young man with a marvelous profile and interesting eyes who goes about rescuing Lillian Gish from the perils of the plot. Miss Gish was the young lady he was rescuing up in the first paragraphs. His first audience went home and talked about him. His new audience will go home and write letters to him. I shall take great pleasure in interviewing Mr. Schildkraut again when his first American picture has been released.

I hope he won't be spoiled. He is, of course, no novice; he has had his share of press notices and verbal bouquets. But he still regards acting as his business. His screen work is a business proposition. He doesn't believe it himself, if you know what I'm driving at.

His ideas on pictures are by no means epoch-making, but his viewpoint is that of the Continental, and therefore of some interest.



Upper Photo by Frank Diem. Lower Photo, Edward Thayer Monroe. Courtesy of the Theater Guild, Inc.

Above, the lovely Lillian Gish, who does the best work of her career as *Henriette*, the elder of the two orphans. To the left, Schildkraut, as he looks in those rare moments when he is not working.

"Three pictures I have seen which rouse my interest," said Schildkraut; "They were 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,' 'Sentimental Tommy,' and 'Broken Blossoms.' The German pictures shown in this country have not, to my mind, been as good as American products. 'The Cabinet' had a definite idea; it attempted and achieved it. The others—I cannot honestly praise. Pola Negri, I understand, has made an amazing success here. It is because of her vivid personality rather than her acting, I think. Henny Porten is the leading screen actress abroad."

He likes Mr. Griffith. He would. I have a feeling that the genial D. W. G. didn't engage him for the role of the *Chevalier* because he is a great actor. The *Chevalier* doesn't have to do a great deal of acting. A part that would be impossible and insipid in the hands of two-thirds of our matinee idols becomes a real, thrilling, and truly romantic role as Schildkraut (Continued on page 109)



ROMANCE FROM MOTH-BALLS

D. W. Griffith has revived
"The Two Orphans."

THERE was a moon. It shone upon the women in their high white wigs and their widespread skirts of silk or satin and their shining shoulders; upon the men, in their gorgeous brocaded coats and curled wigs. It shone upon the three silvery fountains, and the marble statues, and upon the trees, which were after Corot. To the tinkling strains of an old minuet, they danced.

It was France, of the last Louis.

They were curtsying and bowing, their tiny toes twinkling and the silver buckles on their slippers gleaming—

"Just a little more life, boys and girls," came a voice from somewhere. "Just a little more life, children!"

It was Mr. Griffith speaking.

He was on top of a very high platform, with a megaphone—yes, they do use them once in a while—and three cameramen and six assistants. He was enjoying himself. He was watching the lovely, lighted scene with as much pleasure as though he hadn't directed it all himself.



To the left, above, Sheldon Lewis as *Jacques*, and Lucille LaVerne as *Madame Frochard*, in Griffith's revival of the French classic. Directly above, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, as *Louise*, the little blind girl, and *Henriette*. Below, Joseph Schildkraut as the *Chevalier*.



Photography
by
Frank Diem

In fact, Griffith is going to do it again. He is, once more, making a costume picture. And if he doesn't beat the Germans at their own game—making old-time romance live again—quite a few people will be very much surprised. He is resurrecting that noble old story "The Two Orphans," by Adolphe d'Ennery, with a cast that includes Lillian and Dorothy Gish as *Henriette* and *Louise*, the title roles; Joseph Schildkraut, the great young European actor, as the *Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey*; Creighton Hale as *Picard*; Lucille LaVerne as *Madame Frochard*; Sheldon Lewis as *Jacques*; and Frank Puglia as *Pierre*. It ought to make a pretty good picture!

And Theda Bara.

Yes, Theda was there to see "The Two Orphans" being done *right*. You know she did it for Fox some time ago. And she asked to meet Lillian Gish, who was an adorable Little Orphan in a rose-and-lavender costume—one of those demure things that only Lillian can wear—and she asked Lillian how on earth she ever made up that way. You see Miss Gish uses very little makeup. Theda couldn't understand it, because she always, if you remember, blacks her eyes and—oh, well, you remember.

They say that Dorothy Gish is doing her finest work as *Louise*, the little blind girl. Everybody is glad that she has left her black-wig comedies and is playing a part that will give her an opportunity to do something besides pout. And she's doing it. Hers is really the fat part of the picture, and nobody feels better about it than Lillian.



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

GLORIA SWANSON
Was All Curled Up
In a Big Chair,
With the Sun Streaming
On her Reddish Hair.
Are you shocked?
I Thought So.
You Didn't Know
That Gloria
Could Curl Up; and as For
Red Hair, you Didn't Know
She had Any—that it was
Red, I Mean.
She wasn't Wearing
A Pearl Gown and
Her Hair
Wasn't Fixed like a Fiji-Islander's.
The Only Thing
I Recognized
Was her Nose.
I Love that Nose.
Without it, Gloria
Wouldn't Have
Conquered the World—even if
Cecil deMille did
Want to Change it before he
Engaged her.
She
Hasn't an Accent—unless
It's Middle-Western, and
I didn't Notice it.
"How did you Like
"The Great Moment?" "
"Not very Well," said Gloria.
"You Should See
My Baby. She has
Several Teeth. She—"
"What
Do You Think
of Elinor Glyn?"
"We're
Very Good Friends.
I Admire her
Because she has Brains.
I Haven't Any.
I
Have More Fun
With Gloria. Mother Says
She Looks Exactly Like Me
When I was a Baby.
She has my Nose.
Adela Rogers St. Johns and I
Get Together
And Talk about Babies. She
Has Two, you Know.
Would You Like to See
Little Gloria's Pictures?
I Don't Show them to Everybody."
It is a Darling Baby—even if
It didn't Belong
To Gloria Swanson,
—You'd Think So.
I Wanted you to See the pictures.
I Asked her.
"I'm Sorry," she Said Seriously;
"But I Can't. I Feel
That my Baby
Is the Greatest of All Gifts.
Her Little Life
Is her Own, and
If she Wants to be an Actress

When she is Older, I
Won't Try to Stop her.
But
I Want her Childhood
To be Unprofessional.
I've Made Up my Mind about it."
You Can't Blame Her.
And
You'll Have to Take
My Word for it
It's a Sweet Baby and it Looks
Just Like her.

THE Telephone Rang. It had
Been Ringing All the Time
But I Haven't Mentioned it,
Because
It wasn't anybody
Important:
Just
Personal Friends and



"If my little baby wants to be an actress
when she is older," said Gloria Swanson,
"I won't try to stop her!"

The Home Office and
Interviewers.
"Hello," said Gloria.
"Why, *June Walker!*
Wherever
Have you Been?
It's been
Five Years—
Come Right Up!"
She Turned to Me.
"I Used to Know her
At Essanay,
In Chicago. I
Was Playing Small Parts, and
I Met June, and
Took her Home with Me.
She Stayed with
Us—my Mother and Aunts—
For Quite a While and Then
I Went to California and
She Went to New York. I
Saw her Name in the Papers and
Knew she Made Good; but
I Never Heard from her—I thought
She had Forgotten Me."
June is on the Stage—
She Made one Picture—
She's a Tiny Thing with
Wonderful Eyes and Smile—
She Looks Like May McAvoy.
She and Gloria
Behaved
Just Like any Two School-Girls
At a Class Reunion.
I'm Strong for Gloria, Personal.
If she Ever Decides to Make
Personal Appearances,
You'll Agree with Me.

THE Nice Thing
About New York
Is that you Can Walk Along any Street
And See Stars.
I Went to "The Golem"—that's at the
Criterion on
Broadway and 44th Street—opposite
The Claridge Hotel, where
Celebrities Stay—
And I Saw Edgar Selwyn and
I Came Out Behind
A Slim Lady who Looked
Like Drian's Drawings.
She Walked Beautifully.
Her Gown was Good.
Her Voice was Throaty.
I Hurried Around and
Looked Back.
It was Irene Castle, and
Ward Crane was With her.
You Know he is her Leading man
In "French Heels."
They Turned in at
The Algonquin, where
They Probably Saw
Eugene O'Brien and
Richard Barthelmess and
Mary Hay.
Dick has finished
"Tol'able David"—
He Worked Day and Night
To Get it Done.

THE END OF THE ROAD

A story of the theater and of a sublime friendship surpassing love of man for woman.

By

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

THE curtain dropped upon the final tableau of the musical comedy, "A Pair of Spades," in which Brannon and Craig were starred. The capacity audience, aching with the after-effects of excessive laughter, applauded tumultuously. The curtain sped upward and the two veteran blackface comedians bowed acknowledgment: bowed first to the audience, then to each other, then to the audience again. Once again the curtain dropped, concealing from the company the exodus out front.

Backstage there was a wild scurrying. Chorus girls crowded like ants up the narrow stairway leading to the second floor dressing rooms, unhooking scanty costumes as they went and chattering ceaselessly. Minor members of the cast proceeded more leisurely. Stagehands, working swiftly, placed the first set for the morrow's matinee. Then the curtain was raised again, disclosing a house ghastly empty. And on the stage, hand in hand, as they had taken the curtain call, stood Brannon and Craig.

Alone they stood, dignifying the black makeup and the comedy costumes through which they had become a byword from Portland to Portland, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. They said nothing for awhile: nor did they see the rows of motheaten, empty chairs out front. In the eyes of both men was the soft light of tender reminiscence . . .

It was Dave Brannon who broke the silence, and he spoke without looking at his partner.

"Forty years ago tonight, Tom: right here in Birmingham. . . ."

The other nodded slowly. "And from that day to this, Dave—there's always been a team of Brannon and Craig. Not a split-up, nary a quarrel . . ." He unclasped his hand and placed his arm gently around the other's shoulder. "Getting old—like we are—it feels good to think about that."

"They'll remember the name, Tom—when we're gone. No one else has ever done it—in all the history of the theater . . ."

They were thinking of a recent criticism in the Atlanta Constitution: "Brannon and Craig are not merely blackface comedians: they are artists of the first rank. Their hold upon the affections of the theater-going public will become a tradition. . . ."

They walked from the stage together; walked slowly and heavily, as old men walk. They were unmindful of the stark drabness of the old Jefferson theater. They recalled their first engagement in this house when it shone in pristine glory. And too, forty years had inured them to the vicissitudes and wrack of the theatrical road. The bare brick walls, the battered scenery, the musty odor peculiar to decaying theaters, the reek of cheap greasepaint: it was as vital to their lives as food, air, water.

Dave Brannon entered the star's dressing room: Tom had always insisted that his partner take the best of the poor accommodations backstage. And Craig closed the door of his own cubbyhole. And then, because the theater was an old one and did not have running water—even for the stars—they

washed off their black makeup in buckets of water which had been made tepid over an electric heater.

Only the doorkeeper remained when they stepped from the stage door into the noisome little alley and thence into the grim darkness of Second Avenue. To the right stretched the black void of laundry buildings, ramshackle stables, a negro undertaking establishment. They turned the other way, crossed Eighteenth street and so continued to Nineteenth, passing a half dozen ornate picture houses, now dark; a couple of all night lunch counters, a drug store a-seethe with last-moment trade.

As they turned northward on Twentieth street Tom Craig made a single comment: "When we blossomed out in Birmingham forty years ago—it was a pretty cheesy burg, wasn't it?"

"Awful." Dave Brannon was never loquacious. "Empty tent that night. We slept in a barn."

"Uh-huh! And ate hot dogs for dinner."

"Kinder different from now, eh Tom? Harry says there was twenty-four hundred in the house tonight."

"Big place now. I'm stuck on this town. We started off together here."

Their fortieth anniversary as a blackface team: the end of their fortieth year of partnership and—what was more—of friendship. Forty years during which they had, shoulder to shoulder, bucked fate and trouble and adverse circumstance: playing square and straight with managers and public—and not always profiting thereby—until here, tonight, they pridefully faced the past as two old men whose names were written in indelible ink in the history of the American stage.

And tonight, in celebration of their anniversary, they did a very strange thing. At the Wiener Palace they obtained six frankfurters, each encased in a crisp Vienna roll. With Tom Craig carrying the package—he being the junior by four years—they walked slowly and heavily up the avenue to pause before a row of somber boarding houses which had obviously been handsome residences in the era of Birmingham's civic ado-

lescence.

"'Bout a half block down that street yonder was the lot, Dave."

"Yes. Tent-show . . . that was the first night they announced the team of Brannon and Craig."

"Eighteen dollars at the box-office that night; remember? Old George Carney divided it up among us for something to eat—all that he didn't have to use to feed the horses—and told us to hustle for shelter."

"Great night; that. We each ate three wienies. Golly, I was hungry after they were gone."

Solemnly these two makers of stage history opened their package. With the air of men performing a sacred ritual, each took a sandwich and munched upon it with appetite whetted by memory of the insatiable hunger of the long-gone days.

Things had changed in forty years. From a mere village, Birmingham had developed into the industrial metropolis of

HERE is a really great short story. It is undoubtedly the best thing Octavus Roy Cohen has ever done, and that is no small statement. Rarely in fiction do you meet two such characters as Brannon and Craig. In a coming issue of Photoplay he has another story equally worth reading,

"The Horizon"



Drawn by T. D. Skidmore

In the wings stood Tom Craig. He was trembling like a leaf. He felt as though his knees could not support him and he put his weight gratefully upon the encircling arm of Dave Brannon. "It's the night I've dreamed of, Tom," Dave was frankly crying. "You're the greatest actor in America!"

the south: a live, hustling, bustling city of two hundred thousand inhabitants. And the team of youths who had been announced from the makeshift stage as "Brannon and Craig—who will entertain you with jokes and dancing" were now old men: Dave Brannon sixty-four and Tom Craig four years younger. But in that forty years they had endeared themselves to the laugh-loving American public; announcement of their names assured capacity wherever they played regardless of the vehicle in which they appeared. "Twenty thousand a week you've averaged for the past eight years," they had been told recently by a producing-manager friend. "Two thousand of that money was paid to see the show. The rest of it was shelled out to see Brannon and Craig!"

And the producing manager was right. Not to have seen Brannon and Craig was inexcusable from the standpoint of the habitual theater-goer. And there were more who could honestly lay claim to having seen them in all of their historic vehicles than there were those who had never seen them at all.

To the eye of the casual passer-by, they were not worth a second glance. With the shedding of their makeup and costumes, twenty years was added to the age of each. They showed their years now as they stood on the dark corner—two aged men seriously munching away on frankfurters and rolls. Two old men slightly bent of shoulder, slightly watery of eye, slightly—Oh! *very* slightly—tired. Tired after forty years of one and two-night stands, broken occasionally by a long New York or Chicago run or an occasional week in one of the middle-size cities.

Long since Brannon and Craig might have abandoned the road upon which they had started as a tent-show minstrel team. But the road was their life; they loved it, they knew it; they understood it and knew it understood them. As minstrels, as comedians—and then as scintillating stars—they travelled the theatrical road year after year . . . idolized by their public, welcomed eagerly now by old men who had seen them first thirty or forty years ago and who counted it a bad season when prevented from seeing them again.

And finally the frankfurter sandwiches were consumed. They turned quietly westward, walking slowly down the wide, tree-lined street toward the huge illuminated bulk of the Tutwiler Hotel. They separated at the door of Dave Brannon's room: right hands clasped tightly, the left hand of each resting on the other's shoulder.

"Great anniversary, Tom . . ."

"Yeh—forty years together. Those hot dogs still taste good—when we remember that night—long ago."

"You bet. Good night, Tom."

"Good night, Dave. God bless you!"

THE telegram puzzled Dave Brannon by the very peremptoriness of its tone, and he shook his whitening head as he re-read it meticulously:

Dave Brannon

Care "Pair of Spades" Company Theater
Baltimore, Maryland

See me as soon as your season ends. Very important. Also urgent.

MOE BLUMENTHAL.

"What you reckon he's got up his sleeve?" queried the senior member of the team.

Tom Craig frowned over the message. "New show for us next season?"

"Uh-uh! He'd have wired the team."

"Hmm! Don't know what he wants, but when Moe Blumenthal sends a telegram like that it means something."

There was something inexplicably portentous in the apparently innocent wire and during the closing fortnight of the signally successful season Dave Brannon found himself unable to rid his mind of the summons. Nor did he again broach the subject to his partner; yet, with the understanding bred of forty years of trouping together, each knew that it was uppermost in the mind of the other.

They were to have closed in Cincinnati, but were hurled into Philadelphia to fill out an empty week caused by the rank failure of a new show. On Monday morning at eleven o'clock Dave Brannon entered Moe Blumenthal's office.

Moe Blumenthal was a picturesque figure in the world of theatrical producers. He was known as sure-fire, with a record of one hundred and forty-seven productions on Broadway of which only nine were outright failures. Eleven of his shows had set records of two consecutive seasons in New York. One had run for ten months in Chicago.

He was a small man and very dark, inclined to rotundity. His hair was crinkly, his eyes close-set and he had a nervous way of jerking his hands about as though to give the lie to a pokerish immobility of countenance which he had assiduously cultivated. Starting out twelve years before as a program boy, he was rated now many times a millionaire: a man known to be nobody's fool in the matter of finance—yet charitable and big hearted and with an almost too eager willingness to amply recompense those who helped him.

The office was significant of the man: austere in its handsome plainness with here and there a bit of bric-a-brac or a cheap lithograph which shrieked at the sedate surroundings.

He shook Dave Brannon's hand: "Great season! Wonderful! Brannon and Craig—best box-office card in the game!"

(Continued on page 114)



IF DANIEL
HAD DONE
HIS
LION'S DEN
ACT
FOR THE
MOVIES



Photograph by Mary Dale Clarke.

PORTRAIT of a young lady who couldn't get a job at Marshall Field's. And Anita Loos doesn't want to. She has her hands full writing stories for Constance Talmadge and thinking up new ways to fix her beautiful, smooth, black bobbed hair. She is the world's tiniest—and cleverest—scenario writer; and she's youthful enough and pretty enough to be one of her own heroines.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF M. _____.



Manservant and valet extraordinaire to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, during his reign as a motion picture star and the period of his marriage to Miss Mary Pickford, queen of the movies. Revealing for the first time Mr. Fairbanks' personal habits, intimate tastes, and private manner of living.

"Mr. Fairbanks is inclined to 'slap-on' his makeup, being always in such a violent hurry. He insists upon calling the pomade used to wash his D'Artagnan mustache, 'cream of celery soup.' This is the makeup box Mrs. Fairbanks gave us."

IT is not my purpose in this manuscript to set forth any of the vital historical events that future generations will desire to consider when contemplating the extraordinary lives and popularity of the first really great and famous motion picture stars. That, I must leave to more important individuals, such as business managers, press agents and relatives.

But it has occurred to me, as a student in an humble way of the best literature which the Fairbanks-Pickford library affords, that I am fitted by reason of the duties which have for a long time past fallen to my lot, to give posterity the same glimpse of Mr. Fairbanks that Boswell has given us of Johnson—Boswell being, as of course you know, only secretary to Mr. Johnson, but succeeding by this book in making himself nearly as famous as his employer.

There exists, I am convinced, no better way for posterity—and indeed for the present multitudes—to judge of a man, than from details of his intimate personal habits, his exact mode and manner I may say, of meeting the trivial round of every-day living and the thousand annoyances of dressing, eating and sleeping. Where, indeed, should we be concerning the great ones of the past, in regard to their personalities, were it not for the popular habit which was prevalent among ladies-in-waiting, lords of the bedchamber, valets and secretaries to write memoirs, biographies and even letters, dealing familiarly—perhaps here and there too familiarly—with the lives of their illustrious patrons? Can we ever be sufficiently grateful to Madame de Campan for her vivid touches concerning that beautiful and unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette? And how narrow, how limited, might be our conception of England's Virgin Queen, Elizabeth, were it not for the little tales of her private life, that have come to us via the back stairs, if you understand what I mean.

It is, I mean to say, regrettable in the extreme, that this practice seems to have gone completely out of vogue and that in the future we will have so few of these delicious narratives of the great, "sans ceremonie."

Taking our own case for example, fifty years from now—let us go even farther and say a century from now—how will it be possible to gather, let us say, Mr. Fairbanks' method of shaving or his choice as to waistcoats? Literally impossible. In fifty years I may have forgotten, while in one hundred I shall certainly be incompetent to present them as they deserve to be presented. Yet upon such things does a man's place in the annals of fame often rest.

"It is my duty to keep track of everything worn by Mr. Fairbanks in every scene. I know just what shade of velvet costume, just what plumed hat, go with every sequence."



Therefore it has seemed to me wise at this time to set down a few inner secrets concerning the famous and unusual gentleman whom I serve in the time-honored capacity of valet or gentleman's gentleman. This capacity being one for which Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, by the way, has the highest regard. Since the age of eighteen, he says, he has always had a valet—this, even when it actually took the bread from his mouth, leaving him nevertheless free from such sordid matters as laundry to concentrate upon the necessities of his career.

It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet.

That is, of course, simply another twisting of the still more ancient saying that familiarity breeds contempt.

Such, however, need not be the case, provided of course that the valet is a man of charity, understanding that even the great are human, as of course they are. Naturally, after brushing the back of a man's hair seven or eight times a day for years in order to give the back of the head that well-groomed look which impulsive persons who regard merely the front of themselves in the glass and brush accordingly are never able to obtain—one is not apt to feel the glow of hero worship or the awe of the devotee, it is true.

Still, such association need not destroy mutual respect and appreciation of each other's good qualities.

To proceed somewhat to the business in hand, let me say that while no one has a higher regard for Mr. Fairbanks than myself, I must state that it is problematical whether there ever lived in this or any other age a gentleman so difficult to valet.

To use a vulgar but illuminating phrase of the day, he is as hard to keep one's finger on as a flea. When one has just thrown one's heart into a massage, for instance, upon the table in our bathroom at the studio, Mr. Fairbanks will arise with all the speed and force of a young bronco and remove himself into a chair on the other side of the room, or dash into the sitting room after a book or paper. In fact, it has so long continued in this fashion, that I am at last quite able to massage one leg while he sits in one chair, and another while he answers the telephone and still another—that is to say, an arm or shoulder—while he shouts out of the window at the property man.

My duties include the complete care of Mr. Fairbanks' wardrobe, both personal and professional, of his person and, owing, if I may say so, to my slight executive ability, to many details of his daily living. I always hold that a good valet should be an undercog of his employer's brain—a subconscious mind. This is particularly true of the valet of a motion picture actor.

For example, Mr. Fairbanks never carries anything. He is always without such necessities of life as money, matches, cigarettes, check-books, handkerchiefs and what not, if you know what I mean.

Upon myself has fallen therefore the duty of being continuously upon the scene when needed to supply any of these things when called for, yet never to be upon the scene when not. A situation upon which Cardinal Richelieu might have exercised his diplomacy.

To cite a concrete instance, we attended the Actors' Fund Fair (a charity bazaar to raise funds for the needy actors, this being the only time when actors are ever mentioned except in connection with salaries of over \$1,000 a week). As the limousine drew up before the door of the studio for Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks—Mrs. Fairbanks, as I am sure you know, is none other than the most famous motion picture actress in the world, Miss Mary Pickford—Mr. Fairbanks paused with one foot actually upon the running board and said to me, "Joe, have you any money?"

In a dignified manner I replied, "Only the little change that was left from yesterday, Mr. Fairbanks."

"Well, I expect we will be called upon to scatter some change around the landscape, so go ask John for some," said Mr. Fairbanks.* So I hurried out to locate John.

John, it might be well to state here, is Mr. John Fairbanks, brother of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, and also his business manager. It is seldom one meets anyone heroic enough to attempt such a combination. However, it being Saturday afternoon, Mr. John had on hand only the canvas sack of current, or petty expense money, amounting to about \$500 in silver. This he turned over to me.

It is also well perhaps to say, that Mr. John is an asset of greatest value to Mr. Douglas. For, like many great men, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks cares nothing for money of any kind and is too apt to permit himself generous and extravagances that while harmless in themselves, are yet not consistent with strict orderliness of existence and the aim of laying by for future years.

However, on this day, I found it most inconvenient to follow my distinguished employers about the vast, hot and dusty grounds, where we met many

other notables, hampered as I was by this large sack of silver and having at every moment or two to produce from it some needed piece of silver. Our entrance in fact was entirely spoiled because I could not open the bag—it had been firmly tied—to pay the twenty-five cents for our parking place. I being the only one carrying the money. We therefore held up traffic for several blocks and Mr. Fairbanks expressed himself as somewhat annoyed.

This financial habit makes it likewise necessary for me to visit the small shops and pay up for whatever he may take from them when he desires it, this being understood by all the tradesmen, with whom he is, nevertheless, a great favorite.

*Mr. Fairbanks' own words.

(Continued on page 110)



"If Mr. Fairbanks were left to himself for a day, I shudder to think what would become of him. In regard to every sort of matter about clothes and small details, he is as helpless as a child. He could not tell you where one single article he owns is at the present time. All that is up to me."

"A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS!"

By ALBERT OTIS

If certain motion pictures constituted our criterion of life, and we were to gauge the habits, actions and conditions of mankind by what we witnessed in these films, we would arrive inevitably at the following conclusions:



THAT any sort of hirsute growth on the face—Galloways, Van Dyke, Dundrearys, Burnsidies, goatee, Tofstoy, imperial, an honest moustache even—is an infallible barrier against the amorous advances of the fair sex.

THAT the telephone is perhaps the most perfect and unailing scientific device of modern times—an invention from which has been eliminated even the remotest possibility of error, and the immediacy of whose response, when a number is called, approximates almost to simultaneity.

THAT poverty immediately renders a man incapable of combing his hair, and a woman of darning the holes in her stockings.

THAT any woman in an alluring *peignoir* who throws herself languidly upon a *chaise-longue* and nonchalantly lights a cigarette, is an unscrupulous adventuress, who frequents cabarets and is not above blackmail.



THAT all mothers of poor young men in their early twenties are helpless and decrepit nonagenarians, with snow-white hair and constitutional lachrymosity.

THAT the by-laws of all gentlemen's clubs contain a rigid mandate forbidding anyone to enter save in the most formal of evening dress.

THAT ninety per cent of all people die of a mysterious and nameless disease as yet unknown to pathology, which, though revealing symptoms that infallibly predict the exact hour of demise, nevertheless leaves the victim in full possession of his mental and vocal faculties up to the very moment of death.



THAT all young unmarried girls are completely ignorant of the laws of procreation and all matters pertaining to sex, and have been taught since infancy that they should never sit down except on the floor, on the edge of tables, and on the arms of chairs.

THAT ecstasy is spelled e-c-s-t-a-c-y, and that there are no punctuation marks in English chirography save the period and the dash.

THAT on every desert island in the South Seas there is a barbershop and a ladies' hair-dressing parlor, maintained exclusively for the benefit of shipwrecked lovers, so that, however long they are necessitated to await rescue, the man may keep shaved and talcumed and the woman attractively marcelled.



THAT young wives who, for some ethical reason, leave their wealthy, capitalistic husbands and live alone in a lower East Side tenement, invariably soil a complete 156-piece set of china at each meal, and consequently spend almost their entire time washing dishes.

THAT all servant girls wear sheer silk stockings and satin pumps, and do a little-girl curtsy whenever spoken to.

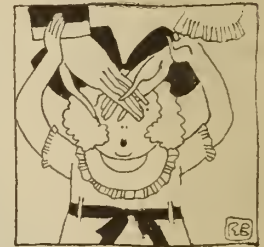


THAT in all fashionable cafes, open and unabashed wooing takes place at the majority of the tables, and after each cabaret number everyone stands up and violently applauds.

THAT any young woman who permits the kiss of a man, however honorable, who has not informed her family of his undying love, bought an engagement ring, and made a formal proposal of marriage, is a hussy and a jade.

THAT doves spend their entire time perched on tree branches with their bills juxtaposed.

THAT the average child at birth weighs thirty pounds, measures twenty-four inches, and has a thick head of neatly curled hair; and that the average child of parents who have been married two years weighs sixty pounds, stands two-feet-nine, walks with perfect equilibrium, and possesses highly developed diplomatic powers as a reconciler of marital misunderstandings.



THAT all the struggles of life, all the forces of nature, all wars and revolutions—in fact, the entire cosmic machinery—has but one object and one goal, namely, the chaste caress of two young lovers.

THAT the state penitentiaries are filled entirely with innocent men who either have been unjustly convicted, or who prefer to serve time rather than tell the truth and thereby bring disgrace upon the brother of the girl they love.

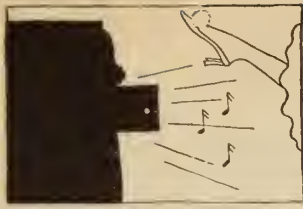


THAT cowboys have no other occupation than ordering drinks (which they never pay for) and lolling about the bar-room steps, fully armed and with their horses close by, waiting for the sheriff to give the order for an Indian chase or the pursuit of a bandit.

THAT the main living-room (not including the dining-room, kitchen and bedrooms) of all small huts and cabins of, say, ten by sixteen, is never less than forty feet square.

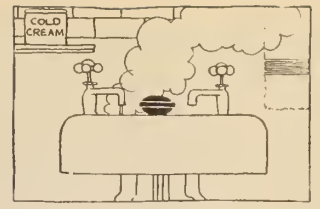
THAT all butlers are adorned with side-burns, and are suffering from muscular rheumatism, arteriosclerosis, locomotor ataxia, or some kindred malaise, whose cardinal symptom is an almost inflexible stiffness of the joints. (The rigid butler walk, as revealed in motion pictures, promises in time to become a recognized physiological idiosyncrasy, like Cheyne-Stokes breathing, Argyll-Robertson pupils, housemaid's knee, and writer's cramp.)





How I Keep in Condition

By CORINNE GRIFFITH



THIS is the third of a series of articles—not beauty articles, but advice on how to keep fit by women who know: famous beauties of the screen. The film star, more than any other woman of any other time, has to guard her greatest asset:

her good looks. She has to keep in perfect condition always—for if she doesn't, the camera's cruel eye calls attention to her shortcomings. This month, Corinne Griffith gives you her recipe for health and beauty.

I KEEP in condition by keeping healthy. I keep healthy by eating the right kind of food and getting the right kind of exercise. Dancing is my exercise.

We can't change the lines of our face or the shape of our nose, although modern surgery may work wonders. We can keep our eyes bright and our mouth from drooping. I think any sane, normal, healthy person is beautiful.

Honestly, I think that the one sure-fire recipe for beauty is happiness. The most beautiful face and body may be unattractive if they have that sullen, dissatisfied expression that comes from a sick mind and sick body. Beauty is a state of mind. That is why you sometimes have a photograph taken in which you look charming and pretty; and at other times, positively plain and ugly. I have heard many women wonder about it. That is the answer.

Beauty is happiness. The eye that reflects happiness, whether that eye is blue or brown or black or gray, is beautiful because it is interesting; the mouth that smiles is beautiful, whether it is large or small. And being happy is largely a question of being healthy. And being healthy is largely a question of keeping fit.

I believe in keeping fit with as little labor, or strenuous exercise, as possible. My principal form of exercise is dancing. After I get all through I find that I have not been conscious of any laborious exercise at all, yet I feel sure that I have reaped the benefits of exercise. I like dancing particularly because it seems to be the one form of real and beneficial exercise which can be taken with music.

And dancing makes me happy. I have been dancing ever since I was a tiny girl. I danced before I knew that the movements I made were called dancing. When I was a little girl I took up "fancy dancing"—that every girl in the world, I guess, has done at one time or another. It was at a dance that I was "discovered."

I think, accordingly, that dancing is interwoven with the destiny of my success. I should like to dance on the stage.

Exercise, in one sense, is like a gown or a hat. A certain type of dress may be the very last word in smartness, but it may not blend in with *your* personality. I am afraid that raising and lowering dumb-bells would bore me a trifle, and while I like golf and tennis, I take them as odd-time entertainment instead of a regular exercise diet. But I have found dancing ideal—at least for me. It brings every muscle in the body into play. It develops the limbs. I have never found that it makes them thick and ungainly; but it does make them hard and muscular.

For two years now, I have been taking dancing lessons from Alexis Kosloff. In my opinion, he is the greatest of all teachers. He is an exponent of the severe Russian school of training, and it is a liberal education in various modes of exercise to work with him. The bending over bars and the bending back again, and the arm and leg movements, are just as good as any setting-up exercises. And when you've stuck at them long enough, you're ready to begin to learn how to dance. And for possessing a certain poise and grace of movement, I am afraid there are two, and only two, methods: to be born with it or to acquire it through correct dancing.

Dancing to me is a sure cure for the blues. (All of us have them, you know, and I'm glad to say mine have been more on

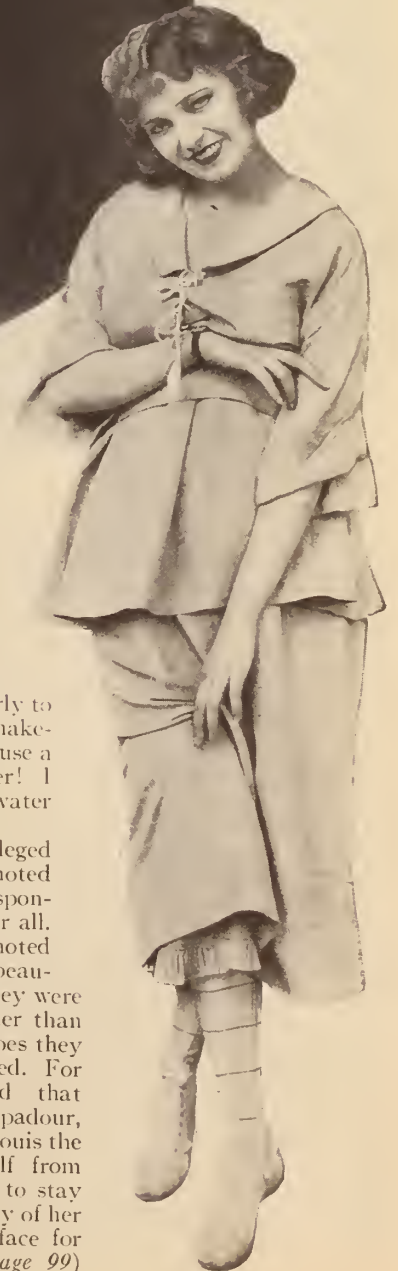


"Beauty is happiness," says Miss Griffith. "And happiness is largely a matter of being healthy."

the azure than the indigo.) I turn on the victrola, slipping on a jazz record or a minuet according to my mood—and dance away my troubles. You may find this helpful—you may not. I don't know. I only know that, however foolish it seems, it helps me.

I use cold cream regularly to put on and take off my make-up. But I also regularly use a good soap and warm water! I do not believe soap and water injure the complexion.

I am wondering if the alleged "beautifiers" of history's noted beauties were really responsible for any beauty, after all. Sometimes I think these noted women would have been beautiful anyhow, and that they were beautiful in spite of rather than because of the secret recipes they were supposed to have used. For instance, I have heard that Madame Jeanne de Pompadour, to retain the affection of Louis the Fifteenth, excused herself from the hunt feigning illness, to stay at home and, in the privacy of her own boudoir, adorn her face for twelve (Continued on page 99)



PETER PAN'S SISTER

And there is a possibility that May McAvoy will play *Peter* himself when Barrie's classic is finally filmed.

By JOAN JORDAN

IT is a startling coincidence that May McAvoy made her first appearance on the screen as a little girl in a film that advertised a certain brand of sugar.

One could choose no more appropriate article for Miss McAvoy to advertise, not if one scanned every page in every magazine in the world. No wonder the sugar concern gave her a chance when casting directors closed the door in her face.

Of all the screen personalities I have met, I think May McAvoy is the most naturally *likable*. She neither dazzles nor intrigues you, nor causes you thrills of combined awe and fear as do some more exotic twinklers in the film firmament. But she arouses at once a clean, wholesome liking—the girl you'd want for your roommate at boarding school.

She has the biggest eyes and the tiniest feet I have ever seen.

I remember years ago when I was a sob sister on a yellow journal, there was a beautiful French girl in the county jail—an innocent victim from a strange land and of a strange language—involved in some version of the Mann act, of which she was later entirely exonerated.

She couldn't speak a word of English and she didn't know a soul in the city. But her big, soft violet-blue eyes spoke a universal language irresistibly. They won friends for her of everybody in the jail, everybody in the courthouse, everybody on the press, until we were all battling earnestly and eagerly to secure her release. I have remembered her eyes well—very well—though a great many world-events have flowed under the bridge since then.

I have always compared other eyes with them, for beauty and appeal and sweet innocence. But I have never seen any as eloquent as them until I looked into May McAvoy's the other day.

And the same rule holds good. They have won for this newest star every executive, director, cameraman, publicity man, actor and workman on the Lasky lot, so that they are all daily concerned with her comfort and welfare and square deal.

Little May McAvoy is so new to the screen—so new to real screen fame, since hers dates really from "Sentimental Tommy,"



Above—a new portrait of Miss McAvoy. In the oval—a typical characterization in one of the recent pictures.

in which she scored a knock-out—that her story is going to end a thrill through the heart of every little girl who has ambitions to follow in the footsteps of Mary Pickford.

May didn't leap to fame overnight—that isn't being done so frequently these days.

But she did rise from extra parts to stardom in less than three years, by a process of steady development and concentrated work and the luck of real opportunities.

Oddly enough, this youngster—who looks corn and cream fed if I ever saw one—is a born-and-bred New Yorker. She went to school on 104th street, played in Central Park and had the life ambition to become a school teacher.

Nobody in the McAvoy family—from the time they lived in Ireland and Scotland a good many generations ago, had ever been on the stage.

And when a school friend of May's who had been doing small parts for a picture concern interested her in the flickering drama, the family held up its hands as families have been known to do

from time immemorial

Even brother—an electrical engineer of some reputation—declared he didn't see why any girl wanted to go on the screen.

But May went—and from sugar rose rapidly to extra and through a series of sister parts to stardom.

"I don't know why it was," said she, with a puzzled frown between her pretty brows, "but for a while everybody wanted me to play sisters. After my first extra part—which by the way was in 'To Hell with the Kaiser'—I became a sort of screen sister. Madge Kennedy's Florence Reed's—Marguerite Clark's—most anybody's."

But it is easily explained. She is the sort everybody wants for a sister—until the right man comes along and wants her for a wife.

At present, I am told, she is the most likely candidate for that immortal and exquisite role, "Peter Pan."

"I just can't sleep nights thinking about it," she said to me, earnestly, "I shall never, never get over it if I don't play it. I pray every single night."

George Robertson, who directed her "Grizel" in "Sentimental Tommy," is to film the famous Barrie story, and is, in fact, in England

(Continued on page 103)

Cast of Characters

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn photoplay of the same name, adapted from the play by Edward E. Kidder. Directed by Clarence Badger with the following cast:

Noah Vale.....Will Rogers
Dolly Faye.....Sylvia Breamer
Johnny Smith.....Wallace MacDonald
Scollops.....Molly Malone
Rip.....Robert De Vilbliss
Patch.....Jeannette Trebool
Sterrett.....Sydney Ainsworth
Roderick Faye.....George Williams

A POOR RELATION

A tale of empty stomachs and high hopes; of poverty and wealth and children and dreams; and an inventor who turns out to be—well, read and learn—

By
GLADYS HALL

NOAH VALE learned at an early age that he could poultice his inner wounds with words.

"Words with finger-tips," he called them. Healing finger-tips. Words that came from some deep source profoundly a part of, and yet alien, from him.

At a later age he called the words philosophy.

At a still later age he discovered that the one wound his words could not heal was that of hunger—exceedingly juvenile hunger. Clamorous and vociferous hunger of children. The hunger, to be explicit, of Rip and Patch.

Of course they were not really named Rip and Patch. Noah Vale had eased for them the burdens of their somewhat conspicuous cloth amendments by hailing them as Rip and as Patch. There was something quite festive and heart-warming about the little names, thus cheerily employed. It took the sting away from the ridicule of the more plutocratic elements on the streets.

Rather wearily nowadays it seemed to Noah Vale as though the best and the most he did was to endeavor to take stings away from irremediable evils. Sometimes turning the threadbare of tragedy in order to bring to light the motley of humor proved a dreary business.

There were so many practical deterrents to a benignant philosophy. Of course, an empty stomach . . . empty stomachs . . . Also, the forcible removal of one's kitchen range necessitating, thereby, the cooking of the precarious victuals on a neighbor's range and "losing all the smell." There was Rip's falling ill, obviously from lack of the proper nourishment and the extreme difficulty in purchasing the high-priced medicine. There was the fact that Noah Vale was a book agent endeavoring to sell "The Decline and Fall of Rome," for whom, alas, no modern could be induced to fall.



He set forth every morning with the tomes of erudition beneath his arms, and he returned every night to the guttering candle and the foodless larder with "The Decline and Fall of Rome" still with him.

And there was the invention. Which, since this is the story of Noah Vale, deserves a paragraph unto itself.

The invention was the hope of Noah Vale. It was the *shining* hope with which he made pie and cake of foodless hours for Rip and Patch. It was the gleaming grail toward which, with his seamed face indomitable, he seemed to turn as he made his daily efforts to rise triumphant above "The Fall of Rome." He reared sugar-loaf mountains and gingerbread ships and isles of the blest and cinnamon castles and cascades of silver and gold from the incoming ship. The day when, to a man, the world would realize the great and lasting good he, Noah Vale, had conferred upon it and would compensate him according to his worth. For of the many things Noah Vale had lost, faith was not one of them. Except in "The Decline and Fall of Rome." He had been threatened by too many "beware of the dogs" and anathematized by too many vitriolic housewives to give a tinker's darn whether Rome rose or fell or ever *was* for the matter of that. He set forth every morning with the tomes of erudition beneath his arms, feeling as though he, personally, were beneath the ruins, and he returned every night to the guttering candle and the foodless larder with the "Fall" still completely with him. He even began to have a fellow-feeling for the many who would not buy. Why should they? Who wanted to know whether Rome rose or fell? Stomachs were all that mattered—the inflation or deflation of a stomach. A city and its dead glory—of what moment was that?

Literature—why, *literature* was when he told "eating stories" to Rip and Patch, stories in which every other word was ice cream or cookie or lollipop or sausage. Stories which gorged their round and unbelieving eyes to the same extent their stomachs should have been.



The butler wheeled in a tea wagon. The aroma of coffee and muffins assailed him. Pride goeth before a muffin. Dolly left him alone.

Sometimes Scollops listened. Scollops was called by Vale their "Good Samaritan." She was deserving. Also, she was of the "upper classes," so to speak. She had a job. Quite a good job. She sewed on buttons at a nearby factory and was what is known as a "steady." She got four dollars a week and had a decent room and, almost always, a bit of fish or bologna sausage and, as often as not, some over and to spare. The over and to spare invariably went to Noah Vale and to Rip and Patch. Scollops did better than that, too. She gave of her time. When Noah Vale was away on a Saturday afternoon, Scollops would tell rather painfully-contrived stories to little Rip, stories wrested, with difficulty, from the meagre storehouse of her imagination. Now and again she had two nickels, too, and would buy a lollipop apiece for Rip and Patch. Of course, this was not often. Scollops was versatile. She had still another Samaritan possibility. She was by way of being "a belle." There was the baker boy, who gladly gave her a stale loaf for a fresh kiss. She was wise enough to draw upon this revenue sparingly. There was, more importantly, O'Halley, the janitor. For some time past O'Halley had been on the point of evicting Noah Vale and Rip and Patch. Some day Scollops would be sewing on buttons and then there would be nothing to save the apostle of the decline of Rome. But with Scollops on the "set," so to speak, eviction was a remote possibility. The scene shot would be something like this . . . "What'll yer give me for a kiss, O'Halley?"

O'Halley, red, Irish and prone to blarney, would thrust his tongue into his cheek, shoot his cuffs, hitch his trousers and straddle the one chair of the book vender. He would gargle, throatily, "Shure, fer a kiss from you, me darlint, what's there Oi *wouldn't* do?" Then Scollops, charily, would peck his veinous cheeks and say, simultaneously, "Be off, thin, yer great booby, and lave Noah Vale alone."

O'Halley, amorous and quelled, would depart, muttering

something about "this toime," and the day and the pay would be saved.

"But of course," as Noah Vale reminded them nightly, "this cannot go on. The darkest hour is just before the dawn. The cloud is reversing now and underneath I can see . . ."

"A silver lining . . .?" Scollops would hazard.

"To be sure not," Noah would laugh back, an eye on the small eagernesses which were the faces of Rip and Patch, "to be sure not—the other side of that cloud's a table cloth, white as white, and on it is silver . . . to be sure. Silver dishes filled to overflowing with cakes and candies and fruits and pies."

There came a day when all the tales of Noah Vale anent food failed to bring response from Rip and Patch. A day of misfortunes when the cat ran away with the bit o' fish Scollops had brought in to them, leaving in her hand nothing save a backbone. A day when two kisses left O'Halley still glowering and the baker boy had no stale loaves to give.

On that same day Roderick Faye received a letter.

Now there was nothing extraordinary in the receiving of a letter by Roderick Faye. Faye was the richest man in town. His factory was the chief industry of the place and he himself the chief man, a fact of which he was complacently and irritably aware. Letters were the largest part of his day and particularly letters of appeal. They had long since ceased to interest him. Letters from poor relations were especially tiresome. They were always a bit more sentimental than the others. They generally managed to have some one thread of personal touch that left one subconscious of them for a brief while. They almost always spoke of "old days" and of one who had succeeded where one had failed. They were maddeningly platitudinous and alike.

The letter from Noah Vale was "different" in that it asked for time rather than money and spoke of "mutual benefit." But Roderick Faye didn't know Noah Vale from Adam, and he suspected a ruse beneath the "mutual benefit." The man wanted to get in on him, that was it.

And once in he would lick his boot-tops with a more than ordinarily emotional tale. Faye knew.

He summoned his secretary and handed the letter to him with instructions to say that he had made all his appropriations for charity for that year. He was sorry, etc., etc. This might have gone through with the Faye efficiency and the matter have ended then and there (along with Rip and Patch) had it not been for the inefficiency of Roderick Faye's daughter. Roderick Faye's daughter Dolly was the one inefficient cog in his otherwise perfected commercial wheel. She was pretty and tender and impulsive and Roderick Faye was not by any manner of means the chief man in town for *her*. To be quite revealing, Roderick Faye's secretary *was*. If Roderick Faye had known *that*, his secretary would have been somebody else's secretary in a brief space of time, but thus far Cupid gamboled about his office and he neither saw nor heard. Of course, it could not have occurred to him that the daughter and sole heiress of Roderick Faye would stoop to conquer plain Johnny Smith, whose only asset in life was his secretaryship to the great Faye. But then, by an inverse token, it did not occur to Dolly that his secretaryship *was* Johnny's only asset, or even one of them. Mostly, it was an annoyance and an interference. Johnny had other assets . . . ah . . . ! He had tawny hair. He had deep-set eyes that gave one quivers down one's spine when one encountered them. He had a cleft chin and shoulders . . . ummmmm! . . . Also, he was studying advertising "on the side." He was a most promising youth. And he was by way of being "a self-made man." What more could the heart of a maid desire on the part of a man?

Dolly's affection for her paternal parent had grown by leaps and bounds since Johnny Smith had been his secretary. Apparently she couldn't keep away from his office. And she took the most specialized interest in his mail—which was handled by his male (secretary).

It takes no great power of deduction to come to the point of Dolly's reading Noah Vale's letter and the freshly dictated and very terse reply.

"Why, *Daddy!*" she cried out, reading the embryonic dismissal over, very closely over, Johnny Smith's shoulder; "why, Daddy, he's a *relation!*"

"Most of 'em are," snapped Roderick Faye, "by some hook or crook."

"Oh, *but,*" said Dolly, "this man *is.* I can feel it. Besides, I remember mother mentioning a 'Noah' somebody or other. The name was so arkish and funny. I think *I'll* investigate this case, Dad. You never can tell."

Roderick Faye waved her aside. "Aside" proved to be the adjoining office—which happened to be Johnny Smith's. Faye speedily forgot Noah Vale.

Dolly Faye was, happily, without complexes. That is to say, she was not conscious of them. Therefore, she did not ponder whether or not her interest in Noah Vale sprang from purely philanthropic sources or from a more personal reaction—the desire to be with Johnny Smith. For, "I'm going to look Noah Vale up tomorrow," she told Johnny; "he probably lives—poor dear—in some frightful place. I'd—feel safer—if you would come along—"

Johnny Smith came along—but not in the capacity of the great Mr. Faye's secretary. Inopportunely, the evening before, he had set forth his desire to be the great Mr. Faye's son-in-law and had been contemptuously dismissed by that gentleman in any capacity whatsoever.

But there was something of Noah Vale in Johnny Smith. Something, he knew not what, sustained him. Not words. He was unawar of words. But a persistent and not to be suppressed *something* kept singing in his blood and would not be gainsaid. He told Dolly, somewhat dismayed at the sudden change in her father's office and her own scheme of days entire, that he would still be rich and famous. It would probably be through the exploitation of someone or something else, but it would be his own insight, foresight and resourcefulness none the less. Neither of them suspected—but I anticipate. At

any rate, he might as well have been saying abracadabra for all of Dolly. The sun glinted on his hair and his mouth quirked at the corners and there came from him as he swung along by her side a compelling aroma of fresh air and masculine cigarette smoke. What did it matter what he *said* . . . ?

They found the Vale menage to be something more than they had bargained for. Instinctively they felt, both of them, that in this room humor was most delicately blent with tragedy, and pride with poverty. Dolly felt her purse to be an insult and her father's reputation a stigma. The facts of the room were obviously humorous. Noah Vale, looking puzzled and awkward, was struggling with what appeared to be a huge rent in a very small pair of trousers. In fact the trousers might be described as *mostly* rip. In an extreme corner of the room, in a barrel, was a small boy. His face and shoulders accosted the eye, with a mixture of bravado and shame. A girl, a year larger, was leaning out of the window, or the frame where a window should have been. There were one or two chairs.

Dolly, fearful lest she be an intruder, began to talk at once. She said that her father had had Mr. Vale's letter; that he had been unable to come himself and that she had acted in his stead. That he would be most pleased to see Mr. Vale at his home in the morning and in the meantime if there was anything immediate she could *do*. Clumsily, she felt it at once, her fingers felt for her purse.

Noah Vale thanked her. His voice creaked a little with the unaccustomed stirring of his hopes. There was nothing immediate, he said. Patch had ceased hanging from the window frame and was regarding Dolly. She had never seen anything quite like Dolly. What did Dolly remind her of? What did Dolly, so to speak, represent? Patch racked her brain. Suddenly—of course! Dolly represented—Dolly was a fairy godmother. The fairy godmother of Uncle Noah's "eating" stories. Dainty . . . perfumed . . . gracious. Yes! YES! Patch followed up her train of thought. Well, and then, what did fairy godmothers do? What did they always do? And what, just now, had this one said? She had said "if there was anything *ime'jit* she could do!" Do! Magic word.



"Forget the invention, my dear man," said Johnny Smith, "you're a philosopher!"

Magic wand. Why-ec, fairy godmothers always waved wands. Al-ways. Yes, always waved wands and then there was light—no, that was the Bible—then there was food. Trays 'n trays 'n trays of it. Heaps of it. Oodles of it. Buns and pies and cakes and cookies and ice cream and pickles and icing and sausage and fish, backbones and all. Patch crept nearer to Dolly. She refused the warning signals in Uncle Noah's eyes. Maybe *he* wasn't hungry. He always said he wasn't, 'specially at night. Only last night when he had given Rip and her the half a sausage he had said he wouldn't eat anything for anything. He said eating at night gave him nightmare. And he said nightmare was a turrible black horse that galloped and whinnied through one's dreams. That was why Uncle Noah could be so slicky and polite to the Fairy Godmother. He wasn't rattling 'round inside, like Rip and Patch.

"Please," said Patch, in a still, small voice, "please did you bring your wand? If you did, we want ice cream and cake and candy and . . ."

"Patch!"

Uncle Noah's voice was as strong as the voice of Patch's rattlings. It was not to be gainsaid. But Dolly was smiling down on her. "I didn't bring it today, dear," she said. "I am sorry." She cast a look at Uncle Noah, then, furtively, she slipped two coins into Patch's hand and gave her a gentle shove toward the door.

"What I want, Cousin Dolly," Noah Vale was saying in his gentle, significant voice, "is *opportunity*."

It was arranged that Noah should call upon Roderick Faye early the next morning.

"Did you notice," Johnny Smith asked, as they left the tumbledown building, "those bits of paper tacked up all about the room?"

Dolly said no, she had been more interested, if not quite clear, as to the invention Noah wished to show her father.

"These bits of paper," Johnny Smith said again. "Gee! They *said* things!"

"What'd they say?" Dolly was abstracted. (Were those children hungry?)

"Oh, all sorts of things. Things that sounded like sunbeams dancing in the rain. Silver lining sort of things with the he-polly-annaism left out. Gritty thing—that sang. I'll keep remembering 'em. I'm glad I went there today."

"Why, Johnny?"

"I needed to. It's made me feel better—different. Given me a saner outlook—somehow. This morning—fired and all—I didn't think I was fit for you, sweetheart. But now . . . well, I'm not *now* . . . but I'm going to have you."

Dolly squeezed his arm. He had summed up the philosophy of life in the last five words. She said, throb-

lingly, with a little laugh . . . "All because of those funny old words tacked up on the walls . . ."

Johnny looked at her. Slender and sweet. "Well . . . partly . . ." he said.

"You mustn't mention food," Noah Vale warned Rip and Patch, as, sewed securely into their garments, they approached the Faye mansion in the before-breakfast morning light. Vale admonished them with a raw heart. The morning light is not kind to hunger-pinched little faces. Not kind, either, to a heart that has need of courage. Noah stiffened his knees. Drat 'em, how they wobbled! He resumed, mounting the porch steps, "And don't mention fairy godmothers. That always leads you to think of eating. You just wait until Mr. Faye sees this invention and buys it and then—why, then, we'll have the fairy godmother with us all of the time."

"I hope she'll bring her wand," murmured Rip.

"Her wand's *dimes*," hissed Patch, with literal reminiscence.

Dolly was awaiting them. It had taken her most of the preceding hour to induce her father to see Noah Vale. He was crustily preparing for "the ordeal" when Dolly, anticipating the butler, admitted them.

"Father'll be right down," she said. "Bring the kiddies in here and they can play with my Polly until he comes. Want to give Polly some crackers, children?"

Noah Vale stiffened. Here was temptation! Could St. Anthony have known a greater? Were these children stuff of heroism—or stomachs? His pride made brittle his bones. He glared at Rip. Rip was glaring at the approaching crackers. Patch, too. Patch, though, was more approachable. Noah Vale managed to convey to Patch that the crackers belonged to *Polly*. It was years after before Patch could regard a

parrot with any degree of equanimity.

Patch resisted temptation to the last. Rip resisted it until Polly let fall a half of the cracker bestowed upon her. Then not all of Uncle Noah's gesticulating could save the situation. Rip's small teeth were set into the discarded morsel. Dolly's wide eyes were on Rip. Noah Vale saw her turn quite pale. She wheeled around on him. His face was still set in its stiff pride. "Mr. Vale," she said, too impulsively, "we haven't breakfasted yet. At least I haven't. Won't you join me?"

Noah Vale shook his head. "Thank you, but I couldn't," he said. "We just finished our breakfast before starting out. It is very kind of you."

"Oh, I wish you would . . ."

"Thank you, again, but we couldn't possibly. We ate more than was good for us, as it was. Didn't we, Rip? Didn't we, Patch?"

It was a desperate



Noah was handy with his hands. That night he improvised a box for himself and Rip and Patch. He said they were "babes in the box."

(Continue on page 168)

HOW TO SELL A HAT

Demonstrated by BEBE DANIELS



1—Customer: "That's a real good shape—girlish and youthful, too."
Saleswoman: "I'm sure it would look wonderful on you, Madame!"
Customer: "Well—I'll try it on!"



2—Customer: "How does it look? Tell me the truth, now. I want to know if it's really becoming, you know!"
Saleswoman: "I give you my word, Madam, that it just suits you grand! A lady was just in and tried it on—and would you believe it, she looked a fright? But on you—!"



3—Customer: "But isn't it a little plain across the front? Doesn't it need a little something right there?"
Saleswoman: "I declare, Madam, if you haven't an eye for chick! That's just what it does need to make it simply a perfect hat!"



4—Saleswoman (to herself): "Watch me fix the old lid with a flower garden in front so the old dear won't know herself in it!"

5—Saleswoman (in ecstasies): "There, Madam—you were right! It did need a little something in front. If all our customers were as easy to suit as you!"
Customer, complacently: "It does look kind of pretty on me, doesn't it? Wonder how George will like it?"



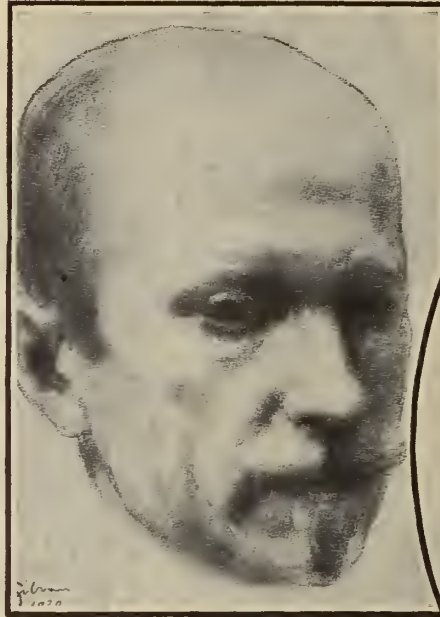
"IF ONLY THERE WERE

DURING the past eighteen months the works of twelve world-famous authors were screened in America. Already the writings of many great artists—among them Dickens, D'Annunzio, Shakespeare, Hugo, Poe, Merrimée, Scott, Dante and Maeterlinck—had been transferred to the films. Not only are



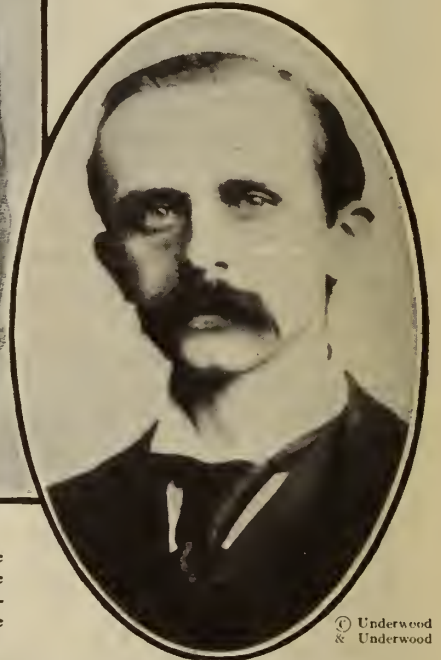
JOSEPH CONRAD

Regarded by many as the greatest living English novelist, whose story of the South Seas, "Victory," was made into a motion picture by Maurice Tourneur.



JOHAN BOJER

The leading Norwegian novelist, whose powerful story, "The Face of the World," was recently filmed with Barbara Bedford in the principal feminine role.



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SIR JAMES BARRIE

Three of whose works have recently been presented as photoplays—"The Admirable Crichton" (called "Male and Female" in the screen version), "Sentimental Tommy," and "What Every Woman Knows."



Underwood & Underwood

VINCENT IBANEZ

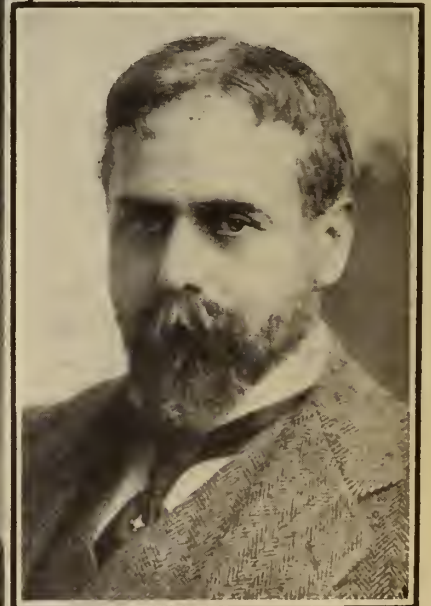
Spain's most popular novelist, the screen version of whose "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was one of the most pretentious of modern photoplays.



From a Rodin head

HONORE BALZAC

The greatest of the French novelists, whose "Eugenie Grandet" has just been screened by Rex Ingram, under the title of "The Conquering Power."



SIR GILBERT PARKER

The eminent Canadian author, whose "The Right of Way" and "The Money Master" (renamed "A Wise Fool") have both been produced on the screen.

BRAINS IN THE MOVIES"

motion pictures rapidly attracting the foremost literary minds of the day, but our directors are turning their attention more and more to the enduring works of the masters. In time nearly all the world classics will have been re-immortalized on the screen.



MARK TWAIN

Whose immortal satire, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," proved to be one of the most popular of recent screen comedies.



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

The greatest of modern Viennese dramatists and short-story writers, whose "Affairs of Anatol" was recently produced in pictures, with Wallace Reid playing the titular role.



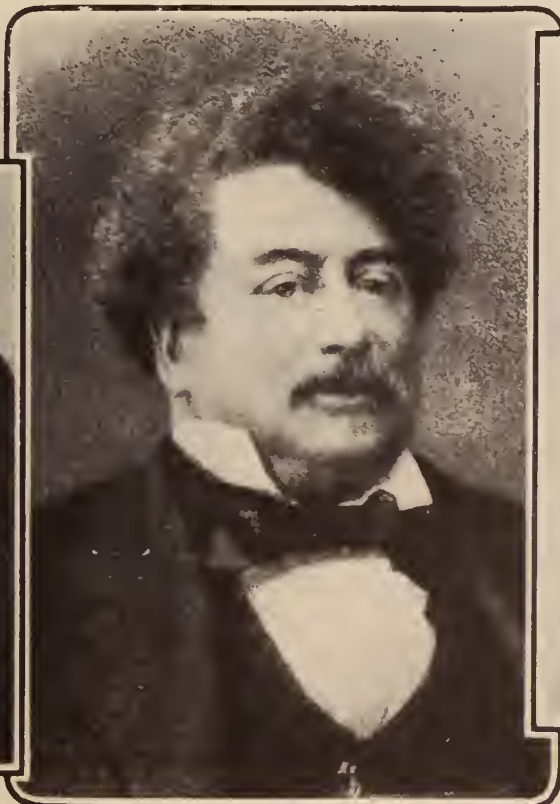
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The best beloved of modern storytellers, whose "Treasure Island" inspired Maurice Tourneur, and whose "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was interpreted for the screen by John Barrymore.



JACINTO BENEVENTE

The eminent Spanish playwright, whose psychological dramatic study, "The Passion Flower," was made into an elaborate motion picture-play by Norma Talmadge.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS

The Father of the French Romanticists, whose deathless classic, "The Three Musketeers," has just been filmed, with Douglas Fairbanks as the swashbuckling D'Artagnan.



RUDYARD KIPLING

The recent screen version of whose famous love-story of India, "Without Benefit of Clergy," marked his debut in motion pictures.



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

A very formal portrait of Miss Hampton—she isn't always as serious as this. Her hair is of that reddish-gold so often advertised and so seldom seen. Her eyes are a sapphire blue. Don't you wish we had color photography?



Three dolls and a dog. Beg pardon? Why yes—that's Hope Hampton with the curly pig-tails.

A Broadway Farmerette

Hope Hampton—an improved model

By

DELIGHT EVANS

BROADWAY, to most, means that section of Manhattan between 42nd and 48th Streets. In terms cinematic, it means from the Rialto Theater to the Capitol. That section is always illuminated. On pleasant days, the sunlight seems brighter there and more material than anywhere else. The glass windows of the haberdasheries and the polished shirt-fronts of the actors and the sparkling surfaces of sundry cabs all give back the glare. At night—ah, at night! As some great man, visiting Broadway, said: "If only one could not read, what a street!" The electric signs advertise actresses and garters and automobiles and underwear—all, one is at liberty to believe, encircling the globe. The myriad electrics twinkle messages from the producer to the consumer; the—but it has all been told so many times before.

I have a vastly different tale to tell. My tale is of Broadway. But my tale is not of the Broadway you know. It's of a Broadway—*farm!*

Hope Hampton lives there. To get to Hope's farm you have to go through the Broadway everybody knows, into the Broadway nobody but Hope Hampton and I—apparently—know. And you may not believe it, but our Broadway is nicer than yours.

She has a Colonial house and lots of lawn. She has dogs, and dogs and fountains, and dogs. She has a garden with vegetables and another garden with flowers. She—with a little assistance from her attendants—gardens both. She is the latest improved model Farmerette, and if the overall people only knew it, she is the best walking advertisement they could ever get.

Only her overalls were especially designed for her. And her garden hat and her shoes and stockings cost almost as much as the average farm yields in a year. And she forgot to take her biggest diamond off, and it rolled into the pansy bed. And I suppose one should say that the sweet flowers showed the hard glittering stone up, and that Hope realized it, and threw the ring away. She didn't. She picked it up and put it on again.

Her farm has it all over the ordinary farm. It's so near New York that when she wants to buy a new swing for the back yard she jumps into her car and is whirled away down Broadway in two shakes of her pet lamb's tail. She has horses and chickens, too.

Her house is just a simple little place of twelve rooms. On the second floor are Hope's bedroom, Hope's boudoir, and

Hope's bubble room. In the latter she keeps all her frocks. To get out of this room she has to put several of the frocks on. She has such simple gowns—just right for the country. Her jewels may not have such *eclat* as those advertised in the mail-order catalogues, but what's the difference? They're good enough for Hope.

She says she never can hope to have a *real* farm, because there isn't room enough, and besides, the house has all the modern conveniences. Once when she was tired out after a hard day's work at the studio, she came home to her farm with a feeling of thankfulness. Here, at last, was peace; here was quiet. Then the telephone rang and the modiste who makes Hope's simple little smocks called up and wanted to fit that new satin evening gown. Hope settled down again—for a second. Her butler came in and said the chauffeur would have to take one of the cars and go to the grocery for some provisions for dinner, as the delivery wouldn't get there on time. Hope told him to take the Packard limousine, as the Rolls-Royce was a little too small for that sort of thing.

Then her huge watch-dog, pictured elsewhere on these pages, began to cry and Hope picked him up and carried him to the third floor, where he—and the other dogs—have a room to themselves, with furniture especially built for them and everything.

The little children of the neighboring farms all love Miss Hampton. In fact, they firmly believe that while there's life there's hope. They are standing at her gate every morning, when she leaves for the studio. At night the same delegation meets her again. They pop out from behind trees and shrubs and look at her. They hide in the flower beds. They plant themselves all over the lawn and shoot up at her. If she were a middle-western hausfrau with ten children she wouldn't have nearly as much trouble.

She could chase them away, you say? Of course she could. But she doesn't. They bother her and they bore her—she's human even if she is a movie queen; but she wouldn't hurt their feelings for the world.

It is said that there is a certain perfume that one could not find on Hope's dressing table in her silken rose-colored boudoir, but I am unable to discover the name of it.

She loves to lead the simple life advocated by Benjamin Franklin: "early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." That is, she'd probably love it if she ever tried it. As it is, she has to make (*Continued on page 104*)



Above: the first creation of Raoul Bonart. Both figures illustrate the use of fur to a greater extent than ever before. The gown at the left has a skirt of sealskin with a bodice of velvet. This has a satin surplice edged with white georgette. With the dress is worn a short coat of seal. A black satin hat is the finishing touch. It is youthful, simple, and very warm.

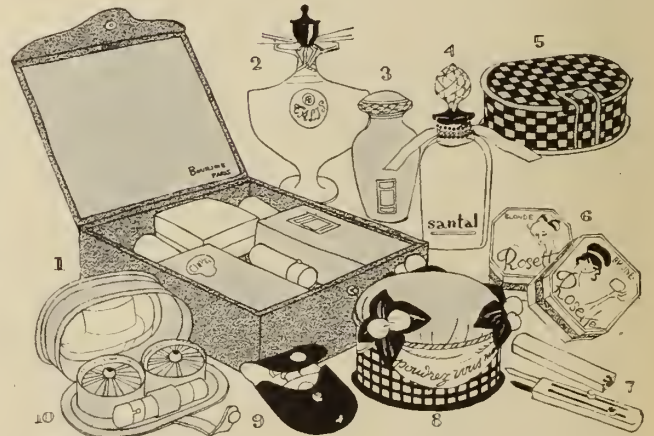
THIS month M. Raoul Bonart makes his debut before PHOTOPLAY's readers. Monsieur Bonart is a young French artist who will devote his talents in the future to my pages in the Magazine. He will design costumes exclusively for you, and they will be unique and original. M. Bonart does not depend entirely on the mode for his inspiration; neither does he indulge in too imaginative designs. You may safely copy any one of his gowns, with the knowledge that you will be correctly and smartly attired. In offering you this service, PHOTOPLAY



Here we have Wanda Hawley, the blonde screen star, in her new fall wrap designed for her by Ethel Chaffin. It is of black lynx and silk cord—an unusual and effective combination. Her silk moire tailored hat is most appropriate. What fashion leaders our cinema women are!



This little girl is attempting to describe this little linen frock. She says it is as smart as anything Mother wears; and she is sure you will not see many like it; she—so far—possesses the only one. There will be more!



Young ladies of all ages will be interested in these importations from Bourjois of Paris. 1, is a case in lavant Morocco in any color you choose, containing two flasks of perfume, a gold vanity box with mirror and rouge and powder, and a gold lip-stick. 2, is a cut-glass perfume container which is a replica of an antique vase from the Musee du Louvre, Paris, filled with Talis, a flower perfume. 3, a French chased aluminum jar of brilliantine, a perfumed preparation. 4, a pert little bottle with its cut-glass stopper and beaded ribbon—sandalwood. 5, a silk brocade vanity case in colored checks in a variety of colors, containing rouge, powder, mirrors and lip-stick. 6, Rosette—blonde or brunette; two shades of rouge in boxes typically Parisian. 7, flat gold lip-stick and eyebrow pencil, both indelible, with jewels denoting colors of contents. 8, a combination pin-cushion and powder box; designed by Tolmer of Paris. 9, leather perfume case for one's bag. 10, a vanity case of rose-colored leather.

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 98.

hopes to be of a real and practical service.

I must tell you that I enjoy so much your letters. They divulge a delightful dependence upon my judgment which is flattering and at the same time inspiring. I wish, more than anything else, to be of some help to you; and when you tell me so kindly that I have, I am moved to greater efforts in your behalf.

Carolyn Vau Wyck



Gloria Swanson is noted for her original costumes. I think this is one of the most charming she has ever starred in. Square-cut sleeves of white chiffon are its most attractive feature. The gown is of satin with pipings on neck, hem, sash and cuffs.



Above, at the left: one of those fascinating weaters which are worn so much for sports, with a heavy sports coat and sensible shoes: an outdoor ensemble of distinction. Those sweaters are very good right now. At the right: a piquant afternoon frock of midnight blue crepe with panels and pipings of gray georgette. The sleeves and the hem-line are decidedly right.



This is the way every girl would like to look, I am sure. But some of you do not wish actually to bob your hair, so I suggest you use the National Bob, which gives a beautiful bobbed effect by simply attaching the "bob" to your own hair! It is comfortable and convenient; and you do not need to worry about the difficulties of letting your hair grow long and short at the same time!



You know that these two are Parisians. The girl's tiny gloves worn with short sleeves and the boy's smart little sweater testify to that. The frock is a simple affair and may easily be made. The coat she is carrying has cunning sleeves and collar of white linen.

THROUGH A FRENCHMAN'S EYES

Translations of critical impressions of our film stars by Louis Delluc, the famous Parisian critic, novelist and playwright.

PEARL WHITE. A heroine so appetizing that she makes the vicissitudes and sufferings of the serials in which she plays seem desirable and even seductive.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA. The most brilliant and unquestionably the most artistic of the cinema's interpreters, possessing both subtlety and power.

MARY PICKFORD. Intellectual, child-like, ingenuous, exhilarating.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. Acrobatics, grace of manner, tenderness, emotion—he manages them all with equal ease. At once the most dazzling and the most resourceful of the screen's comedians.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE. So simple and yet so comical.

FANNIE WARD. A great actress, with passion and, above all, breeding.

BESSIE BARRISCALE. A comedienne in whom intelligence, taste and authority—whether in tense emotion or the broadest of farce—combines with a truly exceptional technique.

ALICE BRADY. Sometimes worse, sometimes better—and there you are!

CHARLES RAY. The triumph of simplicity. A sincere comedian with infinite tact.

MOLLIE KING. A substitute Pearl White.

MARY MILES MINTER. A trifle clumsy, a trifle broad, a trifle vulgar. But she can smile, she is young, and she pleases.

WILLIAM HART. A most human tragedian, with a modernism of art which neither Guity nor Mounet-Sully have ever approached.

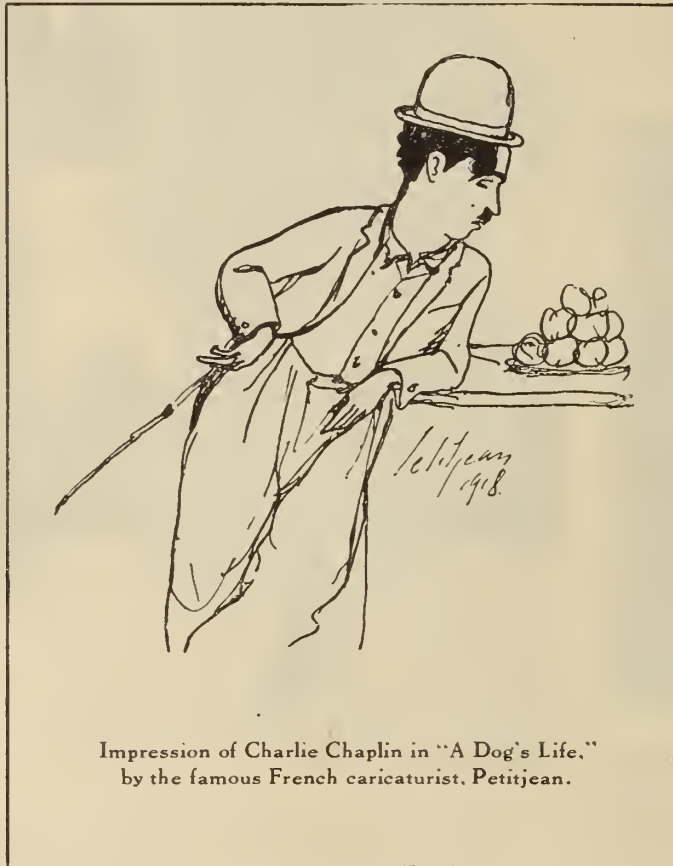
J. WARREN KERRIGAN. He is good-looking—and the fact is not entirely disagreeable to him!

DUSTIN FARNUM. And what a smile!

HELEN HOLMES. The feminine Douglas Fairbanks of the films—minus the smile.

MARY MACLAREN. If her mouth were just the least bit larger, her smile would be truly alluring.

JULIA DEAN. A sincerity almost severe, like our own Suzanne Despres. And a seductiveness which is Latin—with a northern forehead.



Impression of Charlie Chaplin in "A Dog's Life," by the famous French caricaturist, Petitjean.

LOUISE GLAUM. A forceful tragedian, and a tragic force.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS. A clever artist, with a capacity for throwing herself into any role—and also for feeling the part.

WILLIAM RUSSELL. Good-looking only when nude.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. Habitually sincere—honestly beautiful—comfortably emotional.

NORMA TALMADGE. And a mute countenance which speaks eloquently when necessary.

LILLIAN GISH. She has that subtle, mesmeric quality which makes it imperative that one see her again and again.

MABEL NORMAND. For a long time merely the partner of "Fatty" and "Charlie." Now she has become "Mabel," an expert at all the little shades and subtleties of the screen.

MARIE DORO. Mary Garden in "Pelleas." Seeing her, I cannot help thinking of the limpid pages of Claude Debussy.

JEWEL CARMEN. Call her a pretty blonde, and let it go at that.

FLORENCE REED. She has arms more beautiful than she is; and, at the same time, she is nearly as beautiful as her arms.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE. An excellent dancer turned excellent mime—with taste, *esprit*, originality of gesture, and all the accessories of histrionic harmony.

CHARLES CHAPLIN. A very great artist—an exquisite comedian, humorist and clown.

BESSIE LOVE. A primitive—who can be both pathetic and modern.

WINIFRED KINGSTON. Well, she's pretty and slender. . . .

CREIGHTON HALE. The American Brule—and it is flattering to Brule.

MAE MURRAY. Her features are beautiful, paradoxical, touching—and charming.

"BABY" MARY OSBORNE. Now that she has talent and is conscious of it, she has the manner of a "Baby" of the music halls.

LOVE AND CO.

In other words, Doris May and her new contract, which gives the world a chance to fall in love with her by proxy.

By JOAN JORDAN

She is a Poster Girl.

You had her portrait, painted by Harrison Fisher or Henry Hutt, above your desk at College.

Her Face is the Shape of a Heart and her Mouth is the Shape of a Kiss.

She is The Girl you loved so madly, so Divinely, so Decently, when she was the Queen of the Campus.

You can find pages and pages devoted to descriptions of her in any of Robert W. Chambers' best sellers—and whatever you may think of Mr. Chambers' novels, his Heroines are adorable beyond belief.

Doris May is—Just Girl.

She isn't marvellously beautiful, or exotic, or perfect.

She's Pretty.

She has soft, glinting brown hair. Big soft brown eyes. Dimples. Tiny Ankles. Golden freckles dusted across her pert little nose.

More than any of the Screen Girls I have met, she completely represents the American Girl that men just naturally fall in love with. You'd never want to be a brother to her and I'll bet no man has ever offered her that supreme proof of indifference—his friendship.

Yet she's the sort of a girl who would be safe in a White Slave Den.



Photography by Melbourne Spur.

She was married only a few months ago to Wallace MacDonald, and they live in a little Hollywood bungalow and are ideally happy. And she's only nine'een and has her own company. Isn't that a real modern fairy tale?

She's the sort of a girl with whom you want to sit in the hammock—not one of those new hammocks that the whole family can use—from baby who has it done up for a crib to granddad who uses it for an invalid chair—but a Regular Hammock built for Two, and a guitar.

She is a snapshot of a man's Second Love.

Now I don't pretend to know why men fall in love. I don't pretend that Doris May is any different than a hundred other girls—nor half as pretty as some other Movie Queens. Nor half as clever as many scenario writers.

But, in my humble opinion, the fact remains that she is The Kind of a Girl Men Fall in Love With.

And now she is going to be a star all by herself, a real star, and all the men in America can have the fun of falling in love with her by proxy.

Everybody remembers Doris best I think as a co-star with Douglas MacLean in "23½ Hours Leave" and a series of pictures that followed it. Her opportunities in these were not great, but she furnished the love element to the satisfaction of all, and she exhibited several flashes of real comedy genius.

Now I am going to digress from Doris for a minute, and let you look behind the scenes of Motion Picture Production and witness a very human drama—the kind of a business drama that America is usually fascinated by, such as George M. Cohan has hit us with so many times.

A great many people regretted the split-up of MacLean and May. A good many failed to understand it. Nobody knows just what happened—or even if anything happened—but anyway Douglas MacLean remained with Ince and Miss May did not.

Now down on the Ince lot was a young man who acted for the great producer as director-in-chief of publicity, exploitation and advertising. He was a young gent with all the punch, push and pep of a G. M. C. hero. He began to figure, and as he saw MacLean gaining in popularity and

(Continued on page 104)



A WEEK WITH

You've heard all sorts of stories about the stars. spend their time? PHOTOPLAY assigned a week asked them to tell frankly, in the form of

SUNDAY

By Betty Compson

PLAYA DEL REY! No, it's not the name of a cigar, but a summer resort on the Pacific. Mother and I have a little cottage near the beach, and every week-end we come down from Hollywood.

Sunday is my day of rest, so I awoke at dawn and put on my bathing suit. I took just one quick little dip—enough to make me ravenously hungry for breakfast. Afterward we strolled up to the midway. Playa Del Rey boasts a big, new roller coaster. There was a funny little old man selling the tickets.

"Ain't you Betty Compson?" he said to me.

I admitted it. He glanced around cautiously.

"Well," he whispered, "I'll look the other way, and you can slip in without a ticket!"

In the afternoon I went swimming again. This time I did some stunts with a surf board. Dustin Farnum came hurtling by in his new flying boat. He was so close to the water that he recognized me and waved.

I had to deal with my sunburn very carefully. Penrhyn Stanlaws, my director, said it showed through my make-up. "Bathing suits and evening gowns won't jibe, Miss Compson," he said. Well, directors always know best, especially Mr. Stanlaws. He's a peach.

MONDAY

By Agnes Ayres

THIS is my last whole day in New York. I leave for Los Angeles tomorrow. I don't know whether I ought to tell you what I did right after breakfast this morning! I have a fatal weakness for Fifth Avenue 'buses. Three years ago, when I was with Vitagraph, I used to go on 'bus sprees often. But on this last trip to New York I haven't and I made up my mind I was going to do it at least once before I left. So today I did.

I was due at the studio at noon. When I arrived, Tom Forman was in front of the studio with a very pretty lady. Tom introduced us—she was Mrs. Forman. So we had a nice luncheon party at the studio lunchroom—Tom and Mrs. Tom and Tom Meighan and I.

After luncheon I met a tall, handsome blonde man who looked like the pictures of Carpentier. He was Rolf Armstrong, the artist, and he was there to pose me for a PHOTOPLAY cover. I sat for Mr. Armstrong an hour. I don't wonder he does such wonderful covers. He goes about it so carefully. You don't mind, though, because he's awfully nice.

I had a dinner engagement with Alice Joyce. Alice and I were together at Vitagraph and are great friends. I met Alice and we had an exciting dinner, talking over old times. She is better looking than ever.

We both had after-dinner engagements. Alice's husband, Mr. Regan, met her, and an old friend of mine came to take me to a farewell theater party. We saw "The First Year," and I think I enjoyed it best of all the New York plays. I was born in a small town in Illinois, you know. I'm going to stop off at Carbondale on my way to the Coast.

SUN

MON

TUE



TUESDAY

By Thomas Meighan

TODAY was the day I went to sea and had a fight! The "Cappy Ricks" company reached "farthest North" on Sunday—Bar Harbor, Maine. Yesterday Tom Forman, my director, who (strangely enough) is also my pal, went out and hired himself a nice five-masted schooner called the "Retriever."

This morning I woke at eight. Agnes Ayres, my leading woman in this picture, and Tom Forman and I had a New England breakfast together at the hotel. Then we went down to the dock where the good ship "Retriever" was tied up and met the rest of the company—and the regular crew of the "Retriever" got her under way. Tom Forman and I chinned with the skipper, and finally we persuaded him to let us take a turn each at the steering wheel. The "Retriever" steers by hand, and we both had our troubles keeping her on the course.

"I guess you boys are tryin' to write your names in the water," the skipper opined.

When we were four miles out, we decided to shoot. Ivan Linow and I got set for action, and we dempseyed all over the ship, bare-fisted, while the crew of the "Retriever" squatted around and took a professional interest in the battle. Ivan is a Swede and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds. He plays "All-Hands-and-Foot Peterson" in the picture, and all his hands and feet hit me in the face during some part of the battle. After we'd fought at least half a day, Tom Forman said he thought he might get at least twenty feet of film out of it. So Ivan and I shook hands. We got back to Bar Harbor around nine o'clock, but they had held dinner for us at the hotel. Tom wanted me to play pinochle with him afterward, but I chased him out and went to bed. He hadn't spent the day fighting with Ivan!

WEDNESDAY

By Gloria Swanson

SEVEN o'clock, and I'm up. That's a shock to you, isn't it? For breakfast I just took a horseback ride and a grape fruit. I'm reducing.

It was quarter to nine when I reached my dressing room—fifteen minutes to get all fixed. Have you heard about my new dressing room? It's a whole bungalow—blue, with white awnings.

THE STARS

How would you like to know how they actually to seven famous stars—one for each day—and a diary, of the happenings of that day.

WED

THU

FRI

SAT



On the set. The picture is called "Under the Lash"—whiplash, not eye-lash—and I wear a funny old 1898 gown. We shot a lot of scenes. Once we had to stop because a moth got into the long, detachable beard Russell Simpson wears.

Sam Wood, my director, called lunch at twelve. Betty Compson, in a beautiful Chinese kimono, and Jim Kirkwood, in a gorgeous palm beach suit, were just ahead of me. After lunch a lot of us sat out on the grass a while—Sam Wood, Mahlon Hamilton, Lila Lee, Milton Sills, Betty Compson, and some others. Somebody suggested that we play "imitations." So Mahlon imitated Betty, and I imitated Cecil deMille. Sam said he'd imitate me. He wrapped my "Shulamite" shawl around him, and threw back his head and shouted, "Oh, Sa-am, isn't it time for lunch yet?"

Then we started shooting again and worked until five.

Madame Elinor Glyn came to tea at my house and then guess where we went? To the movies, to see "The Great Moment!"

THURSDAY By Wallace Reid

MOTHER, who lives in Highlands, New Jersey, spent the day with me. It was her first visit to a motion picture studio, and she was tickled to death. We looked at Algerian deserts and English baronial halls and San Francisco street scenes.

Later Mother watched Elsie Ferguson and I go through the dream scenes for "Peter Ibbetson." By the time I was ungreased and ready for the street again, it was time for dinner. I had tickets for the theater, and Mother and I went there later. The show was "The Champion," which I'm to film.

After I had taken Mother to her hotel and said good-night, I came back to the apartment, donned pajamas and bathrobe and called up the residence of Wallace Reid, in Hollywood. Dorothy (my wife) answered the 'phone. Our son Bill was having a big birthday party—you know that when it's midnight in New York, it's only eight o'clock in Hollywood. Bill was just about to cut his birthday cake, but he came out obediently to the telephone.

"I got your present, dad," he said. "When you coming home?"

"I'm coming back just as quick as I can," I told him.

"Gee, that Georgie Beban and the other kids are eatin' my cake a mile a minute. So long, dad," he yelled clear across the continent.

FRIDAY By Bebe Daniels

FRIDAY—I'm more suspicious than ever of Fridays—I got pinched on one. When the band plays "The Stars and Stripes Forever," I shiver. Not that they made me wear stripes, and it was an awfully nice jail, as jails go, anyway.

I had a date at the hospital at ten to run in and see some of my wounded soldiers. I brought the boys flowers and cigarettes. I saw Tony Moreno handing out smokes. Tony's a trump.

At two I had to go over to the studio and toil—in a beautiful black velvet negligee lined with gold cloth and trimmed in gray squirrel. We worked straight through to dinner time. Mother had a lovely dinner party arranged for me—some old friends we used to know in Texas had blown into town. Lila Lee came, too. Afterwards all of us went to a theater.

SATURDAY By Lila Lee

NINE o'clock. This is a day of rest for school children and business men—but not for me. We are working just the same. Got up at eight and had a very slight breakfast. I am reducing, you know. Arrived at the studio exactly at 9:15.

Ten o'clock. Working hard on the roof, making a picture with Wally Reid. It's a little hot. The picture is called "Rent Free," and is very amusing. It is all great fun, because I like to work with Wally.

Eleven o'clock. Still working—harder and harder. Everybody is in a good humor though. That's the nice part about this studio; they are the best-natured people in the world.

Twelve o'clock. Lunch.

Two o'clock. Back on the set. The last day up here.

Four o'clock. Took off my make-up and put on my street clothes. My sister, Peggy, called for me and we went home. Put on my riding clothes and met Gloria Swanson. Gloria is a wonderful horse-woman.

Six o'clock. Dinner. While we were dining—just the family—I turned on the phonograph. We have a little high or low-brow music, according to the courses. You always feel spiritual and grand when you are eating a Peach Melba.

Eight o'clock. Reading! It is really study. I am working hard to make up for the college education I didn't get.

Ten o'clock. Dancing at home. Talk. The best time of the day. Sometimes on Saturdays I go out to dance, but the best kind of an evening that I can imagine is one just doing nothing.

ARE WOMEN'S COLLEGES OLD MAID FACTORIES?

Do institutions for the higher education of women frown on the cultivation of personal charm? Why are there not more college girls in motion pictures?

By

JAMES R. QUIRK

"WHY," asked the chronic critic of the screen, "do you not encourage producers of pictures to give us women of intelligence as well as beauty? The directors are looking too much to Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies. All heroines of real life are not beautiful."

It wasn't an original question. The editor of this magazine has heard it for years.

"Where do you suggest finding the types you would like to see?" I countered.

"Among educated women," he said. "American colleges for women are full of intelligent women who are just as beautiful as the usual screen actresses."

In the first place, I do not admit that there is such a problem. My friend confused intelligence with intellect, and was led into error by a constitutional lack of sympathy with pictures, failure to realize the purpose of the new art, and ignorance of its requirements. Higher education is no more necessary to the successful actress than it is to the successful social leader. But intelligence, adaptability and personality are just as necessary to each. And beauty is an asset for both.

The ratio of intelligence among successful motion picture actresses is higher than it is in average women—and this does not exclude college-bred girls. There are mental duds in Wellesley as well as in Hollywood, and I venture to assert that any women's college would be fulfilling its mission in the greatest measure if it could equip its graduates with sets of brains such as are possessed by Mary Pickford, Olga Petrova, Mabel Normand, Pauline Frederick, Geraldine Farrar, Lillian Gish, or many other screen celebrities.

I am not one of those who think that "woman's place is in the home," in its extreme sense. In a broad sense, man's place is in the home also. Great happiness comes only with a beautiful home life, and most of the men and women of my acquaintance who are not "home folks" are searching in one way or another for a substitute happiness. A happy bachelor or a contented "old maid" is a rare bird.

Marriage is the natural state for man and woman. A happy marriage never marred a great career, and anything—even higher education—that interferes with marriage is not conducive to happiness, which after all is the conscious or unconscious desire of all human beings.

The question of the adaptability of the college-bred girl for motion picture success and the relation of higher education to marriage touch at many points. In our consideration of the problems we must realize that the cultivation of personal charm is a natural instinct in woman.

Nature gave woman beauty to attract man just as it gave flowers glorious colorings and fragrance to attract the bee, and in moderation there is no more reprehensibility in the cold cream massage, the powder puff, well-chosen perfumery, or the lip stick than in the cultivation of roses. It is not necessary to paint the lily, but why not weed the garden? The application of a wave to the hair is just as immoral as garden landscaping.

Which leads right up to the attitude of the faculty of the average women's college toward the cultivation of personal charm, and the effect in after life, with the result that more

high grade perfumes and face powders are sold per capita among the girl operatives of factories in Lowell and Lawrence, Mass., than among the students at Smith or Wellesley.

Man, even the average college man, will fall in love with a beautiful "dumbbell" more quickly than with a spectacled feminine professor of psychology. It is not that he fears the intellectual equality or superiority of the woman. He is following the natural instinct to seek beauty. Nature knew more about the promotion of the birth rate than all the scientists that ever lived.

Woman's destiny is not only the rearing of children, my erudite critic might contend. But it is, and man's too, and if the women's college frowns on physical beauty and concerns itself merely with the ornamentation of the brain is it, not failing in its mission? It is not necessary to convert the colleges into beauty parlors, but it would be well to realize that there is no necessity for animosity between beauty and brains. It is not my desire to criticize the colleges. They are performing a noble work, but it seems instinctive with the faculties of such colleges to minimize the part that physical beauty does play in the progress of humanity.

Read the following extract from a letter addressed to the editor of PHOTOPLAY by the secretary of the University of Chicago:

"Personally I think educated women of today have begun to scorn sex appeal. They want to meet men as intellectual equals and attract them through mental comradeship. This makes a delightful personality but a poor movie star."

Mrs. Adelaide L. Burge, acting dean of women, in the State University of Iowa, writes:

"If by 'personal charm' is meant a regard for appearance, as expressed by a scrupulous neatness of body, well cared-for teeth and nails, hair carefully and becomingly dressed, and attractive and modish clothes; together with the cultivation of tact, sympathy and understanding—in other words a pleasing personality, we believe the attention to and the cultivation of such charm go hand in hand with intellectual development. The so-called charm of powder, paint, rouge and high heels is rarely found with any very high order of mentality, and the authorities of this university would unite in saying that cultivation of such charm is in every way detrimental to intellectual growth."

PHOTOPLAY has spent many weeks of effort to find the prettiest girls in American colleges, and in the rotogravure section opposite presents the result. Some of these girls were chosen as class beauties by their fellow students, and among them are the girls engaged in dramatic clubs. It must be borne in mind that these photographs were not made especially for reproduction with the same care given professional portraits of screen stars. There are some beautiful girls represented there, and some of the subjects seem to possess personal charm that would do credit to a screen. A few of these girls have come to quite a high point of attainment in college dramatics. Of one of them one of our well-known authors said, "If she is an amateur on the stage I would never care to see a professional." They have charm and beauty. And surely they all show intelligence of a (Continued on page 122)

It wasn't a wonderful house—and it was located on a funny street where she had never been before—but he proved to her that it was possible to be very happy in it.



Illustrated by
H. R. Ballinger

She went to the best hotel and went into cloistered retirement, meaning that she spent as much time as she could spare from crying, in reading magazines.

HONEYMOON SHANTY

By FRANK R. ADAMS

THE ceremony was over.

Mrs. Hope Van Huisen, nee Warner, had contracted a misalliance, had married a man not her own kind. She had known that for several weeks past, ever since the time when, in a burst of self-revelation, her *fiance* had taken her to the little tumble-down shanty in which he had been born and she had met there a gnarly old man who could not even speak the English language correctly. He was her father-in-law.

Hope was of the social elect in Belle Plain—she had ancestors back at least two generations, which is plenty far enough back in a Middle Western town. In her own right she had been the leader of her set ever since she had been old enough to assume the halter-strap. Everyone had looked up to her, the men to worship and the women to envy and fear a little. No woman could have Hope's beauty and poise without having her sister-kind at least secretly jealous.

And now she had married a man whom nobody knew anything about except that he was an architect who had come to the city a year or so previous and had ridden to success on the crest of a building-boom. No one knew even so much about him as Hope herself, and that was precious little—nothing except that he was really one of the poor boys of the town who had gone away to school and had come back with a veneer of education which, to the casual observer, covered up his lowly origin.

Yes; Hope was suddenly possessed of a new pet, a strange animal, called Martin Van Huisen, her husband. He was more interesting than any other man she had ever known; that may be taken for granted, but he puzzled her more, too. He did not eat out of her hand worth a cent. Every other man in her life, even those much older than herself, had been men of affairs who were accustomed to their own way in everything else.

Hope felt that it would be her pleasurable duty to train her handsome young husband to become an ornament to that

society she had always graced. He needed considerable trimming and reorganizing, a new set of ideas and non-skid parlor-tricks all round. Nothing had been said about this post-marriage course in conduct, naturally, but Hope had it in the background of her mind all the time as the first campaign to be entered upon as soon as they had returned from their honeymoon.

The interval that lay between the wedding and the end of the honeymoon was his to plan; that had been settled by his request that she leave all the arrangements to him. She had acquiesced with a secret prayer that he would not choose Niagara Falls.

He had been very efficient about it. No one knew where they were going. Her trunks had been called for by an expressman who refused to divulge their destination even when asked by a curious and wheedling maid servant. Hope herself did not know whether they were to travel by train, boat, or their own automobile. He had told her simply that she would not need any hand-baggage, as her trunks would be available. Hope was rather pleased with the mystery. It gave an added zest to the great adventure.

The last fond relative had been kissed and seasonable tears had been shed by and on her at the parting from her mother.

Martin opened the door of the automobile and followed her in. The driver, of course, had been instructed in advance as to where they were going. The car turned at the corner in a direction opposite to that in which the railroad station lay. That did not necessarily mean that they were not to travel by rail. It was perfectly natural to drive to one of the suburbs and take the train from there, thus avoiding curious and practical-joking friends.

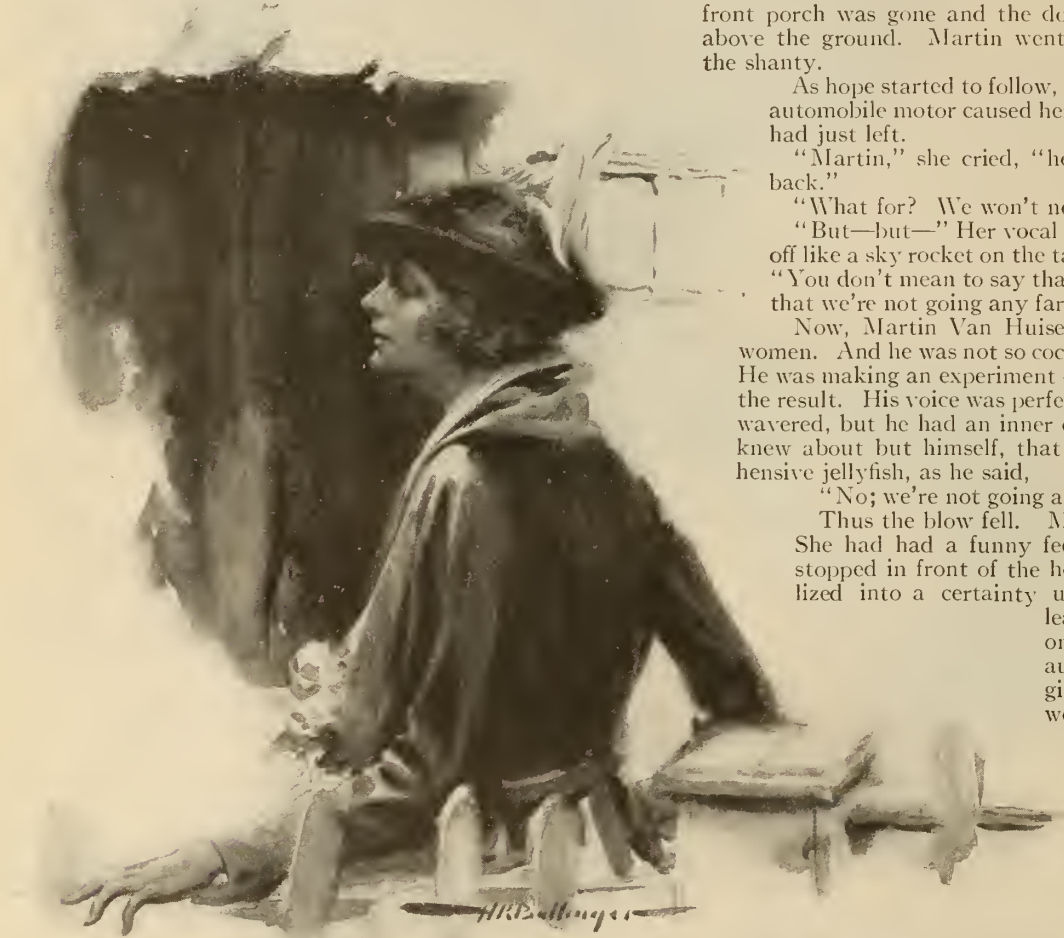
Still, the chauffeur had chosen a poor road by which to leave the city. Hope commented upon this when a particularly bad bit of paving had jolted her for five consecutive minutes. The view was not exactly inspiring, either. They were passing the manufacturing portion of the city, and the grimy old buildings

and high board fences were just as bleak an outlook as one could find in Belle Plain.

Then the factories gave way to tumble-down frame houses, and the paving got worse in some spots and gave up entirely in others.

Hope stole a side glance at her fellow prisoner to see if he was expecting this. There seemed to be no surprise or annoyance on his countenance. He was smiling, but he usually did that.

Hope adored his smile because it wasn't a professional one. He wore it because he wanted to.



The car stopped. Hope looked out and her heart gave a premonitory lurch preparatory to sinking stern foremost.

They were drawn up in front of the most disreputable looking shanty in the neighborhood. Hope knew it was the most disreputable looking one, because she had seen it once before. It was Martin's birthplace, and it was within its dingy walls that the girl had made the acquaintance of her father-in-law, the loose-jointed old Hollander, Peter Van Huiseu, who, according to her lights, was a being not quite human. That she had later come to know that the old man was the custodian of one of the finest, tenderest hearts in the world had not entirely taken away the impression which the shock of the first meeting had printed upon her consciousness.

"Were you going to get out here for something?" Hope inquired of her new pet.

"Yes, dear; I thought we'd both get out."

"Was there something you wanted to show me?" Hope asked, not making any move to dismount. "You know, I've seen the chair your mother sat in and the shoes you wore when you were two minutes old, and the picture of your mother and father in the derby hat."

"Mother never wore a derby," Martin contended cheerfully, "although I believe she could, had she wished, because she was a very capable woman. But I think you will find it worth while to come in."

There did not seem to be any alternative offered in his remark. It wasn't a request to come in if she wished, or a question asking if she would like to. It seemed to be simply a state-

ment of something that he expected to occur. Hope wasn't quite sure that she liked it as an idea. Martin must be trained not to be so positive.

However, that could come later. It was a little too early to correct what was doubtless an unconscious fault—this didactic attitude of his.

So she got out of the automobile and entered the wopple-jawed front gate. This going in by the front gate was a mere concession to formality, because the gate was about all of the fence that was left—the rest having been too easy to make into kindling.

The front door of the house was not practical because the front porch was gone and the door-sill was about three feet above the ground. Martin went round toward the back of the shanty.

As hope started to follow, the sudden acceleration of an automobile motor caused her to look back at the car they had just left.

"Martin," she cried, "he's driving away! Call him back."

"What for? We won't need him any more."

"But—but—" Her vocal cords failed as her mind shot off like a sky rocket on the tangent just opened up to her. "You don't mean to say that this is the end of our trip—that we're not going any farther."

Now, Martin Van Huiseu was not a connoisseur of women. And he was not so cock sure as he appeared, either. He was making an experiment of which he could not foresee the result. His voice was perfectly steady and his eye never wavered, but he had an inner consciousness, which nobody knew about but himself, that was shaking like an apprehensive jellyfish, as he said,

"No; we're not going any farther."

Thus the blow fell. Martin intended to live there. She had had a funny feeling about it when the car stopped in front of the house, but it had not crystallized into a certainty until the car had departed,

leaving them stranded together on this horrible desert isle. The automobile was their last tangible connection with Hope's world. Here she was in an environment quite familiar to this strange man, her husband, but absolutely foreign to herself and her limited capabilities. Her experience gave her no guide to conduct. She did not know what to do.

"All my clothes, my own things—" she began.

"Are in there," he finished for her, waving his hand at the mournful, disreputable house that seemed to leer at her in a drunken triumph.

She buried her face in her hands.

"I won't; I just won't!" she declared tearfully.

"Won't what?"

"Won't live here," she stated. "I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"No one would ever come to see me here. I couldn't invite Edith Clooney to a pig-pen like this."

Martin winced at the word "pig-pen" as applied to his ancestral halls, such as they were, but he refrained from a retort in kind.

"A place where no one is apt to drop in struck me as just the spot for a honeymoon."

"It isn't as if we *had* to live here," Hope pouted. "You've got some money, haven't you?" she finished scornfully.

"Yes," he admitted; "I make a very fair living. My income is nothing like your father's, but it is enough for us to be comfortable on."

"And you know something about the way dwellings should be constructed?" Hope persisted.

"Yes; that's my business."

"And yet you bring the woman you are supposed to love to a place like this! I thought you were fine; I thought you were kind and whimsical"—she got angrier as she went on—"but now I see that you're just a common yokel with no thoughts above—"

She had not meant to go so far. Her crumbling castle of romance had inspired her to a crudity of speech that was not

customary. She knew when she saw the white spot lash across his cheek that fire lay just ahead.

But there was no way to retract. He held up his hand to forbid further speech.

"You do not have to live here," he said, marshaling his words against the red insurrection of anger in his heart. "You may live where you wish. I certainly do not want to force you along a course which you consider a hardship. You will perhaps be more comfortable at home or at one of the hotels. Should you wish to see me, you will find me here."

It was a very proud speech and very youthful. And, in its way, very funny. He could never have made it if she hadn't called him a yokel. From his point of view, she had been unjust, had condemned him without a full hearing. His theory had not received a fair test. Very well; he would stand by his guns.

This decision was arrived at with sickening fear at his elbow coaching him to look at her first, to see how adorable she was even when angry, to remember how wonderful were her eyes when they looked at him tenderly, and how easy it would be to call back that look by simply giving in on what was really a minor affair. Because, after all, what did he care about having his own way?

But the die was cast. No one had ever spoken to Hope like that before. She looked him over from head to foot with eyes that burned him to a very unappetizing cinder. Then she turned her back and walked toward the front gate.

"If you'll wait here a moment, I'll get you a taxi," Martin called after her.

Hope had been stricken suddenly deaf and paid no attention to his hail. She passed the gate and walked down the street briskly, just as if she knew where she was going and what she was going to do—with all the rest of her life.

Probably she wouldn't live long, anyway. That was a consoling thought. When he read the obituary, Martin would doubtless be sorry that he had made such a fetish of his own will. The thought of that sad little obituary made Hope cry a little. She had been wanting to for some time and had not been able to think up an excuse. If it had not been dreadfully incompatible with her idea of the dignity of a nee-Warner she would have sat down on the curb and cried a lot. As it was, she squeezed back all but about one handkerchiefful of tears and went on down the street with her chin up, just as she imagined Joan of Arc would have done if she had married the most dreadful tyrant in all the world.

Anyway, Hope had the distinction of having achieved the shortest honeymoon of anyone in Belle Plain. It had lasted just about thirty minutes from the church door to the moment when she found herself hastening away from her tawdry Eden, minus also her Adam, which made her twice as lonely and abused as the original Eve.

She did not go home—she had some pride left. Instead, she went to the best hotel and registered as Miss H. Lancaster—that was a family name—and went into cloistered retirement, meaning by that statement that she had all her meals served in her room and spent as much time as she could spare from crying in reading magazines and books which a bell-boy selected for her from the news-stand in the lobby.

She cried herself to sleep that night.

Hope moped for two solid days, and, because she wasn't used to it, the exertion made her exceedingly tired. It takes a very accomplished sulker to get any pleasure out of it after the first day. She couldn't cry any more and had decided that she wouldn't die right away but that she did want to get outdoors and inhale a little fresh air. This thing of being a hothouse flower palls rapidly upon a healthy normal girl.

So, on the morning of the third day she went out for a walk.



She turned her back and walked toward the front gate. "If you'll wait here a moment, I'll get you a taxi," Martin called after her. Hope had been stricken suddenly deaf and paid no attention to his hail.

Late that same afternoon, Martin Van Huisen, standing before a drafting-board but not doing a thing because the memory of his wife's arm was against his cheek pulling him away to come and find her, no matter if she was a spoiled child, was annoyed by a telephone-call which interrupted his reverie. That is, he was annoyed at first until he had answered it and found out who was talking.

A voice said,

"Do you suppose you could get home in fifteen minutes?"

Martin's whole being was galvanized into instant alertness.

"I can. What's the matter? Is it serious?"

"It is. My biscuits will be done then, and they look as if they were going to be good. It's the third batch I've made today and the others weren't any use except to cry over. So, will you hurry, please."

"I will. I'll be there almost before you can get the door open."

But between Hope's early-morning walk and Martin's late-afternoon telephone-call lay the events which culminated in the first victory (constructive) for the eternal masculine in the life-long domestic struggle for supremacy in the Van Huisen—and every other—household.

(Continued on page 66)

LIFE

II—THE ISLAND LIFE

THIS is the second of a series of satirical articles on the different phases of life as depicted in the motion pictures. "The Social Life," "The Club Life," "The Underworld Life," and "The Wild West Life" are to follow.

By
WILLARD
HUNTINGTON
WRIGHT

Decorations by
RALPH BARTON



There is something in the meteorological conditions of these film islands which inflames the lady's phagocytes with Terpsichorean proclivities.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, an English navigator of the seventeenth century, leaped suddenly into fame as a result of his twenty-eight years of enforced existence on an uninhabited island; and it is the consensus of scientific and literary opinion that his experiences were most unusual, and that, as insular residences go, his was somewhat strange and remarkable.

But, to those familiar with the silent drama of today, his nautical adventures were tame and commonplace, if not downright dull and soporific. Neither he, nor the Robinsons of Switzerland, could boast of anything as unique and extraordinary as the island life which modern film directors have conceived and pictured for us.

Of late years the obscure and unknown islands of the South Seas have exerted an irresistible fascination over the directorial mind. No matter where a film romance may begin—whether in the dance-halls of Alaska, the drawing-rooms of Fifth Avenue, the cabarets of Broadway, or on the boulevards of Paris—any director worthy of the name can contrive to get his characters washed ashore on a tropical isle before the end of the first reel. The minute there flashes on the screen a gang-plank, a smoke funnel, a pair of binoculars, or a suit of yachting clothes, you may rest assured that ere the world is fifteen minutes older you will see a palm-lined beach, and a young man in duck trousers staggering through the surf with a limp maiden in his arms.

In considering the island life as depicted on the screen, a word should be said regarding motion-picture shipwrecks; for they, too, have peculiarities and idiosyncrasies which render them unique.

To begin with, only unseaworthy vessels, it would appear, are ever chartered for the purpose of navigating the South Seas. Not only are they without fire protection, but apparently they are saturated with oil or gasoline, for flames spread through them with uncanny rapidity. Their bulkheads are defective and on the point of giving way. Their hulls are of *papier-mache* or some other brittle material, and spring enormous leaks at the first sign of an approaching storm. Their lifeboats are either riveted to the decks, or else constructed so as to capsize automatically on coming in contact with the water. One wonders how these feeble and dilapidated ships held together long enough to reach the tropics.

Furthermore, once there is an accident, they go down like lumps of lead. They never hover a while, fill with water, and gradually submerge, like ordinary ships. Not at all! One moment they are full afloat; the next, they have been completely swallowed up. You see them lurch forward on their nose and—*z-z-z!* they're gone, like a coot diving for a fish.

Even so, they do not sink with sufficient dispatch to carry all hands down. There are always two young people who, in some unexplained manner, manage to disannex the mainmast, and float ashore. And this feat of dismantling the ship is performed under water, for you plainly see the vessel sink with the masts intact and the main-braces taut.

On all South Sea islands in motion pictures one's clothes wear out in the most unusual fashion. For example, one's shirt-sleeves go first. Not only do they give way while the rest of the shirt is still in good condition, but they seem to disappear completely, leaving frayed, tattered ends, as if they had been run through a mangle, or violently curry-combed. Again, the button on the collar-band is invariably the first

IN THE FILMS

to come off, for all island shirts are agape at the neck. (The undershirt has either been left aboard the ill-fated ship or else lost in the surf as its owner swam ashore, for no islander of the films—male or female—has ever been known to possess a chemise.)

Then there are the island trousers. These perhaps are the most distinctive article of investiture worn by shipwrecked screen characters. Their style never varies; they are never modified or remodelled; no innovations are ever introduced. It is almost as if the same pair of trousers served for all motion-picture dramas dealing with island life.

Though at the time their owner scrambles ashore they are of white ducking and are held up by a leather belt bearing a monogrammed silver buckle, they at once transform themselves, beneath the tropical sun, into some coarse, dark material; and the fancy belt is immediately converted into a crude, funiform *ceinture* resembling a gasket or clothesline. Furthermore, the bottom of each pants' leg is artistically scalloped, the frayed ends hanging in graceful, triangular streamers.

But the most conspicuous characteristic of island trousers is the discrepancy in the length of the legs. The left leg reaches almost to the ankle; but the right leg tapers out immediately below the kneecap. No shipwrecked islander of the films has yet been discovered with trousers whose legs were of equal length. In fact, if an islander by accident comes upon a pair of pants of uniform dimensions, he at once rolls up the right leg to the prescribed height, in order to fulfill this basic sartorial tradition of cinema-island history.

The fashion in island trousers is unfailing, absolute, inexorable; and one cursory glance at a gentleman's nether integuments in a motion picture will instantly and invariably inform you whether he is on an island or on the mainland.

The garments of shipwrecked ladies of the films are equally characteristic and *a la mode*. Their skirts, like the gentlemen's trousers, become attractively frayed and scalloped, until they assume the aspect of a hula-



In the late afternoons they sit meditatively upon some promontory making polite love.

dancer's costume, with overlapping, ribbon-like strips hanging from the waist and fluttering in the breeze.

A reference, too, should be made to the shoes in which screen islanders are washed ashore. Superficially they appear like any ordinary foot-gear. But no! They are of the most fragile and flimsy material—probably cardboard; for they at once wear out and have to be abandoned. An ordinary pair of shoes would hold together at least a year on the loamy soil of a tropical island; but in the films they collapse and go to pieces almost the moment they touch land; and motion-picture islanders, after their first day ashore, are necessitated to go bare-foot.

Another interesting peculiarity noticeable in connection with the island life of the screen, has to do with the masculine beard. As a general rule, no matter how long a man may be stranded on one of these isolated shores, he appears at all times to be

freshly shaved and talcumed.

Numerous explanations have been put forward to account for this remarkable hirsute phenomenon. For instance, it has been suggested that a bottle of depilatory may have been brought ashore from the sinking ship, or else that a barber's kit has been washed up by the tide from some previous wreck. Again, the theory has been advanced that all male islanders have had their whiskers electrically removed before starting their cruise among the Southern archipelagos.

But these explanations do not take into account the fact that, as a rule, the cranial hair also is kept neatly trimmed and pomaded. And this latter state of perpetual capillary elegance on the part of the male, discloses another unique condition of motion-picture island life—to wit: that the man's companion is not, as is commonly given out, a (Continued on page 97)

A young man in duck trousers staggering through the surf with a limp maiden in his arms.





AFTER THE SHOW—Paramount

WE feel like saying "Charles Ogle... Charles Ogle... Charles Ogle"... and then concluding the review, so poignantly does he take the picture. After a long screen career, which began at the old Edison, Mr. Ogle has come into his own with a performance of great power and beauty. However, there are worthy supporting factors. There is the story, which is not the infernal triangle, but the contests between the protective love of an old man (Charles Ogle) and the desire of a young man (Jack Holt) for the girl (Lila Lee). The ingredients are not amazingly original, but the adaptation of the Rita Weiman story—by Hazel MacDonald and Vianna Knowlton—is handled to advantage, and the complete whole "gets" you thoroughly—a love thing in pictures. There is pathos, drama, vitality. William deMille, with his directorial talent which amounts almost to genius for making his characters real, does his best work in months.



AT THE END OF THE WORLD—Paramount

SINCE "The Miracle Man", beautiful Betty Compson has been searching vainly for a picture with which she could duplicate the amazing success that she achieved as *Rose*. After several indifferent stellar vehicles, she has found it in her first Paramount picture, "At the End of the World," and she may now qualify as one of the few very bright stars. It is an unusually well constructed story, with many highly dramatic moments, enacted against vivid backgrounds, from the opium belt in Shanghai and a lone light-house off the Philippine coast. It may not convince you, but it affords an hour of excellent entertainment. Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, who directed, proves that he has found a definite place for himself in the movies. Milton Sills and Casson Ferguson are in the cast.

THE SHADOW STAGE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

A Review of the new pictures



THE THREE MUSKETEERS—United Artists

A GREAT picture: one that the whole world will enjoy, today and tomorrow. Romance, adventure, humor—great direction, great scenario, great acting—it is one of the finest photoplays ever produced, a real classic. You might know that a combination of Dumas and Doug, Knobloch and Niblo would be effective, but they exceed your expectations. To be sure, Knobloch has taken a few little liberties with the story of Dumas *pere*, such as making *Constance* the niece rather than the wife of *Bonacieux*, so that Doug may make love to her; and changing the affair of the buckle almost entirely. Some of the street scenes are obviously f. o. b. Hollywood; and Doug is an American *D'Artagnan* despite his French mustache. But, considering the censors, considering everything—it's great. The continuity is as smooth as any ever written, and Fred Niblo has done justice to it, making the scenes dramatic and, above all, beautiful. There is one shot of Thomas Holding, a business-like *Duke of Buckingham*, outlined against a great window, that is as effective as anything the Germans have done. Fairbanks has never done better work; his performance is an everlasting credit to him and to the screen. Nigel de Brullier's *Cardinal Richelieu* is a marvelous piece of work. Mary Maclaren is a youthful, chaste, and exquisite *Anne of Austria*: a censored queen. Leon Barry, George Siegmann, and Eugene Paulette in the title roles are immense. Adolphe Menjou as the *King* and Marguerite de la Motte as *Constance* are good. Don't miss this!

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION OF THE SIX BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

1. THE THREE MUSKETEERS
2. DISRAELI
3. AFTER THE SHOW
4. THE GREAT IMPERSONATION
5. AT THE END OF THE WORLD
6. WEDDING BELLS



THE GREAT IMPERSONATION—Paramount

IS just that. James Kirkwood is a wonderful actor and he proves it all over again in this thrilling E. Phillips Oppenheim story of German spies and English gentlemen. Those triplets of the perfect photoplay: story, production, and acting, are well represented. Kirkwood is corking in his dual role. *He should be starred. He should be starred.* (The Kirkwood yell). It is a story of the war: of an English and a German who look alike, and impersonate each other. You don't know who is who until the tail end of the picture. If you didn't know beforehand, you would never think that the same man played both parts. Kirkwood as the Englishman looks nothing at all like Kirkwood as the German. We don't know of another actor who could have done better work. Ann Forrest is pretty and capable as the heroine. Here is a program picture that is ten times more interesting than lots of super-specials. And make no mistake about it: it's James Kirkwood who "makes" it.



DISRAELI—United Artists

THIS is a thoughtful interpretation of the Louis N. Parker play which George Arliss made famous on the stage several years ago. Its screen success is surprising in view of the fact that it seemed to be reliant upon the spoken word for its value. It seemed too subtle, too epigrammatic, for the screen. George Arliss, however, is one of the most skillful pantomimists since Deburau, and he makes *Disraeli*, the wily British statesman, the most perfect reproduction of a historical character that has ever been made. The direction, by Henry Kolker, is intelligent, if uninspired. In fact, one might say that the only fault to be found with "Disraeli" is that it is only a fine picture, when it might have been made a very great picture. The sets are amazingly real; but some of the people who walk through them are most un-English. There is Reginald Denny, very much mis-cast; and E. J. Ratcliffe, as the *Governor of the Bank of England*, who doesn't look it. Mr. Arliss has a wholly delightful co-star in Mrs. George Arliss, who plays the patient *Mrs. Disraeli*. She is a charming woman and an accomplished actress. There should be a law against Mr. Arliss ever appearing on the stage or screen without his wife. Louise Huff is a quaint sweet *Clarissa*; she is perhaps the most modest of all our ingenues; we are glad that she has returned to the films. *The Honorable Benjamin Disraeli* held the screen for two weeks at the same Broadway theater, which proves that he is considerably more popular now than he was in Victorian England.



WEDDING BELLS—First National

IN "Wedding Bells," Constance Talmadge gives another one of her artfully roguish performances. Moreover, she is supplemented by an amusing story, excellent direction, and a competent foil in the person of Harrison Ford, who seems never so good as when he is acting opposite the sprightlier Talmadge. The plot involves a flirtatious flapper and an equally flirtatious youth who, half an hour after their wedding, quarrel over the subject of her bobbed hair. So the flapper goes to Reno and has her marriage license bobbed as well. The youth is about to be married again, but his ex-wife arrives on the scene, and introduces a few sour notes into his wedding bells. Everything, as is customary in a C. T. picture, ends happily. The star is perhaps our most consistently amusing comedienne.



CAPPY RICKS—Paramount

AN entertaining photoplay for those who enjoy tales of adventure. It's a story of the sea and of the San Francisco water-front, and of battles waged bare-fisted. Thomas Meighan fits his role well; Agnes Ayres in his support. Suitable for children's viewing. From the Peter B. Kyne story.



MOTHER O' MINE—Associated Prod.

DESPITE its saccharine title, "Mother o' Mine" departs from the usual rubber-stamp form. The old mother does not sit at home and exude glycerine when her boy gets into trouble—she goes out and fights for him. The title role is well played by Claire Macdowell. Lloyd Hughes is the son, and Betty Ross Clarke the girl.



THE SHARK MASTER—Universal

TOPICALLY, this is a South Sea Island tale of love and lotus. Striking sea stuff—and a couple of sharks. (Why the title?) Some spots of photographic and locational beauty. Some atmosphere. Adequate performances by pretty little May Collins and Frank Mayo. Rather better than worse.



SERENADE—First National

OLD vintage in decorative new bottles. A tale, rather long drawn out, of hot blood, hot love, vengeance, and a nuptial fade-out. Story somewhat involved. Plausibly Spanish and beguilingly colorful. George Walsh does some ingenious escaping. Miriam Cooper is sweet if suave. Romance plus.



PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT—Associated Prod.

WHEN an American producer sets out to depict scenes in the homes of the British aristocracy, he is literally placing his head in the lion's mouth. J. L. Frothingham does this in "Pilgrims of the Night," and gets away with it. It is an excellent mystery melodrama, acted by a well balanced cast, headed by beautiful Rubye de Remer, who is also a good actress.



THUNDERCLAP—Fox

IF you consider "Thunderclap" as a weird burlesque of a ham melodrama, you will get a good laugh out of it; if you take it seriously, however, you are in for a bad evening. It is appropriately equipped with an incompetent cast, absurd scenery and photography that is reminiscent of the animated daguerreotype era. Mrs. Mary Carr, J. Barney Sherry and Violet Mersereau.



WHERE LIGHTS ARE LOW—Robertson-Cole

SESSUE HAYAKAWA'S new picture, "Where Lights are Low," concerns a Chinese prince who comes to America, learns to distinguish between "Big Dick" and "Li'l Joe," and ultimately becomes embroiled in San Francisco's Chinatown. Hayakawa endows it with a certain interest by the sheer force of his pantomimic genius.



THE CUP OF LIFE—Ince-Associated Producers

A DELIGHTFULLY impossible, exquisitely photographed motion picture whose mystery, romance and adventure you'll enjoy unless you are extremely practical of mind. The cast includes Hobart Bosworth, Madge Bellamy, Tully Marshall and Niles Welch. Careful handling of a fanciful story has rendered it excellent entertainment.



A MIDNIGHT BELL—First National

IN "A Midnight Bell," Charles Ray has a typical role, an ambitious youth who clerks in a general store for \$6 per week. During his first week he puts the store on its feet, outwits a gang of bogus ghosts, and marries his boss's daughter. (Which is a lot of work for six dollars.) Doris Pawn is the boss's daughter.



THE MATCH-BREAKER—Metro

VERY, very light, but pleasing and well suited to Viola Dana's talents. She's an amateur adventures here, tangling and untangling things in her usual light-hearted manner, with Jack Perrin attached to her train. Frivolous stuff for your hour-to-spare. The children may safely see this.



THE HELL-DIGGERS—Paramount

AN average picture, and a family film. The plot requires many explanatory titles, but when the action gets under way it proceeds in brisk manner. There's a realistic fight aboard a gold-dredger, a dynamite explosion and other typical movie bids for sustained interest. Wallace Reid and Lois Wilson.



PLAY SQUARE—Fox

A GOOD, wholesome photoplay, showing the influence of mother love in bringing a wayward son back into the fold. In places, the mother-stuff is overworked, but otherwise the plot is evenly developed and the suspense well handled. Johnny Walker and Edna Murphy are co-starred.

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

MRS. LYDIG HOYT, the New York society matron whose advent into motion pictures was made much of by the newspapers, has changed her mind and renounced her ambition to be a screen luminary. She was to have appeared in a picture with Norma Talmadge, and the publicity department got the full benefit of the proposal in yards of newspaper space. Then something happened. There are those mean enough to suggest that five or six reels did not constitute enough space for both celebrities to move about in comfortably.

As a general proposition too much fuss was made about Mrs. Hoyt going into pictures. She was not after publicity, but is a beautiful woman and sincerely desired to do something in a line of work she gave every indication of being fitted for. She had much more promise than either Lady Diana Manners, who is starring in a British picture for Stuart Blackton, or Mrs. Morgan Belmont, whom D. W. Griffith used for a small "bit" in "Way Down East." The screen would be enriched by the addition of such a personality and we hope she will not give up. But our advice to any society woman who essays pictures would be to gag the publicity department, thus insuring her a fair chance and preventing injudicious exploitation of her personality in P. T. Barnum manner for the purpose of selling the pictures in which she appears.

WE know of one young society woman of unusual beauty and intelligence who is going about it in the right way. She went to Los Angeles several months ago. Instead of using her own name, which is as well known as any of the above, she assumed a very common one and slipped by the "extra route." She is making good in small parts, and gives every promise of being worthy of featuring one of these days. She has had some very interesting experiences, and enjoys the work immensely. Among other talents possessed by this young lady is a decided flair for writing, and she has promised to write an article soon for PHOTOPLAY. It will be worth reading.

REPRESENTATIVE MANUEL HERRICK, who is said to have made a fortune in Oklahoma with Herrick's Giant Yellow Corn and Copperfaced Hereford cattle before he came to Washington last year, has gotten himself into a very embarrassing position from which he is trying to explain himself out without much apparent success. He first achieved the limelight at the capitol when he introduced a bill forbidding beauty contests. Now it develops that he had a plan for a little private beauty contest and as a result several irate relatives of Washington girls went looking for the statesman with blood in their eyes. To forty-nine entrants in a contest held by a Washington newspaper he sent letters offering his heart and hand, representing himself as one of the few men in the world who led blameless lives, holding out the hope that the chosen one might some day grace the White House and a lot of similar twaddle. The postoffice department got after Mr. Congressman, and he explained that he was just trying to get evidence to prove that "young ladies are very romantic, very impressionable and inclined to bite at any bait that seemed to have temptation tendered." Maybe he was, but as a congressman he is a successful corn inventor.

HERE is another side of the motion picture art—We mean business. There are some producers who are making a sincere effort to get something into pictures besides gun-play, intrigue and sex. These men have an appreciation of the possibilities for beauty in the new art. They have an abiding faith in the increasing discrimination of the public. They want to give devotees of the motion picture theaters films that no censor can object to, that no writer or artist can criticize. Yet there is a practical side that no producer can ignore and stay in the business very long. "Wid's" is a daily paper in the motion picture trade field. It goes to many thousands of exhibitors and has earned their confidence. It points out that beautiful pictures like "Sentimental Tommy," "Broken Blossoms," and Vidor's "Jack Knife Man" were box office failures, and says: "Let's get down to cases, and then some more, with pictures. Put in the hokum—the red blood stuff. That gets them on the edge of that 20-cent seat. Let's get some of the beauty out and the action in. Let's find a thrill or two or maybe more. Let's get back to basics—primal emotions—that is what the fans want."

You cannot have beauty in pictures unless you patronize the producers with ideals. You cannot expect them to continue making "Sentimental Tommies" and "Jack Knife Men" when you show a cash appreciation of "Sex" and "Passion Fruit."

AND now it is Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen. The handsome Lou is suing for a separation because Mrs. Tellegen changed the lock when he went on a fishing trip and prevented his return to her New York house. The famous grand opera star is wisely refraining from discussing the affair in the daily papers and leaving the talking to friend husband. She was always a sensible woman. Divorce or separation is deplorable and a bad example to a community, but a public debate never settled a marital difference.

WE were riding downtown in a street car the morning the news of the trouble broke in the newspapers. "Isn't it terrible," remarked a smug-looking person with thick eyeglasses and thin, straight lips, "how many divorces there are among stage and screen people. Something ought to be done about it. There should be a law against their marrying."

We should like to see some statistics as to the relative number of divorces among people in these professions compared with small store owners, lawyers, or any of the rest of our population. The contrast might make my bus companion realize that divorce is not restricted to the "profession." It is an even chance that there is one hanging on her own family tree somewhere.

DESPITE the clearly voiced opinion of the country that Clara Hamon, who figured so prominently and unpleasantly in the divorce and criminal courts of Oklahoma, should not try to capitalize her disgusting notoriety on the screen, she proceeded to make a picture. The National Association of the Motion Picture Industry is fighting to exclude it from the theaters. No decent distributor would handle it, any exhibitor that showed it in his theater should be run out of town, and no man or woman with the least trace of self respect would attend again a theater that slapped public decency in the face by defiling its screen with it.



Cutting the cuticle makes it coarse and unsightly

Olive Tell—one of the loveliest of the famous Selznick stars—using Cutex. As a professional woman Miss Tell knows the value of getting results with the least time and effort. To the millions who follow her work on the screen her fastidious taste and well-groomed appearance are a constant delight.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

The more you cut the cuticle the uglier it grows

The right way to manicure



First, the Cuticle Remover. Dip an orange stick, wrapped in cotton, into the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work carefully around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off, leaving a smooth shapely rim.



Then the Nail White. The Cutex Nail White will remove the stains that will persist and give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails, directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.



Finally the Polish. A delightful jewel-like shine of just the right brightness is obtained by using first the Cutex Paste Polish and then the Powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails lightly across the palm of the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, instantaneously and without burnishing, by giving them a light coat of Cutex Liquid Polish.

WHEN you cut off the hard, dry edges about the base of the nail, you cannot help snipping through, in places, to the living skin.

You know what always happens to a cut—over the wound there forms a tough little ridge. If cutting is continued, the cuticle will soon be composed entirely of this coarse, unsightly tissue. Surplus cuticle has to be removed; this can be done easily, quickly and harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Your first Cutex manicure will

seem like a miracle. It does look like magic to see the hard, dry cuticle disappearing as dirt melts before soap and water. It is a delight, also, to find that you can give your nails that professional grooming that you get from Cutex Nail White and any of the Cutex Polishes. Each Cutex preparation comes separately at 35c or in sets—the Compact Set—60c; the Traveling Set—\$1.50; and the Boudoir Set—\$3.00; at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—now only 15c

Contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish—enough for six complete manicures—with orange stick and emery board. Fill out coupon and mail it with 15 cents to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, if you live in Canada, to Dept. 711 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



The marvelous new Cutex Liquid Polish



Northam Warren
Dept. 711, 114 West 17th Street
New York City

Name _____
Street _____
City and State _____

Mail this coupon with 15c today

(Continued from page 57)

Hope had not made any concessions—not by any means. She had no more intention of entering her own home when she started out than she had of flying to heaven in a flying basket.

She did go over toward the poorer part of town, where the factories were and the dwellings of the factory-hands, but that was

because she did not want to be seen by anyone she knew. They would be sure to ask embarrassing questions. It was a certainty that she would not encounter any acquaintances in Shantytown. Her friends barely knew that such a place existed. It was a region where no one (Continued on page 94)



She wanted to run away and hide. He looked so big and rough somehow . . . until he grabbed her in his arms. Then he proved to be as gentle and comfortable as she could possibly imagine. And a wonderful person to cry on the shoulder of when he told you how glad he was that you had come home.



This is an actual photograph of Thomas Meighan's hand holding an OMAR.

© 1921. A. T. Co.

"Regular stuff" is an **OMAR** in Tom Meighan's hand

Omar Omar spells **Aroma**
 Omar Omar is **Aroma**
Aroma makes a cigarette;
 They've told you that for years
 Smoke Omar for **Aroma**.

Thirteen kinds of choice Turkish and six kinds of selected Domestic tobaccos are blended to give Omar its delicate and distinctive **Aroma**.

They always go together—

Pen and Ink
 Punch and Judy
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and

OMAR and AROMA



Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

—which means that if you don't like
OMAR CIGARETTES you can
 get your money back from the dealer

Open to Everybody—

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS \$30,000 SCENARIO CONTEST

This contest, at the close of which there will be awarded \$30,000 in prizes to the writers of the thirty-one best scenarios entered, is dedicated to the belief, shared by all leading picture makers, that amateur scenario writers, with proper advice and encouragement, can produce quantities of strong, vivid stories, real life scenarios that

will give needed stimulus to the work of permanently establishing moving pictures as one of the great American contributions to art. The contest will be national in scope. No one will be excluded except employes of The Chicago Daily News and of the Goldwyn Company.

Prizes Are Offered as Follows :

1st Prize \$10,000.00
10 Prizes of 1,000.00 each
20 Prizes of 500.00 each

You don't have to be a trained writer to win one of these prizes — plain human-interest stories told in simple language are what is wanted.

The winner of the contest will not only receive the \$10,000 offered as a first prize, but will see his scenario shown on the screen.

Goldwyn Will Produce It

This means that no effort or expense will be spared to make of it a great picture.

The Judges

The judges of The Chicago Daily News contest have been selected from the most prominent American writers, critics, and motion picture authorities. David Wark Griffith, Samuel Goldwyn, Charles Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Amy Leslie and Gouverneur Morris compose the committee that will pass on all scenarios submitted. All awards will be made on a basis of merit. The judges will not know the writers' names, scenarios being known to them by number only.

To Assist You

Starting Monday, August 22nd, The Chicago Daily News began publishing a series of daily articles by the leading motion picture authorities of the country telling how to write the kind of scenarios the public wants. These articles, by such eminent motion picture figures as D. W. Griffith, Norma Talmadge, Charles Chaplin and Samuel Goldwyn, are authoritative. Scenario writing is discussed from every angle. Each article is not only interesting, but instructive.

Back copies of The Daily News may be had by writing to the Scenario Contest Editor, The Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois—simply enclose 3 cents in stamps for each issue desired. The Chicago Daily News is published every week day.

Send in your scenario *now*, as the contest closes November 1st, 1921.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS CO.

Rules and Regulations

1. All manuscripts must be sent to The Scenario Contest Editor of The Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois.

2. Legal assignment to The Chicago Daily News Co. of all copyrights of the scenario submitted must accompany the manuscript — the assignment of copyright will be waived after the awarding of the prizes on all scenarios that do not win prizes.

3. Manuscripts must be of not more than 5,000 words and may be written in short story form.

4. Manuscripts must be in typewritten form or in legible handwriting, written on one side of paper only.

5. All manuscripts must be in the hands of The Chicago Daily News by 12 o'clock midnight, November 1st, 1921.

6. No manuscripts will be returned. The Chicago Daily News will take every precaution to safeguard all entered scenarios, but will not be responsible for lost manuscripts.

7. No two prizes will be given to a single contestant.

The SHEIK

The
popular romance
lives again
on the screen,
with
Agnes Ayres
and
Rudolph Valentino
in the
leading roles.

Below—A scene from
"The Sheik," with
Valentino and Agnes
Ayers.



Photography by Donald Biddle Keyes.



HAVE you read it? The chances are that you have. The story of a handsome Arab Sheik, and the English woman whom he kidnaps and holds for his own, is peculiarly adaptable to pictures. For the glamor and the beauty of the desert, the colorful costumes, the real love story lend themselves to the shadows. Rudolph Valentino, the Latin lover of "The Four Horsemen," plays the Sheik. Agnes Ayres is *Diana*, the heroine. The whole is more or less a tangible version of "Pale hands I love, beside the Shalimar, where are you now, who lies beneath thy spell?" But we wonder what the censors will do to it.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

WHY THE SMILE? WELL, HE'S GOING HOME

YOU seldom see the world's greatest comedian as he really looks. So this is perhaps the most interesting photograph ever made of Charles Spencer Chaplin. He was in New York a few days before sailing for Europe. While he is showing streaks of grey in his hair it is not nearly so noticeable as it seems in this picture. Over there Mr. Chaplin will write a series of articles for PHOTOPLAY

entitled "Charlie Abroad." He intends to visit France, Spain, Germany, and possibly Russia, in addition to his homeland, England, which he has not seen for some years. While he is being acclaimed by thousands who know him as the marvellous little man with the large feet and the tiny mustache, his newest picture, "The Idle Class," is being released in America. It is his first since that classic "The Kid."



The Girl Women Envy and Men Admire

Some girls seem to have all the good times while others look on and wonder how they do it. Yet these popular girls are often not especially endowed with beauty.

Their principal attraction is often the alluring fresh smoothness of skin which all men admire.

There is no reason why you should be content with anything less than a perfect skin, for scientific cleansing will secure it. Your one big problem is the choice of soap.

Select the mildest

If you feel afraid of soap it is because you have been using the wrong kind. You will have no further anxiety after you try Palmolive—the mildest, balmiest facial soap it is possible to produce.

Blended from the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used as cleansers, its smooth, bland, creamy lather cleanses without the slightest hint of harshness.

What Palmolive does

Softly massaged into your skin with your two hands, the fragrant lather enters every tiny pore

and skin cell, dissolving the accumulations of dirt, oil secretions and perspiration which otherwise clog and enlarge them. (When this dirt carries infection, blemishes result.)

This thorough cleansing keeps your skin clear and fine in texture. Healthful stimulation of circulation gives you that inimitable and becoming natural color.

After thorough rinsing apply a touch of cold cream. If your skin is unusually dry, rub in cold cream before washing.

10 cents—and the reason

While palm and olive oils are the most expensive soap ingredients, the enormous demand for Palmolive allows us to import them in such enormous quantity that it reduces cost.

This same demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This is another price-reducing factor which gives you this luxurious cleanser at the price of ordinary soap.

Mail the coupon for free trial cake and let the creamy Palmolive lather tell its own story.

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Milwaukee, U. S. A.

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Manufacturers of a Complete Line
of Toilet Articles

Volume and efficiency
produce 25c quality for

10c

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A queen's cosmetics

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the West Beach and Motor Hair Net



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We redeem coupons at 10c each when properly filled out. We suggest that for convenience you accumulate a quantity of them before sending to us for exchange. If you do not have a stock of West Hair Curlers, West Beach and Motor Hair Nets and Softex Shampoo, order from your jobber.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

MARIETTA.—You repeatedly accuse me of being conceited. My dear child, you don't know what conceit is. If I thought I were as brainy as Balzac and as snappy as Stevenson, then I would be conceited. I rate myself too low, if anything. Wallace Reid was born in 1890. He came east recently to appear in "Forever" (Peter Ibbetson), to dance at Delmonico's, and visit his mother and grandmother. He is back home in Hollywood now. Address him Lasky studio.

HESTER K., DAYTON.—Every time I walk to my office—and that is six days out of seven, and sometimes seven—I have heart-break. I pass little cripples and big beggars; an old man in a ragged coat with a beautiful bright-haired child of four, whose dress is clean but shabby; a woman wearing twelve diamonds bracelets and not much else; three hundred and sixty-five motors and twice as many Fords; a blind boy, begging—sights to make one weep. And then some of you call me callous. Yes, Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell. She is a Vitagraph star and he is her director. Miss Griffith is a silken beauty; very languorous, very charming—she has always been very kind to me. It's her good heart.

MARY E., DALLAS.—I don't know why, but I have an idea that neither Mary Pickford the second, nor William Wallace Reid, Jr., will be movie stars when they grow up. They will be talented, no doubt; but it is very seldom that the children of actors go on the stage. Although Mary II has already appeared in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Eugene O'Brien was born in 1884. His address is care Selznick, N. Y.

J. GORDON, AMERICUS, GEORGIA.—I want to thank you for that beautiful carved ivory cane you left for me while I was on my vacation. I am vastly pleased with it, and intend to carry it on all occasions. All of my colleagues, including Delight Evans, the Editor of Why Do They Do It, and Miss Carolyn Van Wyck, are exceedingly jealous. Please write to me often and ask any questions—I'll always be interested.

GLADYS.—Awfully sorry, but we have no record of a film called "The Ordeal." We have about everything else in that line. Perhaps you gave me the wrong title. Does anybody know anything about it?

RICARDO, MANILA.—In spite of the fact that you call me Old Man, I enjoyed your letter. I am not very hard to please, more fool I. (I read that somewhere.) I haven't Manilla Martan's address; in fact, I don't even know there is a Manilla Martan. There should be. The principal players in "The Son of Tarzan" are Karla Schramm, Gordon Griffith, Mae Giraci, P. Demsey Tabler, Eugene Burr, Kamuela C. Searle, Frank Morrell and Ray Thompson. Madge Evans was with World, not Paramount.

LOUISE G. WAY, SAN ANTONIO.—I don't know whether or not Ralph Graves sings, but I am sure that if he does, he sings baritone. Ralph is not married, and he is a mighty fine chap. He is not much over twenty-one and has blue eyes.

G. R., KINGSTON, IND.—I attended the opening of "The Three Musketeers" and it was an impressive occasion. Doug, Mary, Charlie Chaplin and Jack Dempsey were there: each the champion of his particular line. So far as I know, I was the only Answer Man there. It's a great picture; I am sure everybody is going to like it. Chaplin went abroad soon after the performance. Edna Murphy, who is now Johnny Walker's co-star in Fox pictures, appeared with Edward Roseman in "Fantomas."

KRAZY.—I won't argue with a lady. So you have organized a Lillian Gish Club and want me to be the Honorary President. With pleasure. I am sure that if you write to Miss Gish at the Griffith studios in Mamaroneck, N. Y., she will send you an autographed photograph for your club-room. She will probably be delighted with the Club. I don't blame you a bit for liking Lillian. I could almost organize a Club about her myself.

GRACE.—Maude George was the interesting modiste in "The Devil's Pass-Key." Eric von Stroheim directed, but did not appear in this picture. He is in "Foolish Wives," however. Priscilla Dean is 5 feet 0 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. It's a mystery to me what difference height and weight makes; but I suppose you have your reasons.

P. STEWART.—Some paintings would be worth more to some people if the price were painted across the top. As Zuleika Dobson would say, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like." Did you ever read that classic of Max Beerbohm's, "Zuleika Dobson?" It's one of Dorothy Gish's favorite books, which proves Dorothy's good taste. J. Warren Kerrigan has not been making many pictures during the last few years, but there is a rumor that he is forming his own company. Not a few people will be glad to see him. He is not married.

DORCAS LEE.—Birds of a feather, I am told, flock together, but I have yet to see raven locks with crow's feet. Have you? Monte Blue was born in 1890; William Farnum in 1876; and D. W. Griffith in 1880. Mr. Blue is married to a non-professional, and Mr. Farnum to Olive White.



A FRENCH caricature of Lillian Gish in "The Great Love." The title of this picture (which has just reached France) was changed over there to "The Poor Love" (*Le Pauvre Amour*)—its magnitude having been judged, we presume, by Gallic standards. The caricature is by Becan and was reproduced from our French colleague *Cinéa*.

(Continued)

K. E. K., PHILADELPHIA.—Paul Helleu's portrait of Lillian Gish is a very lovely thing. So far as I know it is in his "best manner," but I wouldn't let that worry me, if I were you. The point is that it looks like Lillian, which is enough for me. Correean Kirkham is not related to Kathleen Kirkham. Marshall Neilan opposite Mary Pickford in "Madame Butterfly."

BETTY B., FRISCO.—Constance Talmadge has blonde hair, but Norma hasn't. Connie was not in San Francisco during the month of August, 1921 A. D. She was vacationing in Canada. John Pialoglo is her husband. Gloria Swanson has a beautiful shade of reddish-brown hair and blue eyes; Bebe Daniels has black hair and eyes; and Viola Dana has dark brown hair and light green eyes. (Viola herself calls them green, so don't blame me.)

AMELIE.—Lovely! Right out of a novel! If I ever write a book the heroine's name will be Amelie, I promise you. That is, if I don't forget all about it by the time I'm ready to write. The chances are that you will never be immortalized. Nazimova is married to Charles Bryant, her manager and sometime leading man. Alla was born in 1879. William Boyd was the dancer in "The City Sparrow" with Ethel Clayton. Miss Clayton is one of my favorites, too. She is a charming young woman of intelligence and humor.

L. S., DETROIT.—Reminiscent of the little girl who saw a peacock for the first time. Startled, she said: "Oh, look—the chicken is in bloom!"

BOBBED BABY.—If the quaint and hospitable remark, "Have a chair," were taken seriously, how much furniture would we have left? Well, I know I couldn't get along without my swivel chair. It's a rather new swivel chair and has a perfectly charming squeak. Katherine MacDonald is five feet eight inches tall; not married. Gareth Hughes and Lloyd Hughes are not related. Viola Dana is the widow of John Collins. Alice Lake is not married.

M. G. K.—Here's the cast of "A Son of Tarzan": *Lord Greystoke*—Dempsey Tabler; *Lady Greystoke*—Karla Schramm; *Jack, age fifteen*—Gordon Griffith; *Jack, five years later*—Kamuela C. Searle; *Little Meriem*—May Giraci; *Meriem, grown-up*—Manilla Martan; *Ivan Paulvitch*—Eugene Burr; *The Sheik*—Frank Morrell; *Malbihn*—Ray Thompson.

FRANCIS, LAREDA, MEX.—Your letter cheered me so. Your drinking my health in whatever liquor you were drinking it, makes my old heart glad, but did nothing to quench my thirst. It was sweet of you to think of me, even if it doesn't do me any good, up here in this new Sahara, Manhattan. Write again, just the same.

BERNARDINE, BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.—I get along pretty well, even if I haven't a country house and a car and a cook. In fact, I'm downright glad I haven't a cook. Some plutocratic friends of mine—that is, they speak to me once in a while—have a cook, and just can't keep her. After all, there are compensations—and Childs'.

(Adv.) Eugene O'Brien in "Gilded Lies," "The Last Door" and "Is Life Worth Living?" Geraldine Farrar, Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y. C.

LOUIS P., VICKSBURG.—Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are touring the Keith circuit in a vaudeville sketch called "A Poor Rich Man." Grace Cunard is making two-reel westerns now. The former Mrs. Harold Lockwood is now the wife of "Spike" Robinson, who at one time was lightweight champion of England and who appeared in the Dempsey serial for Pathe, "Daredevil Jack."

S. H. S., SUMTER, S. C.—Reminds me of the small boy who said that dreams were motion pictures in one's sleep. I am so sorry you thought I was a woman, and therefore lost interest. I can't help it that you think I am a woman, but I can protest. Don't you know that a woman could never stand the strain of answering all these questions? It's a woman's business to ask them. But please write again, anyway.

A. R. S., WASHINGTON.—Good, old-fashioned hero worship never hurt anybody. I didn't mind your letter, because you were so patently sincere. J. Frank Glendon, the subject of your eulogies, was born in Choteau, Montana. He lived in the west until the age of twenty. He was educated at Wesleyan University at Helena. He was on the stage and made his film debut in 1914. As far as I know, he is not married.

(Continued on page 107)



Charlie's New Picture



WHEN you become so popular that the world knows and calls you by your first name, then you know you are famous. When we say Charlie, everybody knows whom we mean. It's "Charlot" in France, and other things in other languages; but the little man with the brief moustache and huge shoes is universal. Our favorite comedian—whom we generously share with the rest of the world—has just finished a new film. Its title is "The Idle Class", it is in three reels, and in it, Charlie essays two distinct characterizations: his own familiar and pathetic tramp, and a member of the idle rich. Edna Purviance, above, shares honors, as did Jackie Coogan in "The Kid."

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Plays and Players



Frank Diem photo.

Two little girls from school. They are the cousins of Lillian and Dorothy Gish: Ruth Cleaver, of Dayton, Ohio, aged sixteen; and Dorothy MacConnell, seventeen, of Massillon, the home-town of the Gishes. They came east to visit and Griffith engaged them for "The Two Orphans," of which their celebrated cousins are the stars. And when they finish their parts they are going right back to school.

TWO men were luncing in the Algonquin the other day. One was a well-known producer who was looking for a leading woman for his new picture. He glanced around the room and spied a young girl sitting at a near-by table. She was about sixteen, he thought.

"By George!" exclaimed the producer, "look at that little girl over there. She's just what I want: pretty, vivacious, intelligent—Wonder if I could get her?"

His companion laughed. "Yes," he said, "she would be wonderful. The only trouble is that she makes more money than you do and is too busy to bother. She's Anita Loos."

The producer fainted.

JACK JOHNSON is going to do a picture. It will be in five reels. Work has already been started on it, according to report. The theme is based on Jack's life in Europe.

Yes, it will be a comedy. They ought to start a new distributing company to handle this picture and the one made by Clara Hamon of Oklahoma fame.

ALICE CALHOUN is probably the youngest and shyest star in the business. She's only eighteen and as charmingly unsophisticated as some stars are supposed to be.

Vitagraph wanted some new photographs of her—good ones. So they made an appointment for her at the studio of a famous Manhattan photographer, celebrated for his striking studies. Alice went—with her mother. The first blow came when the

photographer asked her mother to leave the room and wait outside while he took the pictures. The second when he instructed Alice to pose in a kimono and a bunch of flowers.

The pictures were never released.

IT looks as though that possible reconciliation between Pauline Frederick and her one-time consort, Willard Mack, was all off—all off.

SUCH things as a character in Ingram's picturization of Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet," using a fountain pen; and the landing of the Pilgrims, portrayed in another picture, which shows a pile of rocks, some marked by the holes of a pneumatic drill, don't bother us particularly. What difference does it make, so long as it is good entertainment?

A GREAT deal has been said about the realism of the German pictures. No wonder. Listen to this:

In a Hamburg, Germany, film studio, a fight was staged between a man and a bear. The animal seriously injured the actor, who was a well-known professional wrestler. He had to climb a rope ladder, pursued by the bear. Everything was all right until the actor reached the top of the ladder. Then the bear attacked him in earnest. After an investigation, it was proved that the bear, which was tame enough, had been deprived of food for twenty-four hours before the filming of the scene, to make him ferocious. That is carrying realism a bit too far!

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By
CAL. YORK

ONE of the fastest rising stars in the film firmament has very practical ideas on how to get ahead. In fact, she could write a book about it.

One of her first rules is, divorce your husband. The second is, make yourself as unpopular as possible with your fellow film stars. The third is, be very nice to the husband of the film star who helped you to succeed. The fourth is, tell your former friends that you can't afford to be seen with anybody who can't do anything for you.

If you follow these rules you may be successful. And then again, you may not.

JULIAN ELTINGE has been seriously ill in a Los Angeles Hospital for some weeks. For several days physicians despaired of pulling him through a difficult and delayed operation for appendicitis, but he is now reported entirely out of danger.



Probably the only photograph ever taken of a screen celebrity playing tennis. There have been many pictures of stars in beautiful high-heeled shoes and Lucile gowns posed somewhere near a tennis net. But William de Mille really plays; in fact, he participates in all the big matches on the west coast.

To stay youthful looking your skin needs two creams

Every normal skin needs a daytime cream to protect it—and at night an entirely different cream to cleanse the pores

The daytime cream must be dry—oil would reappear and make the face shiny. For night use, only the oil cream can really cleanse the pores or keep the skin soft and pliant.



In the daytime use Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.

For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

YOU must protect your skin from wind and dust, or it will protect itself by developing a tough, fligid surface. Then the soft texture of youth is lost forever.

Wind whips the natural moisture out of the skin, drying it so that tiny scales appear. Dust bores deep into the pores, dulling and blemishing the complexion and forming blackheads.

Always apply Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, afford-

ing your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

There is not a drop of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream to reappear and make your face shiny.

When you powder, do it to last. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream



For the nightly cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream—the cream with an oil base.

At night—the cleansing cream made with oil

Catch tiny lines before they deepen. Ward them off by faithful use of Pond's Cold Cream at night. This rich cream contains just the amount of oil needed to supplement the natural oil—and natural oil is the skin's most successful opponent of wrinkles. Rub in Pond's Cold Cream where the lines are beginning to form, under and around the eyes, at the corners of the mouth, at the base of the nose, and under the chin. Too vigorous manipulation of the skin often increases instead of lessening wrinkles. Pond's has been made extremely light in texture so that with it only gentlest stroking is necessary.

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night after washing your face, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. When dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, 128 Hudson St., N. Y.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
128 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 76)

LADYDIANAMANNERS likes it. Mrs. Margot Asquith doesn't. Film acting, I mean. Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, to call her by her correct name, is working in pictures now, you know, for J. Stuart Blackton. She says, "I was never happier in my life. I am enjoying every minute of my time, both in the studio and while at work outdoors. But it is more difficult before the camera than before an audience. This silent acting takes every atom of intelligence and dramatic instinct that I have."

AH!

Margot says, "What a dreadful life! Not at any price would I ever go through the monotonous drudgery of acting for the films."

Not at any price, Margot?

ENID BENNETT NIBLO has arrived. She was born at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Los Angeles, and looks like her lovely mother.

DUSTIN FARNUM has come back. He has decided that he can spare a little time from his duties as Commodore of the Los Angeles Yacht Club to be a star again in films. He has joined the Fox Company, for which his brother Bill works.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has issued the statement that the Goldwyn concern is looking for "new faces."

Goodness, so are lots of other people, among them thousands of ladies just over forty.

Seriously, Mr. Goldwyn in advocating the cutting of the high cost of picture production, is outlining a policy of discovering new and consequently inexpensive talent, that ought to interest all the young folks that crave screen careers.

"We want new faces," says Mr. Goldwyn, "the public wants new faces. We are open to consider anyone who has good looks, talent, and willingness to work hard."

DEAR, dear—Hollywood is having a dreadful time trying to marry off Charlie Chaplin again. Every time he speaks to a girl, somebody gets out an extra. One would imagine that Charlie was the sort of man who couldn't exist unmarried for more than a few days, whereas the fact is he remained a bachelor longer than most men in the first place and doesn't show any marked inclination to dash to the altar again now.

Charlie has taken a cunning house on the top of one of the highest hills in Hollywood, and there he entertains a good deal in a quiet way. He and Samuel Goldwyn are inseparable friends, and an occasional dinner will see these two with Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris, May Allison, Bebe Daniels, Claire Windsor, Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet, Lila Lee and Max Linder, enjoying everything from the theological discussions to "Micky's" ramblings on the piano.

WHEN you read that Universal was filming "Fanny Herself," the Edna Ferber story, you probably speculated as to the title Universal would use for the finished product; but I doubt if, in your wildest moment, you would have thought of "No Woman Knows."



When you used to see them together on the screen—in love scenes like this—you never suspected that one fine day Lou Tellegen would be suing Geraldine Farrar for separation, did you? And yet that's exactly what has happened.

CHARLES CLARY, JR., arrived a few weeks ago. He is just about the same age as Enid Bennett Niblo.

DID you see "A Virgin Paradise?" Alan Edwards plays the villain in it. He is now being congratulated by all his friends that he has lived to see the picture. You remember the beating Pearl White gives him. We have always wanted to see a film heroine come right back at 'em.

WHILE sojourning in Hollywood, Madame Elinor Glyn besides writing original stories for the screen to be produced as starring vehicle for Gloria Swanson, has completed a new novel.

It is called "Renaissance" and Madame Glyn declares it to be her best work—or at least her work of most general appeal—since "Three Weeks."

It deals with regeneration after the war, and the hero is a young Englishman who lost an eye and a leg on the battlefields of France.

"Well," said Lila Lee, musingly, "That's a great idea. But I can't see what good a guy with one eye and one leg is going to be as the hero of an Elinor Glyn novel."

IT is possible that following her contract with Paramount, the famous Englishwoman will have her own motion picture organization.

If so, it will be an interesting experiment, and I believe, a successful one.

Madame Glyn recently outlined her belief something like this:

"I write my novels. They are tremendously successful. People like them as they are—as I have created them. I should like just once to transfer those books to the screen exactly as I see them—exactly—and see if the things I see and know and that make my books so successful, wouldn't equally delight people on the screen."

We hope she will have a chance to show us what her theory is.

LATEST reports from Germany say that Pola Negri will make "A Doll's House," "Sappho," and one other picture before beginning her contract for the European company in which Famous Players-Lasky is interested.

By the way, you will see the beautiful Continental in a new First National feature, called "One Arabian Night." This was originally titled "Sumurun," and it is said that Pola's was not the stellar part in it, but it has now been edited so that she has the usual number of scenes to herself.

JAMES RENNIE, the handsome husband of Dorothy Gish, is appearing in a new play by Edward Childs Carpenter, called "Pot Luck." In it Mr. Rennie plays an engaging crook. By the way, the much discussed marriage has turned out an entire success. In fact, there is no more devoted couple in filmdom than the former Miss Gish and her erstwhile leading man.

IS Ex-President Woodrow Wilson going into pictures? There is a rumor that he wants to put the history that he has played a part in before the public via the screen. He wants, to quote

the story, to make an answer to those whom he feels have misrepresented him. D. W. Griffith is named as the probable director. He has been a friend of the former president, who helped him in his plans for "Hearts of the World," and who greatly admired his "Birth of a Nation." It is not known whether or not Mr. Wilson will personally appear in the picture.

DID you know that there is a remote possibility that Theda Bara will appear in a picture directed by Griffith? The former vamp star has a great admiration for D. W. and often comes out to watch him work, so don't be surprised if you hear more about it.

IT seems to us that nobody in Hollywood has grown up the way Priscilla Dean has. Only a little while ago, Priscilla was a lively, pretty, care-free kid flying about with her curls loose and a friendly grin on her face.

Now—she's the same Priscilla, but her work has developed and broadened her until she is a woman of the world, poised, fascinating and altogether a personage.

The head of one of the largest releasing concerns in America—and, by the way, not the concern for whom Priscilla works—stated the other day that he considered Priscilla Dean the screen's best feminine bet.

Well, somehow you always get a kick out of Priscilla. And I do like her hats. She's a very regular human being.

ELINOR GLYN in "Love." No, she is not, really. That is, not that we have heard. But she is going to get \$2,500 a week for talking on love for thirty minutes in vaudeville. And then she is going to make a picture called "Six Days." At this rate, Elinor ought to be able to buy a new tiger skin.

(Continued on page 80)



Suppose I had said "No, I don't play Auction"

"HERE was the very man I had been trying to see for a year; on the same train, for an eighteen-hour journey, and a mutual friend right at hand to introduce me. Here was the opportunity not only to meet him but to see his real self revealed in a game of cards; also to show him my own mental capacity and incidentally my grasp of his business and certain requirements of that business which my concern was prepared to fill. Suppose I had said, 'No I don't play Auction.'"

How often do similar opportunities present themselves to you! Follow this suggestion—

Play cards for wholesome recreation

and you will find the accomplishment a continual help in business and social life. Play cards often—you will improve your mind and you will become the alert kind of player that worth-while people like to play with.

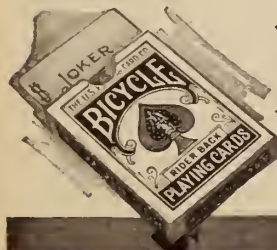
Send for a copy of "The Official Rules of Card Games" giving complete rules for 300 games and hints for better playing. Check this and other books wanted on coupon. Write name and address in margin below and mail with required postage stamps to

The U. S. Playing Card Company, Dept. U-1, Cincinnati, U. S. A.
Manufacturers of

BICYCLE

PLAYING CARDS

(Also Congress Playing Cards. Art Backs. Gold Edges.)



Auction at a Glance

PARTNERS AND DEAL—4 players, 2 against 2, using 2 packs. Remove jokers; shuffle one pack and draw for partners. 2 lowest cards play 2 highest. Lowest deals first. His partner shuffles the other pack, and places it at his right, ready for next deal. Player on dealer's right cuts, and 13 cards are dealt to each player, one at a time. If a misdeal, same player deals again. Deal passes to left.

BIDDING—There are 5 bids: clubs lowest, then diamonds, hearts, spades, no-trumps. Dealer must bid at least "one" in a suit, or no-trump, or he may pass. Each player in turn to the left may pass, or bid the same number in a higher suit, or more in a lower suit. Highest bid allowed is seven. The bidding goes round until three players in succession pass.

DOUBLING—Any player may double opponents' bid, and either opponent may redouble or bid something else. Only one redouble is allowed. The double increases value of tricks and penalties in scoring but not in bidding; 2 spades will overbid 2 hearts doubled.

THE PLAY—The declarer is the player who first named the winning suit. His partner is "dummy". The one at the left of declarer leads any card; then dummy's cards are laid face up on table, sorted into suits. Dummy takes no further part in play. Each player must follow suit if he can, otherwise trump or discard. Cards rank from A down to deuce, and trumps always win. Highest card played wins the trick; winner leads for next trick. First 6 tricks taken by declarer are his "book." All over the book count toward game. If declarer has bid 3 he must win 3 over his book, or 9 tricks.

SCORING—Only the declarer's side can score toward game. (Opponents score only honors and penalties.) Declarer scores for each trick over his book, 10 points at no-trumps, 9 at spades, 8 at hearts, 7 at diamonds, or 6 at clubs. These trick scores are all put "below the line" on score pad. 30 points is game, but all over 30 is scored. Draw a line under a game won. Partners winning two games ends the rubber.

HONORS AND PENALTIES—Besides scores toward game, there are honor scores and penalties, which go "above the line" on pad. Honors are A K Q J 10 of the trump suit, or the 4 aces at no-trump. Credit goes to original holders of these cards, on either side. 3 between partners have the value of 2 tricks, so that 3 in spades would be worth 18; 4 honors same as 4 tricks; 5 honors same as 5 tricks; but 4 or 5 in one hand count double; and 4 in one hand, 5 in partner's are the same as 9 tricks. (In spades, this would be 81 points.) At no-trumps, 3 aces count 30, 4 aces 40, and 4 in one hand, 100. For winning 12 tricks, add 50; for grand slam, 13 tricks, 100. For winning rubber, add 250. If contract is doubled, trick scores have a double value, or quadruple if redoubled. Spades doubled count 18 a trick to declarer, if he makes his contract; if redoubled, 36. He also gets 50 in honors for fulfilling doubled contract, and 50 for each trick over contract. If redoubled, this figure is 100. If he made 5 over book on contract to make 3, doubled, he would score 5 times 18 below the line and 150 above, plus honors.

PENALTIES—If declarer fails to make contract, he scores only honors as held; the adversaries score 50 in honors for each trick he falls short; 100 if doubled; 200 if redoubled. Penalty for a revoke by declarer is 50 in honors. If his adversaries revoke, he can take 50 points, or 2 of their tricks, which he scores. The revoking side can score nothing but honors as held.

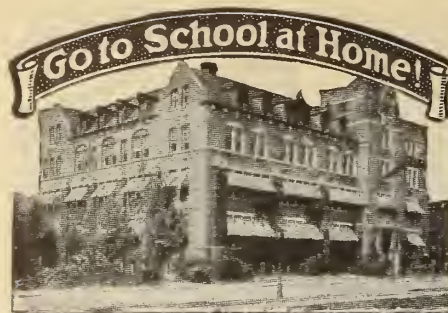
At the end of a rubber, everything is added, and lower score deducted from the higher; the difference is the number of points won. The side having most points technically wins rubber, regardless of which side won two games. Cards are then cut for a new rubber.

For full rules and hints on bidding and play see "The Official Rules of Card Games" or "Six Popular Games" offered below.

"Official Rules of Card Games" 300 games, 250 pages, 20c.
 "Six Popular Games"
 Auction, Cribbage, Pitch, Five Hundred, Solitaire, Pinochle, 6c.
 "How to Entertain with Cards," 6c.
 "Suggestions for parties and clubs," 6c.
 "Card Tricks," Mystifying tricks that can be done with a deck of cards, 6c.
 "Fortune Telling with Playing Cards," 6c.
 How to tell fortunes with regular deck of cards, 6c.
 "Card Stunts for Kiddies," Amusing and instructive kindergarten lessons. Not card games but pasteboard stunts, using old cards as bits of board, 6c.
 All 6 books 40c. Write Name and Address in margin below.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 78)



HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. **YOU CAN DO IT.**

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

American School of Correspondence
Dept. H-871 Chicago, U. S. A.

American School of Correspondence,
Dept. H-871 Chicago, Ill.

I want job checked — tell me how to get it.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
|Architect |Lawyer |
| \$5,000 to \$15,000 | \$5,000 to \$15,000 |
| Building Contractor |Mechanical Engineer |
| \$5,000 to \$10,000 | \$4,000 to \$10,000 |
|Automobile Engineer |Shop Superintendent |
| \$4,000 to \$10,000 | \$3,000 to \$7,000 |
|Automobile Repairman |Employment Manager |
| \$2,500 to \$4,000 | \$4,000 to \$10,000 |
|Civil Engineer |Steam Engineer |
| \$5,000 to \$15,000 | \$2,000 to \$4,000 |
|Structural Engineer |Foreman's Course |
| \$4,000 to \$10,000 | \$2,000 to \$4,000 |
|Business Manager |Photoplay Writer |
| \$5,000 to \$15,000 | \$2,000 to \$10,000 |
|Certified Public Accountant |Sanitary Engineer |
| \$7,000 to \$15,000 | \$2,000 to \$5,000 |
|Accountant & Auditor |Telephone Engineer |
| \$2,500 to \$7,000 | \$2,500 to \$5,000 |
|Draftsman & Designer |Telegraph Engineer |
| \$2,500 to \$4,000 | \$2,500 to \$5,000 |
|Electrical Engineer |High School Graduate |
| \$4,000 to \$10,000 | In two years |
|General Education |Fire Insurance Expert |
| In one year. | \$3,000 to \$10,000 |

Name

Address



Here is the first aerial picture show! Imagine watching a movie on the screen while flying through the clouds at ninety miles an hour! On board an eleven-passenger hydroplane, which was sailing over Chicago, a Rothacker film was shown. A screen was hung in the fore cabin of the aircraft; a small projection machine was fastened firmly in position and connected with an electric light socket—and the show was on! Like to try it sometime?

THE premier of "The Three Musketeers" was the film affair of the month in Manhattan. The curious thing about it was that two-thirds of the first-night audience was made up of "fans"—real, honest-to-goodness ones who had never seen Doug off screen in their lives. They saw him that night in person, for Fairbanks occupied a box with his wife, Mary Pickford, his pal, Charlie Chaplin, and Jack Dempsey. The audience rooted for all four. Mary Pickford herself was in white with a huge ermine cape, her bright curls piled high on her aristocratic little head. Charlie wore himself out applauding. Poor Edward Knobloch, who did all the research work, continuity, and titles, not to mention the spoken prologue, was in the stellar box; but nobody knew it; or if they did, nobody seemed to care. But Knobloch has written one of the most wonderfully smooth scenarios ever for the Dumas classic.

IN the audience: Betty Blythe, who attracted almost as much attention in her black lace gown and her vivid Spanish shawl as Mary herself. Conrad Nagel, on a flying visit east to see his mother, was there, too; and he and Betty had a real reunion. Conrad couldn't bring his beautiful wife, Ruth Helms Nagel, or his beautiful new baby with him, but he had their pictures in his pocket. Anita Loos, wearing a gold brocaded dress of the moyen age, with a gold cap on her straight black bobbed hair, was asking everyone if they didn't think it was wonderful—the picture, of course. John Emerson was in attendance, and they stopped on their way to see Mary

and Doug, to speak to a demure little blonde and a sedate looking business man. They were Louise Huff and her husband. Louise is one of the sweetest girls in pictures. Norma Talmadge, in a tight-fitting hat with a bird of paradise perched in front, was with her mother, Mrs. Peg. Harrison Ford, and a girl I think was Ann Paulette, wife of Eugene Paulette, who plays *Aramis* in the film.

CAROL DEMPSTER, in an ethereal gown, her beautiful light brown hair dressed like a school girl's, was pointed out to many of the admiring laymen. Charles Mack, the new Griffith find, was there; not to mention Hiram Abrams, who has a rather personal interest in "The Three Musketeers," inasmuch as he is the president of United Artists, the company which will release it; Hope Hampton, escorted by her manager, Jules Brulatour; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Case, manager of the Algonquin Hotel, where Mary and Doug used to stop.

It was an exciting evening altogether. The police were called to manage the crowds. Doug made a little speech before, in the middle of and after his picture. Mary waved, but kept in the background.

After this ovation, in the most blaze city in the world, which has never gone very far out of its hard-boiled way to welcome prince or president, no one can doubt that the movies play an enormous part in the life of the public; and that its monarchs can enjoy and acclaim exceeding, in warmth and sincerity, the applause accorded any other celebrities in the history of the world.

(Continued on page 82)



"But for the present, I have this little studio, a really comfortable, pleasant place to work, and I'm averaging sixty to seventy-five dollars a week."

PRUDENCE POINTS HER PENCIL

By JEAN BAKER

"It's just like a room in a movie!" gasped Betty, glancing about the little studio. Prudence helped remove her coat and hat. "I think that you will find it real enough when you look more closely, dear. This is the most comfortable chair."

Betty sank into it with a delicious feeling of relaxation. It was seldom that she had opportunity to enjoy the luxury of such a restful atmosphere and after the straight little chair at the office, this was a joy to her tired body.

"We'll have a cup of tea—it's pleasanter to gossip that way, don't you think?" Prudence was getting out her blue cups and the quaint Japanese tea pot. "When did you see Bob last?"

"Months ago—not for ages," murmured Betty with a slight catch in her voice.

"Why, Betty!" Prudence exclaimed. "You were such friends!"

"I know but one cannot go about without pretty frocks and—"

"As if that made any difference!" Prudence rebuked.

"Oh, it does, Prudence. You can't understand because—because you have everything you want. A file clerk can't buy those things. There are too many girls clamoring for such positions for anyone to pay real money for that service."

"Then why not do something for which real money will be paid?"

Betty sighed. "You make it sound so delightfully simple, you who plainly have a fairy godmother to supply your every need."

Prudence's laughter pealed merrily as she wheeled out the tea cart. "Betty," she said seriously, "I've worked for everything you see here. I—pardon me, that's the telephone."

As Prudence took up the instrument, Betty noted her smart little dress with the stockings and pumps to match. Then she saw her own worn coat, the rain marked hat and the run-over heels of her shoes. Again she glanced about the studio. The stenciled crash curtains, lacquered furniture, prints and plaques brought a rush of pleasure to her. Then the visitor thought of her dingy bed room with its bare walls and cheap, severe furnishings. The sharp contrast brought a sob to her throat.

"Yes, Mr. Thompson," Prudence was saying over the phone. "I quite understand what you want. How much? Well, a poster such as that will be fifty dollars.

Yes, it will be ready Wednesday noon. You will call for it? Thanks. Good bye."

"Prudence! Whatever can you do in two days that will be worth fifty dollars?"

"Oh, that's a poster for a sale at the Emporium. I do quite a bit of work for them."

"But you didn't go to art school!"

"No, I never got to go," Prudence said cheerfully. "You remember that father was going to send me to art school for three years and than I was to have a year abroad. But the war wrecked my plans and nearly wrecked father's business. No, Betty, everything that I've done has been with my own money."

"But—but I don't understand."

"Well, I was going to study the theory of art and visit famous galleries and travel with never a thought to the practical side of things. Then suddenly I found that I had to earn my own way, that I had to think only of the practical side. I went to work in an office at fifteen dollars a week, an office full of stale cigarette smoke and trouble. I hated it, hated it because I could not forget my plans. Perchance I might be there yet had not a friend told me of the opportunity to take my art course in quite another manner."

"Some relative gave you the money?"

"Indeed not! I earned it myself."

"But you had only high school training."

"Preliminary training wasn't necessary. This was a correspondence course conducted by a school which was built up by men who had been in the engraving and illustrating business and who knew what was wanted by the buyers of commercial art. They knew, too, what was the most practical method of teaching that to their students. All they required from me was my spare time, faithful effort and a reasonable fee."

Betty leaned forward listening eagerly, her tea untasted.

"You mean you studied after hours?" she asked breathlessly.

"Exactly. That meant that I could take the course while continuing my other work. I managed to put aside enough each month to pay my tuition. Oh, I never could have attended art school with my earnings in those days."

"Tell me more about it—about this school."

"Well, as I said, this engraving company had a wealth of experience and it is this

experience with actual conditions and problems which they sell as the course. They found that their own apprentices could be developed into highly paid artists so it was decided that other men and women outside their studios could be helped as well.

"There isn't a theoretical bit in the entire course. It is built to meet practical problems and the lessons are such as the assignments one would receive if working for an advertising firm. The same with this important difference, that a staff of experts instructs the student in the handling of every detail of the work. So you see, Betty, it's not at all surprising that many students sell enough of their work to support themselves while taking the course."

"This valuable experience while learning equips the graduate to go into a commercial firm and command a good salary from the start—he's already served his apprenticeship."

"And that's all the training you had?" demanded Betty incredulously.

"Every bit. I mean to branch out when I have completed the course. It has suggested so many things that I can scarcely wait to try them out. But for the present, I have this little studio, a really comfortable, pleasant place to work, and I'm averaging sixty to seventy-five dollars a week."

"And I'm slaving in an uncomfortable office for a quarter of that!" sighed Betty. "But we had the same preliminary training—do you suppose I—"

"Certainly you could, dear. You have as much native ability as I but it needs expert direction and coaching. I know that you possess the will to succeed and—oh, Betty, when I think of what commercial artists earn, it makes me dizzy! And I'm going to be earning big money some of these days! Why, Betty, styles in women's dress change each season and someone has to make the new fashion plates! Think of that!"

Again Betty glanced about the studio. "Prudence, I'd give anything to have a comfortable place like this to work. It would be play to work here."

"You can have it, Betty. It just means work and—here, here's the name of the school. The Federal School of Commercial Designing, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Oh, Betty, do write them! They'll send you a wonderful book called 'Your Future.' It explains the course and will fill you with inspiration and a determination to make the most of yourself."

"Will I?" cried Betty joyously. "Watch me!"

"Well, I know that this pencil has pointed out the pathway to success for a dear friend and—"

"I'd like to keep it myself," said Betty.

(This story is based on fact. If you, like Betty, are eager to find a way out, the School will gladly mail you free of charge a copy of "Your Future." Why not send for it today.)

Federal School of Commercial Designing,
307 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me a copy of "Your Future," and explain how many students earn more than the cost of the course while studying.

Name.....

Write your address plainly in the margin.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 80)



The Pawn Ticket Clue

She was the one woman in all the world he loved—and she was married to another man. She was famous now, and rich—beyond all hope of his attaining.

Yet, here in this obscure pawn shop, he found a token—a clue that told him a startling story.

Here is a man who knows that love is the savior of souls—that it levels all ranks—that rich and poor are as one under its magic spell—

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

(First Uniform Edition)

The sharp crack of a rifle—the softness of a woman's arm in the moonlight, the swish of tropic waters against the steamer's side—he has got them all in his stories. This is the man who said, "Romance is not dead!" This is the man who went to Mexico, to Africa, to South America, to England, to Japan—all over the world searching for adventures and romances, and he found them. No other man ever knew so many kinds of life when it is gayest, when it is fullest of excitement, as RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. When a man has seen two wars, a Queen's Jubilee, an Inauguration, and the Coronation of a Czar—all in one year—he has some thrilling stories to tell.

FREE — 4 Volumes Booth Tarkington

Our foremost living American novelist today is Booth Tarkington. Every American sees himself as a boy in "Penrod." The world cannot grow tired of his entrancing story "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Tarkington hears the very heartbeats of the American people. He is simple—direct—startlingly real. His humor is the humor of the burlesque, but of that finer, bigger kind—with a deep, underlying purpose.

Booth Tarkington knows how to write about love. Nowhere else can you find romance so delightful—so enthralling.

Because of his closeness to real American life, Columbia University's \$1,000 prize for the best novel of 1918 went to Booth Tarkington for "The Magnificent Ambersons."

This is a remarkable offer and it cannot last long. No American

home can afford to be without Richard Harding Davis and Booth Tarkington. Sign and mail the coupon at once, and you will get one at low price—the other free.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, complete set of Richard Harding Davis, in 12 volumes. Also send absolutely FREE the set of Booth Tarkington in 4 volumes. If these books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days, at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1.00 at once and \$2.00 a month for 13 months. For cash, deduct 10%.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation..... Photo—11-21



You'd never suspect that Lois Wilson was a film star. She hasn't any of the trimmings. And her sister, Constance, certainly would never give her away. You wouldn't mind seeing Constance in pictures, would you? Neither would we.

JOE PAMETTI lives near a moving picture studio. He never thought much about it. But the other day the casting director of the Mae Murray company needed a little boy about Joe's age for a part in Miss Murray's new picture. He went out to find one and stumbled over Joe. "Well, sonny," said the casting director, "how'd you like to play in a picture?" "No," said Joe. "A movie—you know—with Mae Murray." "No." "There's money in it—five dollars," coaxed the casting director, who saw in the scrubby little boy the makings of an actor. "No," reiterated Joe indifferently. "Why not?" The usually genial studio gentleman was a little irritated at the persistent refusal. "I want a nickel," replied Joe stolidly. A shining nickel gleamed in the casting director's hand, and, fascinated, Joe followed him into the studio. For a week's work little Joe Pametti received almost \$100; but the nickel was all that mattered.

DOROTHY DAVENPORT—Mrs. Wallace Reid—is returning to the screen after an absence of over four years, as leading woman in a western comedy-drama starring Lester Cuneo.

It is interesting to remember that at the time she married Wally, Miss Davenport was one of the most popular stars on the screen, while Mr. Reid was only a good looking young leading man. In fact, Dorothy Reid sometimes tells with a giggle that the first time she ever saw Wallace, they brought him on the set to play a leading role in one of her pictures, and she didn't think he was good enough.

Mrs. Reid retired from the screen before the birth of young William Wallace, Jr.—now four years old. She is taking up her career again, so she says, because she's tired of having nothing to do. She comes of one of the most famous theatrical families in

America—is a niece of Fanny Davenport—and the call of the grease paint has been heard again.

DIRECTORS nowadays have to be pretty careful what kind of stories they use. Have you ever thought what censorship means to the producer? He has to avoid most of the subjects that go to make good drama and he is hard put to it to find plots innocuous enough to please the ladies and gentlemen who sit in judgment.

Hugo Ballin, one of our most imaginative and deep-thinking directors, wants to know why the censor board cannot pass upon a continuity instead of a finished product, so that the producer will not waste his time and money on a subject which would not get by the board, anyway. That seems to us a sensible suggestion. How about it?

LOS ANGELES policemen are out of luck. They have been forbidden by the city's police chief to play in any more motion pictures. They were always able to pick up a little extra money by impersonating themselves. Now, they will have to get along without it. Too bad!

CONSTANCE BINNEY has gone to the coast. If there is one thing Constance Binney disliked to do more than another, it is said, it was going to the coast. She has a home in New York and a mother and a sister and has never worked in California and did not want to. But the Long Island studio of Paramount has closed and there is no place for Constance to work in the east. Having refused to sign a new stage contract so as to be able to devote all of her time to pictures, she had to do it. Faire Binney has made quite a hit in the new stage play, "The Teaser."

(Continued on page 84)



We sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince

Yet ELIZABETH THATCHER never dreamed she could write for the screen until we tested her story telling ability. Will you send for the same test—FREE?

ELIZABETH THATCHER is a Montana housewife. So far as she could see there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives.

But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, was glad to buy it—the first she ever tried to write.

"I had never tried to write for publication or the screen," she said in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. "In fact, I had no desire to write until I saw your advertisement."

This is what caught her eye in the advertisement:

"Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write Photoplays"

She clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page, and received a remarkable questionnaire. Through this test, she indicated that she possessed natural story-telling ability, and proved herself acceptable for the training course of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

And Thomas H. Ince bought her first attempt

Only a few weeks after her enrollment, we sold Mrs. Thatcher's first story to Mr. Ince. With Mr. Ince's check in her hands, Mrs. Thatcher wrote:

"I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Can you do what Mrs. Thatcher did? Can you, too, write a photoplay that we can sell? Offhand you will be inclined to answer No. But the question is too important to be answered offhand. Will you be fair to your-

self? Will you make in your own home the simple test of creative imagination and story-telling ability which revealed Mrs. Thatcher's unsuspected talent to her?

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short-story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct at all, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We will be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. There is a critical shortage of photoplays. Producers pay from \$500 to \$2,000 for stories.

Not for "born writers," but for story-tellers

The acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. The same producer

who bought Mrs. Thatcher's first story has rejected the work of scores of famous novelists and magazine writers. They lacked the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Thatcher, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists. And we can teach you how to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You will assume no obligation. If you pass the test, we will send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

Will you give this questionnaire a little of your time? It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event, it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below and do it now before you forget.

Advisory Council

- | | | |
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With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of The Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, P. 11 124 West 4th St., LOS ANGELES, CAL.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free sample copy of the Photodramatist.

NAME

ADDRESS

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 82)

Sani-FlushTRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

The modern housekeeper no longer scrubs the closet bowl. *Sani-Flush* keeps it spotlessly white for her without any of the unpleasant labor of dipping out of water, scrubbing and scouring. Sprinkle a little *Sani-Flush* in your closet bowl according to the directions on the can. Flush. All the rust stains, markings and incrustations will disappear, leaving the bowl and hidden trap sparklingly white and so clean after *Sani-Flush* has been used that disinfectants are unnecessary.



Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, O.

Canadian Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

**Bead Your Eyelashes**

No woman is more beautiful than her eyes. Give to your eyes the fascinating lure that hints of Romance. Poirier Eyelash Creme, applied with the patented Poirier Eyelash Beder, will make your eyelashes appear silky and luxuriant and your eyes radiant and lovely. Poirier Eyelash Creme is perfumed and greaseless. Will not smart or burn the eyes or smear.

Send \$1.00 for Poirier Beauty Set, including one Poirier Eyelash Beder, handsomely silver plated, one box Poirier Eyelash Creme, one ebony handled eyebrow brush and mirror.

Full instructions. Mention color of hair.
Money refunded if not satisfied.

POIRIER BEAUTY SPECIALTY CO.
113 Fountain Bldg., Fountain Court, Cleveland, O.



Puzzle: find Wesley Barry. We might as well tell you that he is the cowboy chap, while the other fellow is his double, Timothy Callaghan, of Riverside, Cal. Timothy has almost as many freckles as Wesley, so he decided he'd be a "movie" too, and left home to visit Marshall Neilan's famous kid star. But his ma and pa had other ideas.

RUTH JENNINGS BRYAN is the daughter of William Jennings Bryan. But don't hold that against her. She is a moving picture director, having produced one feature, and intending to make more. It is said that her father is to be the central figure in one of the future films. He wants to do a reformation subject. Won't that tickle the censors to death?

MAE MARSH is rehearsing for her debut on the spoken stage. Her play is called "Brittie," and she is said to have a part in it that gives her quaint personality ample opportunity to endear itself to Broadway audiences. As a friend of hers said the other day, "Even if the play isn't especially good, Mae is bound to be a success. She has always been a lucky girl."

Plays and Players

(Continued)

MAY ALLISON entertained some of the most popular kiddies of the screen social world at a birthday party for her small niece, Zetta May Morgan, of Birmingham, Alabama, who has been visiting her famous aunt at her home in Beverly Hills.

The gardens of the Allison home were gaily decorated and the youngsters played outdoors all afternoon.

Among those present, as my friend the society editor says, were Mary Pickford II, William Wallace Reid, Jr., Marshall Neilan, Jr., Mary Johanna Desmond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond, Guy Edward Price, son of Guy Price of the Los Angeles Herald, and Elaine and Ivan St. Johns, Jr.



Evans photo.

Which would you rather do: have your name on a Marshall Neilan picture as its scenario writer, or in the society columns of a Pasadena, California, newspaper? That's what Lucita Squier thought, too; and now, after studying motion picture technique for two years, she has written the script for Neilan's newest drama, "Bits of Life."

UNIVERSAL has paid \$100,000 for the Central Theater on Broadway, Manhattan, for a period of one year. In cash. They are going to show "Foolish Wives," the picture that Eric Von Stroheim spent more than \$1,000,000 on.

CECIL DE MILLE has been hunting bears—real, live bears, in hitherto unexplored, mountain fastnesses of northern California.

I suppose he took a gun.

If not, he can turn that deadly, directorial gaze of his on them and it will do just as well.

It has stopped just as dangerous critters before now—if Mr. Kipling is right that the "female of the (star) species is more deadly than the male."



Another Mystery Cake

Can you name it?

THE first Royal Mystery Cake Contest created a countrywide sensation. Here is another cake even more wonderful. Who can give it a name that will do justice to its unusual qualities?

This cake can be made just right only with Royal Baking Powder. Will you make it and name it?

\$500 For The Best Names

For the name selected as best, we will pay \$250. For the second, third, fourth and fifth choice, we will pay \$100, \$75, \$50 and \$25 respectively. Anyone may enter the contest, but only one name from each person will be considered.

All names must be received by December 15th. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Do not send your cake. Simply send the name you suggest, with your own name and address, to the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
144 WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK

HOW TO MAKE IT

Use level measurements for all materials

½ cup shortening	4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1½ cups sugar	1 cup milk
1 egg and 1 yolk	1½ squares (1½ oz.) of unsweetened chocolate (melted)
2½ cups flour	
¼ teaspoon salt	

Cream shortening, add sugar and grated orange rind. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift together flour, salt and Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with milk; lastly fold in beaten egg white. Divide batter into two parts. To one part add the chocolate. Put by tablespoonfuls, alternating dark and light batter, into three greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

FILLING AND ICING

3 tablespoons melted butter	1 egg white
3 cups confectioner's sugar	3 squares (3 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate
2 tablespoons orange juice	

Grate rind of ½ orange and pulp of 1 orange. Put butter, sugar, orange juice and rind into bowl. Cut pulp from orange, removing skin and seeds, and add. Beat all together until smooth. Fold in beaten egg white. Spread this icing on layer used for top of cake. While icing is soft, sprinkle with unsweetened chocolate shaved in fine pieces with sharp knife (use ½ square). To remaining icing add 2½ squares unsweetened chocolate which has been melted. Spread this thickly between layers and on sides of cake.



Plays and Players

(Continued)



"Another
\$50 Raise!"

"Why, that's the third increase I've had in a year! It just shows what special training will do for a man."

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools, telling of advancements and increased salaries won through spare time study.

How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start *now* than to wait for years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

One hour after supper each night spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6548 SCBANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:—

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELEC. ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAG'M'T |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting & Bys. | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGR. | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card & Sign Ptg. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondent |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer & Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOR'N OR ENGR. | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGR. | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Com. School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING & HEAT'G | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Text. Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |

Name _____ 7-11-21
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____
Occupation _____

MONTE BLUE is mighty popular. Everybody likes him. He is working with Griffith now, in the cast of "The Two Orphans."

Monte appeared in several Paramount pictures in which he was prominently featured. Then Paramount let him go. I hope Griffith will keep him under contract; he is a good actor and a charming gentleman.

WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2nd, the world's singles tennis champion, wrote in a recent article called "Tennis Hits Its Stride," published in "The Open Road," a paragraph about the movies. He said:

"The movies are my favorite form of amusement to avoid staleness. Charlie Chaplin has pulled many a match out of the fire for me. Norma Talmadge, Bill Hart, Mary Pickford and Dick Barthelmess as regular diet suit my taste. Unfortunately one must be careful not to frequent the movies too regularly owing to the eye strain caused by the flicker of the lights. It is not a wise thing to attend the movies the night before a big match, and it is folly to go the day you play, for you find your eyes will carry the motion of the flicker for some hours after."

THERE has been no orchestral accompaniment to pictures in the New York theaters.

The musicians are on strike.

The organ, the piano, an occasional violin, and a chorus of voices take their place. Or try to.

But this omission of real music only goes to show what a tremendous part music plays in the presentation of pictures. Two photo-plays projected in Broadway houses during the strike suffered particularly. They were "Experience" and "A Virgin Paradise." These fairly cried for musical interpretation. There wasn't any, and it is almost a certainty that these pictures have not made the success they might have made.

CONRAD NAGEL, leading man for both the deMilles in recent productions, is an usher in one of the large Hollywood churches.

Apparently all the movies don't spend their time breaking the "Blue Laws."

LILA LEE lives in a pretty, old-fashioned house that faces directly upon Western Avenue, one of the main automobile cross streets between Hollywood and Los Angeles.

The front of the house on the second story has two sets of large lattice windows that swing outward, consequently without screens.

The other morning about dawn a young millionaire of the Los Angeles smart set who likewise is well known in film circles was going homeward after an all night session with Dame Fortune, who had failed to smile.

The young man, being an ardent admirer of Lila's, naturally glanced up at her house as his roadster sped by.

He slowed down.

The shade of one of the bedroom windows was up. The curtains were blowing in the breeze. The foot of a dainty, ivory bed could be seen beyond the window side.

In the bed, peeping from beneath the lacy coverlet, was a set of the cutest little bare pink toes ever seen.

The young man began to believe that life was not all dust and ashes. He decided the night wasn't wasted. He stopped the chauffeur, descended, plucked a long feathery branch from a eucalyptus tree and

with a smile, tiptoed beneath the window and—tickled the little bare toes.

An instant later there was an awful shriek, and Lila's small nephew's irate and vengeful countenance appeared in the opening.

An outburst of youthful and boyish fury began to pour forth, from Juliet's supposed trellis, but the young man had fled inconspicuously, with renewed conviction that when luck's against you, it's *against* you, that's all.

THE only released film starring Enrico Caruso, called "My Cousin," was revived shortly after the great tenor's death and shown on Broadway. At first it was thought that this was a mere money grabbing stunt, but the crowds that went to see it proved that it was really a splendid tribute to the dead singer.

REMEMBER Florence Turner? If you do, you don't have to be told that the once famous American film star went to England some years ago to make pictures there. She had not been heard from for sometime until a newspaper cable reported that she had been robbed of money and jewels valued at about \$5,000. It seems that she made an arrangement with a representative of a firm of house agents to inspect apartments at Hampstead. According to her story, the man suddenly attacked her, bound and gagged her, and having taken her valuables, left her alone on Hampstead Heath. It would make a good scenario.

WE didn't count the candles on the birthday cake, so we don't know *which* birthday it was, but we do know that Wanda Hawley had a birthday this month, because that nice young husband of hers, Burton Hawley, gave a birthday party for her at the Hollywood Country Club.

Yes, Wanda is really Mrs. Hawley, but her husband isn't "in the profession"—he's an automobile man, and owns a lot of garages or something.

OF course there isn't any reason why a star shouldn't ride in a "flivver." None in the world.

You just don't expect to see 'em, that's all.

That's why it gave me such a jolt when I saw Viola Dana, all dressed up, too, occupying the front seat of a regular tin lizzie the other day.

A very handsome young army officer, in full uniform, was piloting said bus, and Vi—in one of those close fitting, childish gingham of hers and a big pink hat with roses on it—sat beside him, as proud as could be, with a regular full sized smile on her face.

She looked just as contented as she usually does in her blue special built Cadillac limousine, with its velvet upholstery, too.

DORIS MAY was talking to her husband, Wallace MacDonald, over the telephone.

When she turned away, she remarked, "Well, Wally has rented a new house for us, but he says I can't see it until he has the new wallpaper on."

That's the kind of a husband to have. I always knew Doris was going to be the most hen-pecked wife in pictures. Imagine a man that would rent a house and then *select wallpaper* without asking his wife.

And Doris seems so pleased about it. Maybe men are coming into their own after all.

Plays and Players

(Continued)



Mildred and the peacock. Miss Harris had to study the gorgeous bird because her part in a recent Cecil deMille picture required that she emulate its vanity. Some people said this wasn't so hard for Mildred to do. But the same people have to admit that Miss Harris has startled everyone with her beauty and talent in her newest films.

MRS. RUPERT HUGHES tells the following on her famous husband and the equally famous English author, Sir Gilbert Parker.

Mr. Hughes and Sir Gilbert spent the afternoon together recently. Both are men of deep culture and a wide range of interests and they discussed, after their own fashion, every subject on earth, from Parliamentary Law to tuna fishing at Catalina.

According to Mrs. Hughes, "Rup" would talk a while—say half an hour or so, and Sir Gilbert would listen with deep and courteous attention.

Then Sir Gilbert would talk a while—covering an equal space of time, and receiving the same polite treatment.

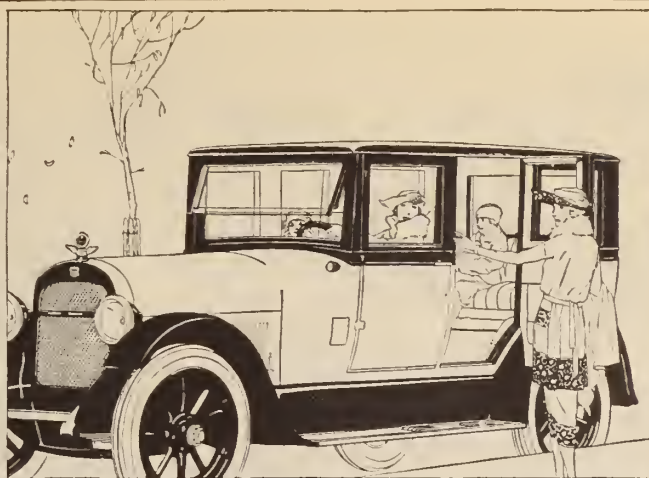
At the end of the afternoon, in bidding each other good-by, Sir Gilbert said, "My dear fellow, I've enjoyed my talk this afternoon, extremely, extremely."

"Well, my dear Sir Gilbert," said Mr. Hughes, "and I have enjoyed mine."

Again, a very pretty young motion picture actress who had appeared in one of Mr. Hughes' pictures, was talking with the son of the house—a Princeton student, now working vacation time in his father's latest production. Mr. Hughes junior had delicately warned the girl that his father was just a bit hard of hearing, particularly when he was interested in something, and that it was a good idea if you wanted him to pay any attention to you, to speak right up.

"All right," said the actress, "I'll shout all my yeses."

BEAUTY · STRENGTH · POWER · COMFORT



THE NEW 1922 SEVEN PASSENGER
HAYNES 75
SEDAN

THOUGH THIS SUPERB CAR is presented as a distinctly 1922 offering, the advance which it embodies belongs more truly to another era than another year. The subdued elegance and inviting comfort of its interior fittings, the dominant dignity of its exterior beauty—while noteworthy and most appealing in themselves—are still not so significant as that supreme achievement of Haynes engineers and designers, the new, big, more powerful Haynes 75 motor.

There is a delight hitherto unrealized in the flexibility, the subtle, gliding power, the smooth, swift acceleration with which this motor responds to your mood and whim. Because of it, the new 1922 Haynes 75 received the immediate seal of public approval and endorsement.

With its new Haynes fuelizing system, thermostatic engine heat control and numerous other exclusive Haynes refinements of designing excellence, this most recent motor creation sets the new 1922 Haynes 75 Sedan as a car apart—a crystallization of true Haynes character—the utmost in luxury, utility and economy at the exceptional price of \$3485, f.o.b. factory.

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1893 · THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR · 1921



Underwood & Underwood

Charlie, Mary and Doug: the great triumvirate of the films. Mary and Douglas Fairbanks came east to be present at the opening of Doug's latest and greatest picture, "The Three Musketeers;" Charles Chaplin, to sail for Europe. These United Artists are friends as well as business associates. Mary looks more like a little girl than ever, doesn't she? Chaplin, as usual, looks like an extremely youthful bank president on a holiday, like most anything in fact, but our favorite comedian.

PLEASE don't try to guess this one. Anyway, it's only fair in speaking of Hollywood in summer to mention Billy Camp's in passing. Because Billy Camp has the "elegantest" swimming pool in Hollywood. Almost any afternoon, one can find a score of film favorites floating about.

But—

The other day a pretty young married woman went out there for a dive.

It was very hot.

As she tripped along the side of the lovely pool, she saw a sweet young thing, in bathing costume, sitting on the spring board, gazing at the water with so melancholy an expression that it seemed almost suicidal.

Said the pretty young wife, "Why all the gloom?"

Said the pretty girl, who had never seen her before but was a friendly creature, "Oh, I'm sad. My sweetie's gone to New York."

Said the young wife, "Well, never mind, so has mine."

But, unfortunately, it turned out to be the same one.

However, we haven't heard yet that they are dragging the Camp pool for the corpse.

SPEAKING of Gloria Swanson's nose—You weren't? Well, so many people do.

Anyway, that beautiful nose of Gloria's that always photographs so marvelously and adds that unusual and piquant touch to her striking beauty—that's the nose we mean.

There's story connected with it.

It almost wasn't.

Some time ago, when Miss Swanson first began to appear for Mr. Cecil deMille, they decided that Gloria's nose was just a trifle too long—just a shade too curved for perfect beauty.

So they decided on an operation—you know how they fix those things nowadays. A slash—a couple of stitches and there you are.

It was all almost arranged, when Gloria decided she didn't want her nose cut off.

Isn't that good? Imagine Gloria without her nose—any of it.

A DRASTIC step, and one that may prove a bitter blow to a certain class of film fans, has been taken this month by a large number of motion picture stars, following in the footsteps of Mary Pickford.

These stars have decided that there are, so far as they are concerned, to be no more free fan pictures of themselves, for the mere writing of a postal and a one cent stamp.

Declaring that the cost of fan pictures has become a gigantic item, and one in which it is impossible to control large wastage and uselessness, these stars have banded together to follow Miss Pickford's system—that of charging a small price for the pictures and turning over everything above actual cost to some worthy charity.

It is estimated that over a million dollars was spent last year by stars and studios for fan pictures alone.

May Allison showed me actual figures to prove that her fan picture distribution last year cost her over \$20,000.

The movement now started, is to concentrate all fan pictures, of whatever company or star, under one organization, which can systematize the distribution, charge a small price to prevent duplication and waste and likewise earn a good sum for charity.

These include Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, May Allison, Lila Lee, Elliot Dexter and Roscoe Arbuckle, and others unannounced.

CLARA WHIPPLE YOUNG has filed suit for divorce in the California courts against James Young, the director—and formerly the husband of Clara Kimball Young.

The grounds are various, and the action is not a surprise to their friends nor to the public as matrimonial difficulties in that quarter have been rumored for some time. The couple have been married for years.

The story is interesting in view of the fact that many intimate friends of both "Jimmie" Young and his first wife, the famous Clara Kimball Young, insist that the whole trouble began with their original separation.

Clara Kimball Young has not married again.

Jimmie's second venture has ended in the divorce courts.

"Jimmie Young loved Clara Kimball and still does—and she will never care for anyone else. It's just one of those unhappy things where circumstances drove two people apart. But they've never been happy since," said a very old friend of both the other day.

Maybe so, maybe not.

But such things do happen.

POOOR little Bebe.

Just because of those big eyes of hers, and that pouting mouth, and the way she looks in an octopus gown, she can't even walk up the ocean front at Santa Monica with a harmless young man like Jack Dempsey without everybody beginning to couple their names.

A Los Angeles paper went so far as to print an announcement of their engagement the other day, but Miss Daniels denied it absolutely, and so did several other rich and attractive young men.

They declared Bebe certainly wasn't engaged to Jack Dempsey.

As a matter of fact, she isn't.

She and the World's Champion have been friends—but that's all.

Bebe doesn't intend to get married.

(Continued on page 92)

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portant than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes. See offer on coupon.

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Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.



VAMPS OF ALL TIMES

As seen when a modern spotlight is turned upon ancient legends.

By

SVETEZAR TONJOROFF

ISIS enjoys the distinction of being a self-made goddess. Born of poor but eminently honest parents on a farm up the Nile, the Egyptian Aphrodite at a tender age developed an astonishingly precocious intelligence. She learned to read and write hieroglyphics in a month. As a little girl with blond pigtailed down her back—for she appears to have been very much lighter in complexion than the average Egyptian—she showed a strange passion for the solution of Chinese puzzles. The skill she acquired in this form of self-discipline was destined to be of the greatest use to her in a heart-crisis, when she had grown into a woman.

In her early teens, little Isis began to entertain glittering dreams of becoming a goddess. In a papyrus roll accidentally dropped by a Phoenician archaeologist, she discovered the legend that the only way any girl could become a goddess was by finding out and learning by heart the real name of the Sun-God Ra, the Egyptian All-Father. The name was so complicated that Ra himself could pronounce it with difficulty. So he had edited it down to plain "Ra."

Having decided what was to be done, all that remained for Isis was to find a way of doing it. The means she employed have been the subject of animated wrangling in Egyptian theology ever since.

Isis at first tried to involve Ra in a flirtation. This was the vamping period in her career. For many hours at a time, as the afternoon began to wear away, she would sit on the bank of the Nile near her father's zereba, or homestead, watching Ra as he sailed over the sky in his famous motor yacht, the "Millions of Years," toward the gap that led into Tuat, or the Night.

With what girlish eagerness she hoped and wished that the Sun-God would glance her way, take a liking to her and give her an opportunity to find out in the regular way what his name was. Occasionally—very occasionally—she would even wave a carefully manicured hand at him in an unmaidenly effort to attract his attention. After several years of watchful waiting, however, she reached the conclusion that Ra was too hard-boiled for such a transaction.

So she decided to adopt a more direct method of attack.

V—ISIS

It became common gossip after the fact, among the priestesses in her temples, that after having studied magic under the best masters for a half dozen years, she made a serpent of clay, brought this serpent to life by her incantations, and placed it across the path over which the unsuspecting Ra was wont to pass every evening after sunset on his way from the pilot-house of the "Millions of Years" to his home for late dinner.

The priestesses relate that the snake lost no time in biting the Sun-God in the foot, and that in the absence of an antidote, due to the temporary enforcement of a prohibition law, the

old man was well on his way to dissolution when Isis appeared and offered to cure him—on one condition. That condition was that he tell his real name.

"Do you think you could understand and pronounce a name so awful and so pregnant with power that the other gods recoil in fear from hearing it?" he warned her between groans.

"Just try me—or keep on groaning," she replied boldly.

Ra had only one choice in the embarrassing situation. As the poison had not been administered by one of his own creatures, it lay beyond his power to cope with its effects. So, bowing to the inevitable, he hobbled into a private room with Isis, disclosed his real name in hollow whispers to her alone—and she was installed forthwith as a full-fledged Egyptian goddess.

This version of the attainment of Isis's greatest ambition has been modified in several important details by the latest discoveries by Egyptologists. It has been shown, for instance, that the snake which she placed in the Sun-God's path was not a work of clay brought to life by incantations, but a Christmas toy which her loving mother had bought for her at a rummage sale in Thebes several years earlier, and that the poison did not proceed from venomous fangs but from a rusty nail which Isis had



She found every one of the scattered pieces and put them together.

affixed to the toy and on which Ra carelessly stepped as he was passing.

For many centuries after the event, the exact manner of Isis's wonderful performance was the subject of bitter controversy between the high church and the low church parties of the Egyptian denomination. On one occasion a split in the church was narrowly averted by a compromise in which the low churchmen made the damaging admission that the business was done, not by a rusty nail but by a poisoned thorn.

But whichever version be adopted, there can be no doubt of the essential fact that the poor up-Nile girl became a goddess. Upon the issuance of a sworn (Continued on page 118)

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WRITER'S DIGEST

611-D Butler Bldg. CINCINNATI

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)



Charles Miller

The only five-year-old boy in the world to own his own car: Jackie Coogan. "The Kid" actually purchased this new Velie sedan from his own earnings. That's Mrs. Coogan trying to hide behind the wheel. Jackie usually lets her drive.

THERE is a celebrated star who has the reputation of unusual frankness. She almost always says what she thinks, with often disastrous results.

One evening she was scheduled for a personal appearance in a popular-priced theater somewhere in Manhattan. The owner of the theater—a young man of marked Hebrew extraction—called for her in his car. The star stepped in, in all the glory of her satin-and-sequin evening gown,

her gold slippers, and her sables. Her companion looked at her in awe, rubbed a diamonded hand over his patent-leather hair, pulled down his ornate waistcoat, and said proudly: "If I'd a known you was going to doll up, I'd a worn my dress suit."

The star turned to him. Her famous full-lipped mouth drooped; her round eyes grew rounder.

She yawned. "Goodness," she sighed, "don't you look bad enough as it is?"

Plays and Players

(Continued)

DOUGLAS MACLEAN has returned to his Hollywood mansion and the bosom of the Ince studio after a six weeks' tour of the southern cities, making personal appearances. He had a perfectly grand time, was marvellously received, made as many speeches as the president, and was darn glad to get home.

One day at a railroad station in Texas, Doug and Mrs. MacLean, his manager, and his cameraman, arrived with their trunks about twenty minutes before the train was due to leave. It seems, that on some small railroads in the south, getting your trunks on the same train with you so that you may keep a fatherly eye upon them is a matter of diplomacy and persistence.

Doug politely requested the baggage agent to put the trunks on the train. But the baggage agent was hot and disinclined. He remarked carelessly that he didn't believe he had time to get 'em on this one—they could just as well go on the next. He leaned back in his chair and chewed a straw with malevolent unconcern in Doug's face.

Train time drew near. Doug had an inspiration.

"Would \$5 do any good, do you suppose," he said to the baggage agent, reposing in the sun.

There was instant response. It seems it wasn't impossible. The trunks were hustled aboard, the train began to ring its bell, the baggage agent pulled the door shut on the trunks and looked expectantly at Doug.

"That's all right," said Doug, grinning, as he swung on the step that began to glide forward, "I didn't say anything. I just asked you if you thought five bucks would do any good. Good-bye."

MARY HAY is going back to the stage sometime soon.

When she married Richard Barthelmess, it was more or less decided that she would retire, but Richard, being a young man of intelligence, soon realized that a talent, such as his wife possesses, should not be wasted on housekeeping, no matter how small and delightful the house. And Mr. Ziegfeld wants Mary to come back in one of his plays any way and it may be that she will be her husband's leading woman in one of his future pictures. I hope so.

SOMEDAY somebody is going to write the reminiscences of a Property Man or the Autobiography of a Purchasing Agent.

In the meantime, here is one recorded at the Thomas H. Ince studio the other day.

King Vidor—who since the public didn't appreciate that artistic gem "The Jack-Knife Man," has gone in for making box-office pictures—was filming a wreck scene on a railroad trestle.

Somebody in the purchasing department discovered that it would cost a hundred dollars a day to rent the big firenets to put under the twelve foot drop, and got foolishly economical. Instead, he substituted piles of straw and mattresses.

The smoke pots got to near the straw, it caught fire, the extra people got scared, there was a regular panic both among those who jumped and those on the bridge and the train who ought to.

But the tragedy—the real, stark tragedy—was that the cameraman forsook his crank and went to help put out the fire! When he should have been getting all that real stuff.

Mr. Vidor calmed the situation, spared the cameraman's life, and the next day they hired the nets and did it all over again right. (Continued on page 99)



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The almost complete food, rich in 16 needed elements.

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Honeymoon Shanty

(Continued from page 66)

played golf or tennis or knew anything about dinner-dances or auction. The rest of the city held Shantytown at arms' length and looked the other way. Fortunately, Shantytown did not give a whoop, and figuratively twiddled its fingers on the end of its nose at everybody and everything.

Therefore, Hope walked in that general direction. That she got into her own neighborhood was certainly not the result of design on her part. She could not have found the house if her life had depended on it. She did not know its number, if there was a number, or what street it graced with its decayed splendors. All she knew about it was that it was the worst-looking, most forlorn shack in the world.

The Cappellini kids and the Murrays were playing together in the street as peaceably as Italians and Irish can when Hope came along. The reason they were not fighting one another, as usual, was because both factions were absorbed in the lively pastime of teasing one goat. Why they should have picked on one goat was a mystery, because in that neighborhood there were plenty of goats to go round, and maybe lap over a trifle. Maybe it was because Louis Quinze—that was the goat's subsequently acquired name—was feeling especially temperamental that morning on account of having had a tabasco-colored circus-poster for breakfast.

Anyway, he was responding nobly to treatment. The Cappellinis and the Murrays were having all the fun of a bull-fight without, so far, having suffered a casualty. The littlest Murray nearly got butted once, but he fell on his face and Louis Quinze jumped over him instead.

All unsuspecting, Hope turned the corner into this.

For a moment, even after she was right in the thick of things, she did not notice. Her consciousness was too much taken up with the discovery that she had stumbled onto her own unloved house. There the terrible thing stood, a monument to her husband's lack of finer sentiment. He had brought her to that! She thanked God that she had had the courage to leave him.

"Look out, lady!" yelled the Cappellinis and Murrays in unison. It was one of the few times they had gotten together on anything.

Hope looked round apprehensively. Tearing toward her, with horrible horns lowered menacingly, came Louis Quinze. He was only a few feet away.

Now, if she had been watching the finished technique of those accomplished goat-teasers the Cappellini kids, she would have known how to wait until just the last sixteenth of a second and then step aside to let him pass harmlessly by like a miscalculated dud.

But she had not been watching. She didn't know how dangerous it was to be butted by a goat, but she guessed that it would kill her, at least, even if it didn't ruin her dress. Louis Quinze looked ferocious. He was pretty mad at that. For half an hour he had been butting nothing but empty air, and he was beginning to think that it was up to him to hit something pretty soon or else resign as premier marksman of the Loyal Order of Goats. So Louis had his whole soul in his work. His expression seemed to say, "Let us have done with nonsense."

So Hope turned and ran, ran toward the most disreputable shanty in the world, simply because it was something she had seen before. Her speed was a triumph over modern fashions and a tight skirt.

The Cappellini kids shouted encouragement: "Hurry, lady; beat it!" while the Murrays, with ready sympathy for the home

team, yelled, "Sic 'em, Billy; sic 'em." Hope reached the back steps a hair's breadth ahead and gained the top as the horns crashed into her flimsy support which rocked beneath the impact of the blow.

The goat recoiled and stood laughing in the peculiarly irritating fashion that goats have. He only did it to cover his chagrin at having scored another bloomer, but Hope didn't know that. She thought that he was chuckling over what a delicious morsel she would make for lunch.

In a panic of fear, she tried the door behind her, remembering, somehow, from her former visit that it swung outward. Glory be! It was not locked, and without stopping to think of the shame of her action, she opened it and squeezed inside, trembling in every limb but safe from that terrible menace outside.

It was a full minute before she became cognizant of anything unexpected about her surroundings.

The first things that arrested her attention were the casement windows, curtained in red-and-white checked gingham which was drawn taut in the exact center with stiff red bows. And in a prim row on the window-sills were pots of red geraniums in cheerful bloom.

Her gaze, critical at first and then delighted, flew around the room and then went back to details again and again.

The walls were cream-white with a plate-rail just at the top of her head. On the shelf was arranged a long procession of red-glazed jars, each flaunting in white letters the nature of its contents—sugar, salt, coffee, cloves, cinnamon, all through the list of spicy ingredients of future pies and cakes.

The floor was of red-and-cream-colored mosaic linoleum, with two curly-looking rag rugs on it. The kitchen table, though, was the really important feature of the room. Everything else seemed to radiate from it. The funny part about it was that it was just a table, common or kitchen, covered with an old-fashioned red-and-white table cloth, the kind your grandmother used to spread on her table about the time when you had to light the kerosene-lamp every night if you wanted to see while you were getting things ready for tea. On this table—Hope's table possibly—was a bowl of apples, the reddest, shiniest apples she had ever imagined.

It was rather a fascinating room—Hope conceded that reluctantly. Instead of noticing the highly enameled modern cook-stove, or, after a second investigation, the built-in cabinet, one found one's attention riveted by the ticking of a queer old white-lacquered clock with a landscape painted on it and the two highly active and noisy canaries in brass cages with little white covers puckered in underneath with red ribbon to keep the seed from scattering on the floor.

Now, this was not at all the kitchen that Hope had seen when she first visited the shanty. That had been a gray and gloomy place, clean, it is true, but just a workroom for preparing meals—that was all. This was a playroom, a box of toys that one's fingers fairly itched to experiment with. There was even an apron hanging on a hook back of the door, a large white one with a red cross-stitch border round it, that she knew would be neither too large nor too small but just right.

To come into that kitchen after looking at the unlovely exterior of the Van Huisen shanty was just as unexpected as entering the tent-flap of a wigwam to find oneself in a ballroom. Martin had done a thorough job of remodeling—there was no question about that. But, Hope reflected, it was simply another manifestation of the materialistic tendencies of her husband. In his scheme

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Honeymoon Shanty

(Continued)

for a honeymoon he had provided every modern convenience, so that his stomach would not suffer, even if his wife were forced to live in the wretchedest hovel in the known world. By thinking of that, Hope managed to resist her impulse to take off her hat and begin to get acquainted with that kitchen at once.

No; to preserve her pride, she must get out right away. But when she went to the door the goat was still there looking hopefully toward the place where she had disappeared. He really was waiting on the long chance that the kind lady would hand out a nice juicy tin can or a little second-hand excelsior, but she misunderstood his expression and, with a shudder, drew back into the security of the kitchen.

But she was there under false colors, and she had no intention of being misunderstood. To relieve any misapprehension, she must tell Martin, or whoever happened to be there, how she happened to be in the last place in the world that she cared to enter.

So she raised her voice and shouted:

"Hello, in there! Hello!"

There was no answer—nothing at all. It was such a tiny house that it seemed improbable that anyone could be there and not hear her, but she tried it once more.

This time, there could be no mistake. She was all alone in the place. Curlylocks in the home of the three bears was really in a less embarrassing predicament. With that menacing goat outside the back door, she simply could not leave that way, and if she stayed, Martin might come any minute, and if he did, he very probably would misinterpret her presence. And glory in her capitulation. And laugh at her weakness. Lord, how she hated him! At least sometimes—kind of.

No; she simply could not stay there even if she got butted into the middle of next week. Perhaps she could jump out of the high and mighty front door while the goat waited at the rear entrance, and, by running as fast as ever she could, perhaps she might gain the sanctuary of a policeman or some other substantial refuge. It was worth trying.

She crossed the threshold of the communicating door into the living-room. There she promptly forgot her reason for going to the front of the house.

For why? Because that living-room was her room, she knew it the minute she set eyes on it. It fitted her soul like a glove.

It wasn't very large but, then, neither was her soul; so that was perfectly all right. It was a room that had been planned and executed by some one who had been behind Hope's very own eyes and had seen her dreams with them. In her waking-moments she would not have dared to think of anything one-half so charming.

If you care to make a room like it, you must first know a woman very well and yet love her very well. And you must match, not her moods, but her heart to the colors and textures.

But you would not want to make one like Hope's—yours must be Helen's or Lillian's or whatever may be her adored name.

Besides the conventional table and the piano-lamp and the wee grand piano and the hangings, which articles you couldn't copy because they aren't suitable for Lillian or Helen, there was a low, wide fireplace. And in front of it was an easy chair, the only easy chair in the room.

Hope pretended to be angry because Martin had provided that chair for himself, not caring whether she ever sat down or not, but she smiled to herself because she really knew right away what he meant. It was such a comfy chair, and it was so very large for just one person.

Hinds ^{Honey and Almond} Cream

keeps the skin so smooth—velvety soft—refreshed!

This picture is a reduced copy of the original photograph of the Hinds Cream Girl



YOU can possess the appealing beauty of smooth, clear, perfect skin and charming complexion through the use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Snow-white, exquisite in fragrance, Hinds Cream is cooling, soothing—a delight to the skin. An application of but a few drops brings a feeling of refreshing comfort, appreciated especially after shopping, sports or duties of the

day. Skin which has become roughened, irritated by sun, wind or dust, chapped skin and other unnatural conditions, are alleviated quickly by Hinds Cream; and faithful use of it soon restores the skin to the clear, soft beauty of perfect health.

For more than a half century this cream has been gaining patronage in America. The demand has extended throughout Canada and into all other foreign countries. It keeps perfectly in all climates.

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM



not only improves the complexion but keeps the arms and hands attractive. It softens the cuticle in manicuring and relieves tenderness. Men use it after shaving for skin-comfort, to soften and heal. Sample 2c.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, in bottles, is selling everywhere. Buy of your dealer.

HINDS Cre-mis TALCUM is exquisitely flower-scented, velvety fine, cooling, soothing, comforting to delicate, irritated skin, imparting an exquisite touch of smooth softness. Luxurious after the bath. Sample 2c.



Can 30c. Postpaid



Tube 30c. Postpaid

HINDS Disappearing CREAM is greaseless, rarely delicate, softening, refining—protects the complexion and adds charm. A perfect base for face powder. Relieves "catchy fingers" while you sew, without soiling the fabric. Sample 2c.

Ask your dealer for the Hinds Cream Toilet Specialties, but if not obtainable, order from us. We will send postpaid in the U. S. and guarantee delivery.

If you would prefer to try a sample assortment of the

Hinds ^{Honey and Almond} Cream Toilet Requisites

send us 10 cents in stamps, or a dime carefully wrapped, and we will mail the package and booklet to you at once, postpaid. It contains samples of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, (liquid), Cold Cream, Disappearing Cream, Face Powder and Talcum. Included with them is a charming booklet: "The Girl Who Loved the Beautiful."

A. S. HINDS, Dept. 28, PORTLAND, MAINE

HINDS COLD CREAM

contains the same essentials as the liquid cream and is valuable for its cleansing, healing qualities. Good for baby's skin troubles. A perfect massage cream, semi-greaseless; improves the complexion. Sample 2c.



Tube 30c, Jar 60c. Postpaid



Large 35c, Guest 15c. Postpaid

HINDS Cre-mis SOAP is pure, bland, daintily fragrant and as highly refined as expensive French soaps. Yields abundant lather in either soft or hard (alkaline) water; refreshing, softening to the skin—ideal for the complexion. Trial 8c.

HINDS Cre-mis FACE POWDER

is impalpably fine and soft, adhering with gratifying smoothness. Its distinctive fragrance enhances the charm of every woman who uses it. Adds that touch of refinement. Four tints: white, pink, flesh, brunette. Sample 2c.



Large Box 60c, Trial 15c. Postpaid

WEEK-END BOX—Contains six dainty packages of fascinating Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites—pure, fragrant, refined, beneficial. Charming boxed in old rose. 50c Postpaid.

Honeymoon Shanty

(Concluded)



YOU CAN ATTAIN Health and Beauty

Beauty doesn't come in fancy boxes and it IS more than "skin deep." Beauty comes from the woman within you when she is conscious of the fullest development of her physical and mental faculties.

If YOU are not as Beautiful as you should be, you are not as Healthy as you can be. For Beauty is but the expression of Health in woman—robust, glowing Health. And because the two go hand in hand, it is difficult to have one without the other.

If YOU want Beauty—the kind that lasts and grows richer with the years—you must study this remarkable course of eighteen lessons—**BEAUTY A DUTY**, by May Irwin Norwalk

Written by a woman of the theatrical profession, with the co-operation of prominent doctors, health and beauty experts, it teaches you, in 18 illustrated lessons, the

A Few Lessons

Posture and Poise
Exercise
Food and Diet
Teeth and Gums
Youthful Complexion
Eloquent Eyes
How to Gain Weight
How to Lose Weight

Art of Being Beautiful.

Any woman can obtain quick results by faithfully following this easy, pleasant, effective system. Any one of the 18 lessons is worth the price of the complete course.

If YOU want to Acquire Beauty, in the privacy of your home, send \$5 for this wonderful course today. Act now—the knowledge it contains is necessary to your social success.

Beauty a Duty Company
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See it first. We send it for you to look at and examine carefully. You are under no obligation to buy. A 21-jewel watch sold to you at a price a great deal lower than that of other high grade watches.

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The 21-Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price and on the very special terms (after free examination) of only \$5.00 a month—no interest. Send for full information. **Free Book** ever produced, 100 designs and engravings beautifully illustrated in colors. Write for it today it is free. A letter or post card will do.

Burlington Watch Company, Dept. 1258
19th Street and Marshall Blvd. Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Office: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg

The entire room was like that chair, and she understood everything it said to her. It was talking to her with his voice, telling her everything she had been wanting to hear for two mortal days. Every inch of it caressed her, and some things about it were very like kisses on the tips of her fingers.

Hope let the room sink into her consciousness, wandering about it, touching things with her hands lightly—her own things.

It was while she was thus engaged that she heard the bell for the first time. It wasn't an electric door-bell or a telephone-bell, nothing shrill or strident like that—just the merest hesitating tinkle, like a fairy aria, far away. She was not sure that she really heard anything at first, because it started and stopped shyly, sort of half-way in a melody. Then, when it grew louder and nearer, she was almost frightened. It was right there in the house. It came into the room.

She looked at the door to the kitchen because it seemed to enter from there. But there was nothing—nothing, that is, that she could see.

The reason she could not see it was because she had been looking too high. When her eyes dropped to the floor, the mystery was explained.

The bell was on a tiny kitten about seven inches long, a white one, which was chasing a celluloid ball across the floor. When it saw her, it stopped doubtfully and then flopped enticingly on its back at her feet.

"No matter whose cat you are or how you got in here, you can't do that to me without being noticed," Hope declared, getting down on the floor herself and gathering up the little white ball of fuzz into her lap.

There was a tag as well as the bell fastened on the ribbon around its neck. She fished it out from the long hair and read:

The name of this is Lucy Fur, but she doesn't know it yet. She's a l'il fallen angel. Don't pet her because she has a black heart and is a confirmed catnip fiend!

The kitten was trying strenuously to refute this slander with a twelve-cylinder purr that nearly rocked the building.

"I believe you in spite of this cowardly anonymous letter to the contrary," Hope assured her, "and to prove it I'll give you a saucer of cream for dinner tonight. Because you're my cat."

This seemed perfectly satisfactory to Lucy Fur; so the agreement was cemented with a romp.

There was one more room in the building. Hope remembered that from her previous visit to the place before it was transformed. With the kitten under her arm, she started to investigate.

At the door, she paused. There was a tag on the knob which she unfastened and read.

One may not enter here unless it be to stay.

She pondered this a moment and then smiled.

"Cat, this man is trying to make a slave of me, but he certainly does use a wonderful quality of chain." She read the tag again. "Come on, cat; I guess we aren't scared, much." She turned the knob.

There were twin beds in it.

"Oh!"

There was other furniture, dark walnut, and wall-paper and curtains, all in restful cool colors, but she did not notice the other things at first. She resented those twin beds. Being alone, she could do that without blushing very much.

She went over and stood between them. There was plenty of room. They were at least four feet apart. She admitted that they were beautiful beds with marvelous silk comforters and Chinese-embroidery spreads. She opened one,—the linen was fine and soft.

"His, I suppose," Hope sneered and turned to the other and threw back the coverlet.

There wasn't a thing under it but the mattress.

And a tag, right in the middle, printed thus:

This one is only for looks and the cat.

She covered it up hastily.

There were three closets and a bath off from this room. Hope wondered how he had done it, and finally came to the conclusion, for the first time, that her husband was really a very clever architect.

Two of the closets were just closets, but the third one had a heavy padlock on it. There was no key in sight, just one of the inevitable tags!

This door is locked to all save one, who will understand. She will not even need a key.

Now, that was curious. There was a very solid-looking hasp on the door which fitted over a substantial staple in the casing, and the padlock was large and serviceable in appearance.

Still the tag said that she would not need a key.

Hope tried the door. It opened easily as the padlock fell apart. It was wax.

The closet was packed full of toys, dolls, and picture-books. Some of them were old and some of them were new. Hope recognized one of her very favorite dolls in the lot. She picked it up first.

He had known that she would. The tag on it read:

To keep you from being lonely until we come.

Hope found the telephone in the kitchen. But she did not use it until she had tried half the recipes in the cook-book in the cabinet.

She fed her first batch of biscuits to the goat, and he went away at last, not to return for an entire week. His better sense warned him not to come back even then, but he was a game goat.

She was watching behind the curtains of the front window when Martin hurdled the gate. She wanted to run away and hide. He looked so big and rough somehow and—until he grabbed her in his arms.

Then he proved to be as gentle and comfortable as she could possibly imagine.

And a wonderful person to cry on the shoulder of when he told you how glad he was that you had come home.

This Has Dramatic Possibilities

THE latest restaurant fad is to have near-movie stars act as hostesses on certain nights to distract the attention of the guests when the waiter makes out the check.—*Variety*.

Life in the Films

(Continued from page 59)

daughter of the idle rich, but an ex-lady-barber; for no one can trim one's own hair and feather-edge it in the rear, even with all the requisite tonsorial paraphernalia.

And while we are on the subject of hair, it might be noted further that few cinema islands are sufficiently wild or insulated to interfere to any great extent with the *coiffure* of the stranded lady herself. Also, she has either brought with her from the foundering ship, or else discovered somewhere on the island, a theatrical make-up outfit; for in all the close-ups of her, where we are shown the physiognomic effects of spiritual regeneration, we see evidences of an eye-brow pencil, a lip-stick, a powder-puff and a rouge box. Moreover, in these same close-ups, as she clasps her hands ecstatically just over the larynx to symbolize her esoteric awakening, we perceive that her finger-nails are bleached and polished and filed into long stilettos—a fact which bears witness to the presence on the island of a manicure set.

* * * * *

The actual life on a South Sea island, as revealed in the silent drama, has certain peculiarities which sooner or later are sure to attract the attention of anthropologists, due to their distinct variation to all observed and recorded habits and usages of mammal existence.

For instance, one can apparently subsist indefinitely without nourishment. At any rate, we never see a shipwrecked couple in the act of eating. As for sleeping: the man erects a hut of dried palm leaves, which acts as a nocturnal shelter for the woman; but this foliar domicile evidently exhausts the island's building material, for he rarely, if ever, constructs a hibernaculum for himself, sleeping instead on the ground in the open.

During the day, when not scanning the horizon or going to the spring, the dwellers on film islands race frantically along the beach or in and out of the tide-wash in gay and innocent pursuit of each other; or else they play hide-and-peek among the rocks and boulders. In the late afternoons the sit meditatively upon some promontory making polite love and discussing morals and philosophy.

All motion-picture exiles are earnest disciples and ardent admirers of Dr. Frank Crane; for all their ethical disquisitions, both in style and subject-matter, show undeniable influences of that reverend gentleman's thumb-nail sermons.

In the matter of ablutions, there is no evidence that the male outcast on a cinema island ever bathes, despite the proximity and convenience of the ocean. The woman, however, has an active aquatic complex amounting almost to a lavatory psychosis; for she is continually disrobing and plunging into the sea. (She is generally observed inadvertently by the man at the moment she is poised for the plunge.)

* * * * *

Also, there is something in the meteorological conditions of these film islands which inflames the lady with Terpsichorean proclivities. Though heretofore she has never been a devotee of the Danish art, and is ignorant of the *Ballet Russe* and other forms of classical leg-shaking, nevertheless, when the crepuscular shadows begin to gather, she selects a flat piece of territory, lets down her hair, and launches forth, *a capella*, upon a long series of *jete tours*, *pas de chat*, *arabesques*, *changements*, *deboules*, *ciseaux*, and other aesthetic dancing figures, with various Del Sarteian gestures thrown in.

On the whole, the existence of shipwrecked islanders, as portrayed in the films, is healthful and pleasant and any-



What the silver sheet reveals about shoe style



A study of the foot in action as shown by moving pictures and used by Red Cross Shoe designers.

THE beauty and grace of the movie star's foot—gloved in footwear matching gown and fitting occasion—adds the final dash of pleasing smartness to an attractive ensemble.

But the silver sheet does more than that. It reveals the principle of *lasting* shoe style used by Red Cross Shoe designers—the principle that proves that the foot in action has different measurements from the foot at rest.

The Red Cross Shoe—made to fit the foot in action—has soft, snug, clinging lines that *keep* their shapeliness. Because it is not easily forced out of shape, it retains the smart style it had when new. And there is comfort, always, in the Red Cross Shoe.

New styles favored for this reason

One of the high class shoe stores in your community is now showing the season's smart new Red Cross Shoe models. You will find there a charming selection moderately priced at from \$8 to \$12.50, with many stylish models at \$10.

Write for the new Footwear Style Guide—sent without charge. With it we will send the name of your Red Cross Shoe dealer or tell you how to order direct. Address the Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 311 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Model No. 688—The "Jaunter." She who wears this jaunty model of dark brown Norwegian grain calfskin will surely get enjoyment beyond all expectation. Price, \$9.



Model No. 689—The "Elite." In this fascinating three-strap model of patent leather, interest centers in the dull gold buckles, fastening directly over the instep. Price, \$10.

Red Cross Shoe



Look for this trademark on the sole.



Life in the Films

(Concluded)

thing but dangerous. Occasionally a lion or some other wild animal saunters by, but nothing ever comes of it, as these island beasts are always senile and decrepit and apparently on the verge of a complete physical breakdown.

The average sojourn of island castaways

in the Tropic of Capricorn, lasts just long enough for the infinite silences, the great spaces, and the elemental forces of nature, to get in their cleansing and purging work, and to show up the tawdriness and littleness of fashionable afternoon teas and other such social activities.

MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 44 and 45.

The Perfect Hair Remover

WHEN you use DeMiracle there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. Therefore it is the nicest, cleanliest and easiest way to remove hair. It is ready for instant use and is the most economical because there is no waste. Simply wet the hair with this nice, original sanitary liquid and it is gone.

You are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory when you use DeMiracle, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

Use DeMiracle just once for removing hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. Write for free book.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes War Tax

DeMiracle

Dept. F-23 Park Ave. and 129th St., New York

\$500⁰⁰ Prize Contest

The famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," is creating a sensation. It has inspired the song "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good second verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500.00 cash will be paid. This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a second verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send us your name and address and we shall send you a copy of the words of the first verse and chorus, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this wonderful photoplay. I will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to

"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR

Lester Park-Edward Whiteside

Photoplay Productions

214 W. 34th St., Suite 16, New York, N. Y.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogus, 3650 Bogus Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

CONSTANCIA.—You have a very charming name. You wish to know if gray is too sombre a shade for a girl of twenty. On the contrary: gray may be worn by a very young lady or a very old one. In fact, it has been one of the most popular colors for months. You should have gray slippers and stockings of exactly the same shade to match your gown. Do write to me again.

H. L. O., PORT CHESTER.—Monkey fur is still very good. It is used as a trimming for dark dresses. Canton crepe is an excellent material with which to make your new afternoon frock.

MARY F., MADISON, WIS.—Spain has inspired many of the evening gowns; and Spanish shawls are also being widely worn. Particularly becoming to brunettes are the Spanish gowns, shawls, and combs. If you are a blonde, and a tiny one, I would not affect such styles. You are an ingenue in age and appearance, and you should dress the part. And I don't mean by that, that you should wear only fluffy frocks, but that you should dress simply. Curls are not absolutely necessary for the twentieth-century ingenue, my dear.

CECILIA, SAN DIEGO.—I have a sketch in my pages this month which may interest you. You say your hair is long but that you wish it weren't, and yet you haven't the courage to cut it. Turn to Page 45 and look at the young lady pictured there. She has long hair, really, but she is wearing one of the National Bobs—simply attaching it to her own hair with two tiny combs—and as it is a perfect match for her coloring, it looks absolutely natural and "bobbed." And if a girl's hair is really bobbed, the National Bob saves her the trouble of curling it.

MARIETTA, NEW YORK.—Please follow your mother's advice about your dresses. She knows so much better what is becoming to you than I do. She is very wise in her selection of school things for you; and although at the age of seventeen her restrictions on silk lingerie and lacy stockings may not seem just, I am sure you will sooner or later come round to her way of thinking. In only one respect do I differ with her, and that is in the matter of brightly-colored hats and dresses. I believe that young girls should wear vivid shades as much as possible, because you can't do it when you are older. Of course, colors may be used discreetly; but needless to say, their correct use is charming.

JANE, LIMA, OHIO.—Feathers are being

much used on the new hats. Ostrich feathers, curled and glycerined, and various stiff feathers, are all good. Grosgrain ribbon is popular, too. Hats may be large or small according to the individual taste of the wearer.

MOTHER, DALLAS.—I wish you would look at the children's dresses in this issue's fashion pages. These designs are all exclusive, and you are free to copy them. If you do not find what you want, please write to me in detail.

J. K., ALBERTA, CANADA.—The fur dresses are exceedingly smart. They are costly, too. I think you might be able to make your old fur coat into the skirt of a dress and make a bodice of satin or velvet. Generally speaking, the new fur coats have high collars and narrow shoulders. Some emphasize the outline, others have a full flare.

MRS. T., ATLANTA.—Skirts are, indeed, very much longer. I believe emphatically in the comfortable, charming skirt of medium length and hope we will not get back to the ground-sweeping styles of other days, except possibly for formal evening wear. The twentieth century is hardly the time for long skirts. Imagine hoop-skirts in the modern motors, or the sub-ways and street cars!

DOROTHY G., FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.—Remember, any method of reduction is good only as long as you keep at it. And the same applies to skin treatments. You have got to make a habit of it. For instance, a hair-tonic may be very good and highly recommended. You may try it for a month or so and then decide, since there is no noticeable result, that it is ineffectual. And you blame the hair-tonic, don't you? *Keep eternally at it.*

GWEN.—Why, the only thing I know to keep one's hair in place, is a good hair-net. This is simple enough, goodness knows. I am sure you won't be bothered any longer with refractory locks; they will stay smoothly in place. Do not wear the jeweled pins and combs except in the evening.

MRS. JOHN OGILVIE.—Thank you so very much for your expressions of interest. I am glad you are depending upon my fashion pages for guidance. I am sure you will be interested in the original and exclusive designs of M. Raoul Bonart, a recent acquisition to PHOTOPLAY's staff, who will devote his entire time to conceiving and sketching new frocks for you. Do not hesitate to write to me for suggestions.

How I Keep in Condition

(Continued from page 33)

hours with strips of veal. I have never done anything like that—Goodness, no! The idea would be offensive to me, and, I am sure, to most young American women of today.

Madame Pompadour, however, had a good reason for it. She knew that, while the other ladies of the court would return from the hunt bedraggled, and their complexions roughened by the arduous chase, hers would be as soft and pink as a rose-petal. I am much fascinated with the stories handed down to us from the court gossips on these great beauties of history, but I'm a little sorry to say I can't believe all of them. I am wondering if Madame Pompadour did not have my own theory, so many, many years ago—that there are sports and exercises that simply do not suit one's personality. Possibly the hunt was one of those sports. I may be wrong; of course it's just a theory. And while I am theorizing, let me finish it. I would not be surprised at all if the veal didn't have a thing to do with it. I'll bet it was the love for Louis that made her beautiful, or her happiness in the knowledge of his love.

Well, some day I should like to try some of those magic recipes for perfect beauty. But it won't be until my screen career is quite over and I can afford to experiment; for who knows if some malicious old dowager didn't invent all the potions to put into her little diary to amuse herself and her great-great-great-grandchildren?

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 93)

BEBE DANIELS has a very decent sort of a disposition as a rule.

But when they made her jump twelve feet from an aeroplane, without a life-net, hang by her own weight from a pipe on the roof of a two story house, and drop and then cut all the scenes out of the picture, poor little Bebe lost her Spanish temper for the first time since she became a star, and they tell me the whole troop ran for cover.

LOS ANGELES newspapers have published quite definite reports recently of the separation of Gloria Swanson and her husband, Herbert Somborn.

These have been denied by Mr. Somborn, but substantiated by friends of the couple, who seem to think that the separation is permanent and ignore Mr. Somborn's denial.

Which leads one to question whether, after all, a husband really ever knows about these things.

One might ask Lou Tellegen.

However, the facts that do seem established in the Somborn-Swanson affair, are that Mr. Somborn is at the Ambassador, in Los Angeles, Miss Swanson is in New York making personal appearances with her first starring picture "The Great Moment" and the baby—10 months old Gloria Swanson second—is in a Los Angeles Hospital, where she has been undergoing a rather difficult siege with the whooping cough.

The family may not be separated, but it certainly appears to be a bit scattered.

MAY COLLINS certainly has a reputation for engagements.

No sooner has the hue and cry concerning Charlie Chaplin died down, than little birds, and local newspapers, and Dame Rumor and everybody including the extra girls begins to declare that Miss Collins is some day soon going to become Mrs. Richard Dix.

Lots of people seem to believe it.

We don't like to commit ourselves, but it looks that way.

And May is only 18.



And, as the guests arrive, the subtle fragrance greet them

FAINT, and at first imperceptible—a fragrance—a new note of beauty—plays upon their senses.

It is incense—the odor of welcome for thousands of years—which greets them and gives an unspoken welcome to the guests as they arrive.

A clever device for hostesses to know

American hostesses are discovering what Oriental hostesses have known always, that a delicate fragrance of burning incense gives a touch of distinction to the most informal party—and a touch of remembrance which lives long in the memory of each guest.

Vantine's—the true Temple Incense

Vantine's Temple Incense is the incense with the true fragrance of the East—a

fragrance rich, subtle, delicate and softly Oriental.

Which fragrance is most charming?

While hostesses agree on Vantine's Temple Incense, there is some debate as to the most charming fragrance. Some hostesses like the rich Oriental fullness of Sandalwood; others choose the sweetness of Wistaria, Rose or Violet, while still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of the Pine.

Whichever you prefer, you can get it from your druggist or your gift shop. Practically every department store, too, offers it, so swift has been its spread throughout America.

Try, tonight, the fragrance which appeals the most to you; or, just name it as suggested below and we will be glad to send it to you as your first acquaintance package.



ALL the sweet delicacy of Wistaria Blossoms is imprisoned in Vantine's Wistaria Toilet Water.

VANTINE'S Temple Incense is sold at druggists, department stores and gift shops in two forms—powder and cones—in 3 packages—25c, 50c and 75c

Vantine's Temple Incense

Rose Sandalwood
Violet
Wistaria Pine



If you will send 25c to A. A. Vantine & Co., 64 Hunterspoint Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y., and name the fragrance you prefer, we will be glad to send you an Introductory Package.

Soothing the Censors

The ladies and gentlemen of the scissors had a large time in California.

\$15.00
an
ounce

\$8.00
a half
ounce



The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

Other Offers

Direct or from Druggists
Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks;
Lilac, Crabapple, \$1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, \$2.00
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THEY may recover, but they'll never look the same. I mean those dear old censors after their visit to Hollywood and especially that little trip down to Sunset Inn.

Censors have been criticized. Censors have been maligned. Censors have been scoffed at and even sworn at. But nobody ever thought of soothing them. Of treating them like human beings. Of entertaining them.

Perhaps because it is impossible to soothe censors. Perhaps their activities in regard to such films as "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" prove that they cannot be treated as human beings. But it was worth trying, anyway.

The Universal Company frankly admits that it invited the members of the various official censorship boards to California, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, for the express purpose of showing them the feature which Von Stroheim has just completed at a cost of over a million dollars. Some newspapers, particularly the Kansas City Star, made sharp criticism of the junket, but what's a little trip to California among friends. It's too bad, however, that it had to be planned in the summer season. It's so much more pleasant to get away to bask in the Californian sunshine, not to speak of Mr. Von Stroheim's picture, when the wintry winds are whistling over the home grounds.

A censor may be as heartless as the Fates with his scissors and as impervious to feminine wiles as a tombstone, but even a plaster saint would beg for wax in his ears, blinkers on his eyes and a good stout rope to tie him to the mast if he had Mabel Normand, Priscilla Dean, Clara Kimball Young, May Allison, Bebe Daniels, Nazimova, Mae Busch, Edna Purviance, Phyllis Haver, Colleen Moore, Marie Prevost and Ruby de Remer all turned loose on him at once.

And that, between you and me, is just what happened to fourteen of them the other evening.

TO be a bit more chronological, Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, arranged for a "Censors' Expedition"—a sort of a Cook's Tour through Hollywood for fourteen of the most important film revisers from the eastern states. The group came by special train from the east as Mr. Laemmle's guests and spent a week seeing Hollywood.

It might borrow a title from that last picture of Bebe Daniels' and be christened "One Wild Week."

If they didn't have a good time, it's because censors can't.

There were no Blue Laws operating while the program arranged for their entertainment was carried into effect. The film colony united in trying to show these scissorial officials that a good time can be had by all without any permanent dislocation of the commandments.

MONDAY morning they went to Universal City and were duly welcomed by all the Universal peaches and officials. Tuesday they had a dip in the Pacific, and since they don't believe in one piece bathing suits on the screen we hope they didn't peek at any on the sands near Crystal Pier—for the one pieces there are very small pieces indeed. In the afternoon they toured through the other big Holly-

wood studios, thoroughly chaperoned by the Universal crew, who didn't intend to let anybody else kidnap them—and the screen stars, and all the little starlets, turned out to add to the glory of the California scenery. Wednesday they were shown an animal circus at Universal and even Mrs. Joe Martin cast a vampish eye upon them. Thursday, Harry Carey had a barbecue at his ranch, accompanied by a few rodeo stunts.

Friday they sailed over to Catalina and took a look at the submarine gardens.

We hope all the little goldfish had their mackintoshes on.

WEDNESDAY night, which is Photographers' Night at Sunset Inn, they were entertained at Sunset Inn by Mr. and Mrs. Eric Von Stroheim. They were almost injured in the mob of stars that turned out to do them honor and to see if they couldn't be won to the general Hollywood belief that the only thing that should be cut out of pictures is the censors.

Mabel Normand was there, all dressed in black—at least almost all dressed, with the cutest tiny black hat over her curls. One of those smiles she was showering around ought to stop an army of censors. Clara Kimball Young was excessively gorgeous in black with a new shawl effect topped by a large jeweled comb in her black hair that gave her a most Carmenesque effect. Priscilla Dean—it was Priscilla Dean Night, by the way—was dashing brilliant in black, with beads, and an enormous picture hat covered with natural Bird of Paradise.

I suppose the black was intended as mourning—just dressing down to the censors.

However, Mae Busch broke the monotony of these ladies by a daring creation of flame colored chiffon, with a purple sash hung with a bunch of purple grapes, and flamed colored slippers and stockings. She wore no hat and Mae, you know, wears her black hair bobbed and banged and straight like Mary Thurman's, and it's quite exciting looking. Mae and Gaston Glass won the cup—and when somebody suggested that the censors should be the judges instead of the audience, there was a concerted and violent "No" from the assemblage. With Miss Busch and Mr. Glass were Tony Moreno and June Elvidge, in black, alas, but hung all over with green beads and a little black hat with an enormous green cockade.

MADAME NAZIMOVA had a big party—I saw Rudolph Valentino devotedly beside her—and "Nazy" introduced a new fashion by wearing a deep silken fringe across the front of her small hat, so that when she wanted to see she had to part the curtains and peer forth. Several of the censors were presented to her and she was most gracious and charming. (Perhaps she was thinking of "Camille.")

Roscoe Arbuckle was host at a big table and did his darndest to hand the censors plenty of laughs. The prettiest girl at his table was Phyllis Haver, in glittering and gorgeous white. We were sorry the censors couldn't see her in her bathing suit, though a lot more of her really showed in that Parisian creation. Lottie Pickford looked about as usual, only her sunburn showed through her frock and gave her something the appearance of a life guard off duty.

Soothing the Censors

(Concluded)

Alan Forrest and Lowell Sherman were at the Arbuckle table also.

Herbert Somborn, who in private life is Mr. Gloria Swanson, had a party. And at another table were Raoul Walsh and his wife, Miriam Cooper, in a sport frock of white piped in red, with a red sport hat. And Colleen Moore, with a young navy officer, all in cerise and silver—Colleen, I mean, not the Navy.

EDNA PURVIANCE was with the Mahlon Hamiltons, I think; anyway she was terribly smart and deliciously chic in a sport outfit and let the censors have a view of that dignified and disdainful manner with which she has so completely captured the real "Social Register" crowd of Montecito and Pasadena. While little May Collins—the girl who isn't engaged to Charlie Chaplin, you know—was a perfect reproduction of a sub-deb that should have melted the heart of a Sunday school superintendent—all in pale pink and rosebuds, with Richard Dix as a background.

May Allison, in orchid chiffon, was perfectly cast as a "Daughter of the South"—they couldn't have cut a comma on her, and Bebe was—Bebe. Thrilling and gorgeous as ever.

WE can only hope that it wasn't Thursday morning that Mr. Laemmle showed these censors "Foolish Wives."

It has been largely rumored that this picture was likely to be well cut up by the censors, and so Mr. Laemmle had the very good idea of getting them to come out here and see it, so that it could be cut, titled and if necessary, re-shot, on the ground, with an idea of just how far the "don't men" would permit it to go.

And surely nobody can blame Mr. Laemmle for giving them a good time and getting them in a good humor first, if possible. That's good business.

We shall all be interested to see what happens to "Foolish Wives."



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His first creations appear this month on pages 44-45

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You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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THE "Squirrel Cage" by A. GNUTT

POST-WAR Sportsman—"The hounds meet on the lawn tomorrow, my dear. We must give them a stirrup."
Wife—"I hope the chef knows how to make it. If not, I suppose claret-cup would do?"—*Punch*.

THE Manchester (England) *Guardian* makes the curious discovery that the "blue-sky law" is the name given by Americans to regulations for smoke abatement. What it understands by the "blue-law" agitation over here might be equally interesting.—*Springfield Republican*.

SHE—"A woman has to give up a great deal after she gets married."
He—"A man does nothing else but give up after he gets married."—*Boston Transcript*.

ONE striking difference between the Soviet form of government and ours is that in Russia you go to the theater or pay a fine, while in this country you go to the theater and pay a tax.—*Philadelphia North American*.

"WHAT views of the hotel would you advise me to have published?" asked the proprietor.
"Not mine," murmured the disgruntled guest. "My views wouldn't be fit for publication."—*Tit-Bits*.

THE motor-car of to-day is a splendid example of scientific progress. And yet careless pedestrians are continually spoiling its delicate machinery with small pieces of themselves.—*London Opinion*.

"WERE you trying to catch that train, sir?" he asked pompously.

The panting would-be passenger eyed him balefully for a second before he hissed in reply: "Oh, no, I merely wanted to chase it out of station."—*The Arklight*.

THERE is no city in Paraguay that has a fire department or a public water supply, and yet fires are practically unknown. Asuncion, a city of about 100,000 population, has had just one fire in two years.

"HOW was the cinema show?"
"Rather dull," said the jaded patron.

"No thrills, eh?"
"Well, the heroine jumped from a train to an aeroplane, was carried over a precipice in a motor-car, and was left standing on the deck of a submarine when it submerged, but there wasn't anything you could really call exciting."—*Tit-Bits*.

GAMEKEEPER—"Are you aware this stream is private, and that you are not allowed to take fish from it?"

Angler (who has had nothing but nibbles all day).—"Heavens! Man, I'm not taking your fish—I'm feeding them!"—*London Mail*.

TEACHER—"Jimmy, can you explain what strategy means?"

Jimmy—"When you ran out of ammunition and you don't want the enemy to know it it's strategy to keep on firing."—*New York Sun*.

HOUSES of straw are to be erected in France. The idea of straw houses has been put forward by an expert in textiles, who, not content with perfecting his own branch of manufacture, has invented a process for making bricks from compressed straw.

The framework of the houses will be made of wood, and the walls will be built up with blocks of straw. Owing to the lightness of the material, there is no need for deep foundations, and a building can be completed in a month.

MAGISTRATE (severely)—"Horsewhipping is the only suitable punishment for you and your kind. The idea of a man of your size beating a poor, weak woman like that!"

Prisoner—"But, your worship, she keeps irritating and irritating me all the time."

Magistrate—"How does she irritate you?"

Prisoner—"Why, she keeps saying, 'Hit me! Beat me! Just hit me once, and I'll have you hauled up before that bald-headed old reprobate of a magistrate, and see what he'll do with you.'"

Magistrate (choking)—"Discharged."—*Tit-Bits*.

FRIEND—"Is your husband saving up for a rainy day?"

Wife—"He's a perfect Noah! He's saving up for the flood."—*London Mail*.

"I PRESUME there is considerably more humidity in Cuba than there is here," remarked the Stay-at-Home.

"No," replied the Returned Traveler judicially, "I can't say there is any more of it, but the prices are lower."—*New York Sun*.

"DADDY, who was Hamlet?"
Wise Father—"Aren't you ashamed of such ignorance at your age? Bring me a Bible and I'll soon show you who he was!"—*Tit-Bits*.

ONE person out of every thirteen has a car. The rest are held up by a traffic cop to watch them go by.—*Life*.

"I SEE the Government is planning to get out a new thousand dollar bill."
"If they'd only printed two in the first place they'd have been spared the trouble."—*Life*.

PROBABLY the choicest and most valuable beads in the world are those possessed by the natives of Borneo. In many cases they are very old, and have been kept for centuries in one family.

Some are thought to be of Venetian origin, while others resemble a Roman variety. It is difficult to induce the natives to sell their beads, which they guard as heirlooms. A rich chief may possess old beads to the value of thousands of pounds.

A CLERGYMAN was spending the afternoon at a house in the village where he had preached. After tea he was sitting in the garden with his hostess. Out rushed her little boy, holding a rat above his head.

"Don't be afraid, mother," he cried, "he's dead. We beat him and bashed him and thumped him until—" catching sight of the clergyman, he added, in a lowered voice, "until God called him home."—*Tit-Bits*.

IN China you do not have to pay for admission to cinema theaters. Everyone walks in free!

When inside the theatre, a towel cooled in ice water is handed to each person. During the performance the members of the audience mop their perspiring brows with the wet towels.

When a few hundred feet of film have been shown the lights are turned up and a contribution box is passed round. All must contribute according to the price of the seat occupied.—*Tit-Bits*.

LADY (to applicant for situation as cook)—"Have you been accustomed to have a kitchen-maid under you?"

Cook—"In these days we never speak of having people 'under us.' But I have had colleagues."—*Punch*.

OLD ROBINSON (inspecting young R's "personal expenses" account for last college term)—"What do you mean by forty dollars for tennis?"

Young R. (easily)—"Oh, that's for a couple of rackets I had to have."

Old R. (severely)—"Yes, I understand, but I think we used to call them bats."—*Princeton Tiger*.

"DID the burglars overlook anything of value?" inquired the reporter.

"I'd rather not say," returned the victim.

"Why?"

"Because they'll be watching the papers for a day or two to find out."—*Boston Transcript*.

A WOMAN recently treated at a London hospital said she had swallowed a mouse. There is no excuse for this sort of thing in these days of cheap and effective mouse-traps.—*Looker-On (Cullin)*.

THE bone-like skin on the tips of our fingers is one of the marks left from the time when men walked on all fours.

The farther man got from his original surroundings, when his finger-nails served a multitude of purposes for which he now uses other utensils, the less prominent they became. They are, however, still very useful in helping to make the tips of the fingers firm and in picking up small objects, though it is possible that the time may come when, through constant disuse, man may have neither finger nor toe nails.

MISSIONARY—"I have often wondered what became of my predecessor."

Cannibal Chief—"O, him! He went into the interior."—*Tit-Bits*.

EVERY year no fewer than thirty thousand persons disappear in London alone.

HE was unaware of the eccentricities to be found in the Wild West. He entered what was apparently the only hotel in the place.

After ushering him to a table and giving the stranger the usual glass of iced water, the waiter inquired: "Will you have sausages on toast?"

"No, I never eat 'em!"
"In that case, sir," replied the waiter, moving away, "dinner is over."

The Squirrel Cage

(Concluded)

ON a St. Patrick's night in Ballarat, Dan Murphy was addressing a big Irish audience, and the applause was frequent and free.

"We are a fourth of the population of this colony," he declared, and he held out his arm to suspend the torrent of cheers. Then he repeated, impressively: "We are a fourth of the population of this colony—and, plaze God, we'll soon be a fifth!" Thunders of acclamation.—*Tit-Bits.*

LITTLE GIRL—"Papa, it's raining."
Papa (whose temper is somewhat ruffled)—"Well, let it rain."
Little Girl (timidly)—"I was going to, papa.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

TWO little kids were in swimming. One thrashed about wildly, but made little progress.
"Hey, Jimmie," shouted the other, "keep yer fingers together when ye're swimmin'. Ye wouldn't eat soup wit a fork, would yer?"

STIRRING screen crimes will have to be done in "costume" in the future, observes *Tit-Bits*.
The British Board of Film Censors, whilst deciding not to pass films in which crime constitutes the main theme, has made up its mind that stories dealing with "costume" crime—such as cowboy murders and Mexican robberies—are to be placed in a different category, and regarded as dramatic and thrilling adventures.

TOMMY, returning to his regiment, lost his way and inquired of a military policeman.
"Keep straight up this track, laddie, till you come to a war," was the reply. "Then fight."

"**JIM**," she said, as he settled down for his afternoon smoke. "I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about."
"Good," said her husband, "I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."—*Tit-Bits.*

FIRST DEALER—"What! Fifty pounds for a horse like that?"
Second Dealer—"Ah—and cheap, too. This 'orse can jump!"
First Dealer—"Jump! Not 'im. If 'e could jump 'e 'ave jumped when 'e 'eard you ask fifty pounds for 'im!"

IT has been calculated that no fewer than 460 million meteors drop upon the earth every day. Most people will conclude that all this solid matter must add to the bulk of the earth. And so it does, but it takes a surprisingly long time to make any appreciable difference. No less a period than 185 million years is required for this rain of dust, rock and metal to increase the size of the earth by half an inch. All of which is very interesting if true!

Peter Pan's Sister

(Continued from page 34)

at present with Sir James Barry.

You know, you can tell a lot about a girl by the kind of a dog she has—or whether she has a dog or not.

May McAvoy has a fox terrier—a sassy, ordinary, smart, little fox terrier that she regards as probably the finest dog that ever chased a cat. Apparently she doesn't know a Pekinese from a Chow and doesn't want to.

And the chief reason that she likes Hollywood is because there are so many roller coasts at the nearby beaches.

So far her starring vehicles have been "A Private Scandal," "Everything for Sale" and "A Virginia Courtship."

Her ideas concerning pictures are very determined for so young and small a star. She believes in naturalness, good stories and careful direction.

"I was mighty lucky," she said; "I hit pictures just about the time they needed a tiny little girl like me. Miss Clark was in retirement. Miss Dana seems to have outgrown childish roles, and Miss Pickford stands so much alone in her work we cannot compare with her. So I'm glad I learned early to be myself and not try to be big and grand and dramatic."

I'm glad, too.

Oh, yes, she has a frightful aversion to hairdressers. Her lovely chestnut hair is naturally curly and has never been dressed except by her own hands, either on or off the screen.



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Love and Co.

(Continued from page 47)

heard on all sides lamentations and inquiries about Doris May, he did more than figure.

One fine morning he walked into the palatial office of Thomas H. Ince and in all friendliness said something to this effect:

"I'm sorry I've got to leave you but I'm going to become a producer myself. I am going to star Doris May. I have her under contract, I have the money in the bank, and a signed release from Robertson Cole. Miss May's dressing room is being decorated in gray and lavender and we start work next Monday."

Mr. Ince shook hands and grinned and wished the new producer success. He didn't feel quite so happy, we are told, when he discovered that Hunt Stromberg had also signed William Seiter, who directed all the MacLean pictures and is one of the best comedy directors in the business, as well as Billy Camm, who acted as cameraman under Seiter.

But then, as Doris May said to her erstwhile partner—and Miss May and Mr. and Mrs. MacLean are exceedingly good friends, by the way—"I need them so much worse than you do, Doug. You've been on the stage and you've been a star quite a while, and you know a lot and I'm just a poor little girl trying to get along—or something like that)—so don't be cross."

As this is written, the camera is being cranked for the first scenes. In America, in the 20th Century, it is always a thrilling

thing to see young men with fire and confidence and ability starting a new business venture. Miss May is only nineteen—and the men of the company aren't much older. Yet they have all grown up with the picture industry. They are trying, too, the business plan that has proved so successful in other lines—co-operative percentage of profit.

And I'd like to bet a month's salary that they'll make good, and that perhaps we've witnessed the birth of a new producing organization that will really last. Anyway, it's one of those little business dramas we all enjoy.

Doris May grew up with the business. She was only fourteen when Cecil deMille—who was a friend of her mother's—allowed her to double for Mary Pickford in "The Little American" in the water-and-aviation stuff he could not afford to have his star attempt.

Later, Thomas H. Ince saw her walking up the street past his studio—he was in the old Biograph lot then—and called her in. He had some tests made of her and immediately cast her for the lead with Charles Ray in "Mamma's Boy." She played six pictures with Ray, under the name of Doris Lee. Then she went with MacLean.

She was married three months ago to Wallace MacDonald, well-known leading a delightful man, and the two live in little Hollywood bungalow and are ideally happy.

A Broadway Farmerette

(Continued from page 43)

personal appearances every night in a Broadway theater at ten o'clock. By the time she gets home it is by no means early—she gets more encores than anyone on the bill. And of course one can't rise early when one gets to bed so late. And yet, do you know, Hope is healthier than any early-to-bed exponent I ever saw; she has the clear eyes and skin of perfect health. And if you don't think she's wealthy you should glance at her salary check which buys her all her twenty diamond and sapphire and emerald and pearl bracelets, and her yellow diamond and black pearl rings, and her diamond and platinum pins, and her imported gowns, and her blue-ribbon canines. As to her wisdom, she's a star at twenty-two, gives every evidence of being an even bigger star at twenty-three, has three stage contracts she can sign any time she wants to, and has money in the bank. Even Solomon would have approved of her.

In the hottest days of last summer, Hope toured the Middle West—making personal appearances. She is indefatigable when it comes to her work. She had to sing—she has a really fine voice of unusual timbre—twice a day, between parties given in her honor by the elite of the aforementioned Middle West.

And now—let's be serious:

She has less theatricalism than any film personage I ever met. With all her jewels and with all her beauty, she is simple-hearted as an honest-to-goodness country girl. And generous. And sympathetic.

And she doesn't think she's good!

"I was terrible in 'A Modern Salome', I admit it. I acted all over the place. I stepped into a star role when most actresses are doing atmosphere. I never had any stage or screen experience in my life before I made that picture. And I didn't even go to dramatic school long enough to satisfy myself, although the teachers told me I was all ready to make a sensational success.

"That," she emphasized, "is the most important thing of all. I know that when I'm satisfied with my work, I must be good. I'm my own harshest critic. And I may say that very few times indeed have I ever patted myself on the back."

The first picture starring her, "A Modern Salome", was not what one could call an unqualified success. But her astute manager, Jules Brulatour, knew that it wasn't good, and realizing that, he engaged a director of more finesse, secured a better story, spared no expense in the staging, and the result was "The Bait"—not a great picture, but a good one. In it, Hope Hampton proved herself a real actress and more than ever, a real beauty. Then came "Love's Penalty". And therein lies a tale.

"Love's Penalty" had a "sex" story. It was well told and gave the star an opportunity for emotional acting of which she took full advantage. But it was not, as PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE pointed out in its review, a picture the whole family could see. Mr. Brulatour read the review. And he immediately ordered the picture pulled apart and put together again. After an expert film editor had recut and retitled it, leaving out all the questionable scenes, in fact, after practically rewriting the story, it was "Love's Penalty" sans sex, and plus a more wholesome heart and human interest. There are few producers who have done what Brulatour had the courage and the patience to do. If he continues to give Miss Hampton such cooperation, she will soon have proved herself one of our most interesting silversheet personalities.

"Star-Dust", from Fannie Hurst's story, is the new H. H. production. In it the star has wider scope and more human situations than she has ever had. It's a simple story of simple people, which, Miss Hampton believes, is what the public—or the better part of it—wants and enjoys.

It's too bad the color process hasn't been

A Broadway Farmerette

(Concluded)

really perfected. Hope has the most gorgeous coloring you ever saw: deep pink cheeks, reddish-gold, curly hair, eyes as blue as her own uncut sapphires, and a white skin with an underlying tint, as the cold cream advertisements put it, of perfect health. I wish she would pose for some pictures in her bathing suit. It's a brief jersey of black and green—one piece. But she won't. There's absolutely no reason why she shouldn't, except—that she doesn't want to.

She's not a bookish person. I doubt if she reads at all. Her own press-notices must keep her pretty busy, anyhow. Besides, she's too busy living. But she's the sort of girl who doesn't have to talk a lot about the Irish question and the Blue Laws and Freudian complexes and modern French art. (In fact, I have known very few women who have ever discussed these things.) But she has a sense of humor, and a keen, quick human understanding. And what, I ask you, what more do you want?

DeMille Foresees a Shakespeare of the Screen

DECLARING himself and a few contemporary motion-picture producers to be the Heywoods, Marlowes and Ben Jonsons of the screen, who are making an art form darkly and in different schools, William deMille looks to the next generation to furnish a Moliere, an Ibsen and a Shakespeare of moviedom. His work and that of his contemporaries will not have been in vain, this producer feels and says, in *The Drama*, if "we shall have cleared away the snags so that when the next generation shall come an art form will be ready to their hands, which they will develop as the real screen literature." And "I have never been so sure of anything as that a real literature of the screen will come. . . . If Shakespeare had not found the art form created by Marlowe, his own art would have taken much longer to grow."

DeMille, in taking up motion-picture production as an art, naively admits that he welcomed an opportunity to be an old master, because "in the drama where I had been working for years, the previous fellows were a little too strong for me. I did not think I could eclipse Shakespeare or Moliere, or Sophocles. I did not think these gentlemen were going to turn over in their graves through fear of the competition of my work; but when we considered the motion picture, how different the view! If there were any old masters in motion pictures, they were all old friends of mine. To be sure, we differed among ourselves as to which of us really were the old 'masters,' but at least we were all in the running. Greater fellows might come after us, but they were not in front of us."

Until recently the average author came to the motion-picture field rather as a condescension, much like the violinist who does not know how to play the piano. The master of the violin, as Mr. deMille puts it, comes into the room where a little fellow is trying to play and merely making a noise. "That music is terrible!" he protests, and everybody agrees with him. So the violinist sweeps the little fellow off the piano stool and, like a great artist, stoops to play—to express his soul on an instrument about which he knows nothing. The hopeful prediction of a coming motion-picture Shakespeare is based largely on the fact that "real authors who are coming today are willing to be convinced that there is something they do not know."



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Coming Back at Friend Husband

(Continued from page 21)

the arms of another man to run for another woman in place of the traditional heavy artillery. But if the case is reversed and the husband is seeking rest and recreation elsewhere, I should then suggest forcing the companion of his lighter hours down his throat for a while. The other woman is often her own best emetic. I cauce the kind of women who become other women, generally won't stand the strain of continued companionship. Many beautiful flowers have no scent and many beautiful women have no sense.

Argument never busted up a flirtation. But diplomacy has.

Let me say in passing that the woman who encourages a man's infidelity to his wife encourages his ultimate infidelity to herself. A man will nearly always be unfaithful to the woman he has been unfaithful for. On the same premise, distrust the man who says unkind things about other women. Your turn will come.

Marriage should possibly be lived in the tropics of emotion, as my husband wittily declares. May I suggest that the electric fan of moderation and mutual consideration be kept well oiled? Because satiety—I believe—is more often the portion of the wife than of the husband.

Admitting that married men make the best husbands, why not realize that mothers make the best wives?

You may be a bully friend, your boudoir manners may be as perfect as those of Marguerite de Valois, and as a wife you may even deserve the final palm of a joint bank account, but if you lack the ability to *mother*, you will be able to sail your matrimonial bark only in calm water.

Horticulturally speaking, since Mr. Reid has set me that precedent, the domestic landscape gardeners Husband and Wife, Inc., have a tough job cut out for them. If it does need pruning—this tree of marriage—it might be well to begin with the branches of jealousy, sex prejudice and ill temper.

"The friends of our friends are our friends."

I cut that little proverb out of a gilt gift book and pasted it over my desk when I first married.

The wife who does not make friends of the friends of her husband deliberately refuses the most potent bulwark of defense against outside interference. I would rather have one of my husband's friends love me—one of the people he actually admires and respects and likes, be it man or woman—than twenty of my own.

I know one man in Hollywood who waked up to the folly of his ways when he discovered that if he lost his wife he'd lose every friend he had in the world as well. When a man's friends love his wife, he is surrounded by a Bureau of Propaganda in her favor. He incurs their resentment every time he incurs her displeasure.

Whether they be silken hose and smart boots, or cotton socks and brogans, masculine footwear invariably conceals the clay feet of women's idols. The sooner woman gets this firmly planted in consciousness, just that much sooner will she cease expecting company on those planes of thought, on those mental excursions, where clay feet cannot make the grade. She will shed fewer tears of disillusionment, and self-pity, and clay feet are not so uncomfortable after you understand them. But if time should disclose a hoof of the cleft variety, don't stay to do missionary work, but pack up and run home to mother.

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Coming Back at Friend Husband

(Concluded)

Oh, gentle (men) readers, don't get the idea that I think we women are free of anatomical defects. But ours are more apt to be at the other end of us—beautiful solid ivory domes, trimmed with fancy ruchings of pretense and love of admiration.

Don't worry about the woman who walks out of the room and slams the door. But beware the woman who shuts it quietly and then squeezes the doorknob.

Of course, the surest way to please a man is to forget yourself, since you can't think about yourself and him at the same time. But at that, the greatest of all pleasures is to give pleasure to those we love. That's the reason women are happier than men if they love.

Remember that in marriage as in bridge, you bid for a dummy you haven't seen. Be game, if there isn't a trick in it.

Balzac wrote the greatest line about marriage that has ever been penned. "Marriage must incessantly contend with a

monster that devours everything—familiarity."

I do not want to be too personal—but I want to give you a real illustration of what marriage means to me.

Above my desk as I write this are two pictures of my husband. I love them both. I regard them with dim eyes, as a battle-scarred veteran regards his medals of honor. On one is written: "To our Mama—From Wally and Bill." On the other—"To my Mama - Dot—with all my love—Wally-boy."

That is marriage. To be absorbed into another life—to live your life as another's. In all happy marriages, a woman gives the whole of herself. Experiments and progress, woman's emancipation and suffrage, may have changed the method of procedure, but that eternal fact remains the same.

And oh, by the way, don't either of you expect perfection until you can make delivery yourself.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 74)

SEVENTEEN.—I don't see when you get time for school with all those letters to write to your favorites. Here are all the addresses you asked for: Eugene O'Brien, Selznick; Fort Lee, N. J. Thos. Meighan, Gloria Swanson, and Milton Sills, Lasky, Hollywood, Cal. Marjorie Daw, Marion Fairfax Productions, Los Angeles, Cal.

PEGGIE OF PORTLAND.—For a first attempt you do very well—too well. I think you have too many favorites. Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, and Lila Lee, Paramount. Ralph Graves, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Kate Bruce and Joseph Schildkraut, Griffith, Mamaroneck, New York. Claire Adams, Benjamin B. Hampton Productions, Los Angeles, Cal. Conway Tearle and Zeena Keefe, Selznick.

MARIAN.—"Foolish Matrons" included the following players in its cast: Hobart Bosworth, Doris May, Wallace MacDonald, Mildred Manning, Kathleen Kirkham, Betty Schade, Margaret McWade, Charles Meredith, Michael Dark, and Frankie Lee.

J. B. D., CHICAGO.—Yes, "The Miracle Man" was one of the greatest pictures ever made—still is, and always will be. George Loane Tucker made one more picture for Paramount, "Ladies Must Live." His death robbed the screen of a great director. He was married to Elizabeth Risdon, who is appearing in a stage play in Manhattan.

ESTHER.—I haven't forgotten you. In fact, when the envelope was handed to me I said "Ah—from Esther" right away. My secretary has been peevish ever since. Lillian Gish is filming the elder of "The Two Orphans" for David Wark Griffith at the Griffith studios in Mamaroneck. There is a story about that play in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Miss Gish has had many offers to go on the stage, I understand, including one from Arnold Daly who wanted her to be his leading woman at the Greenwich Village Theater in Ibsen's and other plays; but she refused. Joseph Schildkraut, her leading man in the current Griffith picture, would like to have her play "Romeo and Juliet" with him, on the stage. But so far the beautiful Lillian has not made any definite plans.

OLGA.—Wallace MacDonald is co-starring with Carmel Myers in a new Vitagraph serial; but he is still married to Doris May. So many of you seem to think that a new business combination must necessarily mean a matrimonial one also. Not so, my children. Pauline Frederick is Boston-American, which means, that she is American, very. Ann Forrest is abroad right now, playing in a picture for Paramount. Ceena Owen is playing the lead in a new Cosmopolitan Production, "Sisters," from Kathleen Norris' story, at the International Studios, 127 Street and 2nd Avenue, N. Y. C.

JACKIE.—The reason I said that Pearl White said she wasn't married was that Pearl White said she wasn't married. Who am I to contradict a lady? Her husband was Wallace McCutcheon; they are now divorced. Roscoe Arbuckle lives in Hollywood, Cal. He is divorced from Minta Durfee. Pauline Bush has retired from screen acting; but she is now in the Orient gathering material for some future film stories. She was married to Allan Dwan when they were working together a few years ago. Dwan is one of the Associated Producers.

C. A., DETROIT.—I have heard that Mary Miles Minter herself titled her picture, "Don't Call Me Little Girl," as it is said that Mary is very tired of being a juvenile. Marjorie Daw is tall, slender, with dark hair and brown eyes and nineteen years and a bungalow in Hollywood and a sweet disposition and a small brother. She is doing a picture for Irvin Willat now, and before that was working for Marion Fairfax and before that did a number of photo-plays under the eminent direction of Marshall Neilan. She is not married, or engaged, or in love, that I know of. But then, perhaps Marjorie doesn't feel it her duty to confide in me. I have met her, and she sent me a Christmas card last year, and so I like her very much.

BOB, HARTFORD.—Dimples, deep brown eyes, pearly teeth, and nice bobbed hair never made a film star. But I must admit that they all help. Carl Gantvoort in "The Man of the Forest." His address is the B. B. Hampton Productions.

(Continued on page 120)



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A Poor Relation

(Continued from page 38)

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chance, but once Rip and Patch were committed, so to speak, the situation was on terra firma. Uncle Noah threatened them with his eyes. Rip ran his tongue carefully about his cheeks before answering. There might be a migratory crumb. Then:

"Yes, Uncle Noah," said Rip.
"Yes, Uncle Noah," said Patch.

Noah Vale hugged his philosophy to him. What though he starved? What though the invention prove to be always a gleaming grail? He had given to Rip and Patch the stuff of heroism. A greater gift has no man than this.

"Oh," Dolly was saying, "then—Rip and Patch aren't your own children?"

Noah Vale smiled. "They are—and they are not," he said. "But I should say more that they are than that they are not. They are by way of being a heritage."

"How splendid of you to care for them!" Dolly said. All at once it seemed to her as though there was nothing beautiful in the whole room, the whole house, the whole world, save a hungry, sad man and two hungry little children and their hope and their faith and their pride. . . . Oh, and Johnny!

Dolly put an arm about each one of the children. "At least," she said to Noah Vale, "you can have no objection to my showing them the flowers and garden."

It wouldn't have made much difference whether he had objected or not, for Dolly, grown wise, waited for no reply. The children were gone and Dolly was back almost before Noah realized that he had been caught again.

Dolly came in in perplexity. She turned appealingly to Noah. "You could help me out if you would," she said. "The chef and I have been having an argument. He claims he is in possession of all the honors when it comes to cooking and I claim that he is not. This morning we put it to the test. I cooked chops and muffins and coffee and he cooked the same. If you're any judge at all won't you be referee?"

Noah Vale searched for insincerity. But there was nothing to be gained from Dolly's expression save the entire eagerness of a child. The butler wheeled in a tea wagon. The aroma of chops and muffins and hot coffee assailed him. Pride goeth before a muffin. Dolly left him alone.

Noah Vale fell to. "Five minutes more," he muttered, "and the verdict would have been 'Died from starvation!'"

In the kitchen Dolly and the chef were playing fairy godmother and fairy godfather and Rip and Patch, long past delicate considerations, were quite frankly "pigging" it.

Roderick Faye was condescending to Noah Vale. He was enthusiastic about the invention. "It would revolutionize industry," he said, "if it could be proven practicable." He told Vale he would give him his decision when his engineers had tested the device.

Noah Vale went home, well-fed and in the clouds.

Waiting for the "decision" proved to be the acid test. Roderick Faye had other and weightier matters. The light stomach of an inventor was not among them.

There was a desperate period. "Eating" stories were hailed with whimpers of sheer misery. Scollops' odds and ends of fish were but tantalizers. The fairy godmother and the white-capped fairy godfather faded into myths, unrealities, along with the stories. . . . Mouths can water any facts into fiction.

Noah Vale sagged under "The Decline and Fall of Rome." His invention seemed to be sagging in with him. He even lost interest in the model. It taunted him now

to take it out and finger it. He had explained its intricacies and simplicities to Rip and Patch until they were worn, like his patience, threadbare. He let it alone.

When, two weeks later, the landlord, disregarding the allurements of Scollops, threatened to evict him his protests were hollow.

In the midst of the scene, Mr. Sterrett, representing Mr. Faye, walked in, accompanied by Engineer Jones.

"We have come, Mr. Vale," said Sterrett, "to inspect your model. Mr. Jones here is exceedingly interested."

It seemed magical. To Noah Vale the great moment had struck. Here, in his valley of humiliation, literally into it, walked power and recognition and potential wealth.

He found his way to the cupboard, where the shining hope was kept, with feet not quite steady. His hands fumbled with the lock. He felt, suddenly, incongruously perhaps, that he was growing old. That wealth and power had come to him none too soon. He tried to stiffen up his shoulders. He felt that the situation called for some display on his part. The inventor of the model should not be old Noah Vale, sagging under the fall of Rome. The inventor should be erect, inspired and inspiring.

Rip's breathing was audible. Rip had a sense of great moments. Scollops could be heard snuffing. She had a cold.

Noah Vale flung wide the sacred shrine.

It was empty.

Quite empty.

There seemed no particular change in his attitude. His shoulders still slumped a little. He turned about slowly. Heard Sterrett say, "What's this, Vale?" in silence. Heard the landlord say, "This is the end of the gaff—out you go!" also in silence. After all, what did it matter . . . the darkest cloud . . . but what a dawn . . . what a long, slow dawn . . .

Then they were alone.

After a while they were quite alone. Even the furniture left them, profanely and wrathfully, with mutterings and imprecations.

Noah Vale was handy with his hands. He whistled in a sort of a way when, that night, he improvised a box for himself and Rip and Patch. He said they were "babes in the box." He managed to get a wan smile from Patch. He suspected it evolved from courage rather than gaiety. Game little girl!

In the morning Scollops found them.

Her amazement outran her vocabulary, but Scollops knew the magic passport to the Vale family. "Come on home, the crazy lot o' you," she said, "and I'll fry yer a bit o' fish I got left over. The waste of me! Come along, the idjit lot o' yer!"

Scollops was done out of her hospitality. When the deposed Vale family returned they found Mr. Sterrett again awaiting them. He greeted Vale with some cordiality not untempered with condescension. Still . . . He said that he had come to offer Mr. Vale a "job." The Faye interests wanted a representative on the other side of the sea. They offered the post to Mr. Vale at fifty dollars . . . a week. They were willing to pay a hundred dollars in advance if acceptance were forthcoming.

Acceptance was. So was a breakfast, the like of which had never before gladdened the hearts and stomachs of Scollops, Rip and Patch. Even the landlord, dazzled by the hundred dollar bill, assisted in buying the provisions and also in reinstating the Vale Lares and Penates. Mr. Vale was a fine gentleman. Many's the

A Poor Relation

(Concluded)

toime he's said it. Well, weren't we all liable to mistakes!

Trays were by way of being rushed in when Dolly and Johnny came in, too. Noah Vale bade them to breakfast—but they didn't hear him.

It wasn't until Rip and Patch and Scollops had eaten and eaten and eaten that Dolly and Johnny stepped down to terra firma and remembered what they had come for.

The model of the invention, they said, had been proven impracticable. Noah Vale never did get quite the rights of the theft of the model. It was returned to him and it was worthless. After all, what more need a philosopher know? Those were the essentials. He lingered over a suspicion of Sterrett. But . . . Johnny Smith was talking now. Dolly was hanging on his words. Words . . . suddenly it came to Noah Vale what the young man was saying. Suddenly it came to Noah Vale that he had been dreaming a great while and that now, again with words, healing words, things were shaping, were co-ordinating. The cosmos and he were having a miraculous adjustment.

"I stole your epigrams from the walls—just for a day," Johnny Smith was saying; "I knew that if they hit other people the way they hit me you were a made man. I took them to a publisher and he nearly kissed me! The result is that you're to write all the philosophy you can grind out at a fancy contract putting you far beyond all monetary need. Very far. Forget the invention, my dear man, you're a philosopher!"

At breakfast's end two partnerships were formed and what was by way of being a triumvirate. The first partnership was between Noah Vale and his "manager," Johnny Smith. The second partnership was rose-entwined and sweet with bridal-wreath and to those with ghosts of old romancing in their hearts needs no further words. And the triumvirate was between Rip and Patch—and food.

The Future Great Actor

(Concluded from page 23)

plays it. He can't help doing his best because that's all he ever does. He hasn't different speeds.

Lillian Gish, he thinks, is the supreme artiste of the screen. "She has," he said, "a very rare gift. She has intelligence, but she doesn't have to use it when she is acting. That sounds strange to you. But Miss Gish acts by instinct. She is always right. The finest acting I have ever seen in my life is Lillian Gish's in the closet scene in 'Broken Blossoms'."

Joseph's ambitions are by no means small or simple. He would like to see Griffith do all the plays of Shakespeare, and film the Bible! He himself wants to do Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray," a version of which he appeared in abroad; and Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," which he considers the great novel of the age.

He is a Roumanian. His father and mother are both living,—with their son. His father, Rudolph, is a famous old actor, who has never, I believe, acted in English. It is Rudolph, strangely enough, who advises Joseph to leave the stage for the screen.

Critics say that he is the future great actor of his day. In case you can't get all worked up over that, just look at the pictures accompanying this article.

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(Continued from page 31)



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My duties as valet are not arduous but extremely delicate—differing of course from those of a private gentleman's man in that I am obliged to be with him all day long at the studio, instead of seeing him off smartly in the limousine in the morning for business or pleasure as the case may be.

Mr. Fairbanks' wardrobe is a very large one. At present, he possesses 60 to 70 suits of clothes, 35 overcoats (he has a special fondness for this garment and anyone can sell him any sort of new one), 50 pairs of shoes, to say nothing of outside footwear such as sneakers, slippers and boots, 8 to 10 dozen shirts, 19 dozen handkerchiefs, 300 neckties and many dozens of garments of even more intimate character which it is not necessary to fully describe here.

These are used mostly for pictures. In fact, I may say that all of them, with a very small exception, are used for pictures. An excellent dresser before the camera, with every detail from the tying of his cravat to the order in which he holds his hat, gloves and stick correct, it is nevertheless only right in the interests of truthfulness to state that in his personal dress Mr. Fairbanks is governed too much by personal taste to satisfy the best instincts of a gentleman's gentleman, if you know what I mean.

It is not that he does not know. Not only has he himself an accurate knowledge of what is and still more important what is not vogue, but he has me to look after him.

Therefore it cannot be ignorance but intention that rubs the bloom of fashion so often from his personal raiment. "I wear what I like," is his motto.

In the summer, I am bound to admit, his garb is governed wholly by the dictates of comfort, and consists of flannels, a soft shirt, socks and sneakers, or tennis shoes. It is seldom that he dons anything else.

The matter of sneakers is a trifle that may in the future possess vast significance as a guide to his character. He has in his boot boxes about 15 pairs of sneakers. So far as I am able to discern, there is not the slightest difference between them, as he buys the same kind always and wears them alternately. But he always requests a certain pair of sneakers, designating them by such phrases as "the pair I wore day before yesterday," or "the pair I wore when I played tennis with—on Saturday."

Often I bring half a dozen pairs—11 as alike as so many palm trees—before he finds, with a sigh of intense satisfaction, the pair he desires.

Only on occasion when high moral force is used, can he be brought to wear full evening clothes. This, as any valet knows, is a source of sore trial and disappointment. Mr. Fairbanks prefers a suit of ordinary clothes on the few occasions when he and Mrs. Fairbanks go out. He insists that his mind works better thus garbed and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

While he owns some 40 hats—I believe I counted 37—he wears only one which he has "broken in," to use his quaint phrase, and two or three caps to which he is passionately devoted, and which it would be worth one's life to lose or misplace.

His shoes are a great difficulty owing to the fact that they cannot weigh over a pound. And it is especially necessary that all his clothes be loose and comfortable, since one is never able to tell when he will take it into his head to perform those feats for which he is famous, and those exercises which he uses to keep himself fit and active.

Here I wish to say that in regard to every

sort of matter about clothes and small details, Mr. Fairbanks is as helpless as a child. He could not, I venture to say, tell you where one single article he owns is at the present time, even the costumes he wears in scenes he will enact tomorrow. If left to himself for a day, I shudder to think what would become of him. I dare say he does not even know the name of the soaps, powders and toothpastes which he insists upon having but which I always arrange for him. He uses, to illustrate, four kinds of shaving soap, any one of which he may call for when he arrives at the studio and wishes to shave. I have for some months endeavored by a process of mental concentration and psychological elimination to guess which he will call for. I have failed thus far.

It is interesting here to note that Mr. Fairbanks prefers and nearly always does shave himself. This, I believe, is due to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

He arises at inconceivably early hours. He eats no breakfast other than coffee and either a bit of fruit or a slice of toast—never both—which I serve him in his room as soon as he has finished his hot and cold baths. Mrs. Fairbanks also eats only fruit, so we are generally able to leave the house for the studio by 7:30 and arrive at the studio by 8, quite early hours of course for a valet, but life is a school where one must train oneself to what is best. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks drive to the studios in their limousine, the maid and I following in the service car.

As soon as we have entered Mr. Fairbanks' suite at the studio—which consists of drawing room, dressing room and bath—and he has disrobed, he weighs in. It is characteristic of his exactitude that he always keeps a given weight during a picture. He is, for instance playing "D'Artagnan" ten pounds lighter than he did "Zorro." He weighs in again at night, often to find he has lost a quarter of a pound in the day's labor which he must put back on that night.

He may consider that I am a trifle overzealous concerning his make-up, which I oversee each morning. But he is inclined to "slap it on," being always in such a violent hurry. Especially since we began "The Three Musketeers" has this period of the day been one to try our souls. While realizing artistically the importance of the waxing of the mustache, Mr. Fairbanks is inclined to take it with somewhat of levity. He insists upon calling the expensive pomade which it took me weeks to secure, "cream of celery soup."

During the day, I am his second self upon the set. I carry with me a large box, with legs that set up like a little table—a gift to us, by the way, from Mrs. Fairbanks. This contains everything that I can foresee his needing.

At noon, I glance over the table set in the flowered pavilion where Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks always lunch together, to see that everything is absolutely correct, and to be certain that the chef has prepared everything as Mr. Fairbanks likes it. Servants are so apt to be unreliable. This done, I am free to prepare for the afternoon.

It is my duty, of course, to keep absolute track of everything worn by Mr. Fairbanks in every scene. I—and only I—know just what shade of velvet costume, just what plumed hat, just what ornaments go with each scene, each sequence. Morning, noon, and evening I consult with the director as to what scenes are to be shot during the coming hours, so that I may have the

Autobiographical Memoirs of M. _____

(Continued)

needed sartorial effects prepared.

When the day's work is finished, I prepare the bath, and lay in readiness his street regalia. While I scrub Mr. Fairbanks, he very often holds important business conferences or discusses the next day's continuity with his scenario writer or sees pressing people. This makes my task very difficult, as he is apt to become excited and gesticulate wildly with various portions of his anatomy which I may at that very moment be striving to cleanse. His philosophy of never wasting a moment is excellent, but for a valet it is not one of unmixed joy.

A recent occurrence will show how Providence often clears a path for us when things look darkest. For some time, I had been in despair over the appearance of our rooms. Piled in heaps all about were letters, books, papers, pictures of one sort and another which I could not destroy or make way with without Mr. Fairbanks' permission. Which permission I had never been able to gain.

Yesterday, Mrs. Fairbanks dropped in. "Joe," said she, when with her usual daintiness she had glanced about, "things are not very tidy here."*

"No, Mrs. Fairbanks," I replied with dignity, "nor can they be until Mr. Fairbanks decides what he wishes done with those things."

Mr. Fairbanks coming in then, I disappeared to leave them alone, such small matters of delicacy being the mark of your true valet. When I returned I found to my joy, that his wife had prevailed—as she mostly does—and that she had cleared out the clutterings of months. She had a regular house cleaning, with her own hands, and she pulled down the curtains and ordered me to order clean ones up at the house. So that I may now maintain our rooms somewhat in the style to which I have been accustomed.

Another matter in which Mrs. Fairbanks has brought help to me in my capacity. One day she said to me, "Joe, I want you to buy Mr. Fairbanks a little note book and a pencil—a real nice one, please. He should carry one. He loses many valuable thoughts because he has not a pencil and paper handy to write them down."*

I may be believed or not when I say I was dubious. I even went so far as to tell Mrs. Fairbanks I doubted very much if her husband could be brought to carry it—with his strange prejudice against carrying things.

But she only smiled. I got the note book.

Mr. Fairbanks was as positive as one may well be that he would never carry that book. He told me so. "I know I'll never carry it," he said.

But somehow, Mrs. Fairbanks won him over. He now makes a great point of carrying and using his little note book, because she gave it to him.

Which shows, if I may say so, that a great man is as human as the rest of us where his wife is concerned. And indeed it would be hard to imagine anyone refusing Mrs. Fairbanks anything.

Mr. Fairbanks is very prone to become enamoured of some new exercise. Never shall I forget when that athletic feat called pole vaulting became his idol. At present, it is bicycle riding, which he took up because he wished to reduce for "The Three Musketeers." He is now ten pounds lighter than he has been in several years. Daily he rode long distances on his bicycle,

*Mrs. Fairbanks' own words.

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Autobiographical Memoirs of M.....

(Concluded)

and never at any time was I able to make him don the proper bicycling clothes.

In the morning, upon arising, he invariably takes the standard Army setting up exercises, these being the only set forms which he follows. Likewise he swims in the pool at the house, and does many stunts of all kinds.

If I may be forgiven for introducing the lighter touch, I shall set down here one little joke that is a favorite of Mr. Fairbanks' and that has been the cause of much innocent amusement to him. He has in his dressing room, near his dressing table, a chair furnished underneath with an electric shock battery, which when operated by pushing a button on the dressing table causes the person seated at the moment in the chair a good deal of inconvenience. Many distinguished visitors have sat in that chair and the ensuing activities have been such that I have more than once lost the perfect poise a valet should pride himself upon and have been forced to laugh.

Whether or not in this short space I have accomplished my object, set forth at length in the opening of my manuscript, only my readers can tell. But if I have somewhat enlightened you as to Mr. Fairbanks, in particular, motion picture stars in general and, modestly I hope, myself, I shall be glad that my labor has not been lost.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

PERJURY—Fox

THE plot of "Perjury" centers about William Farnum's chest and neck development. The action lasts through twenty turbulent years, and there is never a moment during that time when Mr. Farnum is not expanding his chest to the breaking point. It is a foregone conclusion that something will snap before the finish. Mr. Farnum holds up well, but the audience cracks under the strain.

BIG GAME—Metro

A THIN and obvious story. Should have been done in two reels or, better still, not at all. May Allison as a "peppy" wife undertakes to make a he-man out of a thin-blooded, aristocratic husband. She unfortunately succeeds. As a comedy it's a good tragedy and vice versa.

NAME THE DAY—Rolin-Pathe

THIS may not be the month's worst comedy. We have not seen all of them. It is a dreadfully stupid affair, with Snub Pollard in the leading role, whatever that is. The only bright spot is "Snowball," a diminutive ducky, who used to play with Harold Lloyd. Marie Mosquini was said to be leaving comedy for drama. She should.

A TRIP TO PARADISE—Metro

LOVERS of "Liliom" may wail and gnash their teeth at this picturization of Franz Molnar's play, but others will probably enjoy it. It is very little like the original. It is a fairly entertaining "movie." Bert Lytell is not a Joseph Schildkraut, and Virginia Valli is hardly an Eva Le Gallienne. But Mr. Lytell does good work and Miss Valli is her usual delightful and pretty self. Not bad; not good, but not bad.

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

- ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
- (s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
- J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
- (s) Marshall Neilan, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) King Vidor Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) J. I. Frothingham, Prod., Brunton Studios, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., Bush House, Aldwych, Strand, London, England.
- ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.
- FAMOUS-PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.
- (s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.
- (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.
- British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
- Realtor, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.
- (s) 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
- FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York.
- R. A. Walsh Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod., Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.
- (s) Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.
- Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
- Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
- (s) Allen Holubar, 1510 Laurel Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York
- Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
- David M. Hartford, Prod., 3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
- Hope Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.
- (s) Chas. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles.
- Richard Barthelmess Inspiration Corn., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
- FOX FILM CORP., (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- CARSON STUDIOS, INC., (s) 1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.
- GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.
- HAMPTON, JESSE B., STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.
- HART, WM. S., PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.
- LOIS WEBER STUDIOS, 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., N. Y.
- METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and Romaine and Cabuena Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York. (s) Geo. B. Seitz, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.
- R-C PICTURES PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.
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- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.
- Mary Pickford Co., Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
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- Rex Beach, Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York; Geo. Arliss, Prod., Distinctive Prod., Inc., 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

SHAME—Fox

WHEN the hero of "Shame" hears that his mother was Chinese, he immediately dashes to the mirror and sees himself reflected with almond eyes, long nails and a laundry. The thought drives him almost insane, so he goes to Alaska and fights a wolf. "Shame" is well directed and consistently exciting.

QUO VADIS—Kleine-Warren

THE cutter's shears show their mark upon the 1921 re-issue of this Italian film. A screen masterpiece in 1913, it is remarkable now only for some bits of unusual acting and one or two magnificent sets. Continuity is choppy and fragmentary, and the love story of Petronius and the slave Eunice, itself a classic, has been shorn to make room for a "happy ending." A mutilated masterpiece.

THE BLOT—Weber-Warren

OR "Do Schoolteachers Eat?" Apparently not, according to Lois Weber, who here pictures a starving professor, his

wife and daughter, Claire Windsor, in a series of pathetic episodes. Luckily the rich young college lad, Louis Calhern, appears just in time with roast chicken and a wedding ring. Typical Weber exaggeration, and rather tiresome. Censor proof.

THERE ARE NO VILLAINS—Metro

OF course there was one. Otherwise, what would the poor scenario writer have done? He smuggles opium (the villain, you know) and Viola Dana suspects Gaston Glass. You'll probably be more clever than she, and discover how it's all going to end during the first reel. Just a motion picture.

OPENED SHUTTERS—Universal

ONE of the numerous "Miracle Man" trailers, and as much of a failure as other photoplays imitating this great original have been. Several chapters from Mary Baker Eddy's works are distributed through the sub-titles, the heroine, Edith Roberts, finally ridding herself of all erroneous thought, with Edward Burns her reward. Next?



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The End of the Road

(Continued from page 28)

And you—sixty-four years old and don't look no older than what you did when I was treasurer—lemme see—you an' Tom was starring in 'Livery Stable Knights' then."

Dave Brannon sank back luxuriously in the big overstuffed easy chair. He was tired—mighty tired after thirty-two consecutive weeks on the road.

"Might look young, Moe—but I'm beginning to feel the years."

"Well, that's natural, ain't it? I ask you? Who should expect it a man of sixty-four to be a kid and kick up his heels after slamin' around like Tom Craig an' you have been doin'? What you need, Dave—" and Moe's eyes narrowed slightly—"is about a twelve months' run on Broadway."

Dave smiled. "Yeh?"

"Sure. An' then about six months in Chi—an' mebbe four-five in Boston an' about three in Philly." He paused. "Sound good?"

"And after that?" questioned Dave Brannon.

"Oh! after that—whatever you'd want. If you wasn't anxious to go back on the road . . ."

"Me and Tom ain't hankering to quit the road. Say! we celebrated our fortieth anniversary together in Birmingham. Started out as a team in that very burg—gosh! it was long ago. Forty years . . . an' there ain't been a month of it that Tom Craig ain't been makin' me take the long end. Says I'm older'n he is." Dave chuckled. "You'd think he was a young rooster instead of bein' sixty himself."

Blumenthal pressed a cigar upon the veteran comedian. "Try this—and say: how about doin' me a favor?"

"Sure."

The producer reached into a desk drawer and produced a play manuscript. "Take it to your hotel and give it the once-over. Come back tomorrow and tell me what you think of it!"

"Well . . ." Brannon rose, holding the script uncertainly. "The idea is—"

"There ain't no idea, Dave. Just read it, and lemme know how it hits you. That's all I wanted with you. Now beat it—I'm busy: busy something terrible!"

At precisely nine minutes past midnight that night Dave Brannon reverently closed the manuscript and placed it gently on the table. Then, moving quietly, as though fearful of destroying a magic spell, he switched off the light, pulled his chair to the window and gazed unseeing across the light-studded blackness which was Central Park.

Now Dave Brannon understood. Comprehension had come to him with the smashing first act curtain—a marvelous dramatic climax which his forty years of training made as plain to him as though in attendance at a triumphant premiere. Before the first scene of the second act was completed he knew that Moe Blumenthal had placed in his hands as great a play as has ever been written in modern times. And he knew why Moe had done it in this way: Keen Moe Blumenthal—wise Moe Blumenthal—understanding perfectly the psychology of the actor.

Not only was it a great play, but it was a novelty. Its plot—briny with tears, jeweled with laughter, knit with terrific suspense which was drama and melodrama in one—was builded around the character of an old negro man; a simple, wistful old fellow, permeated with the rib-tickling racial humor and the infinite pathos of those who are black and live among whites.

Through four masterful acts—product of the pen of a hitherto unknown author—faltering this tragic figure: now uttering lines which were certain to rock the audience with

laughter, now buffeted by the stark mischance of a Fate which he could not understand; blundering along in his simple, wistful way to a simple, wistful climax which brought a smile through the tears which were in the eyes of Dave Brannon.

It was *his* part, a part that fitted him as did his famous smile. No one but Moe Blumenthal would have thought of Dave Brannon for that dramatic role: no producer save Moe Blumenthal had the perception to see that Dave Brannon and no other man on the American stage—save perhaps Tom Craig—could step before a first night audience and sweep it from its feet to an epochal success. No one but Moe Blumenthal could have known that Dave Brannon was an actor—a truly great actor—an actor who knew his stage and its drama as well as its comedy.

Dave found himself trembling from head to foot. He saw himself in that role: knew that it meant a climax to a stage career which would live forever—if only because of that climax. It was an opportunity which comes to some actors once: to most actors, never. It was the "Cyrano de Bergerac" of Mansfield, the "Hamlet" of Booth, the "Music Master" of Warfield. A great yearning to play this part was born in the breast of Dave Brannon, a yearning whose motif was that omnipresent desire of all comedians to essay serious drama. He envisioned himself on the stage at the conclusion of the magnificent third act—Dave Brannon hailed as an artist . . . And then, quite suddenly, Dave Brannon did a strange thing. He rose and walked angrily to the electric switch. The room was bathed in light! Brannon wrapped trembling fingers about the manuscript and hurled it viciously into a corner.

He had remembered that in that play there was no part for Tom Craig!

Dave Brannon was haggard of face and unusually bright of eye when he seated himself in Moe Blumenthal's office the following morning. He exhibited all the physical symptoms of nervousness which come to a man who has passed a sleepless night. And Blumenthal, watching, wondered. He let his eye wander to the sacred manuscript in Brannon's hand, nor did he comment when the old actor placed it reverently and wordlessly on the desk.

For three minutes the silence held, and finally Blumenthal could stand it no longer. "Well, Dave, what did you think of it?"

Brannon's voice was husky. "It is the greatest play ever written."

"That nigger part, Dave—we ain't got it a man on the stage today who can play it—only you."

The actor struggled manfully to make his words casual. He might have succeeded with a person less keen than Moe Blumenthal:—"Kind of tough on you, Moe."

"You mean, Dave, you ain't gonna play it?"

"Reckon it looks that way."

Blumenthal waved toward the script. "The man which plays that part, Dave; his grandchildren are gonna be reading about him out of books."

"I know it, Moe; I know it. But I can't play it."

Blumenthal was growing worried. Here was a rialto phenomenon; an actor refusing an opportunity for which any other actor would have given ten years of his life. "Maybe you think on account you've always played comedy parts. . . ."

"It ain't that, Moe."

"Then what is it? That you're crazy, maybe?"

"No-o." Brannon chose his words with care: "Only all the time I was reading that

The End of the Road

(Continued)

script, Moe—I knew that you'd made a mistake."

"A mistake? A mistake you tell me I made?" Blumenthal was growing excited. He knew that he was tactless, but he couldn't control himself. "I made it how, a mistake? Answer me that?"

"You were wrong in thinking I was the man to play that part."

"Cy. . ."
"The man for that part, Moe, is Tom Craig!"

Moe Blumenthal subsided suddenly; an expression of infinite relief crossing his features. "So-o! Tom Craig is it I made a mistake about? Well, I tell you, Mister Dave Brannon, I didn't make it no mistake about him at all, see? Because when I read that play, Dave, I took it out of my pocket a quarter and I flipped it up in the air, and I said to myself, I said: 'Heads I get Tom Craig to play that part, and tails I get Dave Brannon to play it.' And, Dave, it come tails!"

Brannon shook his head. "No. It fell heads!"

There was a light of homage in the glance Blumenthal bestowed upon the old actor. "For one friend like you, Dave Brannon, a million dollars I'd give—only that would be too cheap." A pause, and then: "Suppose you can't get Tom to play it on account he's thinking, too, that for forty years him and you has been partners?"

"I'll make him play the part," asserted Dave Brannon positively. "I'll make him play it!"

"In that there play," said the producer, after a short, embarrassed pause, "the author has wrote a little part—a colored butler. Who you would suggest I should get to play that part, Dave, if Tom Craig plays the lead?"

And Dave Brannon looked the producer squarely in the eye as he answered.

"I'll play the butler, Moe. I'll play him myself!"

* * * * *

The sun dropped slowly out of sight beyond the Palisades and twilight enshrouded Central Park; twilight broken here and there by the flash of auto headlights, by the garish lampposts scattered along the walkways, by the radiance which appeared as by magic from the windows of apartment houses.

But there was no light in the hotel room in which sat Dave Brannon and Tom Craig. The manuscript of the play lay on the table beside Craig. For fifteen minutes neither man had spoken; neither could trust himself. And finally Craig rose and crossed to the window where he stood looking down—as through a mist—upon the purple velvet of coming night.

But Tom Craig did not see the darkening park nor did he hear the siren shriek of automobiles nor the raucous clangor of street cars. He saw only the road—the road of forty years—a long road sentinelled by musty, draughty theaters; poor hotels, second-rate lunch rooms . . . then later by better hotels and better restaurants and Pullman drawing rooms in place of body-wracking day coach seats through long, weary nights of travel. And on this road of the past he envisioned himself; first as a boy, filled with a boy's effervescent enthusiasms, later as a man, and still later as an old man; and beside him always the tall, slender figure of Dave Brannon—doubling the zest of triumph, halving the pain of tribulation. And, finally, the road of his vision led to the present; to the hotel room quiet in the twilight, to the figure of his partner slumped in the easy chair. He turned from the window—spoke gently.

"I can't do it, Dave, and you know it."

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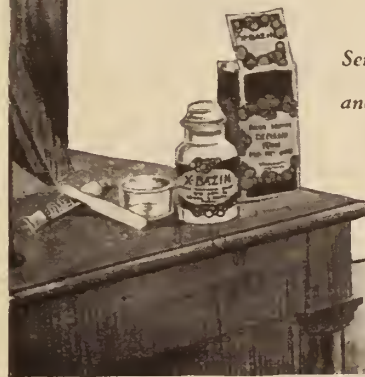
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The End of the Road

(Continued)



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"You play this part, Tom, and the name of Tom Craig is going to mean more than Brannon & Craig ever meant."

"I'll never break up the team, Dave. Never."

Brannon rose and switched on the lights. He crossed the room and stood before his partner; slightly taller, considerably more slender, with hair more touched with the snow of age. He placed both hands on Craig's shoulders and compelled his gaze.

"Forty years we've been together, Tom. We've had a lot of success—and we've had a lot of trouble. There were times when a little bit of a lie—the whitest sort of a white lie—would have helped us both a good deal. Have you ever known me to tell even that sort of a lie, Tom?"

Craig shook his head. "No-o. . . ."

"Well, listen to me—because I'm not lying now. If you don't accept that part—and let him star you—I'll give out a notice to every paper in town that the team of Brannon & Craig has been disbanded. That I will do, Tom—so help me God!"

"No—no! You don't mean that, Dave. You wouldn't do a thing like that!"

"I would, Tom. You know I would."

Tom Craig sank slowly into the chair and covered his face with his hands. A sob shook his frame . . . and the hand of Dave Brannon fell—gently as a woman's—on his shoulder.

"There's no use taking it that way, Tom. It's got to be."

And Tom nodded heavily. His voice came to the other as from a distance—

"Yes, Dave—if you say so—it's got to be!"

* * * * *

IT was a toothsome morsel for the press, and at the Lambs and Friars clubs a good deal of speculation was bartered. They knew it was good—something big—because Moe Blumenthal was personally directing rehearsals, and also because Moe had lost his habitual smile . . . giving rein to a great nervousness.

Tom Craig was being starred; that much was published broadcast to New York with the appearance of lithographed 24-sheets. The lithography itself was an unusual procedure and an index to Blumenthal's state of mind—for a new show usually makes its billboard bow with plain block printing. Not so this one—"The Wrack" was advertised to the world in seven colors and Moe Blumenthal cheerfully paid a lithographer's bill of nearly five thousand dollars.

Yet it wasn't the play and it wasn't the starring of Tom Craig which set the rialto a-babble with gossip. What aroused the chief interest was the appearance of Dave Brannon in a minor role. Here was something unique; a circumstance quite beyond the ken of any actor. . . . "Tom Craig in John Erskine's four act drama 'The Wrack' with a great cast including Dave Brannon." That was the way the billing ran, and Broadway could understand all save the Dave Brannon part.

For the first two weeks the company of eleven persons rehearsed morning and afternoon. Then for two additional weeks night rehearsal was added to the daily routine. Moe Blumenthal was reduced to the verge of a physical wreck. His business office was

at a standstill. He denied himself to reporters and refused to talk with the ticket agencies which approached him relative to the matter of an advance buy.

"I ain't gonna need no buy for this show. It'll run for two years."

They wanted to know where he intended to try out. He startled them by pointing to the new Belvedere theater on the opposite side of Forty-second street. "Right there I try it out."

"What? You're going to open cold in New York?"

"No!" snapped Blumenthal, "I'm gonna open hot!"

The house was sold out two hours after tickets went on sale at the box office. The critics were keenly interested. They couldn't conceive Tom Craig as anything save a blackface buffoon and they had heard rumors that this was a serious play. What with that virtual certainty, the presence of Dave Brannon in a minor role, and Moe Blumenthal's lavishness in the way of preliminary heraldry—they knew that—good or bad—something worth witnessing was in store.

It was an eager, puzzled, hypercritical crowd which taxed the capacity of the Belvedere when the curtain rose. It was a friendly crowd, too—just as all first night crowds are friendly—but it was there demanding to be shown; expecting a super-performance, inclined to be testy if disappointed.

The entrance of Dave Brannon, as an old negro servitor, came early in the first act. He was greeted with a burst of spontaneous applause. He spoke his few conventional lines and made his exit, left. Standing in the wings was Tom Craig.

Side by side stood the two old men; faces masked by the familiar burnt cork—as they had been for forty years. Yet tonight they made their appearances on the same stage in the same show—and it was no longer "Brannon & Craig." Tonight it was Tom Craig who was starred; Dave Brannon in his supporting company. And there were tears in the eyes of Tom Craig as the actors on stage worked toward his entrance cue.

"I wish I hadn't. . . ."

"It's our big night, Tom; our night—because I'm happier than you. . . ."

"I'm miserable, Dave—awful miserable. . . ."

Then he was on stage; thoroughly the actor at sound of his cue, shambling on in perfect character as the shiftless, lazy, antebellum negro. The crowd roared its acclaim; applauding not the Tom Craig they had known of old but the new Tom Craig—the supreme actor in every move. . . . a great actor assured of his triumph.

And then—the play. It started slowly, lightly, delicately; a thing of evident—but not obvious—potentialities; liberally sprinkled with laughter. . . . pregnant with an atmosphere of something wonderful to come. And it came; magnificently. There was the shuffling, shambling, wistful figure—the sudden breaking of the storm over his gray head—the dumb helplessness of his tableau at the curtain. . . . and Moe Blumenthal, witnessing the tomblike silence with its sequel of a tidal wave of applause—knew that he had won an even greater victory than he had dared prophesy.

From there on the play was cumulative; mounting in magnificence and dramatic intensity. Even the hardened critics out front forgot to be critical; they were leaning forward in their seats drinking in every word, missing no bit of masterly action. And always there was the simple, tragic figure of Tom Craig—hopelessly buffeted by a fate he could not fathom, alone—terribly alone—

The End of the Road

(Concluded)

searching vainly for the friendliness which had always been his—always until now . . . a stark figure who might have stepped from a Greek tragedy; epic in his wistfulness, superb in his grief.

There were no curtain calls after the big third act, but there was an unprecedented tribute in the very silence of the audience. Here was a play—here an exhibition of dramatic art—too great for mere hand-clapping. But, after the curtain fell upon the last act, the audience gave vent to its pent-up emotions.

And here was no ordinary applause; here no milk-and-water clapping of hands. The audience rose to its feet and screamed; screamed and stamped . . . and a single name chorused toward the stage:

"Craig! Tom Craig!"

In the wings stood Tom Craig. He was trembling like a leaf. He felt as though his knees could not support him and he put his weight gratefully upon the encircling arm of Dave Brannon.

Dave was frankly crying—"It's the night I've dreamed of, Tom. You've done it—you've done it. You're the greatest actor in America."

"Craig! Craig! Tom Craig!"

The call beat upon the empty stage; hammered against Tom's eardrums. In the wings across the stage Moe Blumenthal was leaping hysterically about like a jumping-jack, motioning Tom to take his call. And Dave tried to push him forward into the glare of the footlights, but Tom fought him back almost viciously.

The din of the spectators continued; it increased in volume. It could be heard on Broadway, a half block away, over the roar of the after-theater traffic. And always the name—"Tom Craig! Where is Tom Craig?"

But the old actor did not appear; it was as though he did not hear—did not recognize—his name. And then—as the applause stilled for a brief moment—came a call from the middle of the house; a call which had been heard in every theater in America at some time during the past forty years; it made itself heard above the roar.

"Brannon and Craig! Brannon and Craig!"

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Vamps of All Times

(Continued from page 91)

affidavit to that effect by the grateful Ra, she began to be worshipped in every zarefa from Fashoda to the Delta, and a crop of temples sprang up in her honor like mushrooms after a rain.

A word would not be amiss here about Isis's wardrobe as a goddess. Aphrodite, who found clothing of any sort not only inconvenient but suggestive, presents one extreme of fashion. Fricca, her German cousin, who, owing to the extreme cold of her Northern home, was always bundled up in coarse woolen clothing, presents the other extreme.

Isis, when she became the first lady of Egypt, hit upon a happy medium between these two sartorial extremes. She affected clinging little white frocks made of what Tennyson has called "samite, wonderful." The fashion set by Isis was followed many centuries afterward, by Cleopatra, with important changes in detail suggested by the most exclusive modistes of Alexandria. Their designs showed the influence of Mark Antony, who in Cleopatra's time was the leading figure in the ladies' garment trade of Egypt.

Having played a contemptible trick on the All-Father, Ra, Isis next proceeded to marry his son Osiris, who afterwards was elected Chief Justice of the Soul-Under-world, running on the same ticket with Recorder Thoth.

Isis and Osiris met on the bank of the Nile at sunset, but we may be assured the meeting was not accidental, despite Isis's efforts to make it appear such. It is apparent from a description of her costume and her appearance when she first burst upon the view of the susceptible son of Ra, that she must have put some time and thought into the meeting.

Dr. F. H. Brooksbank, who has made an exhaustive study of the event, describes the enterprising goddess as of a "sweet and gentle race, fair of skin and tinted rosy red, the comely figure clad in a robe of clinging white, and a wealth of chestnut hair that, when it fell to her feet, covered her as with a garment and shone in the dying sunlight like burnished copper."

They set up housekeeping at Thebes, where an admiring pee-pul soon installed Osiris as their king, and Isis reigned with him as his wedded consort.

All might have gone well, and Isis's skill at doing Chinese puzzles might never have been called into play, if Osiris's wicked brother Set, alias Typhon, had not come to Thebes on a visit. This person, who is described as short, swarthy, thickset, and bearing a close facial resemblance to an ape, was not only avaricious, but he was also ambitious. He was not only ambitious, but he was also unscrupulous. He was not only unscrupulous but he was also amorous. He conceived a violent passion for his beautiful, samite-draped sister-in-law as soon as he had laid his insolent eyes on her "comely figure."

Set proved to be the sort of man who would bite the hand that fed him and stub the toe that kicked him.

* * * *

Disguising his malicious purposes under the cloak of brotherly love—and even that cloak was a present from Osiris—Set one day induced his brother to join him and some of his dissolute associates in a game of "Get-in-the-Box." The main feature of this game, which Set invented for the occasion, was a curiously contrived box, richly studded with pearls and precious stones. The purpose of the game was to find out whom the box would fit most closely.

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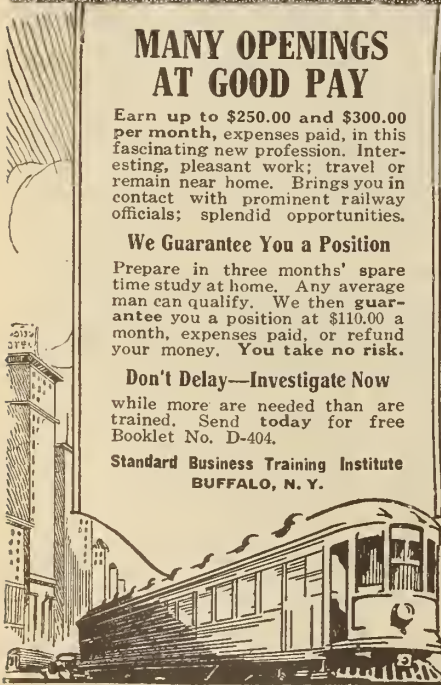
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Vamps of All Times

(Continued)

Several of Set's gangsters made an effort to fit into it, but Set ruled them all out. When Osiris had been induced to try his luck and had got into the box, Set promptly clamped on the lid and nailed it down, while his friends cheered loudly.

Then they carried the box and set it afloat on the Nile, and Set went to call on the widow. But Mrs. Osiris not only refused to recognize the new king but also instructed her servants to inform him she was "not at home." This proceeding, no doubt, was the original use of the polite fiction so frequently resorted to nowadays by ladies rich enough to have maids.

* * * *

Far from acceding to her wicked brother-in-law's thinly disguised offers of marriage, Isis made her escape—disguised as a swallow the high church party would have it—and started down the Nile in search of the richly decorated box. When she finally did find it away down in the Delta country, she had a fresh revelation of Set's duplicity and deceitfulness. She found that the pearls that adorned it were of the fresh water variety, and that the precious stones had come from a marble quarry with a little paint judiciously applied.

Her disappointment in this respect, however, was partly compensated for by the fact that she found the body of her Osiris within, looking lifelike, but unmistakably dead. To bring it back to life by spells and incantations was a comparatively easy matter for the accomplished mistress of the occult.

Isis and Osiris now decided to withdraw from public life for the time being. They retired to a hunting lodge near an Oasis. Here their only son Horus was born and they were living happily together, when the black and hairy hand of Set once more reached out to destroy the brother who had been so kind to him.

* * * *

One day Osiris failed to return from a hunting trip at the appointed time. Something told Isis that all was not right with him. Her worst premonitions were justified when Set appeared at her modest home and once more asked her for her hand on the pretext that he wished to marry her.

"You have killed Osiris again!" she surmised with a sinking heart.

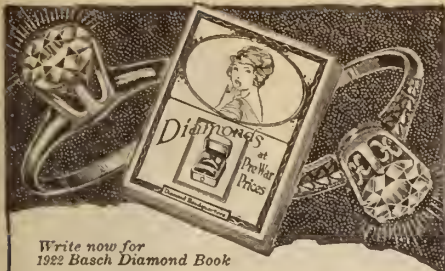
He replied with a laugh that would have made a hyena mad with envy.

"I have not only killed him, but I have carved him up into small pieces, and have scattered the pieces all over Egypt, so that you will never be able to get them together and bring him to life again—ha, ha!" he roared exultantly.

But Isis had not studied Chinese puzzles in vain for so many years. Having discovered the head of Osiris by the glow of the nimbus that surrounded it, she found every one of the scattered pieces, put them carefully together, and with the aid of Father Ra accomplished the unusual feat of making a Chinese puzzle live.

After that Isis and the man she had won by vamping methods, but whom now she sincerely loved, lived happily together in studious retirement with little Horus until Osiris was elected Chief Justice of the Soul-Underworld and sailed with his father on board the "Millions of Years" to take the oath of office with his able associate, Recorder Thoth.

Under Isis's inspiration her son Horus, who grew up to be the great benefactor of Egypt, killed his uncle Set in a duel after he had vanquished and dispersed his armies in two pitched battles on the Delta, and



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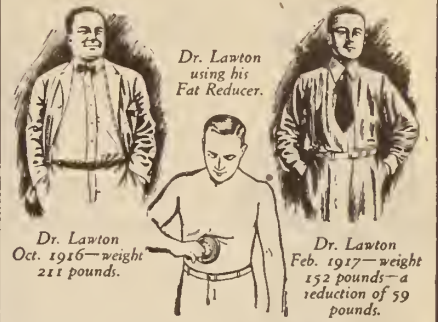
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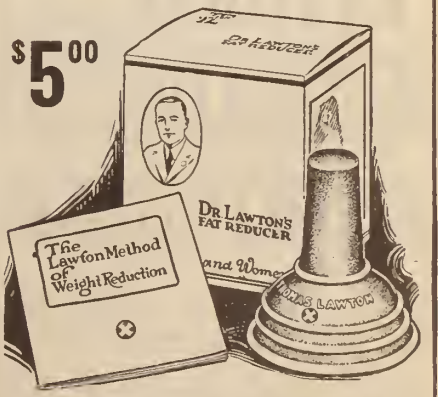


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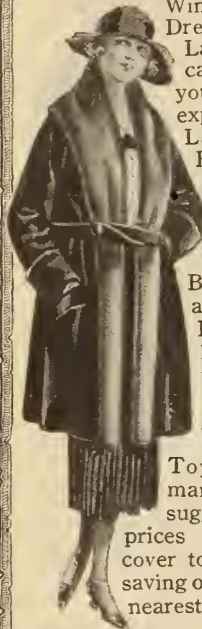
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Vamps of All Times

(Concluded)

thus established the right of the Egyptian people to self-determination.

The most conspicuous material memorial that we have of Isis's life and labors is the ruin of the great Temple at Thebes. But her success in rising from the humble surroundings of her birth to the power and dignity of the greatest goddess in the Egyptian calendar gave an impetus to the feminist movement that resulted, among other things, in the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States several thousands of years later.

As in America every little boy cherishes the 100,000,000-to-1 hope that he will be President when he grows up, so in Egypt every little girl of the Isis period had some ground to expect that she would some day work up to be a goddess.

Isis went aboard the "Millions of Years" for her last voyage with the assured knowledge that some day a cigarette would be named for her.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 107)

EDNA R.—No, I did not write the Questions and Answers for the Burlesque Number of "Life" (September 8). They were kidding me, but I didn't mind. It was very funny. I love life. (Adv.) Yes—Wallace Reid is married.

D. E. M., WATERBURY, CONN.—Kathleen Kirkham, that dignified, slim young actress, played *Annis Grand* in "The Foolish Matrons." Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, on November 18, 1890. Better hurry up if you're going to send her a birthday card.

PEGGY.—It should be Piggy. I have no recent information concerning Florence Evelyn Martin and Leon Gendron. They have been appearing in stock. Miss Martin was the heroine of the Arthur Guy Empey pictures.

ALICE.—Carmel Myers is married to I. G. Kornblum; she was born in 1901, weighs one hundred twelve pounds and stands five feet four inches in her stock—I beg pardon, her slippers. San Francisco is all puffed up because Carmel was born there.

ERNA.—Did you actually think I would use your nom-de-plume, "The Adorable Vixen"? That might have been a title for one of the old Priscilla Dean pictures. One was "The Exquisite Thief." Gladys Walton was born April 13, in Boston, Mass., in the year 1904. She was educated in Portland, Oregon. Her eyes are hazel, her height is five feet one inch, her weight is one hundred thirteen, and her hair is brown. Whew! Gladys was with Fox Sunshine Comedies before joining Universal. She is married to Frank Riddell. Address her, and Marcella Pershing, at Universal City, Cal. You're welcome, but don't ask so many next time, please.

S. V. E., INDIANA.—Alexander Onslow, who was Olive Thomas' leading man in "Footlights and Shadows," is now being featured in a new stage play, "March Hares." It is a farce, and one of the funniest I have ever seen. Address Mr. Onslow at the Punch and Judy Theater, New York City.

(Continued on page 124)



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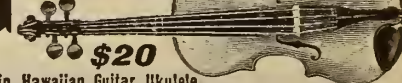
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Why-Do-They-Do-It

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THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlike like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Or the Ancestor May Have Grabbed It

DOROTHY DALTON in "Behind Masks," admires the ancestral oil painting on the wall of the estate she is visiting, from the foot of the stairs, and we notice that she is wearing a large beautiful bar pin. But when she pauses on the balcony to admire the painting once more, the bar pin is gone. Did she start removing her jewels on the way to her room so as to get a head start dressing for dinner? B. F. W., Lawrence, Mass.

Leave It to Carmel

IN "A Daughter of the Law," the bartender locks Carmel Myers in a room and puts the key in his pocket. In the next scene Carmel uses a hair-pin to push the same key out of the lock. Marcus Reiners, Fort Worth, Texas.

Not that It Matters

IN "Man, Woman, and Marriage," Dorothy Phillips plays an Amazon queen in one of the episodes. At the call to arms, she takes off her cloak, descends from her throne, and rides away to battle. When she returns, the queen walks up to the throne and removes her cloak again. H. P., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Playing with Fire

THE only redeeming feature of Pola Negri's one "Why do they do it?" in her otherwise superb portrayal of Carmen in "Gypsy Blood," was the fact that the audience was in a mood to enjoy a bit of recklessness, as it were.

In working her gypsy magic with the melted lead for Jose, she lifts the big iron kettle firmly between two beautiful bare arms and places it to her satisfaction with two equally bare hands. This discloses the blazing flames upon which the kettle was supposed to have rested. But never mind—she's a good actress. Estella La Rivee, Rochester, N. Y.

Referred to Miss Van Wyck

HERE'S one on—and in "The Oath." Miriam Cooper, the star, meets Hugh. She is wearing a black velvet gown and her hair is piled high on her head with a strand of pearls at the top. When Hugh goes to look for her a few minutes later, she is talking with Gerard, and she is wearing a crepe gown, and her hair is dressed simply, over her ears, with pearls at each side. How did she make the change? Beatrice M., Albuquerque, New Mexico.



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Are Women's Colleges Old Maid Factories?

(Continued from page 50)

high degree. And I was delighted when I was informed that one of them had eloped the day following graduation, against her parents' wishes, with a likely young chap who had done his bit in France. I had been fortunate enough to meet her and in my opinion he was a very lucky chap.

Mrs. Ruth Grimwood, a graduate of Barnard, cooperated with me in my search for beauty in the colleges. She visited personally half a dozen of the leading colleges. Samuel Goldwyn, president of the large motion picture concern that bears his name, told me that if we found any likely candidates for the screen in our search he would be delighted to give some of them an opportunity. Mrs. Grimwood communicated that fact to many of the girls, but she did not find a very enthusiastic response.

She talked to scores of girls interested in dramatic work. Here are her conclusions: "The only girls who combined beauty with an appreciation of any possible lure which the screen might offer were those who had become seriously interested in the stage as a profession or some few from co-educational institutions where beauty is not so negligible a quantity.

"Have our women's colleges got on the wrong track? Are they developing a sort of super-woman, a sexless creature who has no time for such mundane matters as charm and personal appeal? Are they destroying the femininity which is so much of a woman's charm?"

"The young woman in college has become slovenly and neglectful of the shell which houses her soul and mind. The issues have become clouded for her. She is becoming mentally flatfooted and obese.

"In summing up the result of my pilgrimage I seem to see a progression of intelligent, healthy young women, buoyant, effervescent with life, keenly interested in every new phase of existence shown them. But in it all there is a discordant note. They seem to shun the mention of beauty. They are taught discernment and appreciation of the highest forms of beauty in literature and all the arts. Yet the mention of personal beauty is almost taboo. Is this elimination of the personal a necessity for the development of the intellect?"

That about fifty per cent of college women remain unmarried, is the opinion of Professor Samuel J. Homes, of the University of California, who has just written a book, "The Trend of The Race," published by Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Here are his conclusions on the biological results of collegiate education for women:

"It may be said that about 50 per cent of college women remain unmarried. It is apparently true that women of superior intellect and force of character are those who, whether college women or not, are pretty apt to be selected for spinsterhood. They are more likely to win positions which permit them to enjoy the comforts and many of the luxuries of life; they develop other interests which often detract from the appeal to matrimony. In some cases they lose a certain feminine charm, a misfortune that arouses a deep-seated instinctive recoil in the opposite sex. There can be no doubt that the race is losing a vast wealth of material for motherhood of the best and most efficient type. Many of the women who are nowadays most prone to sacrifice motherhood to a "career" are just the ones upon whom the obligation of motherhood should rest



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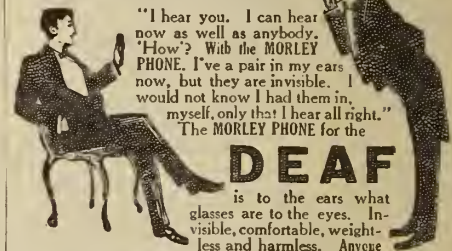
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Are Women's Colleges Old Maid Factories?

(Concluded)

with the greatest weight. It may be seriously doubted if the growing independence of women, despite its many advantages, is an unmixed blessing. Thus far it has worked to deteriorate the race in the interests of social advancement, a process which is bound to be disastrous in the long run."

It is interesting to get the opinion of college men on the subject. The writer communicated with several editors of college papers. One extremely sound letter was received from Carl H. Farman, editor of "The Trojan," of the University of Southern California.

"It is a most interesting question," he writes, "especially here in Los Angeles where the studios exert a very considerable influence on the entire city, including its educational institutions.

"In my opinion, the majority of the most beautiful girls of our best families do go to college, and I think that a survey of the average campus, especially of the city university, will bear me out in this. The small-town college has no less beautiful women, but they are not likely to spend as much time on their clothes as their city sisters. The women of any metropolis are notably more smartly dressed than are the ladies of the smaller cities of but a few thousand, and this distinction extends to the colleges of the same cities.

"However, to say that the well-bred American girl does not marry before she goes to college is not to argue that she does not marry or get engaged in college, and this I believe is the main reason why some of the most attractive of the species do not enter the pictures. For the most part, college years are the marriageable ones and this is especially true in the lives of those having the personality and appearance sufficient to recommend them for a career in the pictures. The girl who would make a hit there is likely to be a great social success and, before long, to succumb to the symptoms of love, at least to the extent of getting engaged. And this, with most women, is sufficient cause for giving up thoughts of a career.

"Another reason for the non-entrance of college women into the studios is the fact that there are no (or at any rate very few) courses in photoplay acting in the college curriculums of the country. There are courses in dramatics and in photoplay writing, but the actual work before the camera is not given. The college woman has been trained to give full, perhaps undue, attention to the value of a training for her life work, and it is not to be expected that one majoring in journalism, psychology or a foreign language would, on her own accord, have any

persistent intention of making a success in the pictures. She is probably too well trained and mature in judgment to have the often unfounded hopes which bring many girls to the studios without realizing the nature of what they may expect on arriving there without recommendation or fame.

"It is not to be expected that a course in motion picture acting would be all-inclusive or a passport to fame. It might, however, be an excellent method for training the beginner in mistakes to be avoided, what to expect on entrance into the studio work, and other points of practical value, much after the manner of the modern college journalism courses. It would add much to the college adopting it in so far as the latter is a broad training ground for men and women, and it would, I believe, be a benefit to the pictures as well as to the college and its students, if only on account of its directing college women to the studio work.

"I do not believe that the attitude of the faculty toward the dress of the students has any great effect, one way or the other. In a few seminaries plain dress may be insisted upon, but I should think that this would tend to make for all the more extravagant attire on the outside. For the most part, college and university faculties say little or nothing on the subject in a professional or serious way. It does not go unnoticed in a class where topics of the day are in order, but there is no hostility toward present-day skirts, rolled hose or anything else. And if there were, it would make little difference, for such regulation is permissible only in secondary schools and academies.

"There is little difference between female colleges and co-educational institutions in this respect. Motion picture acting is not brought to the women's attention as a serious and worthy object for a life work. Early illusions about the work have been dissipated and later training has not taken its place. If she is married, she has little incentive to risk a doubtful chance at cinema fame; if unmarried, she is more likely to go on in the line of her previous training."

After all, who can tell wherein lies beauty? Is it the shape of the nose or the tilt of the head, the color of the eyes or hair? Does it lie in the provocative glance of the flirt or the demure appeal of modesty? We know the trouble Paris stepped into when he tried to award the apple of discord to the "fairest of women." He chose Venus and started a war.

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Who Will Win the Money?

NEXT month sees the end of Photoplay's \$14,000 prize fiction contest. The two stories in the December issue will complete the twenty-four from which the prize winners are to be selected. One of these final two is entitled "The Horizon," by Octavus Roy Cohen, author of the corking story, "The End of the Road," in this issue.

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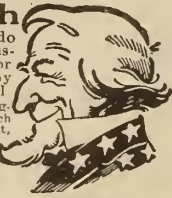


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BLUE BONNET.—I have never been in your state but I should like to. The state of Texas, I mean. I have never wanted to be in a continual state of adoration like you. So sorry, but Charles Ray is married, and happily, too, I understand. So is Marguerite Clark; her latest was "Scrambled Wives" but it isn't very late; about eight months ago. Jack Pickford's real name is the same as Mary's: Smith. But no—they are not Smith any more; they have legally taken the name of Pickford.

DICK.—There was a picture made in Europe sometime ago, called "Midnight Gambols." Godfrey Tearle and Marie Doro were in it. Miss Doro is Mrs. Elliott Dexter. Wanda Hawley and Mary Smiles Minter are both Realart starettes. Wanda is married; Mary isn't.

GRACE, BROOKLYN.—Yes, I came from the Middle West. Now don't hold that against me. I said I came from there. Jerome Patrick opposite Mary Miles Minter in "Don't Call Me Little Girl."

DIXIE.—Jack Mulhall in "The Little Clown." Mrs. Jack Mulhall died recently. There is a little boy.

F. S., SAN JOSE, CAL.—Address that six feet and I don't know how many pounds of virile manhood, Thomas Santschi, care Pathe, 35 West 45 Street, N. Y. C., and it will be forwarded. (Doesn't that sound like Harold Bell McVance?) I don't know where Bessie Eyton is; she has not made any pictures for a long time. Too bad; I always liked Bessie. Address Kathryn Williams at the Lasky studios, Hollywood. Miss Williams may not be working there right now, but her husband, Charles Eyton, is the studio manager, and it is barely possible he may consent to act as a postman and take the letter home.

DOLLY MADISON.—You're out of character, asking questions about those two twentieth-century cowmen, Tom Mix and Buck Jones. They are both Fox stars, and may be addressed at Mr. Fox's west-coast studios. I'm sure their respective wives won't mind if they send you their photographs.

D. C., ERIE, PA.—I have never heard of Bobby Ray. I know of Charles and Al. Will not they suffice? Charles' latest is "The Barnstormer." Hoot Gibson is starring now in five-reelers for Universal. Many of the erstwhile short subjects have expanded into features. But I wonder if they won't be "features" in name only? Address Snub Pollard, care the Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. Harold Lloyd's latest is "Imagination." Harold's brother, Gaylord, is now starring in two reel comedies for Roach-Pathe.

DOTTIE.—You say I don't read all those long letters. How do you know I don't? I've always answered all your questions, haven't I? And given you nice long answers, haven't I? Well, then, what's all the shootin' for? Tom Moore is Irish; I thought everyone knew that who knew Tom. He is married to Renee Adoree, was born in 1886, and has blue eyes. Address him care Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. He isn't with that company any more, but I think they will forward your letter. He is not doing a thing right now but I'll tell you his new affiliation as soon as I find out myself.

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Farmer Burns, 1726 Rango Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

SIS HOPKINS.—Hey there, gal! The old A. M. missed you; thought you weren't going to write any more because of some fancy that I hadn't done right by you, or something. Never mind, Little Nell. The old Answer Man will always have a soft spot in his heart for you, along with all the other soft spots for several million other Little Nells. Now, what is it you want to know? Oh, yes. You want to know if Larry Semon is going to play "Hamlet". No—and I might add, thank heaven!

CRESCENT CITY GIRL.—The reason, oh Crescent City Girl, that your little questions were not answered, is because you persistently refused to read the rules at the head of this department, one of which says please give your name and address. Now, I am not mad at you; I don't even know you, so how could I be? The rule-breakers are simply ignored, that's all. Don't blame you a bit for liking Agnes Ayres. I er—ah—I kind of like her myself.

EMILY.—Mary Pickford is really a very small woman, and when she is dressed in child's clothes she appears even tinier. Then too, when she is playing a youngster they put tall players and tall props in the scenes with her. But it is mostly Mary's artistry that makes her seem so small. Mary Miles Minter is nineteen. If I have said she was nineteen other years, I have only said what I have been told. "Wedding Bells," which is or should I say are? reviewed in this issue, is Constance Talmadge's latest to be released. She is working on "Good-for-Nothing" now.

LINA, JOLIET.—No, I don't think you look like Billie Rhodes and Lina Cavalieri. In fact, I don't see how you could look like these two ladies at the same time. Lina is tall and slim and dark and haughty. Billie is little and a bit plump and light and cuddly. (Hope neither of them reads this.) I'll take your word for it that you are a very good swimmer. As an actress I daresay you swim very well. "Mad Love" was Cavalieri's last picture. Billie Rhodes is with the Clever Comedy Company in California.

MRS. A. A., PORTLAND, OREGON.—You say you think I am inclined to be handsome. *Inclined* to be, yes. But it is an inclination I have never been able to follow. Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres play the leads in "The Sheik," for Paramount. Bebe Daniels, Realtar studios. No, Bebe is not engaged to Jack Dempsey; but I imagine he is a pretty handy chap to have around. I cannot advise you as to obtaining work in the films, except to warn you that it's a rocky road and that you would be extremely foolish to leave a happy home and husband for the uncertain life of the studios. The only way to get in is via the extra route.

BABY VAMP.—I'm very sorry you have had to wait for an answer. If I had only known it was you, I would have torn open the envelope, read the letter at once, and jumped out of the window. Seriously speaking: I don't know Ruth Roland's home address, but a letter to the Hal Roach studios, Culver City, California, will reach her. Jackie Coogan, 635 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles—also Cal.

ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES.—So is Alice Terry. Yes, the famous little blonde star was born in your Indiana city. She is engaged to Rex Ingram, the director who gave her her first big chance.



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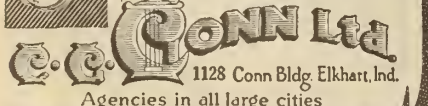
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

CLAY DE LANO, NEW ROCHELLE.—You live in the same town as the Gish girls. Don't ask me where, for I won't tell you. Jack Pickford is not playing now; he's working—directing sister Mary. They have just finished "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mary and Doug are in Manhattan now, and from my office window I can look out on the hotel they're living in: the Ritz-Carlton. The other day I glanced out and who should I see but Doug doing stunts on the roof, with Mary posing for some pictures. They're great folks. Come again.

PANSY.—I spent my lunch hour looking at the Pilgrim exhibition in the public library. Wonderful collection of manuscripts, some from Queen Elizabeth's time. Then I went out into the humming street again, and watched and wondered at the people passing on the Avenue. The Pilgrims made it all possible—but I doubt if they would be much pleased. Women on stilts; fat men riding in fat motors; haughty little dogs looking out of the windows of limousines—bah! But perhaps it is only because I have to go home to a hall-bedroom that I sneer at them. What think? Ann Little recently completed a serial called "The Blue Fox." Now if it were called "The Silver Fox," you'd see some sense to it, wouldn't you? For Ben Ripston Miss Little is working on another chapter-drama, "Nanette of the North." Address her Berwillia Studios, Hollywood.

BUCKY, MEXICO CITY.—Bless your heart—your letter was great! So was the snapshot. You want to know what I think of you. Well, I think you're a mighty sweet kid, and I'd like to hear from you often. (Now don't sue me for breach of promise). I think the sketch you made is very good, but don't take my word for it. I don't understand art. Now, now! Is it of Dorothy Gish or Theda Bara? I will surely put your picture in my scrapbook. I wouldn't write to John Barrymore now, because he is in Europe with his wife who was Blanche Oelrichs Thomas and their baby girl. Barrymore was born in 1892. William Desmond's latest is "Fighting Mad."

T. G., DENVER.—Irene Castle's latest is "French Heels," which is most appropriate, since she always wears them. Ward Crane is her leading man. Wanda Hawley is Mrs. Burton Hawley. Mighty nice of you to send me your poems. I can't tell you how much I appreciate your thoughtlessness.

MILLSVILLE FAN.—You may be able to get a photograph of the late Olive Thomas by writing to Selznick, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. and enclosing twenty-five cents. Yes, I knew Olive Thomas. She was one of the most beautiful women in the world, and one of the most lovable and kind-hearted.

DOLORES.—There is a Dolores Cassinelli in pictures; and there is a Dolores in the Ziegfeld entertainments. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning; they have no children. No, I don't know all of the moving picture people. I only know three hundred and eighty-six of them. And I cannot introduce you to Shirley Mason because she doesn't happen to be one of the 386. I wish she were.

MISS RACHEL.—I was sorry that I wasn't in when you called to tell me that you liked me. But don't you think you can write me a letter and tell me again?



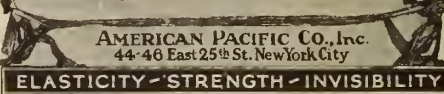
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City..... State.....

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

ALICE RODER.—What is Hope Hampton? She is a very pretty young lady who stars in pictures for her own company. Her latest release is "Star Dust." Address her Hope Hampton Productions, 5 West 32nd Street, New York. I am sure she will send you her picture; and maybe if you mention that the Answer Man told you to write, she will write you a letter. You never can tell, as George Bernard Shaw said before I did.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS NUT.—I don't see how you can be a nut if you like Dick; but then perhaps your ruttiness comes from some other cause. Young Mr Barthelmess is a great chap; an unassuming, real, honest-to-goodness fellow. I'm sure you would like him even better if you knew him. Perhaps, then, it is just as well that you don't. He is married to Mary Hay. His first wife and her first husband. Jack Crosby, care Robertson-Cole, 723 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C.

THELMA.—Wallace Reid's late pictures have been "Double Speed," "Too Much Speed," "The Charm School," "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Hell Diggers," "Forever" (Peter Ibbetson) and "Don't Tell Everything"; Barthelmess: "Way Down East," "Experience," and "Tol'able David." Wanda Hawley's: "Her First Elopement," "A Kiss in Time," "The House that Jazz Built" and "Her Sturdy Oak". I don't know whether your three favorites are friends or not. Wally and Wanda probably know each other, as they both work at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood.

N. S. W.—Your drawing looks like Dorothy Dickson, Bebe Daniels, Lillian Gish, and Mary Pickford. Is it a composite portrait, by any chance? I think the young lady you sketched must be using those artificial eye-lashes I've been hearing about. They don't grow them that long. Anna Querentia Nilsson is in Sweden now, visiting her folks. While she is abroad she will probably make a picture for British Paramount. The studio address is Famous Players-Lasky, Poole Street, Islington, N. London, England. Fortunately for my patience, not many players are working in Britain. It takes so long to say those streets.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.—Your most gracious (and gay) Majesty was pleased to send me a most cherished and amazing tale called "Glass Houses." You may rest assured that it is the first to be glued in my new book of treasures. I would that I had a magazine of mine own, sire, that I might put it into print. May I express my felicitations to your M. G. M., and beg that he condescend to honor me again with an epistle? P. S. How's Anne?

OPAL, MONTANA.—Now, yours was a real letter. The sort I like. The sort I try to answer pronto. You remark, *en passant* (whatever that may, or may not mean): "I thought that if I waited long enough, I might attain the distinction of being the one girl who had never written to you; but there seems to be a fatal fascination about the idea; and, sooner or later, we all fall." Just think, I might never have heard from you. You may not be distinctive, but you swing a darn sweet pen. Douglas Fairbanks' latest is "The Three Musketeers"; Mary's "Through the Back Door" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Wally's latest pictures are listed above Oh, Opal, may I not hear from you again?

L. JACQUELINE.—So you have never written to a department of this kind before and you think it would be quite interesting to begin now. Oh, ah,—quite, quite. You want to know the meaning of the Einstein theory. I have been told that nobody knows it but Einstein.

MIXIE.—Do I receive as much mail as that shown on the desk in the drawing at the top of the department? Do I? My dear lady, the artist tried to draw it all, but he fell to the floor, exhausted. I have to answer it; but somehow I bear up. Perhaps because of such charming letters as yours, quoth he ingratiatingly. Before you send the fudge to Rudie Valentino, send me a sample. I mean, that Rudie has so many more admirers than I have, who would be so sorry if anything happened to him. I'm game to try that home-made fudge, honestly. I haven't had any for exactly four years.—Nothing but promises.

RADIO.—No, you didn't shock me. May McAvoy is charming, and fully deserves her stardom. But I hope they will give her good stories. She appeared with H. E. Herbert in "The Truth about Husbands," a Whitman Bennett production for First National. She is now with Realert, starring in "A Private Scandal" and "Everything for Sale."

ARTHUR MOORE, NEW YORK CITY.—You say you are in hopes that you will surprise me some day by seeing your name in electrics. Nothing would surprise me more.

MARY, NEWARK.—I approve of your choice of favorites. The only fault I could find is that you have too many of them. Better watch out, some of those stars might compare notes. Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley, Realert; Ethel Clayton, Lasky; Tom Mix, Fox; Owen Moore and Mrs. Moore (Kathryn Perry) Selznick.

JIM J., PORTLAND.—You say you need a rest. Why not send your wife away for the winter? Here's the cast of "The Dark Mirror": Priscilla Maine; Nora O'Moore—Dorothy Dalton; Dr. Philip Fosdick—Huntley Gordon; Red Carnahan—Walter Neeland; Inez—Jessie Arnold; Addy—Lucille Carney; Mario—Pedro de Cordoba.

MARY.—You enter, in my Own Exclusive Contest: Dr. H. Oaks, Ears Split; Cheeks Blanked; Eyes Narrowed (To Slits, \$1.00 extra). The Rapid Transit Co., Limits Reached. Thank you very much. Next?

H. L., OAK PARK.—Ah, I have strolled in that Chicago suburb many a Sunday afternoon. It's nice out there, isn't it? But I am surprised that an Oak-Parkette would write on pink paper. Really, Helen, Rudolph Valentino was born in Italy; Alice Terry in Indiana. Rudolph doesn't say when; Alice does—1896. Miss Terry is really Miss Taafe, of Welsh descent. Her height is one inch over five feet.

NAT, CINCINNATI.—I've heard that a wife never knows what becomes of her husband's money, even when she spends it herself. Among the celebrated screen stars who, at one time or another, bobbed their hair, are: Nazimova, Viola Dana, Corinne Griffith, Constance Talmadge, Norma and Natalie, Shirley Mason, Marv Thurman, Mae Busch, and Lottie Pickford. Henry Walthall is making a new picture for Vitagraph, co-featured with Pauline Starke.

(Continued on page 129)



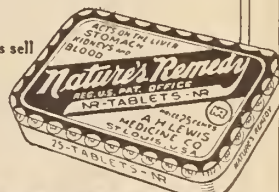
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You are due for some absorbing reading this winter—be sure you get each issue of Photoplay.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

VIRGINIA DARE—The photograph you enclosed is of Elliott Dexter. Following a serious illness, Mr. Dexter used a cane for some time; but he is entirely recovered now. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron; she was born in 1897. Colleen Moore has been on the screen since 1917. She is not married.

D. G., INDIANAPOLIS—James Rennie is in a play called "Pot Luck." He married Dorothy Gish December 26, 1920, at Greenwich, Conn. They are very happy, I understand. I see them together a lot and he is devoted and so is she. Besides, Cal York says so, and he ought to know; he is the "Plays and Players" man, you know. Robert Ellis, Selznick.

E. W. P., BEACH HAVEN, N. J.—I'm only too glad to have helped you in any way. You're one of my favorites, you know. Georges Carpentier made only two films: "The Wonder Man," for Robertson-Cole; and "The Fight of the Age," in which he co-starred with Jack Dempsey. The first was released in 1920. So you are going to the University of London. That's fine. I don't think you'll have much time for films; but if you do go, you'll probably see American pictures. They don't get them for some time—but they do get 'em. I believe some of the British films are very good. Write again soon.

ALABAMA BANTAM—You want a picture of Barbara Bedford in the Magazine. Very well, it shall be done. Now you see how oblong I can be.

ERMINE—And you want interviews with May Allison and Pauline Frederick. Any other little things you would like to have me attend to right now? But I'll tell the Editor what you say and then it is up to him. I have never noticed a resemblance between Ruth Roland and Dorothy Dalton and my eyes are in good shape. Neither is married at present, which means they have both been married at one time.

A. KERN—I can't publish a picture of Rudolph Cameron, Jr., because there isn't any Rudolph Cameron, Jr.

MARGARET T., LONDON—Thanks a thousand times for that corking letter. I have read it several times and enjoyed it immensely. You say we should not judge British pictures by those we have seen here; that "Alf's Button" and "The Twelve-Pound Look" are both very good. I'll look for them. Do write often and ask questions.

J. D., NEBRASKA—Yes, yes, of course I think Clara Kimball Young is too beautiful for words. But I don't know what you mean when you ask me how to write to the movie editor. Explain and perhaps I'll be able to help you.

MARILYNN—You must have gone to see "Sally" if you like Marilynn Miller so well. She's lovely in that musical comedy. May Allison and Jack Mulhall, Metro. Richard Barthelmess, Inspiration Pictures. Gloria Swanson, Paramount. Yes, Lasky is the same as Paramount; I use the two just to relieve the monotony a little.

G. C., PICKERING, MO.—I'm not a Missus. I'm not. Please don't say that. You don't have to be dignified when writing to me; just don't call me—that. Theda Bara is married to Charles Brabin, who used to direct her. She is not acting at present but it is rumored that she is coming back.



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PHOTOPLAY

December
25c



LILLIAN GISH

NEW FACES FOR OLD—*In this Issue*



L'Esprit Joyeux de Noël

[The joyous spirit of Christmas]

HERE Monsieur Pogany, the famous artist, depicts for us in America the gay abandon of an old-time Parisian Christmas Eve, or *Réveillon*.

Hélas! But few of us may know the joy of spending *Réveillon à Paris*. But any of us, *mes amies*, may know the joy of giving this Christmas these delightful Parisian *Paquets de Noël*—these Djer-Kiss holiday sets.

In the best shops everywhere they will be found. More charming they are than ever before—gifts filled to the full with a *fascination française*. And, more, so splendid a variety of combinations.

Can you, *Madame, Mademoiselle*, imagine a more charming gift for your friends *intimes*? *Assurément* none could be more fashionable—bringing as these *paquets de Djer-Kiss* do the very charm of Paris itself. So it is that you will give, *n'est-ce pas?*

You will not forget? *C'est une affaire si importante.*

Djer-Kiss

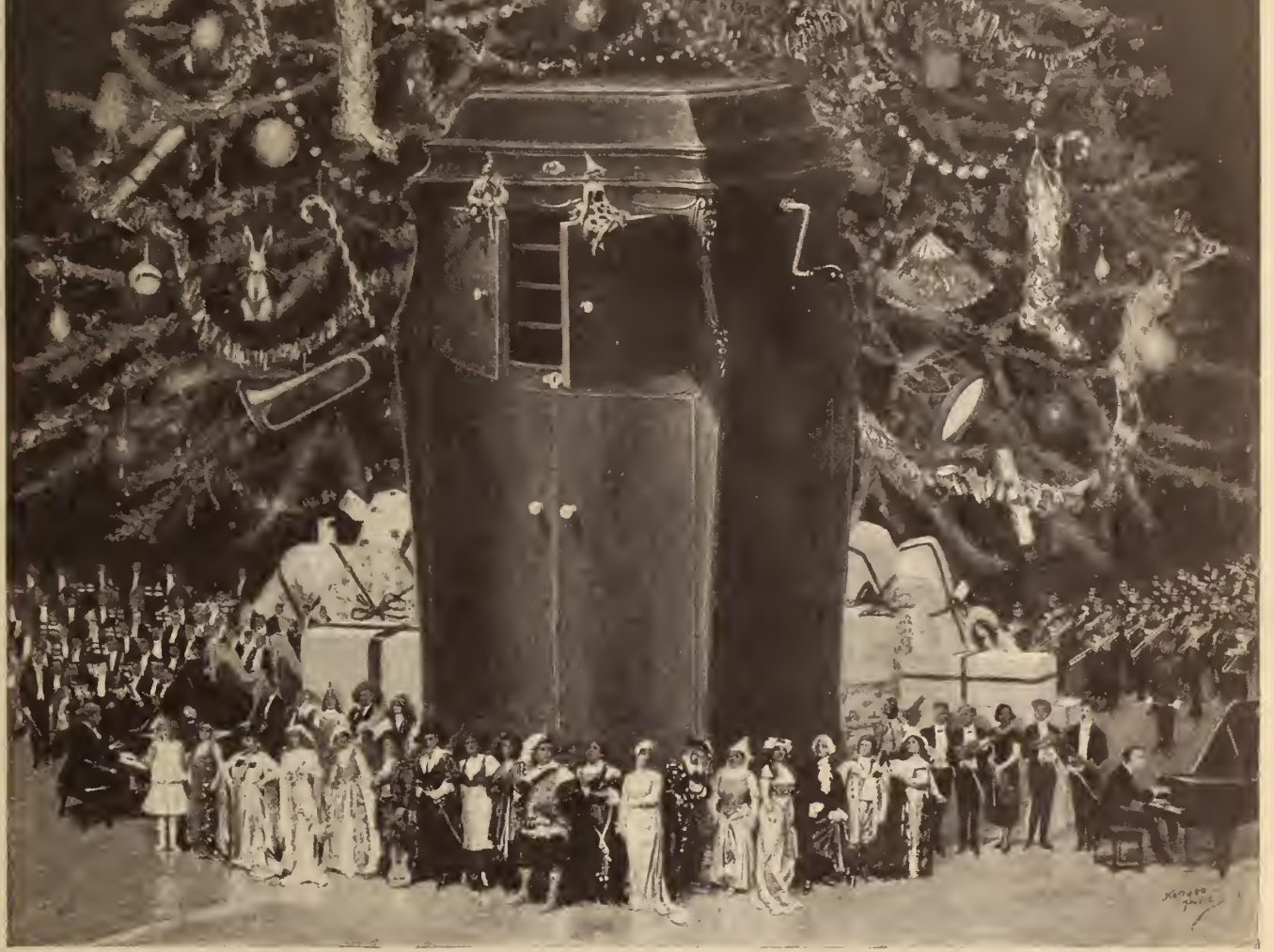
Made in France
PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS"

HOLIDAY SETS

Djer-Kiss holiday sets are presented to you *Madame*, in six different combinations of these French Djer-Kiss Toiletries. *Et aussi* six different prices. Too, a happy choice of happy colors. *Les paquets blue or les paquets old rose.*

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

—best in plot, presentation, staging, starring, dressing, laughs, thrills, pathos, everything,

—best, because it is made up to a standard and not down to a price,

—best because the organization behind it is great enough to draw on the best talent of every kind in America and Europe and co-ordinate it to produce a perfect photoplay.

If you are a real fan you know a real photoplay, and the way a real fan can pick out a Paramount Picture just by seeing a few hundred feet of it in the middle is the biggest tribute to quality a film can have.

Watch the panel alongside for Paramount Pictures and watch your theatre's announcements to find out dates of showings.

Check it up for yourself, anytime, anywhere, that if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

Sept. 1, 1921, to Jan. 1, 1922

Wallace Reid in "The Hell Diggers"
By Byron Morgan

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the
author of "Three Weeks."

Betty Compson in
"At the End of the World"
By Ernst Klein
Directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

"The Golem"
A unique presentation of the famous
story of ancient Prague.

Cecil B. DeMille's
"The Affairs of Anatol"
By Jeanie MacPherson
Suggested by Schnitzler's play
With Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson,
Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte
Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore
Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore
Kosloff, Polly Moran, Raymond
Hatton and Julia Faye.

Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights"
By Rita Weiman, directed by
John S. Robertson.

Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks"
By Peter B. Kyne.

George Melford's
"The Great Impersonation"
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Cast includes

James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Experience"
with Richard Barthelmess as "Youth"
By George Hobart.

William deMille's "After the Show"
By Rita Weiman; cast includes
Jack Holt, Lila Lee and Charles Ogle.

Ethel Clayton in William D. Taylor's
Production "Beyond"
By Henry Arthur Jones.

William S. Hart in "Three Word
Brand," a William S. Hart Production.

George Loane Tucker's "Ladies Must
Live," with Betty Compson, by Alice
Duer Miller.

"The Bonnie Brier Bush,"
by Ian MacLaren
A Donald Crisp Production.

George Melford's Production, "The
Sheik," with Agnes Ayres and
Rudolph Valentino. From the
novel by Edith M. Hull.

Jack Holt in "The Call of the North,"
adapted from "Conjuror's House"
by Stewart Edward White.

Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There
Was." From George M. Cohan's play
and the novel "Enchanted Hearts,"
by Darragh Aldrich.

Ethel Clayton in "Exit—the Vamp"
by Clara Beranger.

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson
and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything"
by Lorna Moon.

Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash"
From the novel "The Shulamite"
by Alice and Claude Askew.

A William deMille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
With Lois Wilson, Milton Sills,
Theodore Roberts and Helen Fergu-
son. From the novel and play by
Zona Gale.

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

Ask your theatre manager
when he will show them



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXI

NO. 1

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December, 1921

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Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Photoplay's January Issue

MIGHT almost be called the Feminist Number.

The star story of the month is one by Rupert Hughes on the subject introduced by Samuel Goldwyn in this issue, "New Faces for Old." Outside of that—

There is a story by Dorothy Gish: a lively essay on husbands—her own in particular. She has called it "Largely a Matter of Love." Mrs. James Rennie can write almost as entertainingly as she can act; so you had better watch out for her story.

Mrs. Frank Bacon, the wife of Frank Bacon, the great star of "Lightnin'," has as much to do with her husband's success as he has. There was a time when the Bacons couldn't pay the rent. Now they have a wonderful home on Long Island, and everything. She tells you how it happened.

The brilliant and beautiful Elsie Ferguson is one of the happily married stars. She talks about marriage, and illustrates her story with the only pictures of herself with her husband ever published.

There is no actress better qualified to write about success than Mae Murray. She confides her secrets in a way that will interest you.

Corinne Griffith is the Girl on the Cover. There's a story about her inside.

Carolyn Van Wyck's Fashions have never been more fascinating. Remember that the designs of Raoul Bonart, the French artist, are absolutely exclusive to the readers of this Magazine.

The men have their innings, too. Charlie Chaplin gives his impressions of Paris, the next stop in his European tour. Richard Barthelmess is the subject of an interesting interview. And there are others.

The fiction you have learned to expect from PHOTOPLAY; the inimitable peppy paragraphs about plays and players; the authentic reviews by the Magazine's staff; and, as always, beautiful portraits in rotogravure. So you really had better

**ORDER
YOUR JANUARY
ISSUE NOW!**

The PRICELESS INGREDIENT

In the city of Bagdad lived Hakeem, the Wise One, and many people went to him for counsel, which he gave freely to all, asking nothing in return.

There came to him a young man, who had spent much but got little, and said: "Tell me, Wise One, what shall I do to receive the most for that which I spend?"

Hakeem answered, "A thing that is bought or sold has no value unless it contain that which cannot be bought or sold. Look for the Priceless Ingredient."

"But, what is this Priceless Ingredient?" asked the young man.

Spoke then the Wise One, "My son, the Priceless Ingredient of every product in the market-place is the Honor and Integrity of him who makes it. Consider his name before you buy."

Three words of this old tale—"The Priceless Ingredient"—tell the story of the House of Squibb, revealing the secret of its service and success.

E. R. Squibb & Sons was founded in 1858 by Dr. Edward R. Squibb, a physician and chemist of high principles and ideals. He was inspired, not by hope of financial gain (for he had money enough for all his needs), but by professional duty and personal honor. His aim was to set a new and higher standard in chemical and pharmaceutical manufacture, by making products of greater purity than had yet been known.

Within three years the Squibb Laboratories had attained a position of leadership. In 1861 the Government of the United States turned confidently to Squibb for products needed for a million men in our Civil War. That was sixty

years ago. The reputation so early won, the House of Squibb holds today inviolate and values far above profits.

In 1917, as in 1861, the United States Government again turned confidently to Squibb for products needed for millions of men in the World War, and after the War, conferred upon the House of Squibb the Award for Distinguished Service.

For more than half a century the name Squibb has been recognized as full guaranty of skill, knowledge and honor in the manufacture of chemical and pharmaceutical products made exclusively for the medical profession and used only by the physician and the surgeon.

The name Squibb on HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS is equally valued as positive assurance of true purity and reliability.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—exceedingly pure, therefore without bitter taste.

Squibb's Epsom Salt—free from impurities. Preferred also for taste.

Squibb's Sodium Phosphate—a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—highest quality. Pleasant and effective.

Squibb's Cod Liver Oil—selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamins.

Squibb's Olive Oil—selected oil from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)

Squibb's Sugar of Milk—specially refined for preparing infants' food. Quickly soluble. In sealed tins.

Squibb's Boric Acid—pure and perfectly soluble. Soft powder for dusting; granular form for solutions.

Squibb's Castor Oil—specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.

Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.

Squibb's Magnesia Dental Cream—made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Contains no soap or other detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.

Squibb's Talcum Powder—Carnation, Violet, Boudoir, and Unscented. The talcum powder *par excellence*.

Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

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The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

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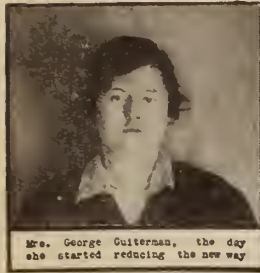




MARION DAVIES
IN
"ENCHANTMENT"
Watch for This Picture at Your Favorite Theatre.
• A Cosmopolitan Production •

No Excuse for Being Fat Since New Discovery

One woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days. Another lost 20 pounds in less than a month. Still another took off 40 pounds in an incredibly short time. All without appliances, medicines, starving, exercises or massage. No discomforts or bitter self-denials. Results in 48 hours. Free trial.



Mrs. George Guiterman, the day she started reducing the new way

Mrs. George Guiterman, 8 days later Note the wonderful improvement

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and am feeling fine. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get to sleep, but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel much better than I have for months."

Signed, Mrs. George Guiterman, 420 East 66th Street, New York City.

Above photographs are just as reproduced by the camera—no alteration—no retouching. Double chins, folds and puffiness under the eyes have vanished. The increased brightness of the eyes shows renewed health and youthfulness.

A SIMPLE, easily-followed law of Nature has now been discovered which enables anyone to quickly rid themselves of dangerous, burdensome excess flesh. Results are often apparent in 48 hours. These benefits are secured without discomfort and without any bitter self-denials. In fact many say they enjoy their meals and other pleasures of life more than ever before.

When you have reached your normal, ideal weight, you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Scores of stout men and women, who have regained their normal figures by this method, find that a reduction of a pound a day is not too much to look for at the very start. Many have lost 10 pounds a week—and even more.

Reduce as Quickly as You Wish

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is largely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. By reducing more slowly you avoid any necessity for sudden changes of clothing. You can make slight and inexpensive alterations in your garments as you steadily attain a slender, graceful figure.

In addition to normal weight and a more youthful figure you secure other benefits of equal importance. For this natural method also builds your health and gives you renewed vitality and energy. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye and a more elastic step. Many write that they have been astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed could not be effaced. As the superfluous flesh vanishes, the years seem to drop off also. Your nerves are improved and your sleep is more refreshing. You regain youthful vigor and spirits as well as youthful form.

It is like being invited to step into an entirely new body, full of fresh ambition. A body of graceful lines, fairly tingling with health; a body that seems capable of any degree of physical exertion.

And you can obtain all this without discomforts or painful self-denials. You make little change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you actually increase their variety.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. It remained for Eugene Christian, the famous food specialist, to discover the one, safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal, they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into tissue and muscle. Then the excess fat

you have already accumulated will be rapidly consumed because the fat-forming combinations have been cut off. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food according to a few simple, natural rules.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope and energy it offers to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." This is offered to you on free trial.

Here is what following the course will do: It will bring your weight down to normal at the rate of a pound a day or more. It will make your flesh firm and solid. It will bring a clearer skin, add new glow to your cheek, a new sparkle to your eye and a new spring to your step. And all naturally—nothing harmful.

Prove this for yourself. See your unnecessary flesh quickly vanish. See why starving, strenuous exercising and medicines and massage are unnecessary. See how this new discovery gets down to the real reason for your stoutness and removes it by natural and effective methods.

Although you would probably be glad to pay many dollars for such a simple, safe and certain method of obtaining normal weight we have made the price as low as we can, because we want every sufferer from excessive flesh to secure its benefits.

Send no money, just put your name and address on the coupon, or send a letter if you prefer. The course will be mailed to you in PLAIN CONTAINER and \$1.97 (plus postage) to the postman will make it yours. Then, if you are not fully satisfied in every particular, you may return it within five days after its receipt and your money will be immediately refunded. If more convenient, you may remit with coupon, but this is not necessary.

Just mail the coupon or a letter. You are thoroughly protected by our refund offer. Act today, however, to avoid delay, as it is hard for us to keep up with the demand for these lessons. Think of the surprise and envy you will create among your friends by your renewed, more youthful appearance just a short time after the course arrives.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.

Dept. W-20812, 43 W. 16th St., New York City

Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-20812, 43 West 16th Street, New York City

You may send me, IN PLAIN CONTAINER, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it to you within five days after its receipt. It is, of course, understood that you are to return my money if I thus return the course.

Name.....
(Please write plainly.)
Address.....
City.....
State.....
Price outside United States, \$2.15 cash, with order



Mrs. Vermilya before she found out about the new discovery, weight 163 pounds.

Mrs. Vermilya after she applied the new discovery to herself, weight 128 pounds.

Doctor's Wife Reduces 40 Pounds

Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, pictured above, wife of a physician of Bloomington, Ind., reduced quickly to normal weight, and also gained perfect health and a beautiful complexion. She writes:

"Before I tried your method my weight was 168 pounds. My blood was all bad; my heart was weak. I constantly had sour stomach and sick headaches. I went to different doctors for help, but I got worse instead of better, until I tried your new discovery. I am now in perfect health; sleep perfectly, and my blood test is 100 per cent pure. I had begun to get wrinkles, when I was fat, but my flesh is now firm and free from a single wrinkle. And I now weigh only 128 pounds, which is my normal weight."

Stage Beauty Loses a Pound a Day

"In about three weeks I reduced twenty pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

Thus writes Miss Kathleen Mullane, famous artists' model and Ziegfeld Folies beauty.

This new discovery enabled her to quickly reduce to normal weight, after a long period of exercise, starving and appliances had failed utterly.



Miss Kathleen Mullane, Artists' Model and Ziegfeld Folies Beauty



Every day your skin is changing. By the right care, any girl can have a smooth, lovely complexion

Every girl knows— *nothing can make you look right if your skin is not right*

IF your skin is smooth and clear—radiant with freshness and color—you cannot look unattractive, no matter how simple your toilet.

But not even the prettiest clothes will make up for a sallow, lifeless complexion—a skin that is disfigured by blackheads or ugly blemishes.

Don't neglect your skin.

Remember—any girl *can* have a smooth, lovely complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms in its place. By giving this *new skin* the special treatment it needs, you can actually make it over.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin.

For instance, if your skin is of the pale, sallow type—it needs the following treatment to stimulate the

pores and blood vessels and give it a clear, fresh, healthy color:

ONCE OR TWICE a week, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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THIS treatment and other complete treatments for all the different types of skin, are given in the booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

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For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
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Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 512 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 512 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*



Frank Diem

Joseph Schildkraut - Lillian Gish

BEAUTY and romance live again in Griffith's "The Two Orphans". The French classic has been done many times, but never more exquisitely. Lillian Gish and Joseph Schildkraut are ideally cast as *Henriette* and the *Chevalier*.



Mrs. Hugo Ballin

ONE'S PEN drips adjectives when one writes about Mabel Ballin. But there is really only one which is peculiarly appropriate. And that's quaint. Isn't she? Miss Ballin is really Mrs. Hugo, the star of her director-husband's own company.



Bill Farnum

MR. FARNUM'S universal popularity is best illustrated by the fact that nobody calls him William. He has been one of our favorites ever since he made his first picture. We don't remember the picture—but we haven't forgotten Bill.



C. Heignton Monroe

Ruby De Remer

RUBY DE REMER is a famous beauty, but she doesn't let that spoil her outlook on life. She is just as cheerful and as little inclined to be up-stage as any extra girl—in fact, more so. She is now at the head of her own company.



Ira L. Hill

Irene Castle Mrs. Tompkins

THE BEST dressed woman in the world" is what they have been calling Irene Castle ever since she made her debut as a dancer. Irene isn't dancing now—she has just completed a new film—but she still lives up to her original title.



Ned Van Buren

GOOD NEWS! Mae Marsh is coming back. She is rehearsing now for a stage play called "Brittie", and it is reported that she is to make a picture for D. W. Griffith, under whose direction she first won fame. We hope it is true.



Edward Thayer-Monroe

Marguerite Clark - Mrs. F. L. Clark

THERE is a postman in New Orleans who used to like Marguerite Clark. But now he has changed his mind. He says it isn't reasonable for any one person to get as much mail as Marguerite does. And they're all letters asking her to come back.



Actual photograph of dark blue satin gown after washing with Ivory Flakes. Gown and statement of original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

This photograph shows a washed satin dress. The method that washed it would wash almost anything safely, don't you think?

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But the Cincinnati girl who owned it had so much faith in Ivory Soap Flakes that she dipped her dress, gold embroidery and all, in the bubbling suds—washed it without rubbing, just as she would a fine colored linen—rolled it in a towel for half an hour—pressed it carefully on the wrong side—and had once more a gown to be proud of, with satin gleaming, gold thread glistening, georgette sheer and smooth, and each bit of braid trimly in place.

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harmlessly can be trusted absolutely, of course, with your frail blouses, lingerie, silk hose, sweaters, and other things that you like to rinse out yourself in the bathroom bowl. And you can depend on them for the quick, easy cleansing of all special things, like this satin gown, that a few years ago you wouldn't have dreamed you could wash at all.

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*Genuine Ivory Soap in Instant-Cleansing Form
Will not harm any color or fabric that water alone will not harm
Makes pretty clothes last longer*



PHOTOPLAY

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No. 1

Mother-Love



YOU have doubtless wondered, many times, why the evocation of mother-love never fails on screen or stage or canvas. The showman, vocal or silent, doesn't wonder; to him, it is just another of nature's inexplicable laws. He accepts what he calls "mother-stuff" as "sure-fire"; it is always "a draw";

nine times out of ten it can be relied upon to "save the show." There is a reason, deeper than sentiment, beyond all tears.

It is a reason so true that it is one of the basic stratae of human fact. Mother-love

is the one absolutely pure, unselfish love that we ever really know.

Compared to it, so-called "romantic" love—that "love-interest" which is the backbone of our drama and fiction—is an incarnation of selfishness. In youth, romantic love is mainly physiological, for it is based upon sexual attraction. What passes for romantic love in middle age and old age is a fundamentally selfish, though perhaps quite unconscious, desire for comfort or companionship or refuge from a so-called heartless world of people no more and no less heartless than ourselves. Comradeship and friendship, noble sentiments both, have visible bounds beyond which they cannot pass. Mother-love alone is bounded, if at all, in infinity.

And we dare to say that every audience's reverence before and response to a mimic display of mother-love is based upon something deeper than a recollection of individual mothers, as the casual analysts are fond of telling us. The deep, true reason lies in instinct; instinct whispers that here, alone of human displays, is something sublime, something which makes visible one of the actual attributes of that grand and mystic benignity which every creed calls GOD.

We are not going to exhort you here, after the manner of the familiar screen-caption, to "go home and be good to your mother." Any man or woman who really has to be told that is not fit to have a mother. What we are going to tell you is this: that mother-love is the great controverter of materialism; that mother-love is the greatest and most enduring argument for the existence of an all-seeing and all-kind Creator; that mother-love is the one element not found in the basic chemical constituents of this small star.

Mother-love is the grand-humble answer to age-long faith; it is a living proof of the reality of religion.



VERA GORDON

VERA GORDON represents a strongly defined mother type—the type which is wholly wrapped up in her children, and whose greatest joy lies in administering to their needs. There have been few mothers in all theatrical history—not excluding that famous drama of maternal devotion, “Madame X—” — who have so poignantly appealed to the human heart as Vera Gordon in “Humoresque.” Mrs. Gordon is a mother off the stage as well as on—a real mother who looks after all the little intimate details of her children’s lives. And in “Humoresque” she was just that kind of mother; reality and sincerity and a certain bigness of heart went into her every scene.

MOTHER O’ MINE



EDYTHE CHAPMAN

DESPITE the fact that all mothers are sentimental, the type of mother with which Edythe Chapman has come to be associated as a result of her film characterizations, is what we might call hyper-sentimental. Mothers nowadays are a trifle more worldly than they used to be, though without having lost any of their sweetness or their capacity for feeling. And since the Edythe-Chapman mother is not characteristically modern, she perhaps weeps more than mothers are wont to weep to-day. Miss Chapman’s maternal portrayals have an aroma of old rose and lavender about them, and suggest an era when women were “females,” and when the adjective “clinging” was synonymous with “feminine.” Withal, the mothers she gives us are essentially human and appealing, and she perfectly fitted the role of Mrs. Dean in “The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.”



KATE BRUCE

KATE BRUCE might be designed the “typical” mother, because every one recognizes in her numerous characterizations some quality of his or her own mother. As a rule, she is the forgiving, simple-hearted, patient, trusting mother, whose hair has been prematurely grayed by the cares and worries of an arduous life. But whatever happens, she never loses faith.

She is kind-hearted and generous, and radiates that tender goodness which somehow only mothers seem to possess. She, is neither as sentimental as the Edythe-Chapman mother, nor has she the poise and capable self-possession of the Vera-Gordon mother. She could never be aggressive, but she gains her points through her simple, direct and sometimes tragic appeal. Her mother in “Way Down East” was perfect.

MARY ALDEN

ANOTHER type of film mother, yet one which has many traits and qualities in common with all real and lovable mothers, is Mary Alden, whose memorable characterization in "The Old Nest" had much to do with creating the sympathy and heart-interest of that "old folks" picture. Mary Alden gives us a mother of staunchness and capability—a mother who instinctively understands the best way to raise children and to care for them, and who can always be trusted in emergencies. We know, without having tasted them, that the preserves she puts up and the cakes she bakes are "like mother used to make"; and we are sure that she always leaves a little extra frosting in the bowl for the children to lick. If anyone were asked to describe her maternal characterizations with a single adjective, the answer would probably be: "She's the 'old-fashioned' mother."



MARY CARR

"OVER THE HILL" would not have been the human and appealing picture it was had Mary Carr not been selected for the mother role. In fact, it is impossible to think of this picture without associating it with this particular actress' lovable personality. Miss Carr is the frail, self-effacing, "homey" mother of the films, whose one interest in life is her family and fireside. Perhaps she may not be as competent at making cookies and preserves and at solving difficult domestic problems as one imagines Mary Alden to be, but she nevertheless seems to possess to the fullest degree that most beautiful of all qualities associated with motherhood—self-sacrifice. She impresses one with her humility; and she is particularly good at revealing the tragic side of motherhood.

SYLVIA ASHTON

THERE are not many mothers of the type which Sylvia Ashton portrays, but she characterizes them (as in "Don't Change Your Husband" and "Why Change Your Wife") with conspicuous artistry. She is generally selected for the cold and haughty society type of mother, who thinks children are more or less bothersome and ought to be turned over to a nurse until they are old enough to understand and mind. There are times when the Sylvia-Ashton kind of mother is even mercenary and calculating, and when social activities constitute her chief interest in life. There are a few mothers like this in the world just to make us realize, by comparison, how truly wonderful most mothers are; and no little credit is due Miss Ashton for portraying them so faithfully and with such conviction.

RUBY LA FAYETTE

NO selection of stage mothers would be representative if it omitted the name of Ruby La Fayette. She is the oldest actress, and one of the best beloved characters, in motion pictures. She began her stage career in the 'sixties, and she was seventy-three when she made her debut on the screen, in the title role of a film called "My Mother." She has played innumerable mother parts, and is really the "mother" of all the stage mothers! Her portrayals necessarily are all of the old school—she is, in fact, a real old-fashioned mother, with a bonnet and shawl; and she has more theatrical children who love her than any half-dozen of the other mothers combined. She is the type whom people always refer to as "the dearest old lady in the world." Her sweetness is her dominant characteristic.

The sage who declared that the nearest way to a man's heart was through his stomach had never considered:

ROSALIE

A Contest Fiction Story

By

FRANK CONDON

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

IN San Francisco, eating is a recreation. In Chicago, it is a stern necessity, but in New York, it is an art. In the world's largest hive of human bees, the gentle custom of sustaining life mounts up with the lofty things that be, such as making bronze bacchantes or painting flowers on silk. There are gulpers here, to be sure, and queer persons who consume roast beef hash and rye bread with dill pickles, but the real eating of New York is done by polished experts, the like of whom is nowhere else in Christendom.

And the finest eating in this man's town is that which you will find in nightly progress—yes, and daily, too—in the sombre, high-ceiled palace of proteins known to the trade as Tommy-the-Oysterboy's.

Tommy's favored restaurant hides itself on a modest side street, a block to the east of lower Fifth Avenue, and the stream of customers is a select and discerning tribe. Merely to enter Tommy's portals is to be seized with enormous appetite, and one's first feeling, upon facing the filled tables some evening at seven, with the jolly waiters bustling up and down the aisles, is that here is a true home of food.

Sitting there one night, bathed in a roseate glow and thinking naught but kindly of my fellow man, I first beheld Rosalie, the being apart. It was the evening duty of Rosalie to stand just inside the oaken doors and serve, and yet her thoughts were elsewhere. Amidst these splendid surroundings of food and this cunning call to appetite, Rosalie was a super-soul, who looked out upon it all from her little wooden crypt near the door, and watched with a cold eye the hearty men and women, loathing them so vehemently that her red lips curled in a scornful smile.

ROSALIE was the cloak girl at Tommy-the-Oysterboy's. Rather, she was the check-room guardian, because when you entered, intent upon feeding your body and elevating your spirit, you were at liberty to leave with Rosalie anything you carried. Generally you left your hat and your overcoat. The ladies sometimes deposited their wraps, but Rosalie's main business in life was overcoats—light overcoats—heavy overcoats—overcoats with fur collars—overcoats made from the skins of unfamiliar animals—overcoats dripping with rain or slushy with snow—but always overcoats.

When you appeared, the doorman greeted you with a smile and a word of welcome, and indicated Rosalie, who stood by the entrance to her snugery. You moved forward and, without a word, Rosalie gave you what you mistook to be a smile, and her slender figure moved ever so slightly in what you took to be a bow. You turned and twisted yourself about, edging towards her crab-like, and extending your arms out behind. She deftly slipped your overcoat from your back, handed you a little yellow check with a numeral on it, and your mantle disappeared in the darkness of her dungeon, wherein there was a smell of many overcoats, not unpleasant to be sure, and yet unlike the breath of pansies and violets.

You ordered your dinner, with Otto at your elbow, and ate in great content, until you bulged and became as the others. With the smoke rising from your cigar, you stole an occasional glance towards the cloak room, watching the deft and industrious creature with the red lips and the glinty hair, seeing her funny little smile for the newcomer, and her half bow, which

was no bow at all, but a scornful shrug, which she invested with the courtesy of a bow.

I became a steady customer at Tommy's, swept into his maw by my first meal, and in time I grew to a certain distant friendship, or rather acquaintance, with Rosalie. Once I ventured to make polite inquiry.

"Do you like this job?" I asked, smiling my best.

"I do not," she returned, looking me in the eye.

"Why do you remain here?"

"That's a funny question. You must be a stranger here."

"No," I laughed, "I am not a stranger. If you don't like your job, why not get something else?"

Rosalie contemplated the dining room.

"Sometimes," she said, "I wish this building would burn down. I wish the whole block would burn down."

Whereupon she turned to a group of newcomers and took their coats.

Little by little, the true state of affairs in the cloak room dawned upon me, and I even came to know of Otto and his hopeless, silent passion for the one of the bronze hair and the scarlet lips. Otto is the head waiter at Tommy's. He has always been the head waiter—a white-faced Teuton, with light blue eyes, puffy cheeks and a shining, hairless scalp. Somewhere, Otto has a home of his own—the Bronx—Canarsie—Brooklyn—nobody knows. Likewise, he has a wife and four children, two of them working in a mill. These are known facts, though never a soul has seen Otto's wife, and I always fancied her as a red-faced woman with a large nose.

A head waiter certainly may nourish a passion for a cloak-room girl, but Rosalie, with Otto's heart for her football, knew nothing of it. She wondered who sent her the flowers on her birthday, and the boxes of candy at Christmas, with the red roses on the lid. Otto knew, but no one else.

As I say, it came to me gradually that this comely creature at the door of her overcoat eyrie, cherished a bitter resentment against all mankind, and especially the mankind which invested Tommy's; which came tramping in at noon and again at night, craving rich foods in quantity. In her eyes they were repellent creatures who turned their backs to her and stuck out their arms feebly, so that she might pull their overcoats off. She loathed them with a ferocity that was panther-like, and they never knew, for she hid it from them with a smile they remembered. Otto knew, though. And so did I.

One night I overheard a brief discussion between Rosalie and Tommy—Tommy, himself—the great man who had invented and perfected this kiosk of food.

"Why can't I have it?" she asked him.

TOMMY was an immaculate man with oiled hair, which he parted down the precise middle of his skull, with so amazing an exactness that it dumfounded the eye. Night after night the line splitting his head into halves was exactly the same. It made me think of an engineering triumph, where parts are fitted to the .0006 of an inch. He affected tall white collars that seemed about to choke him to death, but never did.

"I can't let Henry go, just to give you his place," Tommy replied earnestly, and I discovered that they were discussing the cashier and the job behind the mahogany railing. Henry was an elderly person with a thin face and flowing whiskers.



Monsieur Louie led him down the aisle and he passed Rosalie, never pausing or giving her the homage of a glance. He had no reason to pause. He wore no overcoat. Her lips were wide apart and she was staring at the newcomer as though bewitched.

He took your check and your money as you passed out and rang little bells in an impersonal way that deceived you.

"I'd like to be cashier," Rosalie insisted.
"Not now," said Tommy, patting her shoulder. "Maybe some day—"

"When Henry dies," Rosalie said scornfully. "Henry will never die. Men with such whiskers live forever."

"You stay where you are," Tommy urged. "You're doing fine, and the customers like you, Rosalie. Maybe, some time—"

On another night, I discoursed with Otto. "Rosalie doesn't like her job, does she?" I remarked in the manner of one making unimportant conversation. "Vy shoot she?" Otto demanded, fixing me with a cold blue eye. "Vot do you know about it?" "Nothing, except that I surmise she doesn't like it," I said hastily.

"Vell, you vooden like it, vood you?" Otto pursued. "If you had to stood dere all tay, you vooden like it, vood you? Who tolt you she didn't like it?"

"Nobody," I replied, seeing that the topic irked him. "How's the squab saute tonight?"

After that, upon my regular nightly appearance, Otto regarded me with suspicion, and it was weeks before he left off surveying me for signs of sentimental interest in the cloak girl.

Then came John Davids, and everything suddenly changed at Tommy's. I felt immediately that a novel and disturbing element had swum in amongst us.

It was one of those roaring December nights in New York, with a fine snow sifting down from the roofs, and a wind from the sea—a strong, cold, blustery wind that would drive a stone dog off his pedestal. I hurried into Tommy's at my usual hour and drew a breath of relief. Inside it was warm and fragrant with the odors of cooking. I shook off the snow and handed my overcoat to Rosalie. "It's a fine night," I said. "A night for overcoats."

Rosalie gave me her tight-lipped smile and I followed Monseer Louie to my favorite table, which is off in a corner where I can study the chefs in their sacred ministrations. Nothing gives me so much innocent delight as to watch a busy cook flying about with both hands full of steaming mysteries.

Gradually the room filled, as Tommy's always fills of an evening. The gentlemen arrived from their offices, and their womenfolk came bustling in with them, or met them in the little corridor. Taxicabs and private cars drew up before the doors, emptied themselves and scurried off to make room for others. The clatter of dishes grew into a dull clangor, and the bus boys trotted from table to table, laying the utensils of eating and filling the glasses.

BEHIND his private bar, the oyster man doubled his speed and Tommy's was in full cry. A stranger walked slowly in, paused uncertainly by Henry's desk and looked around the room. I knew he was a stranger among us, because he was a striking type, and I had never seen him before.

He lingered for an instant under Henry's fatherly eye. Monseer Louie went to him, touched him on the arm and performed his ancient ritual, which consists of the murmured word "one," in an interrogative tone, and the holding up of a single finger.

This was John Davids, though none knew it that night. He was a giant of a man, tall, spare, grim-looking, ungainly, with powerful shoulders and long arms. In his hand he clutched a hat without shape. Despite the sea-borne wind that blustered across town, the stranger wore no overcoat. He was clad as a man in springtime, who goes among the blueberries. He wore a pepper-and-salt suit of summer thinness, and the snow lingered upon his shoulders.

Monseer Louie led him down the aisle and he passed Rosalie, never pausing or giving her the homage of a glance. He had no reason to pause. He wore no overcoat. With his battered hat in his hand, he sauntered behind Monseer Louie and took a table at the far end, beside the wall. I gazed at Rosalie. Her red lips were wide apart and she was staring at the newcomer as though bewitched. That was the beginning of Romance. I felt it in my bones, though I am not a person of unusual perspicacity.

The man ate his dinner alone, looking about him, observing the well-fed horde, smiling at the tremendous sincerity of the oyster opener, who in his moments of stress is as inspired an artist as the leader of any orchestra. I studied the newcomer and observed what he ate. His dinner—two slices of toast, a pot of tea and a salad of lettuce.

WHO was he? That I soon discovered, as he came again to Tommy's. He was John Davids—the same Davids whose name leaped into the papers when the Merris-Coulter expedition returned from the arctic regions after five years of battle with the ice. No wonder, eh? No marvel that John Davids walked into Tommy's of a December night in a three-piece suit of flimsy stuff, and wearing no overcoat.

With a dozen starving dogs and a sledge, and starving himself, he had traversed the barren ice up by the Pole—the sacred Pole—and for three weeks he had fought his way over trackless hummocks, until in the end, he had secured Captain Coulter and his crew. That was only one of his notable deeds. The newspapers had a veritable debauch with it when they learned the details.

THIS was the silent stranger who came into Tommy's for a meal and sat there obscurely, like any ribbon buyer from Grand Rapids. He must have smiled to himself at the winds we called bitter. That fine stinging snow—to him, a zephyr.

No one knows the moment when he first noticed Rosalie, for his face was a mask. I believe it was on the occasion of his second visit. It was just such another night—a wolfish night, with the north wind swaggering through the town, slapping the faces of puny humans. John Davids took his table and ordered his sparing meal.

"That man," said Tommy to me, in a tone of deep feeling, "is John Davids, the explorer."

"I know it," I replied. "He looks durable."

There were whispers among the guests and the men pointed him out and told their women to look at the austere figure at the side-table—Davids, the arctic fellow. Rosalie, he seemed to fascinate. On his second visit, he sat nearer her nook and she could and did watch him with eyes that sparkled.

From the instant Otto first beheld Davids, he scowled upon him—concealed scowls, of course, for who is a head-waiter, and what business has he to dislike a customer? Otto's dislike grew day by day, just as acquaintance and then friendship grew up between Rosalie and the explorer. This, at first, was nothing but the vague messages of eye to eye. She glanced more frequently at John's table than at any other. I caught them exchanging a smile.

(Continued on page 104)



The girl who went into the movies to get away from waiting on the table.



"Bob Hampton of Placer" sent its two heroes, young and old—played by James Kirkwood and Wesley Barry—into Custer's last encounter with the Indians, in which every white man was massacred and scalped.

THE UNHAPPY ENDING

Proving that the mental standard of motion-picture patrons is a mature and intelligent type of mind which can grasp and enjoy both truth and art.

By FREDERICK VAN VRANKEN

ONE of the chief arguments with which the literary elite have sought to disparage motion pictures has been based on the fact that no producer, however courageous, would dare murder the hero, or poison the heroine, or by some other act of diabolism, separate the lovers at the final fadeout.

The ubiquitous and invariable "glad" ending of our photoplays, with a noble young gentleman and a virtuous young lady locked together in a fond, pre-nuptial embrace, and their yearning lips engaged in a chaste but ardent buss, constitutes irrefragable proof—so the enlightened ones tell us—that the films are in a primitive and deplorable state, unworthy of serious consideration by anyone above the mental status of a moron.

The *intelligentsia* go on to argue that just as infants of the nursery must have sugar-coated fairy-tales in which all the villains meet their end in a kettle of boiling oil, and all the righteous persons come into fabulous fortunes and "live happily ever after," so must the infants of the cinema have saccharine romances in which all the wicked characters are sent to the gallows or shoved over a cliff, and all the pious, God-fearing people reap the various supposititious rewards of virtue, and end up at the hymeneal altar amid the caressing strains of Lohengrin.

There has been, of course, a certain amount of justice in this

contention; for it can not be denied that motion pictures for many years have obviously catered to the superstitions and sentimentalities of the less civilized members of the human race. But, on the other hand, it is as unfair to judge and condemn the art of the screen by the criterion of the other arts, as

it would be to judge and condemn an infant by the cultural standards we would apply to, say, ex-President Eliot of Harvard.

But what about the unhappy ending? What does it signify? And why should so much emphasis be placed on it by the cinema's detractors?

Up to a short time ago there were few, if any, films which ended in gloom or catastrophe. It would have been as fatal for a screen impresario to put forth an expensive picture with a lachrymose or lugubrious finale, as for a publisher to print a volume of juvenile stories in which the dragon chewed up the noble knight, and the old witch succeeded in permanently turn-



"Gypsy Blood," made in Europe, was a big success in America; and its climax was the stabbing of the heroine by her jealous lover. Pola Negri played Carmen.

ing the golden-haired princess into a rattle snake.

But this state of affairs no longer exists in the films. Motion-picture production has grown and developed with the rapidity of some nocturnal fungus. Not even the night-school heroes in Horatio Alger, Jr.'s, "Onward and Upward" novels learned as much so quickly, or improved themselves with such swiftness and dispatch, as have the filmplays, these past few years.

And—what is of equal importance—the intellectual standard of motion-picture patrons also has advanced. Where once they sat with gaping mouths, benignly swallowing whatever was thrust down their esophagi, they now have become fussy and analytical, and want to see the bill-of-fare and know who the cook is before they will empty their pockets at the glass cage. They have long since become privy to the problems of picture making, and converse glibly about close-ups, dissolves, irises, double-exposures, continuity, and other such technicalities.

The result has been that during the past few years films of a much higher order have been produced. In fact, many pictures—among them some of the most successful feature films—have had unhappy endings—that is, endings which were more or less logical, natural and intelligent, and which did not make their appeal exclusively to the disciples of Dr. Frank Crane and Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter. Never again can the exalted gentlemen of the critical fraternity condemn the cinema for its persistent debauch of sunshine and gladness. In this respect, at least, the art of motion pictures has taken its place alongside the great art of all time.

For instance, there was "Broken Blossoms," in which the heroine died of a brutal flogging and the hero committed hari-kari. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," one of the most pretentious of our screen dramas, permitted its handsome, pomaded leading man to be killed on the battle-field of France, thus forcing the heroine into a life of tearful domestic sacrifice.

"The Passion Flower"—Norma Talmadge's picturization of Benavente's drama of Spanish life—was a psychological study of unrequited amour, which terminated almost in a shambles. "Bob Hampton of Placer" sent its two heroes, young and old, into Custer's last encounter with the Indians, in which every

white man was massacred and scalped. (A few years ago Bob would have controverted history by killing forty or fifty Indians single-handed, and escaping into the arms of a waiting damoi elle.)

John Barrymore's great screen success of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" adhered to the tragic climax of the book. "Behind the Door"—a much discussed war film in which Hobart Bosworth played the lead—not only ended unhappily, but included so grisly and repelling an episode that

the mere suggestion of it to a producer three years ago would have given him a fatal aortic aneurism.

"The Sin That Was His," featuring William Faversham, and "Gates of Brass," with Frank Keenan in the leading role—both important and successful pictures—ended on a decidedly minor chord. And recently we had an elaborate and costly screen version of Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," one of the most poignantly tragic love stories in English literature, wherein the young mother-heroine dies of cholera.

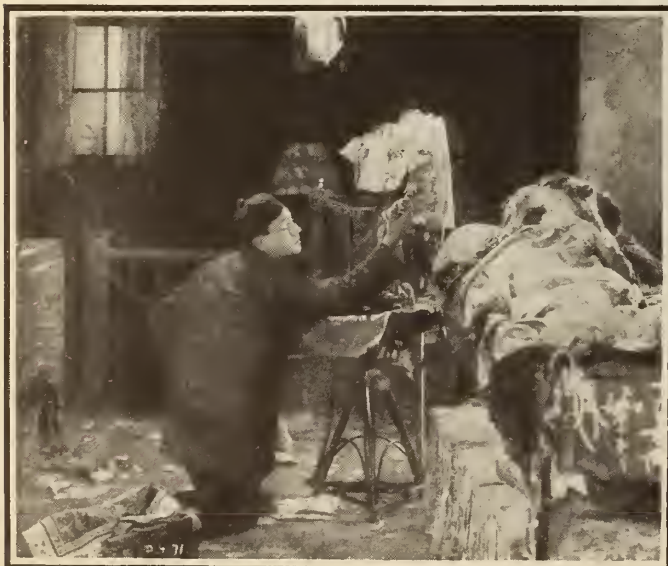
Then there were the two Gene O'Brien pictures—"The Last Door" and "The Wonderful Chance"—which ended unhappily, despite the fact that they made no pre-

tense of being anything more than regulation program pictures. "Gypsy Blood," though made in Europe, was a big success in America; and its climax was the stabbing of the heroine by her jealous lover.

One of the most interesting commentaries on the subject of the unhappy ending in motion pictures, was furnished by the film based on Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way." The producers, seeking to sit on two stools at once, made a pair of endings to this picture—one unhappy, like the book; the other in accord with the doctrines of Pollyanna—and gave the exhibitors their choice. Did these (Continued on page 101)



"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," one of the most pretentious of our screen dramas, permitted its handsome leading man to be killed on the battlefield of France.



In "Broken Blossoms," the heroine (Lillian Gish) died of a brutal flogging and the hero (Richard Barthelmess) committed hari-kari.



"The Passion Flower"—Norma Talmadge's picturization of Jacinto Benavente's drama of Spanish life—was a psychological study of unrequited amour.

Judith, supremely happy now, turned to Dick Stuart. It was the hour of victory for Woman's greater faith.



HAIL *the* WOMAN

A tale of the triumph of the greater faith of a woman — and a love.

By
GENE
SHERIDAN

OLD OLIVER BERESFORD looked sternly on a sinful world through iron-rimmed glasses. He was the rich man of the hard little village of Flint Hill. That white-housed and stone-fenced New Hampshire community looked upon him as its leading citizen and old Oliver accepted his status as the will of a just God. And since each man makes his god in his own image Oliver Beresford's world was a sharply conventional despotism, bounded by bare utility and the traditional virtues of the homely in life, mind and conduct.

"Down street" from the Beresford's prim and uncomfortable home was the prim and uncomfortable church that Oliver ruled, midway between the big summer hotel, where the wicked and ungodly idlers of the cities came to waste the hours and dance.

That was Oliver's world, with his iron-willed God living in the tall spired church and his favorite form of the Devil living in the rambling hotel with the low French windows.

The meekness of Mrs. Beresford was of that completeness of quality that must have satisfied mightily the frigid fancy of hard old Oliver. Woman's place was the home and her law was the law of God as interpreted to her daily by her husband. Nothing was more certain in Oliver's mind than the theory that woman must suffer through all the ages in retribution for the Original Sin of Eve.

But the meekness of Mrs. Beresford's years of silent subjection and servitude in the cold scheme of Oliver's life was only as the lulling stillness before the bursting of the storm. In Judith, the elder child, there was to come the flowering of the expression that follows repression. The girl was to redeem the Beresford history from the blankness of empty frozen doctrines and endow it with color, beauty and the warmth of a truer faith.

Even the rock-ribbed understanding of old Oliver saw to his displeasure that the girl was uncommonly beautiful, and inwardly he felt she had qualities of mind that made him not entirely comfortable under her gaze. Therefore it was with greater sternness that he prosecuted his characteristic and firm laid plans for the destiny of his family. It was set

and determined by him that Judith was to marry Joe Hurd, a promising young farmer of Flint Hill, a bit narrow perhaps and hard, but well-to-do. And it was equally set and determined that David, the younger of the Beresford children, was to go into the service of the Lord, and if Divine Wisdom so willed, he was to be a foreign missionary, carrying the message of the hard Beresford creed to the ignorant and sinfully happy heathen of strange distant lands.

But even Judith's love for her brother David could not entirely cover her jealousy of the education that was to be his, his going away to college and all that, while she was about to be sent into a life of the sort of servitude that her mother had known, housework and childbearing, and Sundays in a straight-backed pew—in Flint Hill forever and ever and ever. And then at the end, to be buried on that same Flint Hill.

IT was a formal, prosaic letter, untouched by imagination or the warmth of love that David wrote home from college announcing his homecoming for a vacation. Old Oliver read it aloud to the wife and daughter in the evening, calling Judith sharply away from her musing consideration of the beauties of the evening twilight to listen.

Presently Joe Hurd came. It was the weekly evening of choir practice at the church. Bored and weary, Judith greeted the young farmer with the formal politeness of Flint Hill, and together they went out into the soft, sweet darkness of the spring evening.

As they passed the hotel the weekly dance was in progress. The lawn was dotted with gay parties in sprightly sport clothes and gay flannels. Through the windows of the ball-room came the lively music of the orchestra, playing tunes that Flint Hill never heard elsewhere and totally foreign to the keyboards of the scroll-sawed reed organs of Flint Hill parlors.

Judith lingered by the fence with a wistfulness in her face that discomfited Joe Hurd, impatient to be away from this zone of expensive frivolity and safe on the hard ground of Flint Hill proper.

Strolling by, came Wyndham Gray. The worldly-wise eyes



With her comfortable little prosperity she gave David a better home and its advantages. David was an adorable baby — happy, sweet-tempered, lovable.

of this playwright and student of humanity found fresh interest in Judith's fair face. Her rare mingling of beauty and intelligence that shone from her clear eyes marked her to Gray as an unusual person, and he was weary indeed with usual persons, more especially the usual woman. Gray paused a moment and chatted with Judith and Joe. His level look of interest did not escape Judith. Here was a person she decided, catching her breath, who knew things, a man from out of the world of bigger life. But in fairness to Judith it was the world that Gray represented as a Person rather than Gray as a Man that interested her.

Again and again through that interminable choir practice Judith's mind turned back to the gay hotel.

IN the rundown cottage, "the place where the Odd Jobs Man lives," Nan Higgins, his step-daughter, waited the homecoming of David Beresford with an anxious heart.

Motherless Nan was the town symbol of poverty. She was made even more pathetically poor by her yearning, unloved beauty. After a fashion she kept house for her heartless, shiftless father, and hoped against hope where all was hopeless. It had been as inevitable as the running of water down hill that she had proven an easy conquest for young David Beresford. And it was a bit of the same sort of social gravitation that had made David in his spineless timidity seek her rather than other girls of the village more fenced about by the protections of home and training. With Nan he had dared, and daring won. David had sopped his Flint Hill conscience by secretly marrying Nan, and in the fear of the rage of his father had bound her by promises most solemn to keep the marriage a secret.

But the day was fast coming when the clandestine affair of the Odd Jobs Man's daughter and the son of proud old Oliver Beresford could be kept a secret no longer.

Helplessly Nan waited until David should come that she might tell him their awesome secret. Nan had grown up under the Flint Hill doctrine of passive endurance for women.

Oliver Beresford and his wife met David at the depot the next day. While they stood welcoming their son so proudly, Nan, in her sad best dress, stood at the edge of the depot crowd a few steps away, bewildered and frightened, trying to catch David's eye. But the young man, equally frightened, dared only cast a fleeting glance her way as he climbed into the Beresford family carriage.

NAN did not know what she expected, but any way she was violently hurt and disappointed. She struggled home with her grief and fell fainting in the doorway of her home. Higgins, suspicious and cruel, jerked her back to consciousness and threatened her into confession. But loyal to her solemn oath, she did not reveal the secret of their marriage.

The Beresford family was grouped about the dinner table with old Oliver listening proudly to David's recital of college experiences when Higgins, dragging his protesting step-daughter behind him, burst in on them.

David went white. Judith, with her keen intuition, sensed it all in a glance.

Higgins blurted out his coarse version of the story as Oliver Beresford drew himself up in stern, hurt pride. Beresford wheeled as his son made a move toward the wilting, abject Nan.

"You keep out of this, David. You have done enough!"

David, trained for years to subject himself utterly to the will of his father, stood back, weakly sharing the suffering of Nan and not daring to make a step or a move in her behalf.

"Higgins!" The Odd Jobs Man looked up expectantly to Oliver Beresford. "Higgins—I am going to give you a check for five thousand dollars, and that is the end of this disgraceful affair."

However much Beresford's iron conscience made him desire to punish his son, his pride made him take the course that meant protection for them both, as he saw it—and the outward preservation of the Beresford name.

"Five thousand dollars?" Higgins said it lingeringly, frowning to conceal his inward exultation. He had never expected to have even one thousand dollars. "Yes, I'll take it, Mr. Beresford. And you're getting off easy at that, too."

Oliver Beresford without a word turned to draw a check.

Judith, afire with her sense of man's injustice to woman, broke into a cry of rebellion.

"But what about David, father? Is Nan the only one to bear the penalty?"

"Hush, child—this is none of your affair—for shame, hush!"

NAN kept her faith with David and said no word of their secret marriage, but at home, hoping to shield herself from the taunts of her step-father, she showed him her marriage certificate.

In cruel rage, as he saw that document, he feared it might mean the five thousand dollars slipping from him.

"Aw, that's a fake—you're not married at all—he fooled you. Now, get out." Higgins drove her out of the house.

He tore the marriage certificate into bits.

That night Nan crept into the house and stealthily gathered her pitiful belongings and stole away to the night train bound for New York. What destiny the city

might hold for her she could not even guess, but she would be away, away from Flint Hill.

At that same hour, heavy with heartache and hate of man's cruelty, Judith Beresford threw herself out of the prim house and went slowly down to the farmyard gate, to be alone with herself and her thoughts. She was choking with her emotions.

As she stood there thinking over again that scene at the dinner table, Wyndham Gray met her in his evening ramble.

"You look gloomy—what is troubling you?" He addressed her with a polite and sympathetic curiosity.

"I wonder," she said, flaming up, "what God has against women?"

Gray regarded her a moment very quietly.

"Perhaps," he said, "He blames them for filling the world with men."

JUDITH had no smile for his whimsy, but that conversation was the beginning of a friendship. In Gray she found a new world of understanding. She could talk to him of things beyond the ken of her Flint Hill folks.

Wyndham Gray and Judith met often thereafter and talked long. He loaned her books and told her of the play he was writing and made the world a bigger place to her than she had thought it could have been. And through it all Gray was a Person to her rather than a Man.

David, with some inward troubling under the thought of the accusing eyes of his sister, once went to the Higgins home seeking Nan, only to be driven away by her step-father. Then later, while away at school, David tried to no avail the services of a detective agency. Nan was gone, and it was no use. It was easier for David to go his way as it had been laid down for him by his father.

One evening in summer Wyndham Gray suggested to Judith that she come to his cabin and hear him read his finished play. Her eyes lighted with interest and she agreed.

Judith slipped from the house, tossing a remark to her mother that she was going to the home of a neighbor to spend the evening.

That evening Joe Hurd drove over to a trustees meeting at the church. He was on his way home when he passed Gray's cabin and heard Judith's merry (Continued on page 107)



"This is your last night in my house, Judith Beresford!" stormed the old man.

WHEN VENUS ORDERED HASH

Judging by Betty Blythe's
plaint of early poverty,
the Garden of Beauty once
bloomed in the desert.

By
ADA
PATTERSON

"I HAVE been hungry!"

This from that synonym of splendor,
the Queen of Sheba.

Betty Blythe, tall, of slow-moving,
dignified grace, uttered her hunger cry in the
spaciousness of her high-ceilinged drawing
room on Fifty-fourth street a minute west of
the Avenue, which in New York is, of course,
Fifth Avenue. She looked a part of the
sumptuousness of the shining piano, the glitter-
ing little table, the French window and its
hangings of blue velvet. I was thinking,
vigorously, "You are more beautiful than
your pictures." But all that I said was:

"Really?" (To paraphrase John Barrymore's startling
cry in "Redemption": "What we think is so different from
what we say!")

"Yes," Miss Blythe insisted. "It was when I was twenty.
I had come here with the assets of a college education, cul-
tured family environment, study in Paris, and experience as
a concert and vaudeville singer. But New York would not



Victor Georg

Can you imagine this beauty having been so hungry that
she seriously considered the river as a haven of refuge?

have me. It was not long until I walked Broadway
hungry.

"In my crass folly I thought that an education derived
from the well-known Westlake school of Los Angeles, and the
University of Southern California and the Latin Quartier of
Paris would impress the metropolis. It didn't. I believed
that two years of singing before the public might count for
something in the East. I discovered that
it counted as much as a cipher placed on
the wrong side of figures.

"Fortunately I knew about the Three
Arts Club. You know the club? Girls
who are students or are beginning work
in music or painting or the stage live
there because it is cheap. Also because
they are chaperoned. Deaconess Hall
originated it, and Mrs. Willard Straight
and other wealthy philanthropic women
are its patronesses. Deaconess Hall got
the Three Arts Club well on its feet, then
started the Rehearsal Club, which was
founded to provide good luncheons at low
prices to chorus girls so that they would
not get into bad company for a lobster
or a porterhouse steak at one of the
neighboring hotels.

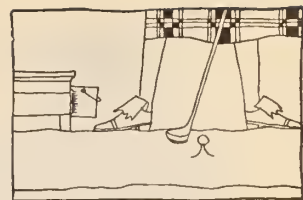
"I lived there for eight dollars a week.
But I could only get two meals at that
rate. For three meals I should have had
to pay nine dollars a week and I could
not afford that extra dollar a week. I
was young and healthy, with no need nor
desire to reduce my weight. In fact I was
too lanky and every day I grew lankier.
Tramping about the city in search of
work didn't (Continued on page 100)



An informal portrait of the twentieth century incarnation of
Sheba's queen, Miss Betty Blythe.

How I Keep in Condition

By LILA LEE



THIS is the fourth of a series of articles—not beauty articles, but advice on how to keep fit by women who know: famous beauties of the screen. The film star, more than any other woman of any other time, has to guard her greatest asset:

her good looks. She has to keep in perfect condition always—for if she doesn't, the camera's cruel eye calls attention to her shortcomings. This month, Lila Lee gives you her recipe for health and beauty.

HAVE you noticed that I'm thinner? It isn't the result of a clever modiste, trick lighting, or a sympathetic cameraman. I really have lost weight—fifteen pounds within a month—and I've never felt better in my life. Moreover, I intend to stay that way, and I've evolved a simple little system for preventing that fifteen pounds from coming back.

"My, Lila, but you're getting plump!" the other girls at the studio used to say to me.

I was—but it didn't bother me at the time. I thrived gloriously on the California sunshine, and hard work at the studio never seemed to exert the vitality-sapping influence on me that it has on some people. I took a little exercise at irregular intervals. I rode a lot in automobiles when I should have been walking. I was very happy—and I put on weight.

Then Opportunity knocked—and I was eight pounds too heavy to answer!

Opportunity was introduced to me by William deMille, who summoned me to his office one day.

"How much do you weigh, Lila?" he asked.

Readers, I cannot tell a lie.

"One hundred and eighteen pounds," I answered, and it sounded like a ton.

"Hmm," said Mr. deMille. "Eight pounds too much." He pondered a moment. "Could you take off eight pounds in two weeks?" he suddenly inquired.

I thought perhaps I could.

"Well, if you can, I want you to play the feminine lead in 'After the Show.' Otherwise—"

I knew I could!

I had read the story, I love to work with Mr. deMille, and I wanted the part.

"All right," were his parting words. "But remember—



Lila Lee, as Tweeny, the slavey of Cecil deMille's "Male and Female." When she weighed eight pounds too much!



Lila, today: the slim heroine of William deMille's "After the show." Weight one hundred pounds.

two weeks to the dot. In the opening scenes of the pictures, you must seem worn and thin, and you could never do it the way you look now. A hundred and ten pounds is the absolute limit."

That very day I went in to Los Angeles and consulted a physician who specializes in dietetics, and put myself under his orders. He was very nice and cheerful.

"Not at all a difficult case, Miss Lee," he glowed brightly, "provided you have the self-restraint to go through with the program I prescribe."

It sounded ominous. But it really wasn't so bad, and I can cheerfully recommend it if you are interested in a harmless method of losing weight.

For the first week I was on the strictest of diets. Every two hours, whether at home or at the studio, I drank a glass of un-

sweetened orange juice. On the alternate hour I took a simple magnesia compound—the doctor's prescription. That—and nothing more!—comprised my diet. Not even a luscious cantaloupe for breakfast, no dashing across the street between scenes for an ice cream cone, no lovely dinners at the Ambassador! Just orange juice and fizz water!

Well, for two days I suffered. Then the world began to take on a little rosier tint; I was getting used to it.

For one hour each evening I was in the hands of a masseuse without a heart. Her orders were evidently to treat me rough, and her fingers were like iron. How she kneaded and pummeled me!

I had a system of setting-up exercises all typewritten out for me and illustrated with cute little drawings. I went through them from "Figure 1" to "Figure 12" the first thing when I awoke in the morning. Then to my open bedroom window for a five-minute session of deep breathing, and thence to a cold shower.

The doctor had sternly forbidden me to drive my car to the studio in the morning. I had (Continued on page 102)



M BONART has designed for you a marvellous wrap. It is quite the smartest I have seen for some time. It is of rich black duvetine with trimmings of caracul at cuffs and collar. The collar is the most extraordinary of all collars! It wraps about Madame's little neck in a generous fold and follows the edge of her cloak to the hem.

AN afternoon frock; another of M. Bonart's creations. It follows the mode in every particular; but it is original. Of black and white—the favored combination of Paris and Parisiennes. Of black crepe de chine and white georgette. Of a distinguishing silhouette, the long waist, the uneven hem-line. The sleeves: *dreams!*

AN importation from Paris, by Gidding, of Fifth Avenue. A most amazing evening gown, of Spanish inspiration. Of black velvet, with a superb sweep; red flowers at the waist and adorning the skirt. It is long, and trained. Madame, not Mademoiselle, should wear this. It is for a brunette with flashing eyes, and a marble brow.

The Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck

AND now comes fall; and then, winter; to me, the best time of the year! It is my season of inspiration. And fashions never seem so sprightly as in the time of snow and fur. As I write this, we have not yet, in sunny Manhattan, had the slightest hint of coming cold. But the red-gold leaves on the trees and the crisp cool air prophesy winter; and nature is a true prophet. To the well-dressed woman winter is always welcome, because she is prepared for it. On these pages you may see some new and delightful things for fall—and later. M. Bonart has given you what I consider his most original and effective designs. And besides, there are fashion notes from a smart shop, and some from that fashion leader, the film star!



By the way, these designs by Raoul Bonart are yours; you may copy them as you like. I will always be very glad to answer any questions you care to ask as to how to make them.

Carolyn Van Wyck

SEE these shoes at the left. Perfectly charming shoes, and quaint as can be. Of black satin, as you see, with straps in a design of beads, and a saucy silk sossotte! They belong to Betty Compson; and she is wearing them in this photograph. I am sure you all like Betty's stockings, of a fine silk mesh.

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 92.

MAN TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF CLOTHES!



HERE is a hat, from Gidding's. I spied it in their Fifth avenue window and had it sketched for you. It is a chapeau for the *jeune fille*.



BETTY COMPSON wears this little hand-made turban, of gray wool, for windy days. This, too, is a hat for the debutante. I like it very much.



SPAIN has inspired many of our gowns and hats this season. This one is decidedly Spanish, with its real lace, combining the effects of the mantilla and the comb.

TO the right: a blouse. It is a blouse, really; but worn with a smart skirt, it makes a charming afternoon costume. Black and red make the color scheme; there is a good neck-line, and the blouse ties, as blouses have been doing of late, at the side. From Gidding.



TO THE left: Many women count their winter lost if they have not some such fur wrap as this, imported by Gidding. It is of ermine, the queen of furs; it is lined with black satin, and sashed with the same. It may also be of any of the other and less expensive furs, with the same smart effect.



THE cinema celebrities are quite as able as anyone to tell you what is being worn. Here is little Lila Lee, in the sort of dinner gown I should like to see every young girl wear. It is of orchid, a good shade; and georgette, a good material. It is a simple embroidery design.



MARY MILES MINTER went to Paris. And of course she shopped. She brought back with her one of the most adorable frocks I have ever seen: a Jean Lanvin model, of apple green taffeta, with a girdle of flowers with black velvet centers.



FOR the street; for the office; for travelling—I recommend this suit, worn by Betty Compson. It is of serge, and very simply made; but it has an air all its own. You can be, you know, quite as well dressed in a costume such as this, as in those more elaborate.

Lila Lee

Mary Miles Minter

Betty Compson

FROM AN OLD ALBUM

Mary Anderson (below), while playing in her repertoire, including *Juliet* and *Meg Merrilles*, at Booth's Theatre, in 1883.



Sylvia Gerrish, a Casino favorite, called "The girl with the poetic legs," in 1893. After a picturesque career she died in poverty.

Fanny Ward (below), while she was a model, between whiles of touring in *Adonis* in 1887.



MARY ANDERSON.
Newsboy NEW YORK.



Annie Sutherland, while singing in *Venus* at the Casino in 1893. Miss Sutherland's last appearance was the mysterious housekeeper in a recent dramatic alleged solution of the Elwell murder mystery.

Fanny Rice (below), while burlesquing Mary Anderson's favorite role of *Galatea*, 1885 to 1889. Known to two generations as "Jolly Fanny."



Fanny Ward. Newsboy NEW YORK.

GHOSTS!
Old photographs are ghosts of former selves. They reflect the spirit that once lived in pictured forms. That is the reason we are fascinated by ancient portraits. Old photographs, old thoughts, old emotions, old lives. Hence the interest in these mellow likenesses of favorites we know or have known. Materially speaking, please note that hips were popular in that period.



FANNY RICE
GALATEA
Newsboy NEW YORK.

Via Long Distance

An interview over four thousand miles of wire with a model married man. Will Rogers was the most famous monologue artist on the American stage before he went into films with such great success.

By ADA PATTERSON

WHAT do you consider a model married man? of any kind? Or in the movies?

A deaf and dumb gentleman.

Have you any rules for happy married life? What are they?

Yes I have rules, but they have never worked.

If a family jar is imminent, how avoid it?

If a family jar is imminent just do like Carpentier. Prepare to take the loser's end.

What should a man do toward bringing up the children? What is a mother's part?

If I can keep mine out of jail I will feel I have been a success. A mother's part? I think the modern mother should see her children more often. I advise Tuesdays and Fridays.

How many children have you and what are their names and ages? What part have you in the children's education?

My children have very romantic and poetical names. Bill, age 10; Mary, age 8, and Jim, age 6.

I have taught them all as far as the second grade. That's as far as I could go, as I had never been farther myself.

Do you still intend to go back to live in Oklahoma when you "get enough money" as you once told me? If not what are your plans?

Not till Oklahoma sends a married woman instead of an old maid to Congress. My plans are the same as they have been for the last two years—to stand in my yard and direct tourists to Mary Pickford's home.

What is your idea of a well brought-up boy? Of a well brought-up girl?

My idea of a well brought-up boy is one that will read the funny cartoons without asking you to do it; of a girl—one who doesn't comb her hair over her ears.

How much time should a man spend at



home? You know a wife's usual complaint is that her husband is always away from home.

Well, the railroads used to allow you twenty minutes for a meal. That means sixty minutes at home in the day time. Then you know, some fellows need more sleep than others.

What part of her husband's earnings should a wife have to spend? Do you believe in an allowance for a wife, and what proportion of a man's income should that be? Money, or how to spend it, is said to be the chief cause of failures in marriage. What are your views about how to prevent differences about money?

Street car conductors usually allow the company five per cent. Now, I think a wife is just as essential as a street car owner. So I think that very equitable. Yes, I believe in an allowance for a wife, but not mine. You see women vary so. The government has practically settled the income problem between husband and wife by taking the income.

My views on how to prevent differences about money?

Well, I always try to meet my wife half way. If there is something that she wants bad I take her down and let her see it.

What kind of a girl should a man marry to ensure his happiness and hers?

Oh, some girl between 100 and 175 pounds. One with either dark or light hair. One with two eyes is preferable if you can get 'em. Get a Jew or a Gentile; you can never trust these Mohammedans. Get one around four or five or six feet high. A good idea in marrying is to always take some girl that will have you.

What kind should he avoid when marrying?

Well, if a girl wont speak to you or notice you, it's (Continued on page 114)



Above: Bill, Mary, and Jim entertaining the folks in the basement theater of their home at Beverly Hills, Cal. Below, the Rogers breakfast porch. "When do I eat?" asks father.



Tony Sarg and his "shadow box." The marionettes are silhouetted against the white sheet. The scene is from "The First Circus," one of the amusing "Almanac" series.

Movies on Strings

By
TONY SARG

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Tony Sarg has long been prominent among American illustrators, but it is very recently that he has transferred his artistic activities to the screen. Some years ago, Mr. Sarg became interested in a revival of the marionette theater, and produced plays of ancient and mediaeval origin in which puppets moved by strings were employed to unfold the story. In the course of his investigations he stumbled on the fact that 1800 years ago, in China, a form of moving pictures was in vogue through the means of shadowgraphs. This led Sarg to revive the shadowgraph through the medium of the screen, and the "Tony Sarg Almanac" was first projected in the Criterion Theater, Manhattan, with great success. Perhaps you have already seen the first three of the quaint comedies: "The First Circus," "The Tooth Carpenter" and "Why They Love Cavemen."

THE art of the shadowgraph reaches far back into history. Many hundreds of years ago in China the most artistic form of the shadow-theater existed. Here the little figures, made of transparent buffalo hide and beautifully colored, performed wonderful Chinese fairy tales. In Java, the shadowgraph play is still being performed, and the play called "The Wayang," which runs in about twenty consecutive performances, is still the most popular kind of entertainment.

Little is known of this strange screen theater of earlier days, and it was through an accident that I stumbled on the good fortune of being able to revive for America an almost extinct theatrical art. The "accident" was the inheritance of a large collection of wonderful mechanical toys, funny little performing dolls, quaint coaches and little bonnet shops and, most interesting of all, a weird French mechanical guillotine, which automatically performed the gruesome task of decapitating a pig, this pig being labeled "Louis Seize," the same unhappy monarch who lost his head in the French Revolution.

This toy of mine is one of those which were sold in the streets of Paris during the reign of terror, and is perhaps

one of the most interesting historical relics of that nature in existence. My interesting inheritance led me to continue collecting toys of every description, and with this collection, I naturally started a library on the same subject. In practically every book there was some reference to marionettes, and one writer lamented the "decay of the marionette theater" and expressed the hope that some day an artist and an enthusiast would revive this lost art.

This I proceeded to do. Not satisfied now with the revival of the regular marionette, manipulated by strings, I decided to plunge into the revival of the shadowgraph marionette; and it was playing with these quaint figures which gave me the idea to substitute the little cardboard figures instead of using the tedious celluloid drawings usually employed in the making of animated cartoons for the films. I am able, in conjunction with Herbert Dawley, my associate in production, to average 100 feet a day, which ordinarily would represent 960 drawings in celluloid. It is naturally a very much cheaper process than anything hitherto employed.

For the benefit of those who wish to know "how it's done": the making of the shadowgraph begins with a
(Continued on page 114)



Sarg's marionettes as they look on the screen. This is one of the scenes from "The Tooth Carpenter," with a particularly agile marionette in the title role.

FROM DISHES

TO DRAMA!

Here is Helen Ferguson, who wasn't too proud to be a "hired girl" while she was waiting for a chance to be an actress.



She left high-school on examination day to sit on the extra bench at the Essanay studio, and couldn't graduate. But look at her now!

By
MARY WINSHIP



Photograph by Evans.

Above, a new portrait of the plucky little pioneer of this story. To the left and to the right, Helen Ferguson in two recent roles.



THE infancy of the motion picture is its oldest tradition. Without doubt this generation, which has watched and aided its infantile period, partakes either of the overwrought partisanship of a young mother or the hard-boiled injustice of the old maid next door.

Therefore, I almost wish that I might write the story of Helen Ferguson for some future time.

For it lacks the hectic, thrilling kick which we are apt to associate with movie queens. But it is the story above all others that I should like to think of people reading fifty years from now, and saying to each other, "So that is the way girls did in the movies when they first began! So that is how our first motion picture stars succeeded!"

Unlike most stories, it can and must be told simply, without embellishment or exaggeration.

First, let me show you something of the girl herself as I found her, in her new dressing room at the Lasky studio.

A brilliant criminal lawyer who saw her with me later that day, and whom I consider a genius at character reading, said, "A remarkable face. I'm not a picture fan and I don't know just who she is, but that girl strikes me as quite the most intelligent and forceful of the motion picture actresses I have seen."

Utterly clean and wholesome. Lovable, but humanly faulty, sweet but variable in mood. A flash of hot temper. A willingness to speak her own mind and opinion. Independent, proud, uncompromising. Warm understanding and charity, marred by some intolerance. A fighter with a sense of humor.

In looks, a veritable in-and-outer. Gorgeous eyes—they remind me of Marie Doro's. Beautiful bronze-seal-gold hair, naturally curly.

Six or seven years ago in Chicago, where her family had moved from Decatur, lived a little girl of sixteen, named Helen Ferguson. She lived with her mother and younger sister in an average middle western home.

She herself cannot explain the persistent call of the stage. It

was not exactly stage fever, certainly not the desire for fame or luxury. She had always dreamed of doing things—working, achieving. Business did not appeal to her. The screen did—vitality, at once.

Fate placed her in almost direct connection with one of the cradles of the industry, the Essanay studio in Chicago. She had to pass it every day on her way to high school. She decided then that she wanted to be a motion picture actress.

She was in the senior class at high school, but every morning on her way to school, and every evening on her way home, she stopped at the Essanay studio to ask for work. On Saturdays and holidays and in vacation, she would spend the whole day there, waiting on a bench with the others, for "a chance."

One morning when she arrived, the casting director told her she could work the next day. It nearly broke her heart, for the next day final examinations were to be held for graduation. She hesitated, breathless. Then she said she'd be at the studio ready to work at eight o'clock.

She loved school, and she asked her teacher if she could take her exams at twelve o'clock, for they had told her at the studio it would be only a few hours' work. She hoped to get through. But she didn't know the old-fashioned studio. Until four o'clock she sat around, thrilled, nervous, heart-sick all at once, and at four o'clock they took her, with a lot of other girls, up to the high-school grounds to make school scenes. The principal saw her, and she was not allowed to graduate.

For a year, she worked at Essanay. First extra, then bits, then leads. During that time, they used to fire her regularly, but she just wouldn't be fired.

Finally, it "took." One day she got her notice—emphatic and actual.

That night, she took her little black pocket-book from the bottom drawer of her bureau, where it lay hidden under the piles of winter underwear, and counted her money. She had one hundred and fifty dollars.

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Her beauty is spiritually satisfying and artistically amazing.

The GIRL *on the* COVER

A close-up of that illusive
young star, Lillian Gish

By DELIGHT EVANS

LILLIAN GISH has won contemporary immortality as the heroine of David Wark Griffith's best pictures. She is one of the symbols of the screen. Mary Pickford is eternal youth. Chaplin, comedy incarnate and incomparable. Fairbanks, athletic America. Hart, the West. And Lillian Gish—the Madonna of the Shadows. She is the fair, frail, persecuted child. The lovely, languorous lily. She is frail and sweetly sad and imposed upon. She has a

moonlight beauty; a soft and serious calm. She is the virgin queen of the screen.

Most of you believe that Lillian—like most lovely illusory things—just grew. That she has always drifted through things with the superb ease that she displays in her film close-ups. In fact, it may be that many of you decline to give her screen credit for her own fame, her unique and enviable position in the silversheet firmament.

It's Griffith's direction. Or it's a natural placidity easily photographed. Or it's a fragile prettiness. It's anything but Lillian Gish.

She is never seen in a bathing-suit or a riding habit; so that the conclusion is that she never swims and never rides. She is only seen sitting serenely among flowers: a cool, collected little blossom herself. Ethereal, aloof, and very beautiful—but hardly human.

You are entirely wrong. She swims and rides more accurately and joyously than many advertised athletes. But Mr. Griffith, like the late Charles Frohman, and the present David Belasco, does not believe in much publicity for his players. They must speak, or, in the case of Miss Gish of Griffith's, act for themselves.

So that, if you don't read what I am going to say, you will go right on believing Lillian Gish to be a very fair and beautiful Topsy. Topsy, you remember, (or do you?), was the dark diminutive principal in a certain American play, who just grew. Lillian is fair; and her beauty is spiritually satisfying and artistically amazing, but she is hardly a Topsy.

People watch Lillian in her exquisite costume as *Henriette* in "The Two Orphans," performing, in her consummately quiet way, for an insert; and later they say to her:

"Oh, Miss Gish—what fun you must have! Don't you just love your work?"

Lillian will smile her inscrutable little smile. "Yes—I love it."

And she does. But once she said to me:

"How wonderful it would be to forget your work for a little while. Forget it—and follow spring around the world.

"Acting is the most exacting work in the world. It takes all one's energy, absorbs ambition, and is intolerant of age. Lotta, the famous actress, now a little old lady, looked me up in

Boston while I was 'personally appearing' for 'Way Down East.' She said: 'My child, work hard now—and save your money. Then, when your public forgets you—in those long lean years when you are no longer young—you will have something to show for your work.'

She is one of the few celebrities who began when the movies did, who has very little today to show for her work. She has never, to use the *patois*, "cashed in" on her fame. As you and I rate good fortune, she is rich. But compared with the princely incomes of other screen stars, she is merely prosperous! She hasn't a mansion in Manhattan and another in Beverly Hills. She lives, very quietly, with her mother and her sister and her sister's husband in a house in New Rochelle, near New York. It isn't a palace; it's just a comfortable *home*. She has only one motor. Her own company, much to the surprise and sorrow of all the friends of the star, failed before it finished one picture. And yet—she has a dignity, a celebrity very much like Maude Adams, that cannot be expressed in money.

She says herself, in her quaint, old-fashioned way, "Perhaps it is all for the best. Too much money does queer things to people. You can never tell what it is going to do to you."

She is the best friend of Mary Pickford. Joseph Hergesheimer and Lillian Russell are two celebrities who, I strongly suspect, count her their favorite screen star. A European ambassador says she is the most interesting personage he has ever met, not excepting royalty and statesmen and singers. She is, more than any other actress, the favorite honor guest of women's clubs and colleges. She says she never knows what to say; but she has spoken to a roomful of alumnae of an eastern college for an hour—and left them wildly enthusiastic. And yet she wishes she had had a college education!

She has been on the stage ever since she was six. And she has worked ever since, with vacations of (Continued on page 118)



Lillian Gish as *Henriette* and Dorothy Gish as *Louise* in "The Two Orphans", D. W. Griffith's new photoplay. The Gish girls do the finest work of their careers.

Frank Diem

GREAT THOUGHTS of the MONTH

Brief criticisms, comments, remarks and observations from everywhere—a digest of thoughts about motion pictures.

THERE is no such thing, as some critics and film producers maintain, as a picture that is too good for the public.—*Cecil deMille.*

MY experience in the movies has been short, but it has been long enough to teach me one thing—that “art for art’s sake” does not, can not apply to the motion picture industry. Motion pictures come distinctly under the head of commercial art.—*George Arliss.*

SCREEN acting is so cold-blooded. There’s no inspiration. It’s mathematical. The acting is measured off in terms of footage.—*Nita Naldi.*

THE general “dry-rot” which has spread over everything has not spared the cinema. There are too many cinemas and not enough real directors.—*Pierre Veber.*

I LOVE daffodils. They are the national flower of Wales. Spring makes me crazy.—*Gareth Hughes.*

IF censorship is put in the hands of the so-called reformers, producers may as well give up right now the notion that they can produce anything sincere, artistic, beautiful, or creative.—*Harold Stearns.*

I LOVE colors. — *Molly Malone.*

I ADMIT that motion pictures, in 1921, were not all that they should have been. The lesson taught by the large squash pie that hit the comedian in the face was not so uplifting as it might have been.—*Ellis Parker Butler.*

THE artist’s mind seems to me to be better adapted for the telling of screen stories than the mind of the novelist.—*Maurice Tourneur.*

YOU put an ounce each of dried mint and dried sage, three ounces of dried angelica, half a pound of juniper berries and one pound of rosemary leaves in a jar, shaking them well together. When you come home dragging one foot after the other, too tired to think, if you just toss half a handful of that mixture of herbs into a moderately hot foot-bath and keep your feet in it for fifteen minutes—well, you’ll be a brand new person.—*Anita Stewart.*

I THINK it is the secret of American picture making success that the speaking stage has recruited into the ranks of the photo-drama so many of its longest trained people.—*Wyndham Standing.*

BEING happy is man’s birthright. . . . Get into the sunshine.—*Betty Compson.*

PHOTOPLAY making is more closely related to novel making than to play building.—*Benjamin B. Hampton.*

YOU can’t get me to chirp about art. I’m no artist. But I’m wild about my work. The picture we’re wrapping up now hasn’t been christened yet, but it sure has a wallop. It packs a twenty-four-carat punch. I have a part that starts out weak but winds up with a cocktail kick. I’ve been lucky in leading men, I think. Charlie Murray and Bill Hart and Norm Kerry and Jim Kirkwood—a good line-up, what? I’ll say so!—*Mary Thurman.*

THERE is a close affinity between sculpture and painting and the motion pictures. I believe the same principles of form and composition that govern the creation of a fine piece of sculpture apply to the production of an artistic photograph.—*Rex Ingram.*

I SHOULD like to do all the classics. . . . I think my appeal is largely to the more intellectual element.—*Lillian Gish.*

MR. GRIFFITH is so wonderful.—*Carol Dempster.*

THERE is a fast growing section of professional hypocrites in every country in the world, the members of which fasten like mosquitoes upon the amusements and relaxations of the public in order to provide themselves with salaries.—*Cosmo Hamilton.*

THE city is absolutely no place for dogs.—*Hope Hampton.*



A group of celebrated French motion picture actors, caricatured in the cinemas of Paris by Charles Gir.—*Le Sourire.*

FRENCH photoplays are much behind the times. They are inferior in photographic effects to either the American or Italian. French producers cannot keep up any high level of excellence or enthusiasm, but “tale off” before they reach the end.—*Maurice Elvey.*

THE progress of motion picture art is not to be found in sensational films that have cost “millions,” but in the expression of facts, sentiments and ideas which need neither subtleties nor elaborate explanations to make them understood.—*Maximilian Harden.*

IT is my belief that ninety-five per cent of the pictures made are distinctly bad and a large percentage of the remainder only fair.—*William deMille.*

I AM very glad that I am not an acrobat or a tight-rope walker.—*Alice Joyce.*

WOMEN are not living a natural life today. They are hungry for conquest. It is up to every woman to seek normality again. It is natural for women to have children. Of course, if you don’t have children, through no fault of yours, there’s simply no use mooning over it, but if you can—that makes it different.—*Catherine Calvert.*

LIFE seems so colorless when there is nothing doing.—*Lucy Fox.*

A stirring story about a young girl who fell in love with a murderer—

H O R I Z O N

A Photoplay Magazine
Contest Fiction Story
from the pen of one of
America's most popular
and versatile writers—

OCTAVUS
ROY
COHEN

Illustrated by
Frederic Dorr Steele



She sat alone, staring after the fishing party, and there played about her lips a little smile of ineffable happiness, a smile which begot tiny dimples at the corners.

THEY were singing as they shoved off from the landing at Horizon Island and headed for the big, tublike launch which rolled sluggishly at anchor a hundred yards offshore. Two of the men turned for a farewell wave of thanks toward the laughing-eyed girl who stood on the shore gazing after them, her free golden hair cascading about perfectly rounded neck and throat.

She stood motionless as they clambered aboard the launch, their hearty laughter wafted in snatches to her eager ears. And then she heard the violent chug-chug of the motor and caught a merrily chorused "Good bye!" and then more of song and laughter as the boat turned northward and ploughed through the placid swell in the general direction of Charleston.

She watched the boat until it became a dancing speck upon the waters. Slowly she turned and made her way through the narrow strip of jungle separating river and ocean. Then she seated herself on the sand and cupped dimpled chin in pink palms.

To the right and left of her stretched the broad, hard beach of Horizon Island. Behind her rose the squat dense jungle of palm and palmetto, myrtle and scrub oak, framing the splendidly new Horizon Island Lighthouse. It was a lonely spot—the mainland to the rear of the island, a mere greenish gray streak across the face of the tumbling waters. And before her eyes was the magnificent expanse of the Atlantic: dull green slashed by the deep blue of the Gulf Stream flowing steadily northward along the South Carolina coast.

She sat alone, staring after the fishing party, and there played about her lips a little smile of ineffable happiness, a smile which begot tiny dimples at the corners. And there she sat while the sun of late afternoon lost its brilliance and sank slowly behind the mainland, bathing Horizon Island in a radiance of exquisite gold and purple. It caught, too, in her hair and there took unto itself a new warm glow as of molten metal.

There was no sound save the plangent murmuring of the surf and the pleasant screaming of sea gulls as they dipped and rose above the seething surface of the ground swell. That and the gentle, almost soundless, rustling of the palm forest . . .

and the closing of a door in the lighthouse as Peter Merriam emerged.

Peter Merriam stood quietly before the gaunt, white building—and as his eye caught the figure of his daughter, the stern face became soft and gentle. He started toward her, treading softly, as though fearful of destroying a magic spell. And then he stood behind her; a straight, massive figure of a man with flowing iron-gray hair, broad shoulders and long, powerful arms which hung loosely at his sides.

For perhaps ten minutes the silence held; both father and daughter hypnotized by the witchery of sunset. This was their evening ritual on clear days, the charm of it always new—always fresh—despite his thirty years as keeper of the Horizon Island Light, and her brief lifetime in the jewel-like little world.

The gold faded into a deep rich purple, and he seated himself beside her on the sand, slipping his arm about her slender waist. She cuddled against him and sighed. It was then that he spoke.

"Are you happy, Little Girl?"

Her answer was low-toned, almost inaudible. "Who could help it?"

He brushed her crown of hair with his lips. Then he, too, sighed, for the entire life of this big man had not been spent on Horizon Island, and his fine eyes became momentarily clouded with memory of the pain and suffering he had once known before casting loose from the world that was now a mere black line miles away from their paradise.

It was to Horizon Island he had brought his bride, and upon

Horizon Island, that Doris had been born the night her mother died. The infant knew nothing of the solitary, grief-racked figure which conducted her funeral the following day. She only knew that the grave in which her mother lay was a thing of perfect beauty, a spot of reverently tended marvel flowers . . . a thing about which there was no sadness; only a mystic spell which she could not quite understand.

The nineteen years which had passed since that day of crowning misery in Peter Merriam's life had been years of swift-flowing happiness for the girl who was now budding into supreme womanhood. In all those years she had known no pain, no suffering, no trouble. A half dozen times she had gone with her father into the city of Charleston, but these voyages into the staid, stolid old town had been bright spots of happy adventure in her tranquil, sheltered life, expeditions preceded by eager anticipation, with later the exquisite fullness of realization. To her, Charleston was a mammoth place where countless people lived and which therefore was a metropolis of happiness. These little voyages of hers into urban life—such as it was—were scintillant spots in a monotone of placidity. She plunged into each with the zest of a city resident planning a picnic—and she was as glad to return.

SHE was not insufferable in her happiness, nor more than human. She did not go about prattling platitudes of happiness. She was happy because in all her life there had been no experience of a somber emotion. The picnickers who came fortnightly into her life came with smiles on their faces and laughter in their eyes: they were happy because they were picnicking—reveling in enjoyment. They anchored in the inlet at the northern end of the island, rowed ashore and bathed from the hard, white beach. And they played games and ran races and ate lunch in a natural little picnic grove of scrub oak and myrtle and cabbage palm. And always there was song and laughter and happiness . . . and in all her life Doris Merriam had known naught else.

Occasionally she glimpsed in the deep set eyes of her stalwart father an unfathomable light, a sudden flashing as of bitter reminiscence. But she did not understand and did not question. For, had he answered her questionings—which he would not have done—she could not have understood.

For nearly thirty years now he had been keeper of the Horizon Island Light which signalled ships away from the treacherous shifting sandbars of the Carolina coast. At first it had been a one-man station with a weak flickering light. But two years since the government had installed a modern stone lighthouse with steel stairway and steel flooring, and a snug little brick home had been built for Peter Merriam and his daughter, and she had qualified as his assistant and was now a government employee, just as was her father.

It was a fine, modern lighthouse that they manned together; a staunch little structure with its powerful carbon light flashing far out to sea; current furnished by a tiny powerhouse with a fifteen horsepower gasolene motor, 220-volt generator and a transformer which stepped up the current to a magnificent thing of eighteen hundred volts.

It was the great event of their lives, this building of a two-man light, and Doris's qualification as her father's assistant, and he drilled into her plastic mind the single immutable tenet of the Service—The light must burn.

Together they studied the plant until either knew all that there was to know about it from motor to arc, and never were they happier than in piloting interested visitors up the steel stairway to the glass-enclosed turret from which the light flared forth its message of safety and good cheer to the casuals of thesea.

So, for nineteen years she had lived; a song ever on her lips, laughter in her heart. And her father stubbornly refused to face the future—and her womanhood refused to face it—until decision was brought to him.

It was not that he was neglectful, but rather that he allowed himself to become blind to the inevitable. He was vaguely troubled as he visioned her magnificent maturity—troubled and inordinately proud. But when his forehead was most deeply creased by lines of worry—there came her carefree, innocent laughter to rob him of apprehension.

And so night came upon them—came slowly, caressingly. They rose and walked to their little home, his arm still about her waist. And before starting the little gasolene motor in the powerhouse he questioned her once again—



And so, Bill Walters, condemned murderer, donned the storm-coat of the to the door and Peter Merriam saw her creep into Bill's arms

"Is my little girl happy?"

"Very happy, Daddy . . ."

But there was a slight rising inflection to the answer; almost a query of self. And within her breast an indesignate yearning. . .

IT was done very suddenly and efficiently and later, when the official probe was made, the officer in charge of the prisoner was severely reprimanded but not otherwise punished.

According to the passengers, the trip toward Columbia was insufferably hot and the keeping of handcuffs upon the condemned murderer would have been inhuman. Besides, the deputy in charge of Bill Walters—alias Red Watson—was a large man physically and his captive was almost boyish of stature. And the deputy was armed.

It came quite unexpectedly while the train was crawling laboriously northward along the edge of Hell Hole swamp. The unfortunate passengers of the noisome day coach lay back panting in the musty plush seats, oblivious to droning insects and a veritable hail of cinders which swirled stingingly in through the open windows.

Outside was the dull gray landscape of stagnant water,

drooping oaks, rigid pines and an endless vista of crepe-like gray moss. Beyond the fringe of trees lay the unhealthy swamp region of southeastern South Carolina; a waste area criss-crossed by roads which are not roads and inhabited by shiftless, dilapidated negroes and poor white trash ravaged by malaria.

The deputy had removed coat and collar and the murderer silently extended his hands to show where the handcuffs had chafed the skin raw. It was then that the deputy removed the handcuffs, knowing that Bill Walters could not escape.



lighthouse keeper and started upon his mission. The girl accompanied him and kiss him upon the mouth. Then . . . "Goodbye, Bill!"

The thing was impossible. But it happened!

There was a leap through the open window into the fast-gathering dusk, an oath from the deputy, a spitting of revolver shots toward the figure which pitched to the roadbed of cinders, fell, somersaulted, then darted swiftly through the muck and mire to disappear in the swamp.

The passengers were aroused from their lethargy. The conductor pulled the bell cord and stopped the train. The deputy, cursing loudly, leaped boldly in futile pursuit. Sickly, hot children screamed with terror at sound of the shooting and clung stickily to their parents. Men speculated profanely upon the outcome of the chase and prophesied that the law would either refasten its clutches upon the fugitive or else that the murderer would succumb to the diseases hanging ever in the miasma which hovers over Hell Hole swamp.

And then the train moved on toward Columbia whither Bill Walters had been bound. There, according to the sentence of the court, he was shortly to have been electrocuted for a murder unusually revolting. There was no question of his guilt; white man though he was, the jury had brought in a verdict of guilty in less than twenty minutes—and white men are not sentenced to death in South Carolina for ordinary

murders. The one committed by him had been unspeakable.

Bill Walters moved swiftly once within the shelter of the swamp. He struck straight eastward, exulting over the miracle which had protected him from the vicious bullets of the deputy. Nor did he allow himself to become panicky. His life was already forfeit: therefore he planned coolly and collectedly to cheat the State of its due.

The swamp was not an unknown region to him. He had hunted through this vast wasteland many times, and he knew just what course afforded him the best chance of making good his escape. The fall from the train had bruised him considerably, but bruises meant little then—and he held to his course, avoiding houses until night settled dankly over the swamp. It was then that he came upon a corduroy roadbed and allowed himself to follow it, ears alert, himself untroubled by fear.

Most of that night he travelled, snatching a few hours sleep in the shelter of a large oak tree which grew upon a knoll rising tomblike from the surrounding wetness. And then in the morning he continued his careful, tortuous journey eastward. And hunger came upon him and gnawed—and that night he went into a little country store, after first making himself presentable. There he asked the wizened old storekeeper to show him a shotgun and some shells. And when two shells were in the barrels he demanded food from the storekeeper—and when he left the store he had food—plenty of it—and another human life had been added to the accounting which he owed to God and the State.

SO he made his way toward the coast, veering southward as he travelled, circling the city of Charleston. With the money secured from the store of his last victim he purchased food along the route. Nor did specters of his crimes come to haunt him during that horrible, treacherous journey. He was a man utterly devoid of human emotion. There was no fear within him. He was vicious as a water moccasin, and as fearless and venomous. With it all he had the face of an innocent youth: guileless: rather handsome. Only in his eyes there was a hardness, a mercilessness, which was less than human. He had no conscience.

On the shore of the Ashley River, a few miles above Charleston, he stole a fishing boat and in it sailed southward into the maze of islands dotting the coast. And it was in that boat that he came eventually to Horizon Island and went straight to Peter Merriam, keeper of the light.

"My name is Rogers," he lied, meeting Merriam's eyes squarely and forcing the old man to like him. "The doctor told me I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and that

I need a few weeks of fishing and complete rest. May I stay here with you?"

Peter Merriam choked down as unworthy a faint premonition of disaster. The man who called himself Rogers was a likeable lad; a bit unkempt after a day and a half in his stolen fishing boat, but nevertheless a clean-looking boy. Peter Merriam called himself an old fool as he gave the boy his hand and invited him to make his home at the lighthouse.

Bill Walters demurred. He had no intention, he protested, of intruding to that extent. He merely wanted permission to loaf about the beach, to seek the shelter of the home adjoining the lighthouse in inclement weather, and to eat his meals there.

But the lonely soul of Peter Merriam yearned for company—although he himself did not know it—and, too, he was naturally hospitable, so he forced the young man to accept the shelter of his home.

And Peter Merriam introduced the murderer to his daughter. Peter Merriam did not, at first, recognize the menace of such an association of youth. Somehow, the old man had never sensed the fact that Doris was grown to womanhood and that nature had brought to her a woman's emotions. And so,



And so there came to Doris the one sorrow of her life—the superb grief which comes to women whose men are killed in battle.

for more than a week he watched them playing together about the beach, laughing, happy, carefree—she never having known trouble and suffering, he utterly unaffected by it.

He came to like the young man, and did not notice that his visitor seldom spoke of himself. He knew vaguely that the man who called himself Rogers was a business man from the North . . . and he refused to question impertinently. There were times, however, when the visitor fancied that he was unobserved that there flamed in his eyes a light which troubled the father of the girl who had grown to rich womanhood. And as the days passed it grew more and more difficult for him to throw aside the sensation of menace.

As for Doris Merriam, with the advent of the man called Rogers and the ripening of their friendship, there came to her a new rounding out of character. Here, for the first time in her life, she was daily in the society of some person other than her father. The persons who visited Horizon Island on fishing trips were but casuals of the day. Here was something different . . . and Doris was slowly beginning to understand that, perfect as her life on the island had always been, it lacked something—something stronger even than contentment.

Hers was no process of sophistication. She did not understand the exaltation which alternately brought to her happiness of a quality she had never before known and a pensiveness deliciously doubtful. She did not understand that she was undergoing the phenomenon of love and that the great alchemy of the universe was at work upon her. She only knew that here was something different, something ineffably sweeter than anything she had ever before experienced in a life of free, sheltered contentment.

And gradually the murderer came to realize that this beautiful girl had fallen in love with him. That was the signal for

his awakening interest in her. Before, she merely had amused him, but he was a virile male animal and no man can remain impervious to a woman's adoration. And so he altered his attitude toward her, recking not of the effect upon her life, throwing aside all thought of the cloud over his own. He became the deferential cavalier, paid adept court to Doris. He was quick of tongue with pretty compliments, and Peter Merriam, watching with deep-set, hawklike eyes, saw—and tried not to understand.

He attempted to blind himself to the fact that his daughter was succumbing to the inexorable law of nature and of sex. And so he was brought up with a start the day he rounded a sand dune and saw Doris in the arms of the man who called himself Rogers, her lips on his in the first love kiss of her life.

PETER Merriam turned slowly away. Far down the beach he walked, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. Faced by facts, he was too much of a man to give way to bald theories. He faced the conditions squarely, despite realization that it meant years of utter loneliness for him bereft of his daughter's society. . . .

That night he called Doris to him, and together they walked upon the beach. And then she told him frankly of the glory which had come into her life, and he stroked her shoulder and lightly kissed her golden hair. He spoke without looking at her, a mist of tears dimming the radiance of the silver moonpath which danced over the waters.

"Of course it had to come,

dear. I'm very glad—for your sake."

She gave way to no mock emotion. "I'm happier than ever before in my life, Daddy. Not happier—but happy in a different sort of way. It's something new—"

"Of course, Doris. Of course it would be that way." He paused—then, awkwardly: "You want very much to marry him?"

He could feel her cheek grow hot against his. "Yes, Daddy—I want that more than anything in the world."

That was all. No senseless talk of the inevitability of separation, no absurd wishing for an island Utopia which both knew could never be. Here was the mating call, and father and daughter knew that it could not be denied.

Back in the cozy little home adjoining the lighthouse, Bill Walters nervously paced the living room. He had talked blithely of marriage. He was afraid now that Peter Merriam would object—would force him to leave Horizon Island, and the little jewel-spot afforded him perfect sanctuary. That would be unpleasant; particularly so as he knew that he could not leave. Of course if the old man proved tractable and gave his consent to their engagement, he'd go through with it—even a marriage if necessary—and then, when opportunity for flight offered, he'd leave. The fact that he would wreck the life of Doris Merriam did not occur to him, nor would it have bothered had he thought of it. He thought only of himself . . . Doris was but a passing incident in his life—here today and gone tomorrow. But—and his fists clenched and the flare of the water moccasin came into his narrowed eyes—Peter Merriam had better not try to force his departure. He had no intention of leaving . . .

He was smiling with simulated affection when father and daughter returned. And he clasped (Continued on page 115)

Only Their Hus- bands!

Naomi Childers

Luther A. Reed—celebrated scenario writer and playwright, in private life Mr. Naomi Childers. Mrs. Reed is a Goldwyn star.



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WE were ungentlemanly enough not to want any ladies on this page. It is seldom, heaven knows, that the husbands have their innings, and we had hoped that—just on this one little page—they might have everything their own way. But James Regan, Jr., wouldn't have his picture taken unless Mrs. Regan could be in it too. Since she's Alice Joyce and one of our favorite stars, we don't mind.

*Alice Joyce
Mrs. Regan
James Regan, Jr.*

For a while, John Pialoglo was the most cordially hated man in America. Didn't he marry Constance Talmadge?

Fach Bros.



Hartzook

Charles Eyton is better known as the very efficient and popular general manager of Paramount's west-coast studios than as the husband of Kathlyn Williams.



Anita Stewart
Rudolph—better known as Rudie Cameron, didn't have any picture of himself without Anita Stewart in it; but since Anita's features are so much more famous, we cruelly cut her out. He is Anita's erstwhile leading man, present business manager and—husband.

At the right: Joseph M. Schenck, whose business it is to produce the Norma Talmadge pictures. Mr. Schenck's interest is also personal. He's Norma's husband, you know.



NEW FACES FOR OLD

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

President of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation



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Samuel Goldwyn

Man survives only because of his restlessness, his boredom with the old, his desire for far away things which have never before been achieved. The motion picture is one of the significant results of his weariness with a world which had no motion pictures.

The Chinese, who claim to have invented everything long before the Western World began to experiment with the elements, have no record of motion pictures. The scientific laws through which they were conceived were known, it is true, as early as 65 A. D., but all in all, the motion picture can claim to be an authentically original expression of this age. It is not old; it is new. It is not mummified, it is alive. And the great question before those men to whom destiny has tendered the responsibility of this contemporary of radium and Relativity is how to keep it alive.

This responsibility presents problems which are at once immediate and a hundred years away. The latter problem is largely technical, and I shall not go into it. A hundred laboratories are working constantly to perfect the mechanical devices which make possible the motion picture; and there are no doubt numberless individuals, working in obscurity, who will realize, here and there, new principles and machines which will bring the medium of the screen to new levels.

Nothing can live permanently which has nothing permanent to live for. People talk of progress in Life as if it were a hope, instead of a

HAVING been a constant enthusiast for motion pictures since the first day when printed celluloid cast its shadow on the screen, I am in a position to state that what are needed most today in the photoplay are New Faces.

There are great actors and actresses in the pictures. But because of the number of pictures in which they appear and because of the general tendency of casting directors to choose characters whose features are just "regular," it has become apparent that a new generation of motion picture artists is desired.

necessity. I do not pretend to think that everything was done which might have been done for the progress of the motion picture in the earliest days. But the thing was new and bewildering to everyone. It had, however, capacities within itself which overran the limitations of producers, theater-owners, and audiences of the time. For some years there was a sort of truce while the art-industry stopped and caught its breath and while various personalities engaged the attention of the public to the exclusion of more fundamental values of story and plot. Stars began to shine luminously in that shadow world—and then to pale, with a few splendid exceptions—Charlie Chaplin, and Mary Pickford, for example; and the eminent director-producer, David Wark Griffith. There were, of course, others, also.

A change was inevitable, and it came when the public showed a desire for something different. I pride myself to a certain extent that I was one of the first to realize this change and attempt to direct its course—when, with Rex Beach, I founded the Eminent Authors, with a premise that the author was to co-operate in the screening of his themes and not to contemptuously "sell it to the movies."

This idea has now largely been accepted and writers of recognized talent, and even genius, brought to the understanding that motion pictures have a technique of their own and require original stories and direct treatment. Rupert Hughes, for instance, writes a tale for the screen; writes his own continuity, participates on the lot in its production; takes a hand in the cutting, and writes his own titles. There are others—Gouverneur Morris, Mary Roberts Rinehart.

We have the new screen Author. But have we any equivalent on the screen? Have we "the new screen actor—and actress?" To a large extent, we have not—and that is what the screen needs most at the present moment—*New Faces!*

There has been a tendency to develop types—the hero, the heroine, the villain, the ingenue, the juvenile—and then to limit players to a certain style of expression. Broad classifications are, of course, necessary, but they should be those of life, not the artificial restrictions of the studio.

Just as many producers have tended to follow a set groove in the development of their stories, so they have come to turn actors out of the same mould, all nicely labeled and ready to do a certain bit of work precisely as it has been done one hundred times before. If a player happens to make a hit in a mother role, or as an Italian fruit peddler, or a smirking Chinaman, producers immediately look around for more parts of a similar nature for him to develop, instead of giving him an opportunity in other parts.

We all agree that the hope

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE realizes the importance of the issue Mr. Goldwyn crystallizes in this article, and considers it a privilege to co-operate with him in his sincere effort to bring new faces to the screen just as he has brought eminent authors.

Rupert Hughes has written a remarkable article on a similar theme for the next issue of PHOTOPLAY, to be followed with one by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

At the conclusion of this series of three articles there will be presented a practical method of finding new faces in which the readers of this magazine will be asked to assist.

of the screen is to draw closer to a true portrayal of life. Most of our stories cover an extensive period of time, not one or two episodes as is frequently the case with stage plays. The intention is to give a comprehensive view of what happens to the characters during months or years.

Now men and women are quite likely to manifest a number of varying traits and emotions during any given day, let alone any month or year. The villain is not always a villain, the heroine is not always gazing at the moon, the hero sometimes forgets to look aggressively masculine, and even the ingenue may realize that life is not all made up of new frocks and smiles.

The new artists of the screen, then, must be actors and actresses who are not definitely typed according to studio standards, but whose emotional repertoire is sufficiently versatile to meet the contrasting phases of character encountered in one and the same person.

Taking recent records as a basis, I should judge that there are approximately one thousand persons in this country who may be called motion picture players. But a small percentage of this number are drawn upon regularly to fill the important roles in our productions. Any regular picture-goer becomes as accustomed to certain faces on the screen as in the old stock company days when each picture was made by the same group of players.

Theodore Roberts and his inevitable cigar, Stuart Holmes in the role of a suave villain, or Jack Holt; these and many others are old friends of the habitual picture patron. And they are well liked. I do not want to discount their well deserved popularity; but would they be any less popular if permitted to give a fuller display of their talents?

The element of surprise is important in characterization as it is in story development, and when an audience becomes too familiar with the mannerisms of a player through constant repetition, it is time to give the player a chance to reveal new phases of his art.

There is a good deal of silly talk about "Pleasing the Public." On the one hand we have the critic who forgets that the motion picture is preeminently a popular entertainment and on the other hand we have the idiot who forgets that the attempt to supply that entertainment by following formulas will disgust the public and justify the critic. The Public wants happy endings; very well, then, let us have happy endings, the idiot reasons, while the critic howls. But the Public will not want happy endings if every picture ends happily; suspense would be killed, and suspense is as much the lifeblood of a photoplay as of a play. The majority of pictures should have happy endings, under existing conditions; but no producer of sense would turn down a valuable story because its value lay in an unhappy ending.

I say this sincerely; because I believe that the demands of audiences and the efforts of art are not always in conflict,—indeed Art at its highest will find a response from the greatest numbers. It is that belief which makes me think that the Public is usually justified in its attitude towards old stuff. It is that which makes me believe that at the present moment the Public, as well as the future of the screen, needs New Faces.

In attending stage plays you are constantly met with thespians whose performances interest you and whose names are practically unknown. You are met with actors and actresses whom you know and delight in, but they are not usually surrounded by others whose manners, voices, and tricks are all known to you. You do not see these same people night after night, so that even plots and stories which are different become much the same, because they constantly receive the same interpretation. But you are likely to see these very things at the

THE SIMP INGENUE

ONE of the types of stars who have worn out their welcome on the screen. She and some of her sisters can add a lot of tone to the silversheet by their absence, says Mr. Goldwyn in his article "New Faces for Old."

Drawn by
Ralph Barton



motion picture theater around the corner. You are likely to become a little weary of them. Perhaps you have! But do not believe that this situation is going to last. It isn't. However blindly and perfunctorily, a solution is always waiting to be found.

I believe that solution will be found in new faces—in people who have never before stood the fierce test of the all-recording camera. We have to develop a great many more new and capable actors for the films—for the lack of variety in casts today is simply because certain individuals have proven themselves so capable in certain roles that the natural procedure is to hire them to repeat their performance for role after role. Changing this situation will result in more than one way—it will give actors a far greater range of expression.

When I have a belief, I go to it, and I am catholic in my use of instruments. I have, as a consequence, adopted the methods of organized baseball in my drive for New Faces. I have hired an experienced casting director to do nothing but travel the country looking for human material for Goldwyn pictures. My scout happens to be a woman, and she will probably see more performances during the coming year by more stock companies throughout the United States than any other man, woman or child.

It is likely that she will find most of her finds in those stock companies. But she will not by any means restrict her efforts in that direction. Every person who looks as if he or she may have a "camera face"—and this (Continued on page 97)

The Story of Strongheart

If you ever had a dog—
if you ever loved a dog—
you must read this story

THIS is the story of a dog named Strongheart. He was called Etzel, first. He was a German dog. He served nobly in the German Red Cross. But now—his master is an American and he is learning to understand English; and his new name is Strongheart.

And now he takes his place among the premier dogs of the screen: Sennett's Teddy, and Universal's Brownie. But Etzel is a dramatic dog; an emotional actor. While the other screen canines appear only in comedy, Strongheart is making a drama. And so his position is entirely unique.

After the war, Etzel, who was three years old, was sent to America to be



Strongheart is not "camera-shy." At the left, with Larry Trimble, who "discovered" the dog actor.



sold. Larry Trimble, the motion picture director, loves dogs; and he happened to see Etzel, and recognized in him a potential dog star. He persuaded Mrs. Jane Murfin, who writes the stories for his pictures, to buy the dog. So Etzel, renamed Strongheart, went to live with Mrs. Murfin in her luxurious apartment; and he apparently liked the place and his mistress. He enjoyed too the many times when Larry Trimble came and took him for long walks. Larry told him he was going to act in motion pictures and began to train him for it.

Visitors were always introduced to Etzel. He did not care for petting. One day when Etzel came in there was a lady lying on the couch. The dog, true to his Red Cross training, rushed up to see what he could do for her. He tried to get Mr. Trimble and Mrs. Murfin to take her up, until they explained that everything was all right; then he was satisfied. But he did not take his eyes away from her as long as she stayed there.

Another day Mr. Trimble playfully pushed Mrs. Murfin away by the shoulders. True to the instincts of a gentleman, Etzel took the man's coat in his teeth and pulled him off.

And as time went on the dog began to understand English and all that was said to him. They never tried to teach him tricks. They talked to him always in a low tone of voice until at last they had won the dog's complete confidence.

"Etzel"—Mr. Trimble still calls him by that name, though he has been renamed "Strongheart"—"you know you can trust me. I will never ask you to do anything that isn't all right. I promise you that. Whatever I ask you to do, I will protect you. In return you must promise complete (Continued on page 97)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE Editor of PHOTOPLAY was reading his mail. He came across a letter which said: "I don't care how many pictures you print, you can never have enough of Mary Pickford." Of the thousand pictures she has had, this is Mary's favorite.

Mary Pickford

JUST MRS. CHARLES BRYANT HERE



THAT'S the way it is in the telephone book. It's when she's in the studio and on the screen that she is Madame Alla Nazimova. These are the first pictures of the celebrated Russian ever made in her home, as Madame—or Mrs. Bryant—doesn't believe in personal publicity. Anyway, when she isn't writing, directing; cutting, titling and acting in her own pictures, this is where she lives with Mr. Bryant and Daisy and Mike. You see the latter two above—both blue-ribboned wire-haired terriers.



Rice Photos



WHEN you see a star photographed in her library, it doesn't mean much to you, does it? But Nazimova—we simply cannot keep calling her Mrs. Bryant—has an exceptionally fine collection of books: first editions and rare bindings and all that. The remarkable thing about these books is that they are very often read. Below, the kind of a car you'd expect of her. The initials on the door are C. B. Nazimova will probably be seen on the stage again soon.



JACK HOLT is one screen star who really has a private life. He forgets he is an actor when he closes his dressing-room door for the day. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Holt, there are three little Hols. The middle-sized one you see here: Jack Junior.

Jack Holt + Jack Holt - 72



Victor Georg

THERE is never a difference of opinion about Richard Barthelmess—except in the pronunciation of his last name. Everybody is glad that he has his own company; and everybody is waiting for the first picture in which he is really a star.

Richard Barthelmess

Olga Petrova

PETROVA'S PAGE

Bull fights, prize fights and motion pictures—a discussion by America's most versatile actress, now on Photoplay's staff.



JEANETTE CHERIE:

Your letter yesterday filled me with remorse. I have nothing to say in extenuation. You are perfectly right when you say that I am an execrable correspondent.

I am.

It is also perfectly true that I promised to answer your letter of last March. I did promise. But Jeanette cherie, do me the justice to remember that I didn't bind myself as to the date when that feat should be accomplished.

You know of course that I have only just returned from France and Spain; particularly Spain. I was there once before, long ago, when I was still in the leggy stage. But! Oh! How different the impression of it is to me now, in comparison with what it was then.

However, I'm not going to talk of Spain just at this minute. There are other things first.

For instance—I must explain why my long-belated missive comes to you in such bulky form and with a six-cent stamp instead of in one of my own neat little envelopes ornamented with one of the excruciatingly ugly pink ones issued by the government at two. The reason is this, Jeanette—and I bow my head in shame.

You are not the only person to whom I owe a letter and last night as I viewed a pile of correspondence a brilliant idea occurred to me.

Yesterday afternoon I had quite a conversation with Mr. Quirk. (By the way it seems that everybody calls him "Jimmy" but me.) We shook hands on a promise that I would write one thousand words per month for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and that he (Mr. Quirk) would pay me a certain number of shining coin of the realm for so doing.

The gist of the conversation, I would not have you think, was solely of such practical things as numbers of words, and numbers of coins. Oh, no! We talked of everything else in the world as well; from the proverbial shoes to the proverbial kings, in fact. We divided at least fifteen minutes between Andrejeff's "Sabine" ladies and pig's knuckles. Mr. Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan*, came in while we were deep in argument. I decided in favor of the Sabines and pig's knuckles. Mr. Quirk decided against both. Mr. Long said he would reserve decision. As far as the pig's knuckles go I have promised to cook some for him myself, according to my own formula. He will be converted.

However, the real basis of the conversation consisted chiefly in discussing what the thousand words per month should be about. You will agree that the field is vast. Mr. Quirk would have dismissed the matter altogether with an airy wave of the hand. "Write whatever you like," he told me, genially. "Only don't get us into court for libel."

Now Jeanette cherie, imagine such an intimation to an ex-reporter of a London daily. It seems to me, after having pe-

used the columns of the *Tribune* and the *American* for the past few years, that in America there is so such thing as libel; whereas in England one must be careful not to even mention that Mrs. Jones' hair is pink this year, while in the autumn it was blue, even if the statement be true.

However, I assured my editor that I would be careful, very, very careful, and that I would not comment on Mrs. Jones at all, if, in the interest of truth, I found I could not mention her, without her hair. But limiting one only in so far as libel is concerned is no limit at all.

Imagine "writing what you like as long as you don't get into court!"

It's easy enough to write reams on any given subject, say clams or even mussels; but when one has no limit, the task assumes gigantic proportions. It's enough to make the perspiration take every vestige of marcel out of one's hair.

Well, we talked and talked until six-thirty. Then I remembered I had to go home, and I was still at sea as to what to do with my thousand words.

The last night after dinner I "took my pen in hand" to answer one of your numerous notes, the one dated March 6th in particular.

It was then that the brilliant idea came to me:

Why not answer your letter in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and thereby kill three birds with one stone, as it were!

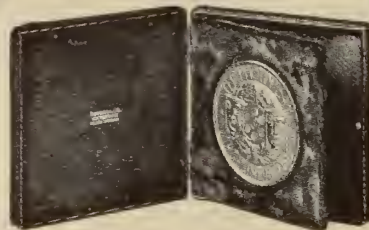
First your letter would really be answered, telling you of "all my thoughts and doings" (well, not quite all) as you have asked so many times and again. Second, by answering you in this fashion, I should be answering similar requests from the other of my so few intimates at the same time, and last, I should be complying with Mr. Quirk's suggestion to "Write what I like." Now you understand why your letter comes to you encased in interesting pages covered with the thoughts of other people.

Now to begin. You want me to tell you all about Spain. Jeanette cherie, I was there only eight weeks, so I am obliged to tell you that I don't know a great deal about it. I've always envied those people that could spend a week or two in a strange land, and then write (with authority) books on the subject. I can only tell you of things that I actually saw and impressions that I really felt. Of the last, you will be surprised to know that greater than the impression of the color and the odor of Spain upon my consciousness, (Continued on page 90)

THE WINNER OF THE PHOTO-



Photographic facsimile of the Gold Medal which readers of PHOTOPLAY awarded, by popular vote, to the producer of "Humoresque." This medal was executed by Tiffany and Co., of New York.



THE public has made its decision. PHOTOPLAY's thousands have voted. And the Medal of Honor for the greatest picture of the year 1920 will be presented to the Producer of "Humoresque."

You remember when the Gold Medal Contest was announced, we gave the qualifications for a great picture. They were: theme, story, direction, acting, continuity, setting, and photography. Combined they make a masterpiece of the screen.

You, the two million readers of this Magazine, constitute the jury for the awarding of film-dom's Croix de Guerre. You are the judges. The photoplay is by, of, and for the people. It was up to you.

We think you have made a wise selection in "Humoresque."

This picture is truly great. It is an artistic achievement and a popular triumph. Its theme, the universality of motherhood. Its direction, worthy of the beautiful theme. Its acting, exceptional. Its settings, extraordinary. Its continuity, smooth and faithful. Its photography, clear and fine.

To William Randolph Hearst of "Cosmopolitan Productions," the producer of "Humoresque," is awarded the first Medal of Honor: the first presentation of a lasting tribute of significance and artistic value. The Medal goes to the producer because no picture can be greater than its producer. It takes the producer's faith, foresightedness, money and appreciation to make a great picture. Mr. Hearst believed in Fannie Hurst's great short story, which appeared in *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. He believed in Frank Borzage. He brought these two together. The result has been seen, wept over and applauded by nearly everyone in the world.

The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor, outside of its importance as an award, is itself a beautiful thing, worthy of such a cause. Executed by Tiffany

and Company, of New York, it is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweight, and is two and a half inches in diameter.

The inscription on the obverse reads: *The Photoplay Magazine Medal*. On the reverse, *Presented to Cosmopolitan Productions by Photoplay Magazine for the production Humoresque, the best photoplay of the year 1920*.

There were many votes for many worthy photoplays. But the overwhelming vote for "Humoresque" attested the popularity and appreciation of this great drama. The fact that its chief characters were Jewish made no difference to the voters. They recognized that it was really not of any race or any religion; it was universal in its appeal.

Moving Pictures

By Alice M. Smith

"THE moving picture of the year!"

We doubt the verdict and inveigh
The judgment of our friends. We fear
To see another sex-display—
Revolting lust—that will dismay
The virtuous and gentle maid
And soil her mind. We shudder, aye,
Because we know such plays degrade.

"A movie star!" When featured here,
Are we to see a vulgar play;
A clownish lout, who must appear
And flapstick comedy portray?
Is he a cowboy wild and gay,
Who outlaws quells, and scorns the jade?
Will he from paths of virtue stray,
Reform, and lead the vice-crusade?

Why not depict something sincere
Of life? Give us a broad survey
Of high romance, with love and cheer;
Inspire the good and show the way
To noble thoughts and deeds; thus sway
The audience: make folks afraid
To do the wrong, or love betray.
Why not make truth and art monade?

Oh, wonder-world of make-believe
And royal stars of prism and screen,
We ask for beauty; may you leave
Us love and hope and faith serene.

THERE is no greater theme than that of "Humoresque." We have had the love of man for woman, told over and again on the screen. And it has sometimes, as in "The Miracle Man," which incidentally would have stood an excellent chance for winning the Gold Medal had it not been a 1919 release, been told in a marvellous manner. But mother-love is greater than all of these. And "Humoresque" told a story about it.

When Fannie Hurst first wrote it, when it first appeared in *Cosmopolitan*, millions read it. But when Hearst made it, with the assistance of his most brilliant helpers, many more millions saw and loved it.

With the tremendous response to its first Medal of Honor contest, PHOTOPLAY is already planning for the contest of 1921 photoplays. This contest will not be open until six months after the close of 1921, by which time pictures released during the latter part of the year may be seen and have an equal chance with the early releases of the year.

In conclusion, PHOTOPLAY wishes to congratulate *Cosmopolitan Productions* and all those concerned in the making of the banner (Continued on page 113)

PLAY MEDAL OF HONOR



A celebrated writer who wrote the original story of "Humoresque" for *Cosmopolitan Magazine*: Miss Fannie Hurst.



To William Randolph Hearst of Cosmopolitan Productions PHOTO-PLAY'S readers award the Medal of Honor.



Frank Borzage, who directed "Humoresque," is now established as one of the screen's great directors.



Adolph Zukor: the president of Famous-Players Lasky (Paramount), the company which released and distributed "Humoresque" to all parts of the world.



Her continuity for the famous photoplay added to the fame of Frances Marion.



Joseph Urban, of Ziegfeld Follies fame, was responsible for the scenic artistry.



Last, but by no means least: Gilbert Warrenton, the man at the camera.

Below: one of the soul-stirring scenes from the greatest photoplay of 1920; enacted by Vera Gordon, as the mother, and Gaston Glass, as the soldier son. This picture was the forerunner of all the "mother" films, and the greatest.



Scene at the left: Dore Davidson as the father and Vera Gordon as the mother. Both players do marvellous work. It made Mrs. Gordon a star.

Below: When the son discovers he can play the violin again. The picture had a "happy ending," and it was better so, for the world needs the optimism pervading this masterpiece.





Pach

CONSTANCE TALMADGE AND HER MOTHER

IF you like Constance Talmadge—and there is, so far as we know, only one person who doesn't: the same woman who doesn't like Charlie Chaplin—you will want to see the person who is directly responsible for her—for her charm, her success, her wit. Her mother, "Peg," as her daughters, Norma, Constance and Natalie, call her, is a great-hearted woman, a capable business executive, and an astute manager. Here is a new portrait of her. The little girl? Oh, she's Mrs. Talmadge's youngest daughter.

Constance Talmadge & Margaret Talmadge



Some of the famous stars of today were just as famous yesterday. Mabel Taliaferro was one of the most celebrated "stage children". Here she is, at the age of eight.

The well-known actor and moving picture director, Richard Bennett. When this photograph was taken, he had no thoughts of future fame.

Richard Bennett

NOT SO LONG AGO

Perhaps the most beloved little actress of audiences of ten years ago was Mary Miles Minter. As Juliet Shelby, she played the title role in "The Littlest Rebel" with the Farnum brothers.



When she was in her early teens, Viola Dana created "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and her press-notices were just as enthusiastic then as they are today. You remember Mary Pickford played the part on the screen.



Viola Dana



ONE ARABIAN NIGHT—First National

THIS is a most interesting picture, but it cannot honestly be as well recommended as the other products of the German producer, Ernest Lubitsch. It is decidedly continental. From the title one would expect a veritable Arabian Nights entertainment—glamorous, opulent, enchanting. It is not. The settings may be realistic, but, with few exceptions, they are neither artistic nor beautiful. The “love interest” is provided by Pola Negri, who plays the desert dancer, whom the Sheik covets and claims. There is the hunchback, who loves the dancer, and he provides the chief comic motif, as well as the tragic. Lubitsch himself plays the hunchback, and gives an extraordinarily splendid performance. Negri is her usual glowing, gorgeous, theatrical self. The National Board of Review deserves much credit and a Yale yell for being daring enough and human enough to show this picture under its own auspices and endorsing it. See this, if you are not afraid of the original and daring—but leave the children home.

The SHADOW STAGE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A review of the new pictures



LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—United Artists

MARY PICKFORD'S best picture, and one of the most beautiful things ever filmed. The children's classic story has become a classic of the screen, and it is entirely fitting that “Our Mary” should immortalize it. It is the sweetest, the most delightful of all her performances; she plays *Dearest*, the mother, and *Cedric Errol*, the Little Lord, in the greatest double exposure scenes ever made. Cameraman Charles Rosher has done many wonderful things in his long career as Little Mary's photographer, but this is his most notable work. The film at first drags, but this is more than made up for in the later scenes, which are dramatic and pathetic and charming and funny. We take issue with the self-appointed critics who write that Mary is not a good *Little Lord*; that she is always Mary Pickford, hardly a little boy. To our mind, she is perfect in the part. Her diminutive little velvet-clad figure, her swaggering walk, her boyish mannerisms all evidence her great art. Her *Dearest* is one of the screen's loveliest portraits. All the pathos and the beauty of motherhood are masterfully painted. The direction, by Alfred Green and Jack Pickford, is consistent, but we suspect that Mary, more than anyone else, is responsible for this picture. Claude Gillingwater gives the best performance of any actor's this year, as the grouchy, gouty *Earl of Dorincourt*, whom *Cedric* teaches to smile. His scenes with the star are touching, and she generously made him her co-star in them. Take the children—take the whole family!



“I DO”—Rolin-Pathé

A COMEDY so often insinuates itself upon you, with its momentary slapstick ingratiations, that you write things you do not mean in the later analysis. In this case everything we thought first is true. It's a corking thing, this little picture. It is not slapstick; it is very human. Lloyd never does things that you or I would not do. Things happen to him with more celerity than they do with us, that is all. Here he is a young married man with that little blonde peach, Mildred Davis, as his wife. A relative leaves his two darling little children in their care—and then the fun begins. You can believe every bit of it, unless you are so old and so soured that you have forgotten all the funny things that ever happened to you when you were Harold Lloyd's age. Lloyd is—always excepting Mr. Chaplin, who is an immortal—our most believable comedian.



ROOM AND BOARD—Realart

CONSTANCE BINNEY'S latest effort will not break any box-office records, nor will it revolutionize the movie industry, but it is a nice little romance and will undoubtedly please. The scenes are Irish and the story is all about an aristocratic colleen who rents her castle to a handsome American millionaire. As the colleen, Constance binneys to everybody's entire satisfaction.

picth
Alla pe
Rudolph Valen



THE MATRIMONIAL WEB—Vitagraph

A WELL spun web, with Alice Calhoun embarked upon an adventure filled with surprises and suspense. A novel introduction arouses interest which is not allowed to lessen. It's a delightful family picture. The lovely little star brings to all her work a charming naturalness and shows artistic improvement with every picture. Watch this handsome Joseph Striker, leading man.



ALL FOR A WOMAN—First National

IT is not PHOTOPLAY'S intention to disclaim the worth and the popularity of various importations in the celluloid line. But it does say that the Germans are as capable of turning out trash as any of the American producers. In this retitled "Danton" you have an example of it. Its actors are automatons—worse, for they act all over the place. The director, the actors? What does it matter?



THE PLAYHOUSE—First National

THIS is Buster Keaton's initial First National Picture, and it is a good beginning. It contains some very good exposure stuff in which the star appears variously as the orchestra leader, the lady in a box, the actors, and the stage hand. Oh, yes—and as a monkey. Keaton ranks third among screen comedians. You know the other two.



BEYOND—Paramount

"BEYOND," Ethel Clayton's latest, represents another attempt to lift the veil that exists between the land of the living and the spirit world. The story is improbable, so that the sense of tremendous power which this spiritual theme should convey is entirely missing. Henry Arthur Jones wrote it and returned to England. We do not wonder why. But Ethel Clayton is charming.



NO WOMAN KNOWS—Universal

EDNA FERBER'S "Fanny Herself" does not provide good motion picture material. It deals with the spiritual development of a Jewish girl, and though the screen adaptation has been given a thoughtful interpretation, both by the director, Mabel Julienne Scott, and other members of the cast, you'll grow restless during its tearful unfoldment. It is tinted a deep, dark blue.



PASSING THROUGH—Ince-Paramount

CLEAN, wholesome comedy-drama of the type that has brought Douglas MacLean his popularity. The action is peppy, there's a suggestion of plot and humorous situations cleverly titled. A trained mule adds to the hilarity of things occasionally, while Madge Bellamy lends her beauty to the more serious scenes. A cheery family film, with no dull spaces. See it.



CHARGE IT—Equity

EVERY picture that Clara Kimball Young produces attempts to point a moral. Sometimes it is difficult for the average spectator to guess what the moral is, but he can rest assured that it is there. "Charge It" is aimed at foolish wives who run up bills. Why don't they pick on penurious husbands for a change?



MOONLIGHT FOLLIES—Universal

MARIE PREVOST brings her beauty, plus her bathing suit, to the realm of feature films in a frivolous offering that will appeal more to the eye than to the intellect. But—Marie is certainly good for the eyes, and it is well to rest the brain occasionally. You'll doubtless enjoy it. Clyde Fillmore is the cave man de luxe.



THE PRIMAL LAW—Fox

DUSTIN FARNUM returns to the screen in an entertaining western drama, not unlike many another of its type, containing the necessary intrigue, suspense, crisis and satisfactory conclusion. Far too many explanatory sub-titles are used, but barring their wordiness the film is interest-holding to the last. Mary Thurman is our hero's heroine.



DANGEROUS LIES—British-Paramount

THE best British-Paramount production to date. Here we have a rector's daughter who marries a lord, believing her first husband (a worthless scoundrel) to be dead. Husband Number One returns. Plot thickens. The charming Mary Glynn, David Powell and Director Paul Powell give E. Phillips Oppenheim's story a dignified treatment. We'd welcome more like it.



Just a few stolid, undemonstrative Britishers trying to shake hands with Charles Spencer Chaplin at Waterloo Station upon his arrival in London.

CHARLIE ABROAD

Editor's note: This is the first of a series of articles by Charles Spencer Chaplin, in which he gives his impressions of his travels in Europe. This is about England, which, as you know, is Chaplin's home-land. Next month—his trips to Paris.

By CHARLES S. CHAPLIN

MY first impression of England is that it has changed a great deal during my long absence. They laugh heartily at my American jokes.

I wonder if they are kidding me?

When I consented to write my impressions of Europe for PHOTOPLAY, I didn't know what it was going to be like.

I don't know yet. Except that everything is very wonderful and that I am viewing life from afar. It's not I those crowds were cheering for. It's another chap entirely. A man with a little moustache and big shoes. Not a real man at all.

They—those people that surged about me when I landed and follow me about the streets of London—they are disappointed, I think, that I am not that little man. They don't show it. They have been marvellous and awe-inspiring. But one boy screamed at me accusingly, "Where are your shoes?"

I felt guilty.

You know—while I'm on the subject—who is it they like?



Down in the steerage, where they greeted him as "Charlie," he was a great favorite. Here he is exchanging shillings with one of the passengers who will keep it as a good luck piece.

That little man, or me? The moustache, the old shoes, the baggy trousers—is that what Charlie Chaplin means to them?

I had a profound sense of humility when I saw those people who came to look at me. When I saw the sea of faces at Waterloo Station; when I saw them from my window at the Ritz Hotel later—I was proud, and touched—and a little jealous. I think that when they looked at me, they saw me, not as myself, but as the little man. Sometimes I wonder if I am the real Charles Chaplin. Or if he is locked up in my dressing-room in Hollywood. I feel like sending him a cablegram:

Charles Chaplin
Chaplin Studios,
Hollywood, California.

How are you and everything there. Everything is all right here. Charles Chaplin.

That's the way I feel sometimes.

But back to London. There are something like fifty thou-
(Continued on page 66)



**Cutex
Traveling Set, \$1.50**
Contains Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Pink Paste Polish, Cake Polish, nail file, emery boards and orange stick—

Before you complete your Christmas list

Look at this stunning manicure set!



IN a delightfully smart and convenient set—everything you need to keep your nails perfectly manicured.

Before you make up your Christmas list, look at these Cutex sets. Note how distinctive they are—in their dress of black and rose! Each one done up for the holidays in a special Christmas wrapper! Any woman would welcome one as an accessory to her dressing table. See how handily they are arranged—the file, the orange stick, the emery board in a little separate compartment; the Cuticle Remover, the Nail White, the Polishes, each in the nicest possible container.

Everybody feels them to be a real blessing, these sets—they make it so easy to care for one's nails! Your first Cutex manicure will seem like a mir-

acle to you. However ragged you may have made the cuticle by cutting, just one application of the Cuticle Remover will leave the nail rim smooth and even. You will be delighted also with the really professional touch of grooming that Cutex Nail White and Cutex polishes give to your nails.

Cutex Sets come in four sizes. The smallest at 60c is called "The Compact." In it are trial size packages of Cuticle Remover, Nail White and Paste and Powder Polishes, with nail file, emery board and steel file—all complete.

The next size at \$1.50, is called the "Traveling Set" because it is so ideally suited to the toilet case; but it is just as convenient for the dressing table. It contains the Cutex prepara-

tions in full sizes, with larger size file, orange stick and emery board.

Then comes the "Boudoir Set" at \$3.00. In it is everything one can possibly need for the most immaculate care of the hands. And lastly, the "De Luxe," at \$5.00, the last word in luxuriousness for manicuring.

Don't let another day pass without looking at the Cutex Sets. Get one and see how delightfully it works. Each article in the set can be had separately for 35c.

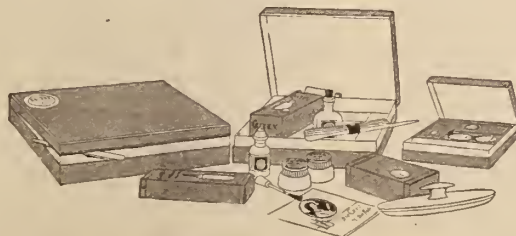
At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York.

Compact Set, 60c

All the chief manicuring necessities in small packages.

Traveling Set, \$1.50

All the chief manicuring necessities in full sized packages.



Boudoir Set, \$3.00

Everything for the most immaculate care of the hands.

De Luxe Set, \$5.00

The last word in luxuriousness for manicuring.

CUTEX Manicure Sets

(Continued from page 64)

sand letters in the room before me as I write this, on my little portable typewriter, with a thousand autograph albums to be written in, with I don't know how many unopened telegrams, and a line of persons waiting every minute to come in. I am not boasting when I tell you about these things. It is a statement of fact. I am just as puzzled about it all as you are.

When I went off the boat at Southampton, there were the Mayor and the Mayoress and many other people waiting there for me. The Mayor and Mayoress are charming. He called me "Charlie," asking me to excuse this address, but it was the one by which the world knew me. One youngster asked me if I had my shoes with me. I assured him they were in my bag, so as not to disappoint him.



Way back in the farthest corner of his car is the young man they are making all the fuss about. An escort of mounted police was detailed to protect Charles Chaplin in London.



High and low brows alike love him. The Mayor of Southampton greeted him as "The King of Mirth," but he also called him Charlie. Yes—that young chap at the left is Mr. Chaplin.

As I left the boat train at Waterloo, I stepped into a mass of people, who threw their hats into the air and waved their handkerchiefs and reached out to clasp my hand. Most of them cried, "Good old Charlie!" I lifted my hat once, or tried to, and said something that sounded like "Thanks"; but it wasn't very successful. They paid no attention to the police who tried to clear a way to my cab. Two girls rushed up and kissed me.

After all, public life has its compensations. I finally got to the Ritz Hotel. I climbed over a hundred people to do it. I stood on the step and tried to think of something to say to them. All I could say was that words were inadequate to express what I felt. I meant it. Somehow before I got to my suite on the second floor, my eyes were wet; and I kept wishing that my mother were there; it would have made the dear old lady very happy.

It was the greatest (Continued on page 121)



A portrait of the personage who was mobbed in Piccadilly, who caused young riots wherever he went, and whose "welcome home" to London was a welcome such as is usually accorded only to Britain's Prince.



He came to America travelling second-class. He went back as the most distinguished passenger. But as he says, "Life for me first class is just one autograph after another." Here he is obliging a young admirer.



*Roadster and
Bearcat Models*
\$3250

STUTZ

*Four and Six
Passenger Models*
\$3350

"There goes a Stutz." You hear this signal of admiration and approval every day you ride in your Stutz.

It is an expression of the enviable Stutz reputation for extraordinary service well performed. Everybody realizes that the Stutz is a sturdy, dependable motor car. This is your assurance that wherever you travel, wherever you stop, a respectful deference is shown you.

If all these people who admire the Stutz could but ride in the new car with its restful comfort in travel obtained through longer

springs and other refinements, they would have an added sense of appreciation for this fine car.

After a tour of 200 miles or more in a Stutz, you come to a full realization of its complete restfulness, smoothness of operation, tenacity in clinging to the road, and absence of motoring annoyance.

The Stutz has a justified reputation for consistency and durability. And at \$3,250 and \$3,350, it forms an entirely new comparison you cannot overlook when purchasing a fine motor car.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC. Indianapolis



When Dorothy was three years old, she posed for her first picture, in Chicago, her home-town. Here it is, above. She wasn't ever camera-shy you see.



The high-necked, ruffled frocks were in vogue when Dorothy was twelve; and she simply had to have her picture taken again!

CUTTING BACK



A few years—a very few years later—Miss Dalton made up her mind that life held nothing more for her if she didn't go on the stage. She looked like this (the picture at the left) when she applied for her first stock company job. No wonder she got it.



She was the favorite leading woman of middle-western stock when she decided to enlarge her audiences and went out to California studios of Thomas H. Ince, where she first played bits, and then was given the leading role in "The Flame of the Yukon," which made her a star.

At the right: Dorothy today, the heroine of Cecil de Mille's "Fool's Paradise," in which she performs some of the best work of her—or anybody's else—career.



Portrait of Dorothy



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Hundred
Years

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THE Wurlitzer plan gives you *any instrument* with a complete musical outfit for a week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial will not cost you a penny.

Artistic quality of Wurlitzer instruments is known all over the world. Wurlitzer instruments are the favorites of artists and have been used in the finest orchestras and bands for years.

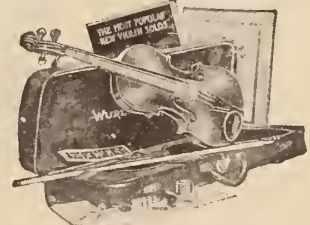
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Payments are arranged in small monthly sums. A few cents a day will pay for your instrument and complete outfit. The Wurlitzer plan effects a tremendous saving for you as everything is at factory cost. You get the outfit and instrument practically for the cost of the instrument alone.

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The new plan includes with the instrument everything that you need with it—velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories and extra parts, extra strings, picks, tuners, self instructor, book of musical selections. The instruments are genuine Wurlitzer instruments. The house of Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments for more than 200 years.



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This shows the Wurlitzer Violin Outfit. Cases are professional style, beautifully finished. Complete outfits like this are now furnished with all Wurlitzer instruments. Send the coupon below today for new catalog.

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Every known instrument illustrated and fully described in detail with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book contains much musical history and information about musical instrument making. More pictures of instruments than in any other book published. (Also complete stock of accessories, repairs, strings and all needs for replacements for any instrument made. Instant mail service.) Book is absolutely free. No obligation. Send coupon now.

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Why-Do-They-Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat Off

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen in the past month, that was stupid, unlikelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



Adv.

IN "Buried Treasure" there is a terrific combat between pirates of the early Spanish pirate days. It is noticeable that men on both sides are loyal wearers of B. V. D.'s.

CYRIL JOYCE, Chicago, Ill.

Oh, Baby!

IN James Oliver Curwood's story, "The Golden Snare," Wallace Beery saves the baby from the burning ship. When the baby grows up and looks through her baby clothes in the box, there is a french-heeled slipper in it.

SARAH WELSH, Birmingham, Ala.

Extravagance

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, the heroine of "Charge It," is seen at the club with her husband, Herbert Rawlinson. He tips the waiter and there is a close-up of the tray with a dime on it. Yet Clara reproaches him for having given the waiter only a quarter!

HAZEL DYER, Providence, R. I.

Now, Now!

IN "Burn 'Em Up Barnes," an automobile race took place supposedly in July, yet Barney Sherry wore an overcoat. And on all the racers there were New York licenses, although the race was run in Pennsylvania.

One of the titles in the same picture about Barnes' mother read: "who now stays off of railroad trains." The title-writer probably took one of those correspondence courses that guarantees to teach correct English in two lessons.

B. M. THOMPSON,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Barrymore Technique

I ALWAYS knew that Lionel Barrymore was a wonderful actor, but I never suspected that he could sit down, in full evening dress, simply to draw a line across a small card—and rise, fully attired in business clothes, as he did in "The Master Mind." It must have made the cameraman mad to wait while he changed.

D. A. L., West Springfield, Mass.

Constance, Conjuror

IN "Lessons in Love," Constance Talmadge decides to write Kenneth Harlan a letter. Before she begins to write, she is wearing a gorgeous diamond bracelet. While she is writing the letter to Kenneth the bracelet has disappeared from her arm, but when the letter is finished she picks it up and reads it over and behold, her arm is decorated with the missing jewels!

MAE M. McELROY, Baltimore, Md.

A Big Business Man

MILTON SILLS, in "The Little Fool," is dictating into a dictaphone. In his mouth is a pipe; a foot away is the dictaphone. I would like to know how he does it.

J. S. T., Seattle, Washington.

Perhaps Highbrows Don't Taste Good

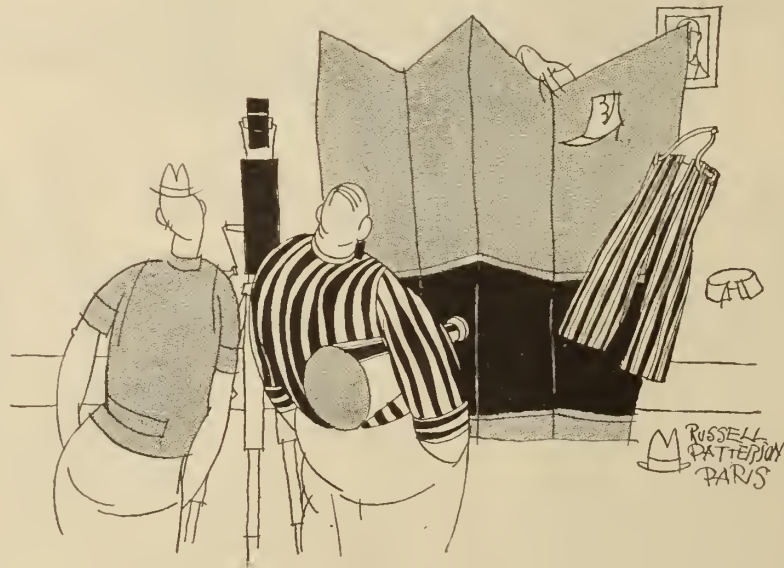
IT is all very well to declare money isn't everything and that blessed are the poor in purse. But why don't doors on movie mansions ever have screens in summer? In "The Woman in His House", the child runs in and out and never a screen do we see. But apparently the flies never take advantage of this.

ARABELLA FLYNN, Lake Forest, Ill.

Too Technical

BEING a switchboard operator myself, I was very much amused at the operator in Constance Binney's "Such a Little Queen." She was a tall, thinnish woman who chewed gum vigorously and had on the switchboard an artistic design using four cords from the same row. This would mean that there were four men on the wire from private offices connecting with this main one—each talking to himself and no one else, for there were no other connections.

EDNA REHM,
Oak Park, Ill.



Heroes Never Get Hurt

IN Franklyn Farnum's "The Hunger for the Blood," Franklyn rode leisurely into the midst of a lot of Indians who were firing directly at him. He escaped without a scratch. Did he wear armor under those lovely clothes?

GLORY SANFORD,
Trenton, N. J.

One of Those Local Storms Perhaps

THERE was a storm in "The Furnace." That is, tents were being blown down in the foreground of the scene by the heavy wind;

but when you looked back a little you saw the trees nodding serenely in the gentle summer breeze, and the sun shining merrily through it all.

W. H., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Poor Things Must Keep Up Their Morale

PRISCILLA DEAN in "Reputation," as Pauline Stevens, is unable to procure work and is slowly starving. As she drags her weary bones up the stairs of her tenth rate boarding house, it is plainly seen that she wears silk stockings of an expensive brand. Will you ask Miss Dean for me where they grow?

MARION B. DIXON,
Englewood, N. J.



Keep that schoolgirl complexion

A fine, fresh and blooming skin, radiant with health and free from blemishes, isn't the attribute of early youth alone. Every woman can keep her schoolgirl complexion long after youth has flown.

Proper care is the secret—care which keeps the skin in perfect health. This means the scientific cleansing which makes each tiny pore and skin cell active. You must use soap and water freely—you must use it every day.

Begin this treatment today

Wash your face gently with the mild, creamy lather of Palmolive, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and it will carry away all the dangerous accumulations which so often cause skin infection.

Then apply a touch of cold cream, smoothing it into the skin. You will be delighted at the way your complexion looks and feels, at its smoothness, fine texture and fresh color. This special face washing formula is thorough. It will not cause irritation.

Volume and efficiency permit us to sell Palmolive for 10c



Remember blackheads come from pores filling up with dirt—that pimples follow when this dirt carries infection.

Daily cleansing is your protection against skin troubles. Powder and rouge are harmless when applied to a clean skin.

Discovered 3,000 years ago

The use of Palm and Olive oil as cleansers is as old as history. Ancient Egypt discovered their value 3,000 years ago.

These oils are combined in Palmolive soap because modern science can discover no finer, milder ingredients. They are cosmetic oils, soothing and healing. They impart these virtues to Palmolive soap.

And best of all the price of Palmolive puts it, though so great a luxury, within the reach of all.

Only 10 cents

Although money can't command finer, milder, more beneficial cosmetic soap, modern manufacturing science has reduced the price to 10 cents a cake. The enormous demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. It permits the purchase of the costly ingredients in gigantic volume.

Thus while women prefer Palmolive for their facial soap, it is also the popular family soap of America. The toilet luxury all may enjoy at the price of ordinary soap.

**THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.**

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ont.

Manufacturers of a complete line of toilet articles.
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Try Cleopatra's way to complexion beauty

She used cosmetics of every kind to enhance her charm, but cleansing with Palm and Olive oils came first. The same rule, applied today, will keep your complexion fresh, youthful and free from blemishes.

Use the same Palm and Olive oils, mild and soothing. They are scientifically combined for the use of modern women in Palmolive—the beautifying cleanser.

Pompeian Day Cream



Beauty and the Mistletoe

The mistletoe is only an excuse; her beauty is the lure, for it instantly captivates him. Her lovely coloring "deepens" the flashing brilliance of her eyes, and enhances the sparkling whiteness of her teeth—for she knows and uses the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct powder shade is more important

than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes. See offer on coupon.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—naturelle, rachel, flesh, white. Pompeian BLOOM—light, dark, medium. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.

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"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7 1/4 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Art store value 50c to \$1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. Samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc), sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

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Also Made in Canada



These three for Instant Beauty

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Company, at Cleveland, Ohio.

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in purse as shopping-reminder.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.



HONEYMOONING
in Venice
1922 Pompeian Beauty Panel

VAMPS OF ALL TIMES

As seen when a modern spot-light is turned upon ancient legends.

By
SVETEZAR
TONJOROFF

VI—POTIPHAR'S WIFE



Mrs. Potiphar said:
"Whyfore that
middle button is
nearly off!"

THE case of Potiphar vs. Jacobson is one of the most interesting in the history of Egyptian jurisprudence. The complainant, a prominent Egyptian and colonel of that crack regiment, the Pharaonic Guard, petitioned the court to impose a life-sentence upon one Joseph Jacobson, a rising young wheat speculator, who had arrived in Egypt a few years previously with a band of strolling Ishmaelites. Col. Potiphar appeared in the suit as the next of kin to Mrs. Potiphar, a distant cousin and also his wife, who was the real complainant in the case.

The only material evidence submitted was an article entered in the records as "the garment." Counsel for the petitioner set up that this article—"Exhibit A"—was the property of the defendant, who was the youngest son of a wealthy sheep rancher by the name of Jacob Isaacson.

Ownership of "the garment" by Joseph Jacobson having been proved to the satisfaction of counsel for the complainant, and apparently also of the court, the next step was to establish the circumstances under which the same had come into the possession of Mrs. Potiphar.

In this phase of the proceedings the widest divergence developed. As ladies had no standing in Egyptian tribunals higher than a police court at that period, Mrs. Potiphar's story was told in court by her husband. Testifying under oath, Col. Potiphar, O. G. S. (Order of the Golden Scarab), said in effect:

That, owing to defendant's proficiency in figures, he (complainant) had engaged him as bookkeeper, paymaster and majordomo of his domestic establishment on the bank of the Nile;

That the said Joseph had so satisfactorily discharged the duties imposed upon him that he had become a household favorite;

That the said Mrs. Potiphar, a Daughter of the Delta Revolution and a lady of unblemished reputation, had taken a liking to said Joseph Jacobson and had entertained him from time to time at tea;

That these attentions were entirely devoid of any sentimental character on the part of the said Mrs. Potiphar, but

were always intended as an encouragement to the young majordomo to perform even more zealously his duties to his master;

But that, on the occasion designated in complainant's short affidavit, the said Jacobson so far forgot the respect he owed to his mistress, the said Mrs. Potiphar, that, on the plea of excessive heat, he did there and then take off, doff and divest himself of the said garment (marked "Exhibit A"), that he flung it aside and proceeded to make himself as comfortable as if he were in his own office in the basement.

Here the complainant's counsel produced a sensation by disclosing for the first time the nature of the garment in question. A murmur of astonishment rustled around the courtroom, and even the venerable presiding judge, Mr. Justice Fellahoon, adjusted his glasses and craned his neck slightly when counsel produced the "coat of many colors" of which so much has since been written in the book called "Genesis."

In closing his case, the complainant told how Mrs. Colonel Potiphar, moved to profound indignation by this lapse of manners, had rung for the servants, ordered Jacobson out of the house and was on the point of flinging his coat of many colors after him when it occurred to her that she might need the said garment for evidence. She therefore retained possession of it.

Speaking under the stress of strong emotion, Col. Potiphar turned to Mr. Justice Fellahoon and concluded in a husky voice:

"I submit, your honor, that the good name of Mrs. Colonel Potiphar can be protected only by the imposition of a life term on this impudent foreigner."

A round of applause broke out in the courtroom at this outburst. It was quickly suppressed by the energetic cracking of a two-tongued whip by the Grand Crocodile, that is to say, the marshal of the court.

The defendant was brought in under a heavy guard. He was securely manacled, and, in addition, to his left leg was attached, at the ankle, a large iron sphere or ball. This ball, as he entered, he carried with some difficulty with both hands. After he had taken the stand he dropped this heavy impediment with a resounding thud to the floor.

"Order, order!" admonished the Grand Crocodile, with a flourish of the whip as a titter ran around the room.

It was noticed that the prisoner was freshly shaven and had the appearance of a man who had slept well during the previous night. He wore a gray coat, which hung in graceful folds from his broad shoulders.

"Is this coat yours?" asked the presiding judge sternly, pointing to Exhibit A.

"It is, your honor," replied Jacobson in a quiet and submissive voice.

This answer seemed to take Mr. (Continued on page 112)

Why You Must Have Beautiful, Well-Kept Hair to be Attractive



COPYRIGHT, 1920.
THE R. L. W. CO.

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides, and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps

soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating people use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly, all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a

Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
NEEDS NO OIL
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



Your Hair Should Be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a pug nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, fat face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

MRS. BILLEE.—You girls have evidently been eating Billie Burke chocolates and sleeping in Billie Burke pajamas. Miss Burke is to open in New York soon in a new play by Booth Tarkington. Her last appearance on the stage was in "Caesar's Wife," in which she was supported by Norman Trevor, who is now playing with Marie Doro. Ward Crane with Constance Binney in "Something Different," with Anita Stewart in "The Yellow Typhoon" and with Irene Castle in "French Heels." Betty Compton in "At the End of the World."

JOSEPHINE, MANILA.—Nice letter. Thanks for the ad. Corinne Griffith admits she was born in Texarkana, Texas, but refuses to state in what year this momentous event occurred. Her hair is blonde, her eyes are brown, her height is five feet three. Lila Lee was born in New York City in 1902. She has black hair and eyes, and is just exactly as tall as Mrs. Webster Campbell.

JEANETTE.—You say you heard a funny joke. I'm glad of that. So many of them are not funny at all. Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago in 1898 with black hair and eyes. And he hasn't changed much. He's six feet tall at present, and there's a chance he may grow a little as he isn't of age yet. Don't tell him I told you. He's ashamed of his age—or I should say, his youth. In this respect, he greatly differs from most of the matinee idols, including yours respectively.

FRANCIS.—Gareth and Lloyd Hughes are not related. Gareth is a Welshman. He was born in Llanelly, Wales, in 1897, while Lloyd was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1899. Gareth was educated in Paris; Lloyd in Los Angeles. So you see they have nothing in common. Mr. Lloyd Hughes recently married little Gloria Hope. Gareth isn't married at all. Mary Thurman hasn't been in comedy for a long time. She's in Dusty Farnum's latest, "The Primal Law."

PINKY.—Is it natural, or does it come out of a bog? I have my suspicions. Gladys Walton was born April 13, 1904, in Boston, Mass., though you'd never think it to look at her—that she was born in Boston, I mean. She was born in Portland, Oregon, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Address, Universal, U City, Cal.

BILLY B.—So you think I resemble Mr. Conway Tearle. I would that I did. But if I looked like Mr. Tearle I assure you I would be in the movies. Julia Faye was the delectable maid in "Male and Female."

PEGGY HOOVER.—No relation to Herbert. Do I like you as I used to? I'm sure I do. But I don't remember how I used to like you. Glad you like PHOTOPLAY and its Answer Man. Bert Lytell, I regret to inform you, is married to Evelyn Vaughn. I don't regret to inform you that he is married to Evelyn Vaughn, but that he is married at all. He was born in 1885, and he is living in Hollywood. Address him Metro studios.

AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.—There are songs written about you, but can't recall them just now. Yes, if I see Conway Tearle in New York I'll remind him of you. But I'll have to remind him of me first. May McAvoy was born in New York in 1901. She has brown hair and blue eyes, is four feet and eleven inches, and weighs ninety-four pounds. Address Miss McAvoy, Lasky studios. She's a nice child, May. I haven't heard that she is engaged again. She has never been engaged at all as far as I know. As usual there have been rumors.

DAGMAR.—Your list of favorites is very wise, since it includes almost every star in the silent so to speak drammer. Your particular pet, Justine Johnstone, is indeed beautiful. I saw her once at the opening of a new play. She was all in white, with an ermine cape and silver flowers around her head. If Walter Wanger hadn't been with her—but he was. They have been married several years, and are both abroad just now. Justine is five feet seven, weighs 122 pounds, is of Swedish descent, and was born in Englewood, New Jersey, on January 31, 1899. Her pictures for Realart: "Blackbirds," "The Plaything of Broadway," "Sheltered Daughters" and "A Heart to Let." A letter in care of Realart will be forwarded to her. Give Justine my regards when you write.

HELEN R.—Richard Martin plays the leading role in "Beyond the Great Wall." He is one of the younger leading men. He is not married.

MARGUERITE.—So you have heard a new joke. Somebody said to somebody, "Are you married or do you live in Hollywood?" Yes, that has been my favorite film joke for ten years. Athole Shearer has been engaged to play ingenue leads in Shiller Productions, which are in Yonkers. I have no information concerning her sister.

PHYLLIS.—It has been rumored that Douglas Fairbanks has bought the film rights to "The Three Musketeers," but since you don't believe all these wild rumors, I'd advise you to go to your favorite theater and see his latest picture. Doug is married to Mary. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Sornborn, but will not be very much longer. Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynne. Leon Gendron in "Scrambled Wives." Elliott Dexter is married to Marie Doro.

MARIE KELLY.—You don't need to use green ink. I know you're Irish. Roy Stewart is filming four Peter B. Kyne stories for Ben Wilson. Zena Keefe is twenty-five; Niles Welch thirty-three, and Kenneth Harlan twenty-six.

MARY ELIZABETH, GREENVILLE, S. C.—My answers have made you laugh and laugh, and you think PHOTOPLAY should be proud to have a man like me. Between you and me, I think you are entirely right, but am not sure the Editor agrees with us. Owen Moore was formerly Mr. Mary Pickford. Now he is Mr. Kathryn Perry. Mary Miles Minter is not married. Mary's mother and grandmother both say so, and they ought to know.

ELEANOR.—Well, I won't say I adore Marilynn Miller, but I will commit myself and declare that there is no singing and dancing actress on Broadway I'd sooner see. This is not Chesterfieldian, but it is truth. Vivian Martin does not give her age for publication. She has a little daughter, but very little has ever been given out about her. Miss Martin prefers to have a private life.

SAXON, BALTIMORE.—Wallace MacDonald and Doris May are co-starring—in private life. Doris is now a film star. More power to her. Her first is "The Foolish Age."

(Continued)

FLORENCE.—The cast of "Unseen Forces" follows: *Miriam Holt*—Sylvia Breamer; *Winifred*—Rosemary Theby; *Clyde Brunton*—Conrad Nagel; *Arnold Crane*—Robert Cain; *Captain Staunley*—Sam de Grasse; *Robert Brunton*—Edward Martindel; *Peter Holt*—Harry Garrity; *Joe Simmons*—James Barrows; *Mrs. Leslie*—Aggie Herring; *Mr. Leslie*—Andrew Arbuckle; *Henry Leslie*—Albert Cody. The Robert Brunton mentioned is not the Robert Brunton of the Brunton studios; and the Albert Cody is not Lew's brother. I might as well tell you now as later.

HOAKUM FROM YOAKUM.—*Is right*, when you tell me that I'm simply marvellous and mysterious and a lot of other things like that. I'm about as mysterious as a plate glass window and not marvellous at all. But thanks, anyway. Marjorie Daw does not freckle. Next time address your questions to Miss Carolyn Van Wyck, the Editor of the Fashion Department.

BANTRY, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—I am being showered with roses this session. And it's mighty good of all of you. The cast of "Gloria's Romance" follows: *Gloria Stafford*—Billie Burke; *Dr. Stephen Royce*—Henry Kolker; *Richard Freneau*—David Powel; *David Stafford*—William Roselle; *Frank Muiry*—Frank Belcher; *Pierpont Stafford*—William T. Carleton; *Lois Freeman*—Julie Power. Jack Crosby as *Fred Brood* in "Black is White." Holmes Herbert is married.

ANXIOUS ALBERT.—Monroe Salisbury has his own company now, and like most of the players who have their own company, he hasn't made many pictures since he has had it. (I speak of it like the mumps, or something.) He has released no film since "The Barbarian." He says he is to do a Spanish picture this fall. He was born in 1879. Ruth Clifford, February 17, 1900. Claire Adams, the quiet little heroine of the Hodkinson Productions, March 12, 1909.

V. W. C.—One of those weight and height hounds. Why? In the sable stillness of the night I keep asking myself "Why?" Anita Stewart, five feet five, 125 pounds; Agnes Ayres, five feet four, 114 pounds; Betty Blythe, five feet eight and a half, 145 pounds; Bebe Daniels, five feet four, weighs 123. Now go out and get weighed.

MARIE.—Here are your addresses. I hope every one of them sends you a large, beautifully autographed photograph. Dorothy Gish, D. W. Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; Elsie Ferguson, Paramount; Bert Lytell, Alice Lake and Viola Dana, Metro; Billie Rhodes, Clever Comedies, Los Angeles.

ALDA, HONG-KONG.—Thanks for your letter. And for your Christmas and New Year greetings, which are a little premature but still appreciated.

(Continued on page 120)

HERE ARE THE MOVIE MOMMERS

By
GLADYS HALL

THE Movie Mommers are here! They are There!

They are Everywhere!

Now jazz it—they are here, they are there, they are everywhere—e-ve-r-y-wh-ere—!

They have been from the Beginning.

They shall be unto the End.

The Movie Mommers are omnipresent, all knowing, all informative and all the time.

They deal with the facts of the life of their own particular star as a juggler deals with a bright little ball. It departs from him, but never quite from him. A blonde little, shy little star may depart from, but never quite from her dear Movie Mommer.

Be she ingenue or vamp, be she progressive or retrogressive, be she self-opinionated or of the genre clinging-vinas, she has taken root in her Movie Mommer and to transplant is to move the mountain to Mohammed.

To move the mountain to Mohammed is again the simile when it comes to removing a Mommer from an Interview.

It is like this: One interviews a Star. One anticipates a tete-a-tete, clubby and a deux. One anticipates amiss. A Movie Mommer amply admits one. (They are almost always ample.) A Movie Mommer tells one how cle-er one is to be "a writer." A Movie Mommer insists that she has read all one's "things." One feels immediately constrained to prove one's surpassing cleverness anew in the individualized direction of said Movie Mommer's ewe star.

After an interim, during which one is sicklied o'er with the pale persistencies of Movie Mommer's platitudes, one darts

a few frail shafts of interrogation at the object (now secondary) of one's peregrination. Ewe Star, thus turned on, begins to prattle. Movie Mommer begins to interject, "Now, my Dear, why don't you tell the nice young

lady *this*—she never tells *anything* about herself"; or, "Oh, Darling, you didn't tell the dear young lady *that*—she is so reticent." Well started, Movie Mommer proceeds to reel off in six parts the detailed and glorifying remarks of each director, camera-man, second camera-man, property man, exhibitor, producer, assistant director, lighting expert, photographer, interviewer and fan since first Ewe Star made her cellularly celebrated entrance into or onto the Cinema Cosmos.

By this time Ewe Star's dim trail of thought is lost. By this time one is not so cle-er as one was. Movie Mommer shimmies in her element.

Begins, then, upon reminiscences of Ewe Star's infancy, from which one deduces the fact that she was the same prodigious, precocious, beautiful, bouncing baby that every Movie Mommer's Ewe Star has been since first there was a Mommer, Movie or otherwise.

The Shades of Night are Falling Fast—upadee—ada. The Eleventh Hour tells—Movie Mommer comes to with a start. Lays a finger 'longside of her nose. Recollects—Says 'Shall she go?' 'Has she been talking too much?' 'Is she too fond a mother?' 'But if one knew!' 'It has seemed so chummy—one is just like one of the family!' 'Has one got all the information one came for?' And will one come again? Perhaps in a few weeks there will be more to tell.' Generally *kisses* one good-bye!

Selah



Movie mommers are omnipresent, all-knowing, all-informative, and all the time.



Win your battles the day before they happen

IT was the night before the finals. The runner-up did nothing but talk to his friends about his chances the next day. He slept very little that night. The champion took his mind off the next day's work by playing cards for an hour or two, and then retired without a worry.

The champion won the match easily, or rather the runner-up lost it. He was defeated by his own nervousness.

In business, as in sport, successful men and women know that the right kind of play is as important as the right kind of work. Invariably they

Play cards for wholesome recreation

They find that a well-played game of cards not only relieves the mind of all the troubles of the past or to come, but also recreates the very faculties—concentration, memory, perception—that are most needed for the next day's problems. Play cards often, be a good player, and you will be more expert in everything else.

Send for a copy of "The Official Rules of Card Games" giving complete rules for 300 games and hints for better playing. Check this and other books wanted on coupon. Write name and address in margin below and mail with required postage stamps to

The U. S. Playing Card Company
Dept. U-2 Cincinnati, U. S. A., Manufacturers of



BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

(Also Congress Playing Cards. Art Backs. Gold Edges.)

Auction Pitch at a Glance

PLAYERS—4 to 7. Best 4 or 5 hand.

RANK OF CARDS—A (high) to 2 (low).

DEAL—Using full pack, deal six cards to each player, three at a time.

OBJECT OF GAME—To hold in hand highest and lowest trumps in play; to take, in tricks, jack of trumps and cards which count for game. (See Scoring.)

THE PLAY—Eldst hand names the trump, or he may sell the privilege to highest bidder and add points bid to his score. No player is permitted to bid enough to put eldest hand out. (In some localities player may bid to full strength of his cards, but eldest hand can score only to within 1 point of game.) Bidding passes to left; each player is allowed only one bid; and each must bid higher than the preceding players or pass. Eldst hand may refuse bids and pitch the trump himself; in this case he must make as many points as the highest bid, or be "set back." Eldst hand may name the trump without waiting for bids, but if he fails to make 4 points, he is "set back." If no bid is made, eldest hand must pitch the trump. No penalty for bid out of turn.

BIDDING TO THE BOARD—The modern style is to bid to the board, no player getting the points offered. Eldst hand bids first; no second bids are allowed. Any player can bid as high as four, but no one can claim the privilege of pitching the trump for as many as bid by another.

LEADING—Highest bidder (or eldest hand, if he has refused to sell) leads and indicates trump by his first card. Even if led in error, the first card irrevocably indicates trumps. Each player must play a trump on first lead if possible and highest trump takes trick. Winner of trick leads for next one. When hands are played out, cards are bunched and new deal follows. After first trick, any suit may be led. Player holding suit of card led, must either follow suit or trump; player not holding suit of card led may either trump or discard.

SCORING—Scoring points, are high, low, jack and game. If eldest hand sells, he scores the amount bid. In case two or more players count out on the same deal, and one of them is maker of trump, he goes out first. If neither is maker of trumps, points score in the following order: *High*—highest card in play, counts 1 point for player to whom it was dealt. *Low*—lowest card in play, counts 1 point for player to whom it was dealt. *Jack*—Jack of trumps counts 1 point for player who takes it in trick. *Game*—counts 1 point for player who takes in cards which figure highest, counting tens at 10; Aces, 4; Kings, 3; Queens, 2; Jacks, 1. In case of tie, no game point is scored.

SET BACK—If bidder fails to make the number of points he bid, he is set back and the amount of bid is subtracted from his score. If he is set back more points than he has credit he is said to be "in the hole" and a ring is drawn around the minus amount.

REVOKE PENALTIES—In case of revoke by any player, except maker of trumps, the latter cannot be set back, even if he fails to make amount bid, and each player but one revoking, scores whatever he makes. Revoking player is set back amount of bid. If no bid was made, he is set back 2 points. If maker of trumps revokes, he is set back amount of bid, and each other player scores whatever he himself makes. Maker of trump cannot score on a deal in which he has revoked.

GAME—7 or 10 points, as agreed.

For full rules and hints on bidding and play see "The Official Rules of Card Games" or "Six Popular Games" offered below.

The U. S. Playing Card Co. Dept. U-2 Cincinnati, O. Send postpaid books checked below.

- "Official Rules of Card Games" 300 games, 250 pages, 20c.
- "Six Popular Games" Auction, Cribbage, Pitch, Five Hundred, Solitaire, Pinochle. 6c.
- "How to Entertain with Cards." Suggestions for parties and clubs. 6c.
- "Card Tricks." Mystifying tricks that can be done with a deck of cards. 6c.
- "Fortune Telling with Playing Cards." How to tell fortunes with regular deck of cards. 6c.
- "Card Stunts for Kiddies." Amusing and instructive kindergarten lessons. Not card games but pasteboard stunts, using old cards as bits of board. 6c.

All 6 books 40c. Write Name and Address in margin below.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL. YORK

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN came; he saw; and he conquered.

England gave its favorite son a reception that she usually reserves for the Prince of Wales. In fact, the idolized Edward is the only other personage who was ever greeted with a riot such as Chaplin got.

He tells in his own interesting and inimitable way of his experiences. Read "Charlie Abroad," in this issue.

SAW Gladys Hulette and her husband, William Parks, Jr., on the Avenue the other afternoon. Gladys looked like some little school-girl in her kiddish sports coat and tam; and her husband doesn't look much older. They are both as nice as they can be.

He plays with Corinne Griffith in her newest picture.

MARY PICKFORD reinforced her tremendous popularity when she attended the first night of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in a New York Theater.

In the box with Mary were her exuberant husband, Douglas Fairbanks; Jack Pickford, who helped direct the picture; and Mrs. Charlotte Pickford. All of the Pickford family except Lottie went abroad a week later. Even little Mary Pickford the Second went along with her aunt and grandma.

Mr. Fairbanks made a speech at the premier, referring to himself as one of Mary's added attractions. Mary didn't make a speech at "The Three Musketeers," but then she has always been a retiring personage. Her picture has been a great success; and everyone who knows Mary is glad, for she surely deserves it.

GLORIA SWANSON has announced that she and her husband, Herbert Som-



Photograph by Victor Georg.

Meet Mrs. Ralph Graves. She was Marjorie Seaman when Ralph Graves met her during the filming of "Dream Street," in which he was the hero and she a minor character. They were married in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where the bride-to-be was "on location" with a film company. Mr. Graves, on his way west to appear in "Kindred of the Dust," stopped off long enough for the knot to be tied. Miss Seaman finished her picture and then joined her husband in Hollywood. The marriage was to be kept a deep, dark secret. But somebody told!

born, are actually separated and that she will probably divorce him, although she never expects to marry again.

"I came home one day from location and found he had packed his things and left me," said the exotic screen beauty. "He left a note saying he didn't want to see me, but he would want to see the baby.

"It was just a case of 'didn't get along' I guess.

"I shall never marry again. I am earnestly, terribly ambitious to succeed in my work. I want to do something really big and I am willing to devote my life to it. I have my beautiful little baby daughter to

love and make a home for and she and my work will completely absorb me. I do not wish ever to be separated from her again. I feel I shall be happiest this way."

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made in the Los Angeles newspapers that the reported engagement of William S. Hart and Jane Novak, if it ever existed has been terminated and that there will be no wedding bells in that direction.

Although the engagement was never confirmed, it was definitely accepted and said to be true by intimate friends of both Mr. Hart's and Miss Novak's. It was supposed that neither of the stars would confirm it because Miss Novak's divorce from her first husband was not yet final and that any such announcement as her future wedding plans might interfere with her final decree.

But that has been handed down and Mr. Hart is now quoted as saying, "No, we are not going to be married. It's not true and I wish it were—but it isn't."

Miss Novak, as usual, remains mysteriously, sweetly, silent.

HERE is our idea of a real motion picture palace. A dance hall; a roof-garden, a restaurant, and a swimming-pool besides the auditorium that seats 1200 people.

There is only one picture house in the United States that has all of these extra added attractions; and that's the Hippodrome, of Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

ELSIE FERGUSON is at home—on Park Avenue—again, after her trip to Europe on which she was accompanied by her husband, Thomas Clarke, the banker.

The exquisite Elsie is more charming than
(Continued on page 80)

Mrs. Ralph Graves Marjorie Seaman

Your skin needs two different creams at different times



For the nightly cleansing, only Pond's Cold Cream, the cream made with oil, will do



In the daytime, use Pond's Vanishing Cream, the dry cream made without oil, to protect your skin against wind and dust

For daytime use — the cream that will not reappear in a shine

A TIRE**D** looking skin adds years to a woman's age. To freshen the skin instantly, use the cream made without oil. You can put it on just before you go out, for there is nothing in it which could reappear in a shine.

Take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and smooth it lightly in with an upward motion. The dullness, the flat unbecoming tones disappear—your complexion takes on a new freshness and transparency.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to

make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores, and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

At night—the cleansing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap

you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair. They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S

Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
129 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

Doug, Mary, and Little Mary, just before they sailed away to France to be gone for a whole year. Little Mary, you know, is Mary Pickford the second, the diminutive daughter of Lottie Pickford. Somebody presented Mr. Fairbanks with a D'Artagnan doll. He still has his "Three Musketeers" mustache, you see.

she has ever been. If you saw her in "Footlights," her greatest picture, you know what we mean. She's sparkling, and youthful, and humorous. She brought back a dozen Paris gowns and good health.

The success of her latest picture is said to be because she and John Robertson, who directed her, were in accord and worked well together. Miss Ferguson has sometimes been called temperamental; and she is. But not with the accent on the *temper*. She is highly-strung, idealistic, and sensitive. She is an aristocrat. Her new play, by Zoe Akins, called "Varying Shores," is said to be the finest thing she has ever done. More power to her!

GOLDWYN'S "Theodora" opened in a Broadway Theater.

It is the Italian spectacle brought over here by Count Ignazio di Revel. Rita Jolivet plays the title role. You may remember that she starred in American-made pictures some years ago.

The Count di Revel, by the way, is a most distinguished and delightful gentleman, and an Oxford graduate.

A luncheon was given to him, to Abel Gance, and to Louis Mercanton, the French producing-director. Di Revel sat quietly and looked on. An exhibitor present learned who he was, came up to him, almost slapped him on the back, and said jovially: "Well, well, Count Revel, I'm certainly glad to meet you."

We couldn't help wondering how the Count took it all.

A PERFECTLY painless teacher is the motion picture.

The latest lesson is drawing. It's done by drawing on the screen the various characters in the Mother Goose stories, and making them come to life. A pen comes on the

screen and begins to draw: first the cat, then the fiddle, then the cow, the moon, fish and the spoon. They all come to life; the cow jumps over the moon, the dog will bark, and the dish will run away with the spoon unless the censors cut it out.

Other rhymes will be shown: "Humpty Dumpty," "Hot Cross Buns," "The Story of the Three Bears," "Hickory Dickory Dock" and many others.

Don't you wish they had had all that when we went to school?

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG is going into vaudeville, according to a report from California. After seeing "Charge It," we can understand why.

THE petition filed by Agnes Ayres in a Los Angeles court to have her screen name made her legal one as well, in place of her real name which is Mrs. Agnes Shuker, reminds us that there are a number of beautiful screen luminaries who decided that a rose by some other name would smell a good deal sweeter.

We all know that Mary Pickford was originally Gladys Smith—but how funny it would be if Betty Blythe had remained Betty Slaughter, or Colleen Moore was still Kathlyn Morrison, or Doris May had kept her real name of Doris Gregory.

It wouldn't mean a thing to you if you saw Juliet Shelby's name in electric lights, but that happens to be Mary Miles Minter's official title, and Shirley Mason should be Miss Flugrath, and so should her sister Viola Dana.

And of course if you saw the name Bessie Appel you would fail utterly to recognize under it that little artist Lila Lee, but Bessie Appel is her name.

Mary McLaren was born Mary MacDonald.

Wanda Hawley has some unpronounceable Swedish cognomen, so she wisely adopted her married name for screen purposes—she is actually Mrs. Burton Hawley, you know. And Florence Vidor did likewise, although her own name of Florence Arto wouldn't have been so bad.

UNIVERSAL, on the heels of the Roscoe Arbuckle case, has come forward with an announcement that it has inserted a "morality clause" into all its present and future contracts. In effect, the clause says that any actor or actress who commits any act tending to offend the community or outrage public morals and decency, will be given five days' notice of the cancellation of his contract with the company.

That's all very fine and very virtuous. But doesn't it look a little as if Universal were seizing the notoriety of the Arbuckle case to bring favorable comment upon itself?

FANNIE WARD fans please note.

The beautiful actress has deserted us—permanently. She has severed the last tie between herself and America. She has ordered all her household treasures sold: all the contents of her gorgeous California home, and has bought a house in London, where she is living with her husband, Jack Dean, and her daughter.

Her daughter, by the way, is quite wealthy in her own right. She is the widow of a prosperous Englishman.

THE month wouldn't be complete without at least one engagement to announce from film circles. This time it is Barbara Bedford, who has just been elevated to stardom by Fox, and Irvin Willat, the director.

No date has been set for the wedding, for Miss Bedford is very young and very busy and thinks it would be better to "wait a while."

(Continued on page 82)



Here is Robert Ellis: the new husband of May Allison. He is a well-known director and a popular leading man. They meant to keep their marriage a secret, but it leaked out. Read all about it in this issue of "Plays and Players."

May Allison

NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true-meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

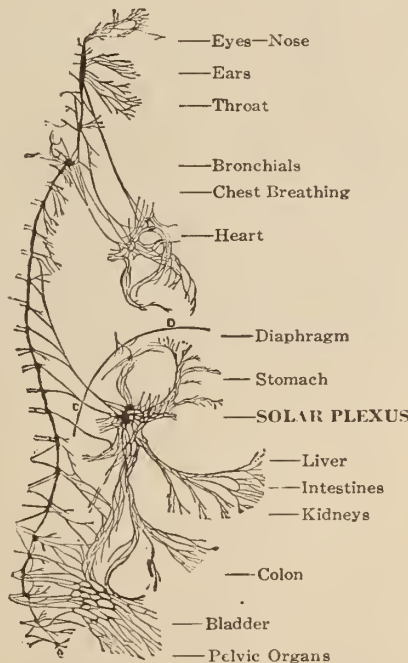
One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion; constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibres in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of today, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from everyday Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book, "Nerve Force," solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have.

Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all the other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet Prevention of Colds.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet Prevention of Colds will be sent Free upon receipt of 25c with the book Nerve Force. You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books. Address:

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Studio 51, 110 West 40th St., New York

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 80)



Mae Murray and David Powell in George Fitzmaurice's Paramount Picture, "Idols of Clay"

The most fascinating thing in the world!

—learning to write for the Movies! Millions are yearning to do it! Thousands are learning how! Movie lovers everywhere are taking it up! It's a wonderful new idea—exciting, magnetic, full of a thousand glowing new possibilities for everyone—LEARNING HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS AND STORIES BY A SIMPLE NEW SYSTEM OF GOING TO THE MOVIES TO GET IDEAS!

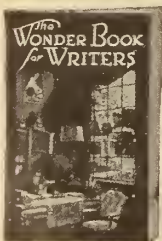
The wonder, the thrill, the joy, the deep personal gratification of seeing your own thoughts, your own ideas, your own dreams, the scenes you pictured in your fancy, the situations sketched in your imagination, the characters you whimsically portrayed,—all gloriously come to life right there on the screen before your very eyes, while you sit in the audience with that flushed, proud smile of success! Yours! Yours at last. And you never dreamed it could be! You doubted yourself,—thought you needed a fancy education or "gift of writing."

To think of thousands now writing plays and stories who used to imagine they NEVER COULD! Not geniuses, but just average, everyday, plain, me-and-you kind of people. Men and women in many businesses and professions—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeeper, salesman, motorman, truckman, barber, boiler-maker, doctor, lawyer, salesgirl, nurse, manicurist, model—people of all trades and temperaments, deeply immersed in "manufacturing movie ideas," of planning scenarios, of adapting ideas from photoplays they see, of re-building plots, of transforming situations, or re-making characters seen on the films—all devoting every moment of their spare time to this absorbing, happy work! Turning leisure hours into golden possibilities!

And the big secret of their boundless enthusiasm, now catching on like wild-fire among all classes of people, is that many of them, by reading some article, just as you are reading this, have discovered the wonders of a New System of Story and Play Writing, published at Auburn, New York, which enables them to make such rapid progress that they are soon transfixed with amazement at the simplicity and ease with which plays and stories are put together for the magazines and moving picture studios.

For the world's supply of photoplays is constantly absorbed in the huge, hungry maw of public demand. Nearly anybody may turn to playwriting with profit. It is the most fascinating thing in the world! And also most lucrative. Skilled writers live in luxury and have princely incomes. They dictate their own terms and never are dictated to. They live and work and do as they please. They are free, independent, prosperous and popular!

You need not stay outside of this Paradise, unless you WANT to! You have as much right to Success as they. They, too, had to begin—they, too, were once uncertain of themselves. But they made a start, they took a chance, they gave themselves the benefit of the doubt, they simply BELIEVED THEY COULD—AND THEY DID! Your experience may be the very same, so why not have a try at it? The way is wide open and the start easier than ever you dreamed. Listen! The Authors' Press, of Auburn, New York, today makes you this astonishing offer: Realizing that you, like many others, are uncertain of your ability and don't know whether you could learn to write or not, they agree to send you absolutely free,



"THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS," which is a book of wonders for ambitious men and women, beautifully illustrated with handsome photographs—a gold mine of ideas that will gratify your expectations so fully that you will be on the ti-toe of eagerness to BEGIN WRITING AT ONCE!

So don't turn over this page without writing your name and address below and mailing at once. You've nothing to pay. You're not obligated in the slightest. THIS MAGNIFICENT BOOK IS YOURS—FREE—NO CASH ACCEPTED FOR THIS BOOK. No strings to this offer. Your copy is all ready, waiting to be mailed to you. Send and get it now.

The Authors' Press, Dept. 378, Auburn, N. Y.

Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....



Pauline Starke plays the leading role in Vitagraph's "Flower of the North," opposite Henry Walthall. The mother's role figures prominently in the story and the director was having a hard time to find an actress who looked enough like Pauline to play it. One day the director saw a woman on the set. "You're the one," he declared. It happened to be Pauline's own mother,—and here she is.

LILLIAN GISH made one of her very rare personal appearances on the first night of the second week of "Way Down East," at the Strand Theater on Broadway.

The lovely Lillian refused at first to consider the personal appearance problem; but managers are insistent, and she was finally obliged to give in. She is one of the stars who is anything but disillusioning in a flesh-and-blood close-up. Ask anyone who saw her that night. She was quite the quaintest and sweetest thing who ever appeared in a theater.

THE other week was "Dual Role Week" on Broadway.

At the Apollo Theater, on Forty-second Street, Mary Pickford was enacting both "Cedric Errol" and "Dearest" in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

At the Strand, a few blocks up the street, Charlie Chaplin was starring—twice—in "The Idle Class."

And at the Rivoli, good old bad-man Bill Hart was holding forth as "Three Word Brand," Three-Word Brand's twin brother, and Three Word Brand's father.

glittering roofs. Norma's jewels will no longer blaze with their friendly ferocity, putting those diamonds and pearls of bankers' wives and opera stars to shame. No longer will Constance's ankle twinkle down the Avenue with its diamond anklet—but there, we seem to be getting sentimental.

So many stars have been deserting the east for the west, we should have been hardened to it before now.

The Talmadges probably want to be in California so they can see their sister Natalie once in a while.

THERE are plans afoot in Germany for a new film company with a capital of 125,000,000 marks. The purpose of it will be to introduce films which will stimulate national feeling among the Teutons.

At the head of the company will be the great coal baron of Germany, the financial wizard, Hugo Stinnes; and Erich von Ludendorff, the ex war-lord. Ludendorff will have the title of "supreme censor" to all the films produced by the new company.

Well, Well!

Alice Calhoun is making "The Little Minister," for Vitagraph.

The Paramount picturization of the Barrie classic with Betty Compson in the title role, is ready for release.

Whom do you think will make the better "Babbie"?

(Continued on page 84)

WIN \$1500% For Xmas



Larger
Picture Puzzles Free



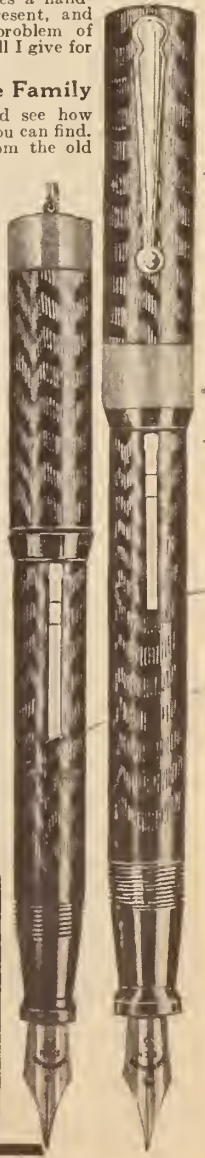
HERE is an opportunity for you to get a handsome Christmas Present for yourself. It is not a fanciful dream but a straight out and out opportunity for you to win \$1500.00. In the picture here, you will find a number of objects and parts of objects whose names begin with the letter "C." Pick out objects like cat, cane, chest, etc. Nothing is hidden. You do not even need to turn the picture upside down.

Everybody Join In
It Costs Nothing to Try

Sit down right now and see how many "C" words you can find. The object of this picture puzzle game is to get more people acquainted with Minnesota Fountain Pens. Thousands of them are now giving satisfactory service every day. We want you to buy one of our pens for yourself and another one to use as a gift. A Minnesota Fountain Pen makes a handsome Christmas present, and it will solve the problem of deciding "what shall I give for Xmas?"

Fun for All the Family

Start in now and see how many "C" words you can find. All can join in, from the old folks down to the little youngsters. You'll have loads of fun, and if your answer to the picture puzzle is awarded 1st prize you will win \$20.00. However, by purchasing a Minnesota Fountain Pen you will be eligible for the big cash prizes.



How Many Objects Beginning with "C" Can You Find in Picture?

- ### Observe These Rules
1. Any person who is not an employee, or relative of any employee of the Minnesota Pen Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
 2. All answers must be mailed by December 24, 1921.
 3. All answers should be written on one side of the paper only, and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page.
 4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete, hyphenated or compound words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular or plural be counted, and vice versa.
 5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. An object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
 6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "C" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
 7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household, nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
 8. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize will be paid each tying contestant.
 9. Three well-known business men, having no connection with the Minnesota Pen Co., will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes. Participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following men have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition:
W. B. Beavens, Cashier Produce Exchange Bank, St. Paul; J. E. Reinke, Principal, Franklin Public School, St. Paul; K. W. Husted, Civil Service Bureau, St. Paul.
 10. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for a Minnesota Fountain Pen has been sent in.
 11. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person purchasing a Minnesota Fountain Pen.

How to Win \$1,500.00

The purchase of one of our \$5 Minnesota Fountain Pens makes your answer to the picture eligible for the \$300.00 Prize, as shown in the second column of prize list. However, as we want more people to know our pens, and as a special advertising feature, we are making this

Special Christmas Offer

As a special Christmas Offer, we are offering the grand prize of \$1,500.00 to the one who sends in the best answer to the above picture puzzle, provided he has purchased two of our \$5.00 Minnesota Fountain Pens at our special Holiday Price of only \$9.00. Two Five Dollar Pens for \$9.00, is all. Or if you would prefer, three \$3.00 Minnesota Pens at \$9.00 will also make you eligible for the \$1,500.00 Prize. Answer the puzzle and send your order now.

State Style of Pen Wanted

The Minnesota Fountain Pen comes in two styles, ladies' and gentlemen's, in both the \$3.00 and \$5.00 sizes. The pens pictured here are our five dollar ladies' and gentlemen's pens. The pictures shown are about two-thirds the actual size. In ordering state whether you wish fine, medium or stub point.

Money-Back Guarantee

We guarantee Minnesota Fountain Pens to be perfectly satisfactory. If you are not satisfied with it on arrival, return it and we will exchange it or refund your money.

MINNESOTA PEN CO.
Dept. 555
Saint Paul Minnesota

MINNESOTA

"The Easy-Writing Fountain Pen"

You will find the Minnesota one of the finest pens you ever used. The ink flows smoothly, and you can't resist the easy way in which it writes. Unless our pens were the very best that money can buy, we could not afford to advertise them the way we do. Thousands of them are now in use. Their popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds. If you need a good pen, or if you would like to make a useful and handsome gift to someone, the Minnesota is just what you have been looking for. The pen speaks for itself. We cannot tell you in words, what five minutes' use of the Minnesota will tell you.

Satisfied Users Everywhere

In New York, in Chicago, in Boston, in St. Louis, in San Francisco, and in fact in almost every town and on many a farm you will find the Minnesota Fountain Pen. The ink flow in the Minnesota is perfect. It does not hot or stain the fingers. Writing becomes a real pleasure when you use the Minnesota.

THE PRIZES

	If no pens are purchased	If one \$5 pen is purchased	If \$9.00 Worth Pens are purchased
1st Prize	\$20.00	\$500.00	\$1,500.00
2nd Prize	10.00	250.00	750.00
3rd Prize	5.00	125.00	375.00
4th Prize	5.00	75.00	187.50
5th Prize	5.00	50.00	100.00
6th Prize	3.00	25.00	75.00
7th Prize	3.00	20.00	50.00
8th Prize	3.00	15.00	40.00
9th Prize	2.00	10.00	30.00
10th to 15th	2.00	10.00	20.00

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 82)



What Do You Owe Your Wife?

Do you remember the promises you made when you wooed the girl who is now your wife? Have you forgotten the scenes your fancy painted—that home of your own—a real yard for the kids—a maid to lighten the household burdens—a tidy sum in the bank—a wonderful trip every summer? She has not forgotten. She still hopes that you will make true these dreams. She still has faith in you.

You don't want to disappoint your wife and make her life a burden, do you? You want to put the light of happiness in her eyes. You have in you the power, the ability and surely the desire to make good your promises, and you can do it easily. If you could only realize how quickly success came to thousands of other husbands, how splendidly they made true the dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

After all is said and done, it is money and its right use that promotes contentment. Lack of money makes the cold realities of present day life a bitter trial and constant worry. It makes young wives old before their time—it brings bitterness into homes where happiness should rule.

A BIG RAISE IN YOUR SALARY is possible for you. Go after it. You can easily double your pay by the **PROMOTION PLAN**. It is nothing new and untried. The **PROMOTION PLAN** has helped thousands of men and women for the last quarter of a century. Mark the coupon for the job in which you are interested and we will send you our free book and copies of voluntary letters from some of our students who have made good in the line in which you want to succeed through the **PROMOTION PLAN**. Send coupon today. You owe it to your wife.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. G-971, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

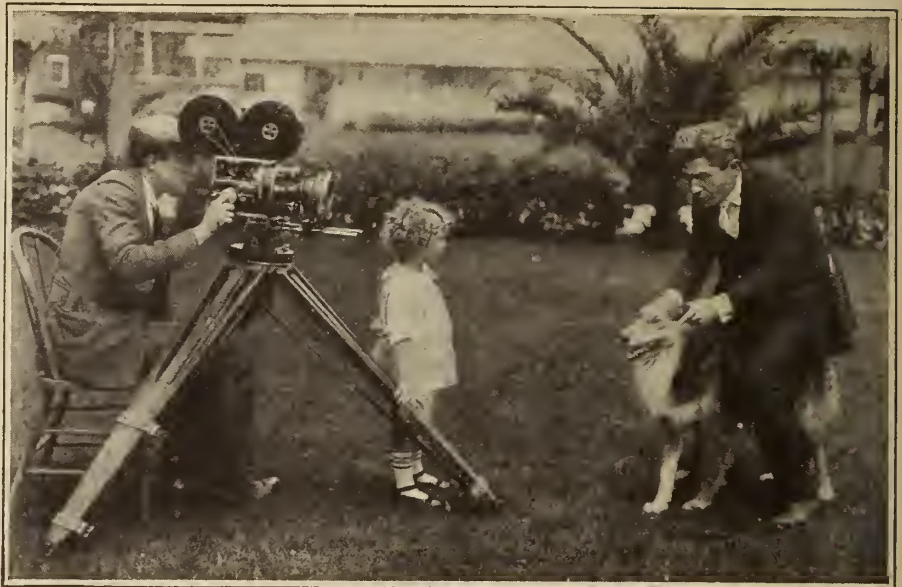
Dept. G-971, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on how the **PROMOTION PLAN** will help me win promotion in the job checked.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Architect | Lawyer |
| Building Contractor | Machine Shop Practice |
| Automobile Engineer | Photoplay Writer |
| Automobile Repairman | Mechanical Engineer |
| Civil Engineer | Shop Superintendent |
| Structural Engineer | Employment Manager |
| Business Manager | Steam Engineer |
| Cert. Public Accountant | Foremanship |
| Accountant and Auditor | Sanitary Engineer |
| Bookkeeper | Surveyor (& Mapping) |
| Draftsman and Designer | Telephone Engineer |
| Electrical Engineer | Telegraph Engineer |
| Electric Light & Power | High School Graduate |
| General Education | Fire Insurance Expert |

Name

Address



Any director will tell you that it's no easy matter to direct an infant actor. But John Stahl manages it by making believe it is all a game. Richard Headrick, film star and swimming champ, has the time of his life in the studio or on location. He cries if they don't let him work!

NOTHING has been announced as yet, and it is not generally known, but we have more than a sneaking suspicion that Pearl White will not be with Fox very much longer. The erstwhile empress of the serials has not been happily cast in any of the Fox dramas, and in her latest, "A Virgin Paradise," she is not even starred on the billboards.

We always think of Miss White as the Pearl of Pathe, don't you?

THE interesting news has just leaked out that Kathleen O'Connor, Vitagraph star, and Lynn Reynolds, who has directed most of the Tom Mix pictures, were married in Los Angeles about three months ago and are spending their honeymoon at Mr. Reynolds' beautiful new home in the Hollywood foothills. The romance was a sort of skyrocket affair and the knowledge of the wedding when a little bird chirped it about, came as a complete surprise.

ALSO apparently not many people know that Helene Chadwick, the Goldwyn leading lady, is in private life Mrs. Billy Wellman. These two have been married for some time, in fact we understand that the ceremony took place just after Mr. Wellman returned from France where he was an Ace in the Lafayette Escadrille. But Miss Chadwick doesn't believe in advertising her domestic bliss, it seems, so only their intimate friends knew of it. Mr. Wellman is at present an assistant director on the Fox lot.

IRAN into Dorothy Gish and her handsome husband, Jim Rennie, in a quiet little Fifth Avenue tea-room the night of Rennie's dress rehearsal for "Pot Luck," his new play.

You can always recognize Dorothy by her very emphatic little gestures. If you saw "Hearts of the World" you saw in the *Little Disturber* the real Dorothy Gish. She is just like that. Except, of course, that she is an exceedingly well-bred young person.

"Tomorrow night," she said in her inimitable staccato, "I'll be so nervous I'll be biting my finger-nails. I'll be much more nervous than Jim. Won't I, Jim?" Jim looked at her adoringly. "It's a nice little play," he smiled.

"Lillian and I took an afternoon off from the orphans and met Constance and we all shopped. Jim's been rehearsing."

The play, by the way, is by Edward Childs Carpenter. The higher-browed critics were not very kind to it; but the public likes it, and after all, that's all that matters. Lillian, the lovely sister-in-law of the featured Mr. Rennie, was in the audience. It's one of the few first nights the busy star has ever attended. Dorothy and her chum, Constance Talmadge, led the cheering. It was largely a family affair.

CATHERINE CALVERT is a film celebrity who has returned to the stage. She is the Spanish heroine of "Blood and Sand," the Broadway adaptation of Ibanez' novel, in which Otis Skinner is starring. Miss Calvert plays the vivid vampish *Dona Sol*, the Spanish great lady who so demoralizes Skinner's *El Gallardo*, the great bull-fighter, that he loses his cunning. Miss Calvert is a dashing heroine and one of the most beautiful women on the American stage.

It is not generally known that she suffers from lameness. She is remarkably brave, and gives no evidence of the illness that made her lame and kept her from stage and screen for several years. She is worthy of the applause that greets her every performance of the Ibanez play when she makes her entrance, gorgeous in Spanish laces and shawl.

WHEN you are fought over in a court of law, you know you are rich and famous.

It wasn't Jackie Coogan, but Jackie Coogan's effigy: the "Kid" doll, that was wrangled over. Jackie in his red sweater and checked cap, his costume in Chaplin's masterpiece, appeared as a doll last April. He appeared twice, in last. And a Supreme Court Judge will have both figures in court to look them over.

The company which manufactured the doll is asking an injunction to restrain the other company from manufacturing and selling the Coogan dolls.

Never mind who wins. The point is, that it's all about a youngster of eight who brought the civilized world to his small feet in one picture.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

IT'S called "The Kick in It." Sounds interesting.

But all the kick is out of it when we tell you that it is only the name of a picture that the society folk of Tuxedo Park have made and have exhibited for charity.

They're very exclusive at Tuxedo, but they fell for the films at last; and they have made a real movie thriller, all about a Wild Mountain Girl and a moonshine still.

Names you have seen in the society columns are listed in the cast.

BEBE DANIELS, who is really an old resident of Los Angeles (her people have been socially and professionally prominent here for three generations and her grandfather was one of the best known men of his time and has streets and carlines named after him), has bought a new home on West Adams street, this being the old exclusive residential district, far removed from Hollywood or Beverly Hills.

Here Miss Bebe resides with her mother, her little Span'sh grandmother, from whom she inherited her beauty, and a bevy of devoted aunts. The house is very stately and old-fashioned and spacious and surrounded by large and ancient trees.

She entertained there the other evening with a delightful little dinner in honor of Nina Wilcox Putnam, the writer, who came west to write a screen story of Cuba for the little star.

HOW'D you like to work for Adolph Zukor? He is the president of Paramount, you know.

The other day—and it was one of the loveliest days of fall—he had a party. It was at his estate on the Hudson. He had four hundred guests whom he sent for in private cars. They were all the eastern employees of Famous Players, who had the time of their life playing golf and tennis, and base ball with their boss. He's the kind of a boss to have!

BETTY BLYTHE returned to Hollywood after a long visit to New York and celebrated her arrival by appearing in person at the production of "The Queen of Sheba," in which she is starred, at a Los Angeles theater.

Rarely in the history of Los Angeles has the personal appearance of a star met with such a reception. Miss Blythe is a Los Angeles girl, and has hosts of friends who had seen her splendid performance as *Sheba* and wanted to congratulate her. Consequently when she appeared on the stage, clad more fully but quite as gorgeously as in her screen double, she was greeted with college yells, wild cheers and applause, and showers of flowers. The whole stage was packed with floral offerings, which excited ushers kept handing her, until Betty stood among them, half laughing and half crying.

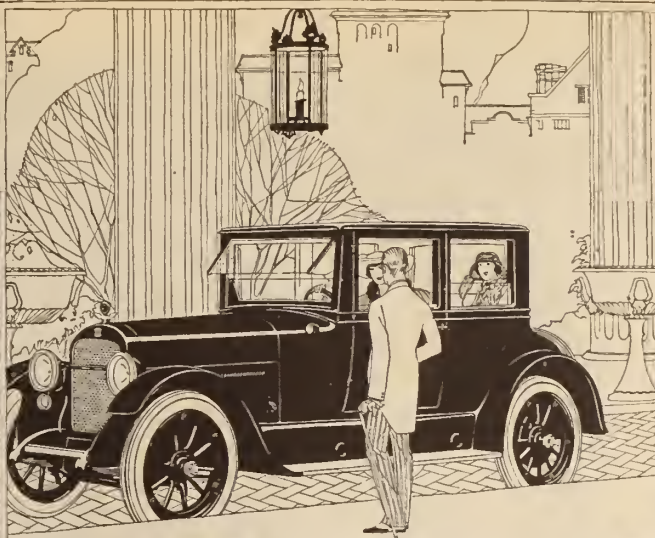
QUITE a crowd of celebrities sailed for Europe in the Fall.

Hot upon the heels of the Fairbanks-Pickfords—Mary, Doug, Mrs. Charlotte, Jack, baby Mary, and the two business manager-brothers of Doug—went a party which included such shining lights as Lottie Pickford, Rubye de Remer, Elliott Dexter, and Teddy Sampson.

Mr. Dexter is going to travel on the continent, studying the customs and the languages of the countries he visits. Don't stay away too long, Elliott.

BETTY and Gloria Swanson returned to California on the same train. What a lovely time the men on that limited must have had—from the point of view of the scenery.

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The other new 1922 Haynes 75 models are: Seven-passenger Touring Car, \$2485; four-passenger Tourister, \$2485; two-passenger Special Speedster, \$2685; 5-passenger Brougham, \$3185; seven-passenger Sedan and Suburban, \$3485.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)



"The Little Colonel" comes back. Henry Walthall has made his first picture for several years, "Flower of the North," for Vitagraph.

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HAROLD LLOYD has also bought a new-old house, and had it all done over. He doesn't like these new white plaster houses that are the rage, at all.

BETTY is telling a story on herself, by the way—her success not having spoiled her sense of humor.

At the private showing of "Camille" by Madame Nazimova at the Ritz in New York, Miss Blythe was introduced to a gentleman whose name she didn't catch, but whom she described as having "The most fascinating, human, distinguished face in the world, under lovely white hair."

She leaned over to him in what she referred to as her best society manner and murmured, "I do hope you won't mind—if I tell you how much you remind me of David Warfield. You look exactly like him."

The gentleman smiled. "That's strange, isn't it," he remarked, "but you see I am David Warfield."

THE way in which Wally Reid has been spending his three weeks' vacation between pictures ought to be most definite refutation of any rumor that there is domestic difficulty in the star's household.

In the new Reid home is a billiard room which is exclusively Wally's property. It was especially designed for him by his wife, Dorothy Davenport Reid, and is done in rough stone, painted cement floors and dark brown walls.

It also contains all the odds and ends of household furniture which Mrs. Reid displaced when she bought the new furnish-

ings for her house—their first piano, an enormous old desk, some wicker chairs, a table or two and a big old-fashioned sofa.

So Wallace, who is artistically inclined, and both draws and paints well, put in his entire vacation painting the furniture in the billiard room with his own hands. He evolved a fascinating color scheme of black enamel decorated futuristically in red, dull blue and orange. He has made every article of furniture match, painting them solidly black and ornamenting them in the colors—even to the piano and the cue rack—and the room is now quite the most effective thing in the house.

"And now I suppose Dorothy will want to take it away from me, it's so nice," says Mr. Reid, plaintively.

BY the way, everybody has been raving about the marvellous combination that Bebe and May Allison make when they go about together, Bebe is so very dark and flashing, and May, who is exactly the same height and size, is so blonde and golden and blue-eyed that it is quite remarkable to see them standing with their arms about each other.

MARIE DORO has returned to New York and the stage.

After a long absence in Italy, where she made several photoplays, the famous fragile star is starring in a new play, "Lilies of the Field," in which she is supported by Norman Trevor. The play is said to be very, very naughty. Why, Marie!

Plays and Players

(Continued)

JACKIE COOGAN'S genius, displayed in his remarkable portrayal of "The Kid," has admitted him to all circles, however great and exclusive.

With him, of course, go his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan senior, formerly vaudeville performers.

Recently Jackie was invited to visit Paderewski at his beautiful almond ranch near Paso Robles, California. Mr. and Mrs. Coogan took the child north and they were all received with great cordiality by the world-famous pianist and former prime minister of Poland, and Madame Paderewski.

Luncheon was laid on the lawn under some stately trees and many delicacies had been prepared to tempt Jackie's appetite.

But father Coogan reviewed the report and said flatly, "No, the boy must have eggs."

Madame Paderewski was all attention. "But of course, the dear child," she cried, "There are fresh ones laid this morning. I will get them. And that they may be properly cooked for him, I myself will go to the kitchen and prepare them."

"That's right, madame," said Coogan senior, "And I bet you wield a mean skillet."

HERE'S Santa Ana and our old friend Judge Cox—the gentleman who sent Bebe Daniels to jail—bursting into the limelight again.

Tom Mix was arrested and taken before him the other day charged with refusing to stop and render aid after colliding with the automobile of a prosperous Orange County farmer.

Tom declares the farmer backed into him coming out of a driveway and is righteously irate about it. But he had to tell it to Judge Cox.

He got off without a sentence.

We hope our stars will learn to stay out of Orange County.

With Mr. Mix at the time were his wife and Eva Novak.

MARY PICKFORD has bought back the film rights to "Tess of the Storm Country," from Famous Players.

You remember the splendid drama it was as one of Mary's first great pictures?

We don't see how it can be made any greater, but apparently Mary does. We are willing to be shown.

RICHARD A. ROWLAND has resigned as president of Metro Pictures.

Rowland is one of the great executives of motion pictures. He ranks with Adolph Zukor in his genius for organization. Metro meant Richard Rowland; and his resignation created quite a stir in the film world.

He went abroad to be present at the European premiers of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Rowland believed in this picture, and knew the story would make a great picture, before anyone else. He stuck to his belief, and the success of the Ibanez-Ingram picture has more than justified his faith in it.

Mr. Rowland will go into business for himself, according to his own announcement.

POLLY FREDERICK has lost thirty-eight pounds.

It is vastly becoming and she has promised to tell us exactly how she did it, so we'll let you know later.

TOM MOORE and his bride, the pretty little French actress, Renee Adoree, are expecting a visit from the stork in the near future, according to advices from their Beverly Hills mansion.

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"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Those hours you spent with the International Correspondence Schools textbooks were the best investment you ever made."

HOW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

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Sweet Lucy

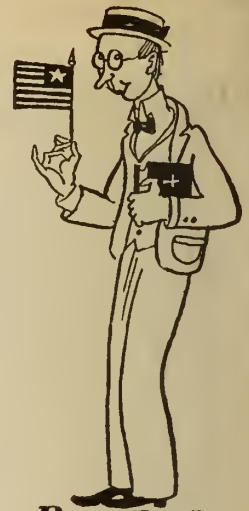
**PURER
THAN
SNOW!**

A Censor-Proof
Photodrama

By
**GEORGE RANDOLPH
CHESTER**

(Reprinted by courtesy the New York World)

Illustrated by Herb Roth



Pure Paul

1. VILLAGE ROAD BY A CABBAGE PATCH. FOUR OR FIVE CHURCH SPIRES IN THE DISTANCE.—A rabbit hops across the road to the fence, and looks in at the cabbages.

2. CLOSEUP of Rabbit.—It looks at the cabbages.

3. CLOSEUP of a Cabbage.—It is a nice ripe cabbage.

4. CLOSEUP of the Rabbit. It shakes its head. The cabbages are not its cabbages. It begins to eat weeds instead, happy because it has a clean conscience.

5. MEDIUM SHOT OF THE SAME LOCATION.—Lucy comes into the scene. She is dressed so as not to reveal any of her alluring physical attractions, if she has any. She wears a plain hat, as all good girls should, carries a flower in one hand and a hymn book in the other. Her hair hangs down in front in two long braids, and she smiles constantly. She is very sweet.

SWEET LUCY.

6. CLOSEUP of Lucy.—She continues to be very sweet.

7. SAME MEDIUM SHOT—SAME LOCATION.—Paul comes in from the opposite direction. He is a lean youth with spectacles, flag of freedom in one hand and a hymn book in the other. He has the pale anemia of perfect purity. He smiles constantly. He, too, is very sweet.

PURE PAUL.

8. CLOSEUP of Paul.—He looks at Lucy respectfully. He puts his hymn book under his arm, lifts his hat politely and takes his hymn book in his hand again.

9. NEAR SHOT—SAME LOCATION.—Pure Paul and Sweet Lucy look at each other, but not

long enough to be unduly exciting. Lucy spies the rabbit. She smiles. She calls Paul's attention to it. He looks at it. He smiles.

10. CLOSEUP of the Rabbit.—It is eating weeds happily. It has a clear conscience.

11. CLOSEUP of Lucy.—She registers: "OH, SEE THE INNOCENT RABBIT. DO YOU NOT LOVE INNOCENT RABBITS?"

12. CLOSEUP of Paul.—He says: "I DO LOVE INNOCENT RABBITS, SWEET LUCY—AND I ALSO LOVE YOU!"

13. CLOSEUP of Lucy.—She is shocked. She draws herself up, smiling sweetly. She says: "I MUST NOT LISTEN TO YOU, FOR LOVE AND MARRIAGE LEAD TO THINGS WHICH WE MUST NOT BELIEVE EXIST."

14. CLOSEUP of Paul.—He is pained by her words. "YOU MISTAKE ME, LUCY. I LOVE YOU AS I DO THE DEAR LITTLE BIRDS. NOTHING MORE, I SWEAR."

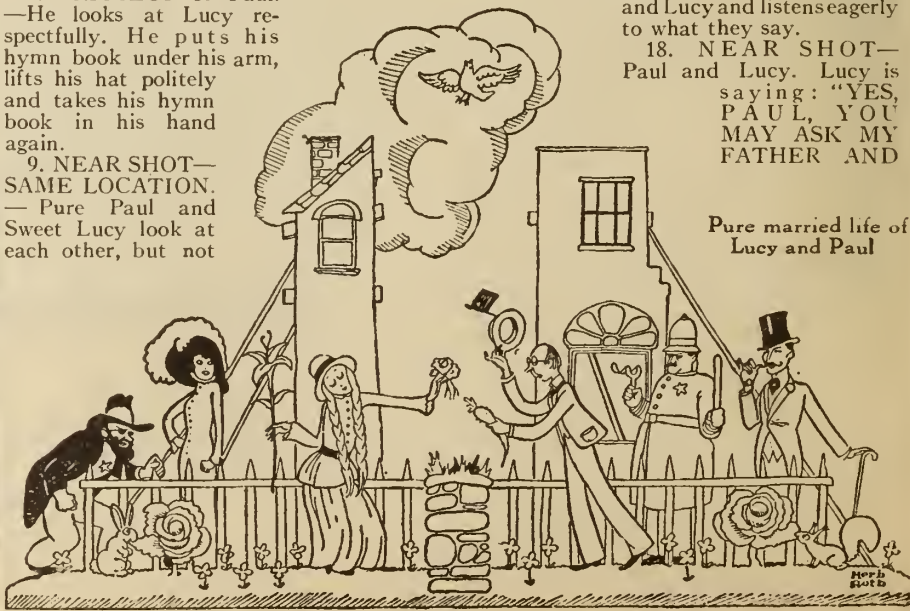
15. CLOSEUP of Lucy.—She smiles sweetly. Heavens, how sweet she is!

16. MEDIUM SHOT—SAME LOCATION.—As Paul and Lucy stand talking a man with many whiskers slips from behind an adjacent bush to the cover of a bush still more adjacent.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

17. CLOSEUP of the Mysterious Stranger.—He watches Paul and Lucy and listens eagerly to what they say.

18. NEAR SHOT—Paul and Lucy. Lucy is saying: "YES, PAUL, YOU MAY ASK MY FATHER AND



Purer than Snow!

(Continued)

MOTHER AND MY AUNT PRUDENCE AND MY COUSIN BILL AND THE MINISTER IF I MAY MARRY YOU, AND IF THEY SAY 'YES,' I WILL."

Paul registers his pleasure at this reply, and together they turn and walk side by side out of the scene, but she does not take his arm, nor he hers. The Mysterious Stranger slinks stealthily after them. The conscientious rabbit continues to eat weeds.

19. THE PARLOR OF LUCY'S HOME.—Father, Mother, Aunt Prudence and Cousin Bill and the Minister are in the parlor drinking water from a water cooler. This should be a novel scene, and the director may work it up for its atmosphere of peace and purity. Paul and Lucy come into the scene, and Paul asks manfully if he may marry Lucy. One look at Paul is enough. He is pale and pure. They say that Paul may marry Lucy. Then they call in a policeman and permit Paul a betrothal kiss which he imprints on Lucy's forehead for two feet and three frames, as measured by the policeman's watch. The Mysterious Stranger looks through the window.

20. CLOSEUP of the Kiss.—Lucy continues to smile sweetly, Paul is still pale and pure, holding his hymn book in one hand and his flag in the other.

BETROTHED.

21. A PATH IN THE WOODS.—Paul and Lucy walk side by side. They do not do anything; they just walk side by side. There enters into the scene a young woman who is scarcely able to conceal her shapeliness within her plain dress. Her hair is curly.

THE VAMP—MIMYE DE JONES.

22. CLOSEUP of the Young Woman.—It is easy to be seen from her closeup that she is wicked, because she is a beautiful young woman.

23. MEDIUM SHOT—SAME LOCATION.—The Vamp walks through the scene. She looks at Paul, but she does nothing more, for she is not permitted to roll her eye or, by any accident, reveal that she has a trim ankle, or offer any other allurements; because if she did, it would be cut out anyhow. She merely walks through. Paul sees her, but does not look at her. He is above temptation in his pale purity.

24. NEAR SHOT.—Paul and Lucy walking through the woods. They do not do anything except walk through. This is the photographer's opportunity for some beautiful scenic backgrounds and light and shadow effects, before and after Paul and Lucy walk through.

25. MEDIUM SHOT.—Further along the path in the woods. There enters a graceful young man with a mustache and a coat which fits him in the back. This alone must stamp him as a Villain, because it is forbidden for him to smoke a cigarette.

THE VILLAIN—REGINALD VAN PING

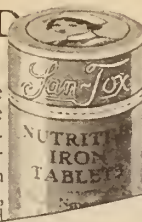
26. CLOSEUP of the Young Man.—He looks at Lucy.

27. MEDIUM SHOT.—Lucy sees the Villain, but he means nothing to her. The Villain does not do anything. He does not think anything. He walks on through. He is hurrying home to lock himself in his room to drink coffee, which is the only vice left to him. Lucy and Paul walk on, and the Mysterious Stranger slinks after them.

28. THE EDGE OF A BROOK.—Lucy does not lift her skirt even ever so little to step on the stepping-stone. She lets her skirt get wet. What is a skirt to flawless virtue?

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Purer Than Snow!

(Concluded)

29. **CLOSEUP of the Stepping Stone.**—A snake is coiled there, basking in the sun. Lucy's foot comes down on the stepping-stone. We do not show the foot, just the heel of the shoe and the sole. We may venture this far, perhaps. The snake springs up out of the picture. This is our risqué situation. We are to assume that the snake has bitten Lucy in the ankle, for the heel and sole lift up quickly out of the picture, and the snake dangles after it. Then the snake drops off.

30. **AT THE EDGE OF THE BROOK.**—**NEAR SHOT.**—Lucy jumps back. She sits on a log. She is frightened, though she continues to smile sweetly. Paul wants to know what is the matter. He is frightened also. She points to the snake. Both look.

31. **CLOSEUP of the Snake.**—It hurries away in the brook.

32. **NEAR SHOT.**—**LUCY AT THE EDGE OF THE BROOK.**—Lucy is holding her ankle, but of course through her dress. The Mysterious Stranger is watching eagerly from behind a tree. He wears a fiendish smile. Paul looks down at Lucy.

33. **CLOSEUP of Paul.**—He is very much troubled in his mind. He says: "DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE PERMITTED FOR ME TO SUCK THE POISON FROM THE WOUND?" He waits for the answer.

34. **CLOSEUP of Lucy.**—She is shocked at the suggestion. She says: "WE COULD NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT: I MUST DIE." She leans her head against the tree behind her and begins to die. **THIS IS OUR BIG PUNCH. THE DIRECTOR SHOULD PUT THIS THRILL OVER WITH A WALLOP!**

35. **CLOSEUP of Paul.**—He stands there watching her die.

36. **CLOSEUP.**—Lucy dying.

37. **CLOSEUP.**—Paul watching her die.

38. **CLOSEUP.**—The Mysterious Stranger peering from behind a tree.

39. **CLOSEUP of Lucy Dying.**—She doesn't! She opens her eyes slowly. She thinks. She says: "IT MUST HAVE BEEN A GARTER SNAKE."

40. **CLOSEUP of Paul.**—He turns stern. "YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

41. **NEAR SHOT.**—He stands holding his flag and his book, while Lucy gets up, and they start home side by side. The Mysterious Stranger follows them, his face working convulsively amid his whiskers.

THE WEDDING DAY.

42. **CHURCH INTERIOR.**—Pure Paul and Sweet Lucy are being married by the Minister in the presence of Father, Mother, Aunt Prudence, Cousin Bill and the neighbors. The director will work up this scenario and get all the spectacular excitement possible out of it. The Vamp and the Villain

are in the scene, but they do not do anything. The Minister finishes the ceremony. Then Father appears with two railroad tickets in his hand.

43. **CLOSEUP of Father.**—"HERE ARE YOUR HONEYMOON TICKETS. HAVE A GOOD TIME, MY DEAR CHILDREN, AND HURRY BACK."

44. **NEAR SHOT.**—Father hands a ticket to Paul and a ticket to Lucy. Both smile sweetly.

45. **CLOSEUP of Lucy's Ticket.**—It reads "To Niagara Falls."

46. **CLOSEUP of Paul's Ticket.** It reads "To Old Point Comfort."

47. **WIDE ANGLE.**—The married couple start down the aisle to the strains of the Wedding March.

48. **THE CHURCH STEPS.**—The Mysterious Stranger comes into the scene and holds out his hand for money. Paul registers "What for? Who are you?"

49. **CLOSEUP of Mysterious Stranger.** He says: "I AM CENSOR BILL, AND YOU'LL PAY ME WHETHER YOU'VE DONE ANYTHING WRONG OR NOT."

50. **NEAR SHOT.**—Paul pays him. Cousin Bill hands Paul his suitcase. Aunt Prudence hands Lucy her travelling bag. Paul starts down the street in one direction, accompanied by Cousin Bill and Aunt Prudence, and Lucy starts down the street in the other direction accompanied by Father and Mother. The Vamp and the Villain stand in the church door. They turn their backs on each other. They might have a good time together, but it would be cut out.

HAPPY AT LAST.

51. The scene fades in on two neat small cottages side by side with a stone wall between them. A policeman watches from the end of the wall, together with a Prohibition enforcement officer, an anti-tobacco enforcement officer, and an anti-tea-and-coffee enforcement officer and some others. They all have to be paid, but see how pure we are! Lucy comes to the wall from her garden plot. Paul comes to the wall from his garden plot.

52. **NEAR SHOT of Lucy and Paul at the Stone Wall.**—Paul registers that it is a fine evening. Lucy registers also that it is a fine evening. Paul trades some of his onions for some of Lucy's radishes.

53. **CLOSEUP.**—Lucy's Second Story Window.—Lucy comes into view and pulls down the shade and lights a light. There is no silhouette on the window shade.

54. **CLOSEUP.**—Paul's Second Story Window.—He pulls down the shade and lights a light. It does not matter if there is a silhouette on his window shade or not.

55. **LONG SHOT OF THE TWO COTTAGES.**—The twilight deepens to darkness.

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?

FADE OUT.

Petrova's Page

(Continued from page 55)

greater than the impression of how little difference a thousand years or so really makes in the long order of things, is the impression of the bull fight.

Now, I know what you are going to say. You are going to say: "You don't mean to tell me that you of all people in the world could witness a bull fight?"

I could and I did; and not only one bull fight but five; two in Madrid, one at Cordova, one at Sevilla and one at Barcelona. Cruel? Yes. Life and death are cruel,

particularly life, and man cruellest of all! Every country has its particular cruelty that it regards as "sport" while it shrieks to heaven of the cruelty of the "sport of its neighbor."

I was talking with an Englishman at the corrida of Corpus Christi at Sevilla. He was furious at the spectacle of the infuriated beast. "It's cruel," he said, "because the minute that little gate opens and he rushes out into the ring, no matter how bravely fights you know that he is a dead bull."

Petrova's Page

(Concluded)

I remarked that that was true, but that at the same time the bull did accomplish considerable damage to his persecutors before he died. (At every bull fight at which I was present some human was hurt or injured.)

"Now, with fox hunting," I began—

His eyes lighted up. "That's quite different," he told me. "The fox *does* get a run for his money."

"He certainly does," I agreed. "He runs until his heart is twice its normal size and the blood streaks his eyes. And when he's run as far as he can, he's a dead fox, isn't he? He hasn't even had a chance to leave his mark on any of his well-protected pursuers."

"Well, a fox does sometimes get away," he put in.

"Yes, and when he gets to earth you dig him out and start all over again. For my part I can't see that as sport. It's too one-sided. All that your fox *does* get is the run for his money. Your fox-hunting gentleman takes no risks; he exhibits no skill."

In the bull ring everyone, from the picador to the matador, takes his life in his hands, each time he goes into the ring.

For the horses I am sad, and yet I think some of the sorry beasts I saw were better off at peace and out of their misery. It takes so little time for a bull to kill a horse and pulling heavy loads interminably, when age has long left its mark, is so slow a way to die.

And speaking of living. It brings to my mind that yesterday as I was driving down one of the thoroughfares of New York, there was a block in the traffic. Ahead of me there was a huge truck loaded with little boxes, crammed with living fowls, on their way, I suppose, to some butcher's. I couldn't help thinking that if fowls reason they must have been impatient for the release of the butcher's knife.

This digression in the interest of fowls brings me to a realization that my thousand words are almost up and I haven't even started with Spain or a real description of the corrida.

Well, they must wait for my next letter. However, before subscribing myself as "yours affectionately" I might say that since I came home such minutes as I could spare from work I have spent at the cinema.

I have seen "Liliom" twice. It is a peculiar hotch-potch that Mr. Molnar had concocted. It seemed to me that the end of the play undoubtedly came with the refusal of the carpenter who was a "lovely gentleman with lots of hair" as the old lady said, by Eva le Gallienne.

The play is fortunate in Miss le Gallienne; surely one of the most sincere and gifted players that it has ever been my good fortune to see. Mr. Schildkraut as *Liliom* is handsome (Oh, very!), but was there ever really such a person as *Liliom* outside Mr. Schildkraut's conception of him?

I saw Constance Talmadge in "Wedding Bells." She is one of my favorite screen artists. (I am not speaking of her plays, but of her.) The greatest impression that I had of "Wedding Bells" was that if Miss Talmadge had been one whit less beautiful, the photographer would have successfully removed any evidence of all the other whits.

"The Great Moment" cost me \$2.50—in two seats. I wouldn't mind that, mind you, if I'd had it—I mean the Great Moment. Space, inexorable space, is up!

Until next month, Jeanette cherie—

Olga Petrova



And the same rich scents you may enjoy tonight

EVERYWHERE in Burma tonight little fires are being lighted and, in each home, a little Burmese lady is sprinkling sweet powders over a live and glowing coal.

All through India, up through China—in fact, through all the length and breadth of the Eastern world, millions of people are happier and more rested because faint wisps of incense are rising in their homes.

Vantine's— the true Temple Incense

And because of Vantine's, the same delicate scents of the Orient may arise tonight in your home to delight you—to refresh you—to enchant you.

Vantine's Temple Incense is the name to think of. The druggist, the gift shop and the department store are your sources of supply—for all over the country


these are the stations where you may get the true Oriental incense—the incense which the East uses and Vantine's have imported for years.

Which do you think you prefer?

It comes in five delicate fragrances—Sandalwood, Wistaria, Rose, Violet and Pine. Some like the rich Oriental fulness of Sandalwood, others choose the sweetness of Wistaria, Rose or Violet, and still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of Pine.

Try tonight, the fragrance which you think you prefer. Most shops have it waiting for you.

But if your shop does not, just name that fragrance as suggested below, and we shall be glad to send it as your first acquaintance package.



ALL the sweet delicacy of Wistaria Blossoms is imprisoned in Vantine's Wistaria Toilet Water.

VANTINE'S Temple Incense is sold at druggists, department stores and gift shops in two forms—powder and cones—in 3 packages—25c, 50c and 75c

Vantine's Temple Incense



Rose Sandalwood
 Violet Pine
 Wistaria

If you will send 25c to A. A. Vantine & Co., 64 Hunterspoint Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y., and name the fragrance you prefer, we will be glad to send you an Introductory Package.





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FACE POWDER

When Grandmother was a girl, she powdered her nose and the dimple in her chin with Lablache. Through all these years, it has remained steadfastly the same pure powder for the complexion. Sold to-day in the same old fashioned box.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 65c, a box of druggists or by mail Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

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MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 32 and 33.

PATRICIA LYLE, LONDON.—I appreciate very much your writing to me all the way from Britain. About your hair: don't, please, be afraid to wash it once a week, or even more. There is an old-fashioned idea that hair should not be shampooed more often than once a month. That, I think, is perfectly absurd. It is like the old jokes about the Saturday night bath! Wash your hair just as you wash your face: when it is dirty—and sometimes when it is not. If you use a good shampoo, and use it regularly, your hair will not become hard and brittle. If you will write again I will answer you in more detail.

HELEN S., INDIANAPOLIS.—Thank you for your encouragement. It is so good to know that one's efforts have been appreciated. I am glad you liked my answer to your letter, and hope I can always help you. The only way one can have nice nails is to keep right on taking good care of them. Use a good preparation—there is none better than Cutex, which I myself have always used—and use it every day. Type-writing, it is true, works havoc on beautiful long nails; but the solution of this is: do not let your nails grow too long. They are not particularly smart, and they are certainly not practical. Please write again.

MRS. W. G., OAKLAND, CAL.—Your gracious letter confirms my belief that a mother, more than anyone, knows what her young daughter should wear. I am indeed grateful, however, for your charming letter; and only wish I could have helped you much more.

ROBERT G. W., OWOSSO, MICH.—You are entirely right in advising your friend not to cut her nice curly hair. You may tell her that Carolyn Van Wyck says if she had such beautiful curls she would most assuredly not bob them. You are a very sensible young man; and I should like to hear from you as to whether our combined advice helps.

CATHERINE S., PEN MAR, PA.—Please do not let anyone tell you that middy blouses are not just the thing for a sixteen-year-old girl. They are the most charming and practical of all costumes. And you are so sweet and sensible yourself that I wish I could write to your mother and tell her so. She should be very proud of a daughter who is wise enough to realize that hair-down and middies are the thing. You can wear red very well; in fact, any bright color. Do call on me again.

MISS BILLIE H., ALTON, ILL.—You wish me to advise you what a fifteen-year-old girl should wear to an evening dance. I confess my surprise that a fifteen-year-old should be attending a dance. However, if you are going, you should wear a very simple little gown of taffeta or radium silk, of pink or white or blue. This should be made with a girlish round neck, short sleeves, and, if you like them, ruffles. The dresses are longer now, and yours should not be very short, even if you do like them that way. With this dress, if it is blue or pink, wear pink or blue stockings and silver slippers, or slippers of satin to match the

dress. If it is white, wear white satin or kid slippers and hose. For your hair, wear a band of silver ribbon or satin flowers.

FRANCES KIMMEAR, GENEVA, OHIO.—I should say that you have a great deal of personality. You should wear any of the brighter colors, avoiding blue or brown. I would buy a sports coat of camels-hair instead of a fur-trimmed coat for school-wear. The two-strap pumps are still very good, but if I were you I would wear brown oxfords for school. You say you like to wear plain dresses of good material and mode. You should follow your inclinations.

MAE V., PATERSON, N. J.—For an afternoon affair, you should wear a frock of taffeta or crepe. A dark blue taffeta dress with a bouffant skirt would look very well with your blonde hair and fair skin.

MARIE, OHIO.—If your hair is straight, I would advise against bobbing it. There are only a few girls who look well with straight bobbed hair. And I should hate to see you curl it. It's a great nuisance, besides being injurious to the hair. Wear the "baby French heels" rather than the very high ones.

MARIETTA, NEW YORK.—Why not send two dollars and fifty cents to Bourjois and Co., Inc., 35 West 34th Street, N. Y. C., for their "beauty assortment?" It includes all the things you mention that you need: face powder, lip stick, eyebrow pencil, rouge, powder puff, buttermilk soap, nail polish, etc. If you have a pale complexion, use rouge by all means. The correct use of rouge for women who really need it I highly recommend. It is the abuse of cosmetics that injures their reputations.

MARY H., CHICAGO, ILL.—I know just what you should have. You say that you like perfume but that when you use some and go out in the afternoon the scent is gone. "Faconettes" solve your problem. They are little vials containing almost any of the favorite perfumes, all very good. Put one in your bag, and you can always have a drop of perfume with you.

JANE, LIMA, OHIO.—If your mother doesn't want you to use rouge for a year or two yet—and you only seventeen—by all means obey her. There will be time enough when you will have to use all the cosmetics; but a youthful complexion should not use them. Powder, I believe in. A shiny face, no matter how young, is not a pretty thing to see.

HELEN, MONTREAL.—I think I know what is the matter with you. You say you haven't an ugly face, that your hair is pretty, that your complexion is pink and white, but that no one has ever called you attractive. Are you sure that you walk right? Do you carry yourself well, or do you mince along with your head down? Remember this: a good carriage is more important than almost anything else. Alice Roosevelt became famous because of her marvellous poise, her superb carriage. Try emulating Alice.

The Public Rights League

THE logical theory that the rights of the motion picture industry are identical with the rights of the public is the basis of a movement which has been carried into successful operation by Martin J. Quigley in his publication, "Exhibitors Herald," one of the leading trade journals.

The vehicle of the movement is termed The Public Rights League. The league is conducted under the auspices of the Quigley publication and since its inception, four months ago, has attained a membership of two thousand motion picture theater owners throughout the United States whose alliance with the league is prompted by their desire to afford to their public, via their screens, a true understanding of the facts relative to censorship, the Blue Law agitation and kindred manifestations of radical reformers' efforts to curb and harass the motion picture and in turn the motion picture public.

The exhibitor-members are pledged to watchfulness to the end that no neglect on their part shall offer comfort to radical reformers who seek to inhibit and restrict the natural development of the motion picture into a greater and still greater force of entertainment and education. The members' aim, through the medium of their screens, is to keep the public apprised of the latest facts and arguments bearing upon the issues.

To this end there is supplied weekly in the columns of "Exhibitors Herald" a brief, pointed message of fact or argument which is reproduced upon the screens of the exhibitor-members. A specimen of these messages—which may already have beamed upon you in your theater in the midst of a group of "Coming Attractions" announcements—is the following: "The motion picture is a development of the printing press, publishing in pictures instead of in type, and as such is entitled to the same Constitutional guarantees of freedom that are accorded the Press."

A recent announcement is that Marshall Neilan will produce, especially for the League, and consequently only to be shown in theaters of members, a propaganda film treating in an Neilanesque manner with the issues of censorship and Blue Sunday legislation. This film, together with all the other material of the Public Rights League, is available gratis to theaters. If your theater is not a member, a casual "Why?" would be doing your constructive bit in aiding a worthy movement.

The Golden Goose

INSTEAD of \$7,500, the New York State censors are really receiving \$10,000 a year. They are the highest paid members of any similar body in the United States. By remaining away from Albany, where the law specifies the principal office of the commission shall be located, and where there is not even so much as a single desk, the censors can charge up expenses not to exceed \$7 a day.

And this means for a seven-day week, or in other words, the commissioners are taking care of themselves to the extent of about \$50 weekly.

Not satisfied with this, censors who have visited their homes in distant parts of the state, have set up a hue and cry because the state is not magnanimous enough to pay their railroad fare, Pullmans and meals en route, even though they might be returning home on personal business. It's a tough life!—*M. P. World.*



You Will See

Prettier teeth—safer teeth—in a week

If you ask for this test—as millions have done—you will see great effects in a week.

Old methods of teeth cleaning have proved inadequate. Nearly everybody knows that. Teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing until very few escape.

You owe to yourself a test of the method which modern dental science advises.

Film ruins teeth

The great tooth enemy is film — that viscous film you feel. Now it is known as the cause of most tooth troubles.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old methods do not end it. So very few people have escaped its attacks.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth.

Film 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.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Teeth are unclean

Teeth brushed in old ways are dangerously unclean. The film that's left may night and day attack them.

So dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have amply proved them. And now leading dentists everywhere advise them.

These effective methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And all the world over it is being supplied to people who will try it.

These five effects twice daily

There are other effects which modern science has also proved essential. And Pepsodent brings all of them with every application.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Pepsodent users twice daily get all these desired results.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Judge by what you see and feel. Read the book we send. Then in the future do what you think best. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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

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—Be Bobbed Without Cutting Your Hair
 THE charm and beauty of the NATIONAL BOB—originated by us—have made it the last word in attractive coiffure. Even if your hair is already bobbed, you can also wear the NATIONAL BOB, for it saves the annoyance of curling, burning or cutting your own hair. Two tiny combs attach it securely—on and off in a jiffy.

Send a strand of your hair and \$10.00
 The Bob will be sent to you at once, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free hair goods catalogue sent on request.
 Artificial Eyelashes \$1.50 pair

WIGS FOR DOLLY

Make your old dolly look like new with a National Dolly Wig
 For beautiful bobbed wig—natural ringlet hair—send \$4.50.
 For good quality wig—long curls—send \$2.50.

State color desired and number of inches around Dolly's head with your remittance. Wig will be sent postpaid.



Buy National Nets in BOUTIQUE BOXES—or send 85c and your dealer's name for Box of 6—each net guaranteed perfect and extra large size. State color and style.

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I CAN TEACH YOU Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and newest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in a few hours—at home—in private by the wonderful Peak System of Mail Instruction
 REMARKABLE NEW METHOD, Easy—fascinating. RESULTS GUARANTEED. No music—no partner needed. Thousands taught successfully.
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These are the Hours That Count

MOST of your time is mortgaged to work, meals and sleep. But the hours after supper are yours. You can fritter them away on profitless pleasure, or you can make those hours bring you position, money, power, real success in life. There is a big job waiting for you—in your present work or in any line you choose. Get ready for it! You can do it, through the International Correspondence Schools, without losing a day or a dollar from your present work.



Make Your Start Now!

Everything has been made easy for you. One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means. Can you afford to let a single priceless hour of spare time go to waste? This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

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And still Edna Williams declares her greatest ambition is to own a ranch and raise vegetables.

Edna Williams

The Film's First Woman Executive

A former song writer helps guide the destiny of a four million dollar motion picture organization.

EDNA WILLIAMS set out for New York from her Los Angeles home when she was only twenty to sell her songs to music publishers.

After weeks of discouragement she sold a song, "If the Wind Had Only Blown the Other Way." The music publishing house engaged her. By the end of her first year with the firm she was put in charge of the professional song department. At the end of five years she was placed in charge of all the business of her publishers.

The motion picture industry was then just putting forth its first bid for attention in America. But Miss Williams saw that this was to develop into one of the world's biggest industries, and, with more and more people demanding to see the pictures, the principal need would be good stories. She

quit the musical publishing firm where she had been for ten years to become a broker for motion picture manufacturers.

When she was just on the eve of departure for a business trip to Australia she met R. S. Cole of the exporting firm of Robertson-Cole Co. A request for an American picture had just come in from one of their London customers and in negotiating the rights Mr. Cole came in contact with Miss Williams. He put her in charge of a department of distribution. The office force consisted of herself and a stenographer.

Today she is an important executive of the same concern, which was recently capitalized for four million dollars.

And yet when you ask this successful business woman what her greatest ambition is she naively replies: "To own a ranch in California and raise vegetables!"

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 87)

AFTER going without food for nearly three days and suffering the exposure of a small open boat on the high seas all that time, Harry Carey, the western thriller, his wife, Mrs. Olive Carey, Miss Mignonnc Golden, Mrs. Carey's sister and Joe Harris, also motion picture people, were rescued near San Clemente Island.

The party were picked up by a launch at the same time that the navy officials at San Pedro, notified by the Universal Film Company that the star was missing, had begun a search for them.

Carey and his party were on a fishing trip. When far out at sea the rudder of their sailboat broke and they drifted about helplessly, their frantic signals for distress ignored by passing boats who thought they were merely being friendly.

Mrs. Carey suffered greatly from the exposure and discomfort, but the cowboy actor has shown no ill effects.

THE Coconut Grove at the Ambassador in Los Angeles is the scene of a great deal of movie entertaining these days.

Sid Grauman, owner of one of the largest theaters in Los Angeles, entertained there the other evening with a dinner party that from a distance certainly looked happy and delicious in the extreme. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Allen Holubar (Dorothy Phillips) who wore spangled black and a transparent black net hat that acted as an enticing frame for her pretty face; Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, in a dainty little-girl frock of white; Walter Morosco, son of Oliver Morosco the producer, and Betty Compson. Betty wore delicate gray and ermine and a huge corsage of orchids. This was only one of the times when people whispered that Miss Compson and young Morosco are or are about to be engaged. The orchids certainly looked suspicious.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan also had a party that night, which included May McAvoy and Eddie Sutherland. Young Sutherland is Tommie's nephew, you know, and he is being very attentive to the beautiful May.

MARY JOHANNA DESMOND has been properly christened.

The occasion was one of the social events of the season.

Her mother and father—Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond—invited some of the close family friends to their Hollywood home on Sunday afternoon, and there in the beautiful drawing room, Miss Desmond was ceremoniously baptized—the affair going off as directed except that the young lady, now a year old, spilled the baptismal fount on the dignified Episcopal clergyman.

Bill Hart was Mary Johanna's godfather, and it must be admitted that Bill's hands trembled as they held Mary Johanna and a prayer book in a fashion they never exhibited in any two gun proceedings he ever was mixed up in. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid and William Wallace Jr. were also present.

THE Los Angeles Times reports this:

Two extras, during the production of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

Extra: "What's the name of this picture we are playing in?"

Super: "Something about a cigarette."

Extra: "Oh, yes—Omar."

Super: "That's it. Omar, the Ruby Cat."

ALMA RUBENS, the beautiful brunette, who hasn't made a picture for some months, has signed a contract with Cosmopolitan. Her first picture is "Find the Woman."



Her first story was bought by D. W. Griffith

And she won the first cash prize of \$2,500 in the J. Parker Reade contest against a field of 10,000 scenarios

FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH learned how to transfer her natural story telling gift to the screen. Will you send for a free test of your ability?

When Frances White Elijah was doing war work in her Chicago home, she never imagined she would become a successful photoplaywright.

What reason had she to think she would ever write such a letter as this to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation:

"I have just received your check in payment for my story 'Wagered Love,' which your sales department sold to D. W. Griffith.

"It has scarcely been six months since I registered with you and your assistance and encouragement have made my success seem like magic."

Think what that means! Her first story sold to one of the most discriminating producers in the world. And she had only started to train her story-telling gift six months before!

Stimulated by her brilliant success, this Chicago girl developed herself into a professional screen writer for a great Los Angeles studio. Today she enjoys fame and income; and the distinction of having written the best of 10,000 scenarios submitted in the J. Parker Reade contest.

What does this story mean to you? If it causes you to ask yourself "Could I sell a story to Griffith—or Ince—or any of the producers?" this will prove the most interesting advertisement you ever read.

Perhaps you could do that very thing

At the outset, let us correct one false notion many people have. Literary skill, or the writing style required for novel and magazine authorship, cannot be transferred to the screen. The one and only requisite of photoplay writing is ability to think out and tell a good, dramatic story. Given that ability, any man or woman can be trained to write for the screen.

But, you say, how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability, provided you are an adult and in earnest. And we shall do it free.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the

celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story telling instinct, if you have ever said to yourself when you left a motion picture theatre: "I believe I could write as good a screen-story as that," send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you; have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell. It holds out no false promise to those who can never succeed.

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PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free sample copy of the Photodramatist.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

New Faces for Old

(Concluded from page 47)

implies something else than mere prettiness or perfection of features—and who comes within her sight will have a chance to become one of the New Faces of the Screen.

When I was recently in California, I did nothing for a month but interview possibilities. I did this with Rupert Hughes, for whose screen judgment I have the highest regard. We interviewed over a thousand men and women and out of the lot found three who were what we wanted—who had personalities which stood camera-hostility and who will prove, I believe (and they have little or no experience), a real talent for new expressions in the films. But three out of a thousand—the percentage is not high! In the very nature of things, it could not be; but with enough persistence, enough will be achieved.

The motion picture today is young; but to a generation which has grown up with its minor heroes and heroines, it has a false appearance of staleness. It will soon change this; its need is New Faces, and it will get this fuel, use it up and then? New fuel will be needed, and found; the problem will be different, but it will be met. The future will take care of itself so long as we take care of the spiritual needs of the day. And the spirit of life is—healthily enough—Change. The old faces may stay on but the New Faces must come.

The Story of Strongheart

(Continued from page 48)

obedience, because if you don't obey, we will all get hurt. I know this business and you don't. You are going to make a motion picture for Mrs. Murfin and me, and you must understand that I always know exactly what I am doing, and you must do what I tell you. It will be all right. Do you understand me, Etzel?"

The dog, who had been paying close attention, barked, wagged his tail and jumped about to show that he understood. And in the days that followed the dog had to use his head more than ever he had at the front.

Part of the picture was taken up in the mountains. The story, you may remember reading it in the Saturday Evening Post, was that of a dog that was half wolf, a quarter dog, and a quarter coyote. "The Cross Pull," as it was called then, it has since been renamed "The Silent Call"—was the struggle between his wild and his tame instincts. He saved a girl, killed the man who attacked her, and brought her and her lover together.

And in taking the picture, Mr. Trimble, who was directing, had to rehearse the man and the woman more than he did the dog. For Etzel had by this time learned the habit of strict obedience.

Up in the mountains the dog was supposed to have mated with the wolf. They brought the wolf down, a real wild she-wolf, with ropes on her hind legs. She was ferocious and mean, but Larry Trimble made her owner set her free. He said, "The dog will take care of her." And he did. The wolf, strangely enough, formed an attachment for Etzel. She would follow him around devotedly, but except in a picture as he was directed he had no use for her.

It seems as though Etzel was a born actor, for, when, in the picture, they blew up a cave in which puppies—the make-believe puppies of the dog and the wolf—were supposed to be concealed, things happened.

Etzel, the supposed father of the puppies, returned with a duck in his mouth to feed the little ones. When he saw the depth of debris which cut off the cave's only entrance, he dropped the duck; he sat down and

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The Story of Strongheart

(Concluded)

cried with an apparent depth of suffering that only a human is supposed to be capable of.

Once, later, Larry Trimble told Ince that he could tell the dog to go and then tell him to stop, and he would stop within an inch of the man's throat. Ince doubted the statement. Larry Trimble waited until Ince turned a little away. "Go," he said. The dog fairly flew at the man. Ince turned white. "Down," ordered Trimble, and the dog dropped to the floor.

If Larry Trimble speaks in a whisper—he never speaks loudly to the dog—Etsel, though he may be in the next room, will make every effort to come to him. If the door is closed he will create a disturbance that will

assure his reaching his beloved master. But to finish the picture. Dyer—the man whom the dog is supposed to attack and kill—was nervous at first because of the ferocious appearance of the dog. He was soon reassured, however. Etsel would seize a mouthful of clothes and flesh in his strong teeth and never once tore until his teeth had slipped back so that they gripped only clothes.

At the end of the scene Etsel jumped from a high cliff and finished the supposed killing in the water.

"The Silent Call" may be a great picture, but no matter how great it is, it cannot be so great as the silent pull that exists between the man and Etsel.



"MY DEAR, I just visited a fortune teller and she told me where to find my future husband."
"Give me her address. Maybe I'll be able to find my present one."
—Hojas Selectas (Barcelona).

"YOU say that pretty stenographer of yours is bright?" asked the man of the lawyer.
"Very bright," replied the legal light.
"Been with you five years, you say?"
"Just five years, yes."
"Has she learned any law in that time?"
"Oh, I don't know as to that. She hasn't begun to sue me yet!"—Yonkers Statesman.

TWO powerful colored stevedores, who had had some sort of falling out, were engaged in unloading a vessel at a St. Louis dock. Uncomplimentary remarks and warnings of intended violence were exchanged whenever the two passed each other with their trucks.
"You just keep on pestacin' around wid me," declared one of the men, "an' you is gwine be able to settle a mighty big question for de sciumtific folks!"
"What question dat?" asked the other.
"Kin de dead speak!"—Harper's.

SENTRY—Who goes there?
Lieutenant—I have answered "Friend" once. Don't you know the rules?
Sentry—Yes. I have to call "Who goes there" three times and then shoot!—Klods Itans (Copenhagen).

THE futility of riches is taught in the Scriptures and the income tax blank.—Muskogee Chronicle.

"YOU don't deny that you were exceeding the speed limit?"
"No, your honor."
"Have you a valid excuse to offer?"
"Not a valid one, I'm afraid," replied the motorist, dreamily, "but you ought to see the girl who asked me to 'step on the gas.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WHEN Prof. Walter Raleigh was asked to lecture at Princeton College, Professor Root went down to the station to meet the distinguished visitor. Professor Root did not know Professor Raleigh, but walking up to a man who he thought looked like him, he said: "I beg your pardon, but am I addressing Walter Raleigh?" The man looked at him a moment and, thinking he must be mad, replied: "No, I am Christopher Columbus. Walter Raleigh is in the smoking-room with Queen Elizabeth."

"HOKE had a funny experience the other day."
"How come?"
"He was in a place having a drink and when he turned around the bartender was wearing a blue coat with brass buttons."—New York Sun.

"I'VE lost my wife," exclaimed an excited male shopper in a department store. "She was right here, beside me a moment ago, and now I can't find her."
"Bargains in skirts two aisles to your left," said the floorwalker tersely.

THE real objection to a butter-knife is that it isn't sharp enough in winter and isn't enough like a spoon in summer.—Utica Morning Telegram.

"IS this a fast train?" the salesman asked the conductor.
"Of course it is," was the reply.
"I thought it was. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—Sonora Bell.

BEFORE steel pens were invented the pinions of one goose were often used to spread the opinions of another.—Detroit News.

JUDGE: You have been found guilty of petty larceny. What do you want, ten days or ten dollars?
Guilty Party: I'll take the money.—Denison Flamingo.

"AND would you love me as much if father lost all his money?"
"Has he?"
"Why, no."
"Of course I would, darling."—The Bulletin (Sydney).

"SEDDENTARY work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."
"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits, the less one can stand."
"Exactly," retorted the lecturer, "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."—Journal of the American Medical Association.

"MISS TIDDLES, will you marry me? I would gladly die for you," offered the wealthy but aged suitor.
"How soon?" queried that practical twentieth-century maid.—Berkeley Gazette.

IF you want to get rich from writing, write the sort of thing that is read by persons who move their lips when they are reading to themselves.
—Don Marquis, in New York Sun.

IT was visiting-day at the jail and the uplifters were on deck.
"My good man," said one kindly lady, "I hope that since you have come here you have had time for meditation and have decided to correct your faults."
"I have that, mum," replied the prisoner in heart-felt tones. "Believe me, the next job I pull, this baby wears gloves."—The American Legion Weekly.

FRIEND: "That movie actor is very pompous. He boasts that he has arrived."
Director: "He has. This is where he gets off."—Boston Transcript.

CONTRIB: "You sit down on every joke I write."
Ed: "Well, I wouldn't if there was any point to them."—The Christian Advocate (New York).

LITTLE Eleanor gazed long and thoughtfully at the young man who was calling on her grown-up sister, Kate. "May I climb up on your knee, Mr. Browne?"
"Yes, of course, dear," smiled the young man who wanted to make a hit with the family. "Want to pull my hair—eh?"

"No; I want to see if I can find that word."
"Word? What word?" asked the puzzled visitor.
"I heard our Kate say this morning that if ever a man had the word 'idiot' written all over his face it was you."—Toronto Telegram.

SOME astronomical fakir is out with a dastardly attempt to show that the center of the universe is about 4,000,000,000 miles from the Boston State House.—Boston Transcript.

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

- ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,
729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
- (s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.
 - (s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
 - J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
 - (s) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
 - (s) Marshall Neilan, Goidwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
 - (s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
 - (s) King Vidor Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
 - (s) J. L. Frothingham, Prod., Brunton Studios, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., Bush House, Aldwych, Strand, London, England.
- ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.
- FAMOUS-PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.
- (s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.
 - (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.
 - British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
 - Reartart, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.
 - (s) 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
- FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York.
- R. A. Walsh Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod., Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.
 - (s) Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.
 - Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
 - Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
 - (s) Alien Holubar, 1510 Laurel Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
 - Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.
 - Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
 - David M. Hartford, Prod., 3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
 - Hope Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.
 - (s) Chas. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles.
 - Richard Barthelmess Inspiration Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
- FOX FILM CORP., (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- GARSON STUDIOS, INC., (s) 1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.
- GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.
- HAMPTON, JESSE B., STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.
- HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.
- LOIS WEBER STUDIOS, 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., N. Y.
- METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York. (s) Geo. B. Scitz, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.
- R-C PICTURES PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diverscy Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
- SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.
- Mary Pickford Co., Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chanlin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
 - D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 - Rex Beach, Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York; Geo. Arliss, Prod., Distinctive Prod., Inc., 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

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dark brown... medium brown... light brown...

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From Dishes to Drama!

(Concluded from page 37)

A hundred dollars went into the house-keeping fund for the family. With the rest, Helen bought a ticket and started for New York. Now she didn't know one soul in New York, didn't know the location of a street nor a studio, she didn't have a job or an idea where to get one.

Because it was cheap, she took a room in Brooklyn and began her weary search for work. She didn't land. Nobody knew her. The studios were overcrowded. Her fifty dollars dwindled, disappeared. Her room rent was overdue. Her stomach was empty.

Then she had an inspiration. She had learned something of house work at home. The landlady, who was beginning to regard her with an unfriendly eye, was without her usual kitchen mechanic. Helen Ferguson cast herself for the role.

It wasn't easy. She hated it with a passion she declares she has never given anything else in the world. The first few days were acute torture to her hands—and pride.

But her intelligence, and something deeper, told her that it was only an obstacle, a trial of strength. She went to work to conquer it.

"Three days after I'd really systematized it so I could manage, I found a place copying in an insurance office," she said, smiling.

For several months she kept at this, still

besieging the studios.

At last she got an offer to play in a health film for the government. She worked days at the studio, and returned to the dark office building at night to labor for six hours more on her office work.

But the break had come for her—as it usually does if a girl can stick it out. Blackton engaged her for a lead with Mitchell Lewis—and she stayed with the concern for several more pictures, before she saved enough to try Hollywood.

Over three years ago she came here, and she has not been idle a day since. She has worked at almost every studio, never under contract but seeking the best part in the best picture she could get. Her biggest hits were made in the Jack London specials made by Metro, in which she was featured.

Now she and her mother and sister live in a charming red brick-white plaster court, and drive a beautiful little sedan, and Helen wears a diamond bar pin.

"Everything mine—my own—I earned them," she said, laughing, but her eyes blazed rather finely, "I glory in it."

Her present engagement with Paramount to appear in William de Mille's "Miss Lulu Bett" and later to play the lead in "Diplomacy" for him places her in the front ranks of worth-while screen actresses.

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

lessen my appetite. I was so hungry that I was ashamed to eat half of what I wanted. I didn't dare ask for a second helping, though I wanted a third.

"On some of those lunchless days I was frantic for food. I used to stand in front of cheap confectioneries and shamelessly flatten my nose against the show windows staring at the pieces of chocolate. I remember calculating that while there was nourishment in a ten-cent bar of chocolate—and how I did and do like chocolates!—there would be more in a ten-cent plate of hash. I went into a Childs restaurant and ordered the hash. But there came the time when I never dared spend a dime no matter how my stomach clamored from eight o'clock to six. My tiny fund was growing smaller and smaller. I never walked less than eight or ten miles a day, to and from the club, and looking for work. My shoes, fast growing shabby, were a nightmare to me, for one day someone would notice they were shabby, and what chance has a girl who can no longer make a good appearance!

"At this time came what seemed The Great Chance. A male star who was arranging for a series of Shakespearean performances would engage me for Ophelia—if I would be his 'lady friend.' It was then I learned that there were such barterers of flesh for a chance.

"Outwardly I was silent on these day after day calls at the agencies and the managers' offices, or as I sat in the forlorn waiting row, on the bench of Hope of Advancement. Inwardly I was crying 'I have something within, to sell. I can do something if you will only give me the chance. Give me a chance before I starve!'

"I thought of suicide. I used to walk along Riverside Drive wondering which was the best place to jump in. I began to plan. I made up my mind it should be a neat case of self murder. There should be no slipping into shallow water where a policeman could wade in and save me. I must jump from a high bank where the water was deep. I was so obsessed by these thoughts and plans that I dreamed

of buying a small waterproof case to hold my card and prevent it being water soaked. I wanted my name to be legible. I had no taste for being an unrecognized suicide. If my card could be found my body would at least escape Potter's Field.

"One day someone suggested that I go to the Vitagraph Studio. I inquired about the fare. I was disappointed when I learned that I would have to pay two fares to go to the studio in Brooklyn. I had only seventeen cents. If they would not take me I wondered how I should get back to the club.

"I arrived and was shown into the square where horses and wagons and persons in odd costumes indiscriminately mingled. A director was pointed out to me and I made my way to him and told him I had come for work. He said, 'Have you had any experience?' I lied to live. I answered, 'Yes.' He asked, 'How much?' I answered, 'Four months.' He said, 'What can you do?' I replied, lifting my head with the absolute confidence I felt, 'I can do what anybody else can do.' Other directors gathered about us. They looked curiously at each other while I made the strange reply. One of them sent me to the office. There someone talked to me about terms. He said: 'There isn't much to do just now. We are not making many pictures at present, so are not paying as large salaries as while we are busy. What do you say to sixty dollars a week?' I didn't say anything. I couldn't. I nodded.

"Sixty dollars a week seemed to me all the wealth in the world.

"What do you think I did with my first week's salary? Paid a twenty-five dollar installment on a new piano. That was not a luxury. I deemed it a necessity. For while doing pictures I could keep up my music." Since that engagement at the Vitagraph Miss Blythe has had no idle moments. The years that followed have been crammed with effort and achievement. The lesson she deduces from her hard beginning is:

"Believe in yourself and don't be afraid to say so!"

The Unhappy Ending

(Concluded from page 26)

latter gentlemen choose the treacle? They did not. The great majority of them bought the version with the unhappy ending!

Superficially the fact that so many important films have ended tragically may not appear particularly significant. But the truth is that no other cinematographic innovation has meant quite so much as this one. Indeed, the advent of the unhappy ending marks the most vital and important step yet taken by the silent drama. It at once lifts motion pictures out of the category of mere tawdry, time-annihilating entertainment, and places them in the class of enduring artistry.

And here is the explanation:

The only pleasure that uneducated persons derive from a story or a picture lies in its document or subject-matter. Consequently, virtue and nobility must triumph; all seducers, marplots and *ganufts* must be foiled; and the heroine must land the gentleman of her choice. In short, everything must turn out happily, whether it is logical or not.

But in stories and pictures which are beautifully and intelligently done, which portray real flesh-and-blood characters and not mere sawdust dummies, the happy ending is of secondary consideration, because the spectator or reader gets his chief pleasure from the technique and artistry of the work. This is why so many great classics are tragedies—"Macbeth," "Hamlet," the early Greek dramas, and numerous works of Balzac, Thackeray, Dickens, De Maupassant, Poe, Flaubert and Turgenev.

Life is not all beer and skittles. The cosmic crocheter drops a stitch occasionally. We do not always get the right girl. Now and then a wily crook succeeds in baffling the gendarmerie. Here and there is an honest man who has not stumbled on riches. In brief, things do not always turn out just right.

Therefore, if our motion pictures are true to life, they will not always end happily either. But if we have sufficient intelligence and appreciation we can enjoy them because of their truth and reality—because they reflect life as it is, and teach a higher lesson than mere "gladness." That is why we enjoy "Hamlet" and Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and the novels of Conrad.

When all our photoplays were consistently given a rubber-stamp happy ending, whether it was logical or not, it meant that motion picture audiences were mentally incapable of appreciating the better-class pictures, and that film production had not reached a point where it could hold and interest a person by its technique—its pictorial beauty, its structure, its form, its artistry—aside from the mere plot.

Consequently, when the unhappy ending made its appearance on the screen, motion pictures took their place with the older recognized arts. It proved that not only had the technique of the cinema become artistic and worth-while, but that the mental standard of motion picture patrons had risen from the merely juvenile type of mind demanding only documentary amusement, to a mature and intelligent type of mind which could grasp and enjoy both truth and art.

TURN to page 56 and learn which was the best photoplay of 1920. The people have chosen by popular vote, and Photoplay's Gold Medal goes to the producer.



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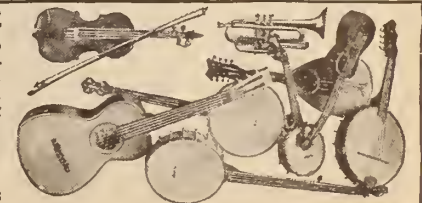
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SEE PAGE 118



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How I Keep in Condition

(Continued from page 31)

to walk the two miles in the morning and home again in the afternoon. And every day I went horseback-riding, or swimming in salt water.

At the end of the first week I had lost four pounds. The dietitian expressed himself as well pleased and assured me that "the first week is the hardest." My reward was something to eat!

Here is the diet which I followed during the second week:

BREAKFAST

Half a grape fruit, or half a cantaloupe,
or a glass of orange juice
One piece of gluten toast
One glass of water

LUNCH

Fruit or vegetable salad
One glass of iced tea, sweetened with
saccharine instead of sugar

DINNER

Steak, lamb, or white meat of boiled chicken
Spinach, beans, carrots, or beets—
cooked without butter
One piece of gluten toast
Unsweetened fruit
One cup of tea, sweetened with saccharine.

Only once during the week was I permitted a small baked potato, without butter.

At the end of the second week I had won. The eight pounds had been lost somewhere in the shuffle. And when Opportunity, true to promise, knocked the second time, I flew to the door.

"The part is yours," said Mr. deMille. "And, if you ask me, Lila, I think you look better than you ever have—thinner, healthier, and livelier."

Thus encouraged, I went right on with that second-week diet for another three weeks. By that time I had lost fifteen pounds and decided that my weight was just where I wanted it—one hundred and three.

Thereupon my dietetic guide, philosopher and friend gave me permission to eat whatever I liked. He suggested, however, that if I wished to keep my weight the same, I should go back to my "eat and grow thin" diet one day a week. And by all means keep up my exercises.

That is the plan I follow now, and it works very well. By giving my digestive organs this one day-in-seven of comparative rest and by exercising regularly I have kept my weight, with very slight variations, at one point. And I'm healthier than I ever have been in my life.

When I feel the need of strenuous exercise, I play tennis. For less strenuous exercise, horseback riding is ideal. Gloria Swanson, who is an excellent horsewoman, and I often go riding together. The first time we went, I frightened Gloria almost to tears by falling off my horse, and she deserves a Carnegie medal for rescuing me.

Fresh air and regular exercise are the most important factors for keeping in condition, and, contrary to the general notion, these are not so easy for the motion picture player to secure. Of course, we often have days on open-air locations. But these are more than counterbalanced by weeks at the studio on enclosed sets, where the air and temperature, despite good ventilating systems, are not of the best.

However, I try to obey the call board and at the same time keep as regular hours as possible. I never believe in following a fatiguing day at the studio with a fatiguing party in the evening. Outside of that, social relaxation, I think, is often as good for the mind as a game of tennis is for the digestion.

While I devote a lot of time to keeping my body in condition, I believe in regular exercises for the brain also. I am young, and there are many, many things that my

How I Keep in Condition

(Concluded)

brain does not know, and I don't intend to allow it to suffer from lack of exercise. I try to read good books regularly. Frances Harmer, the lovely little woman who is Mr. deMille's literary assistant, volunteered to help me with my reading—she

has read everything worth-while ever written—and she has outlined a course in the world's best literature for me. My sister Peggy and I spend a certain number of hours every week reading together, following Miss Harmer's suggestions.

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 63)

"STEELHEART"—Vitagraph

SURE-FIRE melodrama with guns, knives, pistols, dynamite explosions, a lost mine, a lost heroine and a bullet-proof hero, William Duncan and Edith Johnson, who score heavily with serial fans everywhere, give their admirers full value in this five-reel thriller. It isn't art, but it will make you forget your troubles for an hour. Shock absorbers, forward, march!

QUEENIE—Fox

HERE is a good story, made into a good photoplay. Shirley Mason, though starred, has a minor role. Interest centers around Wilson Hummell, character actor, who in a dual role "walks off with the picture." You'll be content to follow him every foot of the way, but much credit should go to the little star who has allowed her story to rank above her close-ups.

GARMENTS OF TRUTH—Metro

IF you are numbered among Gareth Hughes' admirers and mark "Sentimental Tommy" as your Best Film Hour of the season, you'll be delighted with this picture. It is Hughes at his best in a whimsical, humorous story that suits his personality well and suggests the errant, lovable Tommy. Ethel Grandin, popular in early film days, is brought in for a casual final close-up.

ACTION—Universal

HOOT GIBSON is an excellent norseman. We are forcibly reminded of this, now that he has deserted his popular two-reelers and blossomed out as an actor in five-reel productions. Here is the usual "western" with all that the title implies, and nothing more excepting, fortunately, Clara Horton. Unimportant.

GOD'S CRUCIBLE—Hodkinson

UNFORTUNATELY this film version of Connor's "The Foreigner" runs away with itself. Time is taken to develop unimportant characters; entire sequences with no direct bearing on the plot take the interest from the main story, until the whole becomes a maze of uncertainties. It is disappointing and at times tiring. Gaston Glass heads the cast.

THE INFAMOUS MISS REVELL—Metro

FLAT. The plot is developed in the most obvious manner possible and without sufficient material for a feature length photoplay. Alice Lake is her usual self, playing a dual role by changing her hair-dress. Casson Ferguson is miscast as a hard-working school-master. Oh me! Oh my!

THE ROWDY—Universal

THIS will remind you of the early film days, when the gay, carefree daughter of the lighthouse keeper was a popular subject

with all scenarists. Remember? Gladys Walton brings her back, romping through the absurd little story in her usual manner. Jack Mower contributes a good characterization. An average Walton release.

THE SECRET OF THE HILLS—Vitagraph

WHEN is a serial not a serial? When it is in five reels instead of two-reel installments, apparently. The only difference between this and former Antonio Moreno offerings, is that you must sit through more of it at a time. Serial fans, don't miss it. Anti-serial fans, don't see it.

THE NIGHT HORSEMEN—Fox

HERE'S Tom Mix, just a wild, wild man, accompanied in his wanderings by a nifty horse with a silver-studded harness. There is a girl waiting at home, with a harness for Tom, too, but he evades it up until the last moment. The usual reckless riding, impossible adventure and stereotyped conclusion.

GOOD AND EVIL—F. B. Warren

SILHOUETTED on a background of Old World splendor and magnificence, we have here an allegorical melodrama filmed in Bohemia, featuring the beautiful though stacey Lucy Doraine. Not for the casual picture-goer. The episodes are too brief for successful establishment of characters, the whole is too remote from our experience to have direct appeal.

THE RAGE OF PARIS—Universal

MISS DU PONT may be star stuff. She shows no promise of it in her first release. Silly story, with unintentionally funny titles. Scenes are laid in Paris, Arabia and California, and the best thing in the picture is a realistic sand-storm. But who wants to sit through five reels for a sand-storm?

THE GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY—F. B. Warren

NELL SHIPMAN, in a dual role, stars in this photoplay. Also she is director. Also, she is author thereof. The early sequences in the Northern wilds are interesting, but the story sags badly as it proceeds, and drags out lengthily to an impossible conclusion. Everything from armadillos to aeroplanes and back.

WHAT LOVE WILL DO—Fox

SMALL town life as Edna Murphy and Johnny Walker live it. Of course, Johnnie has to be reformed, having grown up without a mother's loving care. A "Fake" evangelist accomplishes this, then slips away with the church funds. Complications ensue. Really, you'll enjoy this mild, amiable little story. It has some original moments, it is clean and amusing. A good family picture.



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NECKLACE

Ask Your Jeweler

Rosalie

Continued from page 24)

"Poor old Otto," I chuckled. "His goose is in the pan."

For nothing like this had happened before.

"How do you like our tall friend?" I ventured to Rosalie one evening, thinking perhaps to make a joke.

"Fine," she said frankly. "Do you notice anything about him?"

"He wears no overcoat," I laughed.

"Yes," she said earnestly, "he wears no overcoat, and he is not oily. To you, that means nothing. To me, men are greasy-skinned beasts that wear overcoats. I hate men and I hate overcoats. They turn their fat backs on me and stick out their arms. You can't know how I hate that sight—a man backing up to me, his arms stuck out."

"I always take off my coat myself," I said defensively.

"Yes," she said, not thinking of me at all.

"How about John?" I persisted.

"He's real. A strong character. Is he stuffing himself with apple dumpling and brandied peaches? Does he gobble a platter of stuffed goose and a quart of hot potatoes? Do you see him wolfing down roast guinea hen or broiled lobster? Look at his muscles—at the lines in his face. He is my notion of a man."

I smiled at Rosalie's earnestness.

"Perhaps you are his idea of a woman. If so, it will be interesting to—to us all."

She colored again and asked me not to be foolish or silly or fresh, I forget which. When he paused to pay Henry his dole, John lingered near the overcoats and gravely chatted for a moment with the little lady of the checks. I wondered if he was telling her of polar bears or of the changing hues in her bronze hair.

At any rate, they laughed together. A week later, John escorted Rosalie in the polite quest of entertainment. They went to the movies in mid-afternoon—Rosalie's hour of freedom. I made jocular comment to Otto that evening, and whether he caused it or not, my dish of boiled beef was execrable—for Tommy's.

Thus we waited and beheld the romance grow and expand like a flower—Otto and myself. It pleased me, because underneath a crusty manner I am a peculiarly sentimental ass, and I adore to look on while people fall in love with each other and live happy ever after.

Otto, on the contrary, was not pleased. His dull, fat face was as expressionless as ever, but there was a gloomy, brooding look in his eyes and he watched Rosalie somberly.

The final chapter opened. Rosalie walked over to Tommy one night, buttoning her gloves and adjusting her hat. It was near the closing hour and the cloak room was deserted. She smiled up at the proprietor.

"Tommy," she said, "I'm going to quit my job."

The famous man looked at her incredulously.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"No more overcoats for me, Tommy. You've got to get another girl; I'm through."

"Another job?"

"No job. I'm going to marry John Davids."

"Oh," said Tommy, and Henry, the cashier, said "oh" in a smaller voice.

Next night I heard the news. Every waiter knew the intimate details.

"They're going to live in Brooklyn," said Philip, who is the oldest bus boy at Tommy's.

"And they're going to have a car."

"I expected it," remarked Monseer Louie, taking my plate and substituting a hot one. "I knew she loved him."

"You are a fool," said a voice behind us. "She does not luff him. You know nudding about it."

It was the voice of Otto, and when I

turned he was whiter than usual and his bald pate glistened more than ever.

"She does not luff him," Otto repeated, more vehemently, and he walked hurriedly away, leaving Monseer Louie a bit astonished.

They were married within the week, and the restaurant saw no more of them.

Tommy sent to an agency and employed a new cloak room girl—a lump of a creature with taffy-colored hair, whose name was Marie, and who stood in Rosalie's old place and took the endless overcoats with a fixed and fatuous grin.

Somehow the restaurant lost a deal of its charm after that and the customers spoke often of Rosalie.

Daids—so we heard—was now a business man—an executive with a firm dealing in china vases and carved things. He sat behind a mahogany desk and pushed buttons for little boys to answer. For a while we saw nothing of him, and finally he came into Tommy-the-Oysterboy's one night for dinner—alone.

That caused remark, but there was no explanation. Otto looked at him coldly, and pawed at his chin, which is a habit he has when he sinks into thought. Tommy asked politely after Rosalie. She was getting on fine.

"Bring her in some time," Tommy said cordially. "She's got a lot of friends. Tell her they're always asking about her."

"I will," said Davids, carelessly.

At first he came seldom and Monseer Louie attended to him, finding a table and discussing the menu with him. Otto is a lofty one and reserves his personal ministrations for the elder eaters, but in the end Otto supplanted Monseer Louie, as John's nightly visits grew.

Little by little the melancholy manner of the head-waiter left him. His fat, puffy face began to lighten and the smile that had disappeared with Rosalie's going, returned and warmed him. It was Otto who now took charge of John Davids, the soul of courtesy and thoughtfulness, overwhelming the former pole crusader with kindly attention, explaining the French words and the assorted mysteries of the menu.

I will admit here that I do not know beyond a doubt whether the whole thing that happened was Otto's doing. It may be that no plan entered his Teuton mind, to be carried out to fulfillment with such infinite skill. No one can say. John Davids had spent six hard years and possibly when a man returns to the flesh pots, he will dip into them, he will humor himself with the luxuries of civilization.

From that first meal of toast and tea, John moved along to the more complex things. His appetite increased, and presently he was eating with as much gusto as the solid citizens at the crowded tables about him. And in his increased interest in foods he was ably assisted by Otto, the head-waiter, who knows more about human nourishment than any other man in New York.

It was Otto who went in person to the chef and selected the finest cuts of rare roast beef for John; Otto who chose the special kinds of oysters and saw that they were served on the flat shell; Otto who superintended the selection of John's braised loin of pork with apple sauce and mashed potatoes, the galantine of capon, the fruit supreme, or the baked Alaska.

And those meals—the nightly dinners of a once sparing eater, a man who had lived for days on brittle biscuits and water! The table groaned under its load—vegetables, desserts, entrees, hors d'oeuvres, salads, cheese—everything for which Tommy's is so famous. Certainly if John had never known

Rosalie

(Continued)

how to eat, he was learning in a rare school.

It was in the early summer when Davids first began coming and never once did he bring Rosalie. I suppose she could not have choked down a meal in Tommy's no matter how perfect it might be. Naturally there were certain changes in the man who had fought off the ice floes and chased the timid polar bear. He began to look a bit tubby. The deep, clean-cut lines in his strong face began to soften. The romantic pallor I admired turned gradually to a faint pink and then to a mellow red. His girth increased. He was still the same giant of a man, but his cheek bones were no longer prominent. His eagle-like look was gone. His lean throat filled out. His wrists seemed to thicken. His weight was changing steadily, for one cannot dine nights in Tommy's without showing it on the soulless scales.

Things were going on much the same when Autumn blustered into town. Tommy was still the same brisk business man, and the part in his sleek hair was as exact and as amazing as ever. Monseer Louie, the assistant, maintained his wonted good humor, his unobtrusive courtesy; and Otto was as puffy-faced and as bald as the day when I first beheld him stroking a napkin.

The new cloak room Venus, while never to be mentioned in the same breath with Rosalie, had held her job and seemed to be giving moderate satisfaction, and behind the cashier's desk, Henry sat in dignity and groomed his whiskers with a little white comb which he carried in his vest. I had become a sodden regular. I was one with the beefy business men who drifted in night after night and stuffed themselves joyously.

On an ordinary Fall evening, brisk with a fresh wind from the Bay, while Tommy's was slowly filling up, John Davids walked in and I looked at him in disbelief. He was wearing an overcoat, though it was not a night of unusual chill. It was no ordinary "light Fall overcoat," as the advertisements say. It was a long, shaggy thing of fur, that reached from his hat band to his heels. It was a tremendous sort of overcoat, and he gave it nonchalantly to Marie, the girl of no discernment.

"The intrepid explorer is growing soft. Look at his jolly overcoat," I remarked to Otto, who stood at my table and grinned.

"He is colt," Otto replied. "He chust bought it. Dere vos a sale of offercoats today."

Davids ate his usual hearty meal, and I went back in my mind to the lean, wiry man who had come in one night for toast and tea. What a change!

At nine o'clock he left the restaurant, stuffed like a Christmas stocking. Marie bundled him into his fur coat. The doors closed behind him.

It was many a long month before I heard what happened in Brooklyn on that pleasant Autumn night. John walked down the hall of his domicile, rang the door-bell of his flat, and the patter of Rosalie's feet came from within, as she hurried to open for her liege lord.

She looked at the furry thing standing there in the doorway. She saw, not a man—not a husband home for the night—only an overcoat; a garment of fur and silk that had come upon her husband and shorn him of his strength.

He went slowly in, greeted Rosalie with a smile and a foody kiss, turned his back to her and stuck out his arms—the old familiar gesture. Rosalie said nothing. She took the garment, and pulled it from her husband's back, as she had pulled unnumbered thousands from the backs of other men. She walked silently to a closet and hung the accursed thing on a peg.

No word escaped those red lips, which

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Rosalie

(Concluded)

were drawn tight—no syllable of protest or reproach, or scorn or rage. It was not a time for outburst. All evening she was silent. John read his newspaper, asked her how the car was running, smoked his pipe by the gas heater, and retired to his bed, full of pleasant thoughts and Tommy's unsurpassed cooking.

When he awakened in the morning, there was no early morning sound of clattering dishes or the smell of coffee. There was no breakfast. John turned out of bed in surprise.

On the dining room table a bit of note greeted him, and all it said, quite undramatically, was "You fooled me, too. You are like the rest. Rosalie."

Really, this is the end of the little tale. There is only a faint after-clap, because at ten o'clock on the morning when John Davids arose in his breakfastless home, a familiar figure walked briskly into Tommy-the-Oysterboy's. Ten o'clock is very early, but Tommy is always on hand. So is Otto.

They turned in astonishment to look as Rosalie removed her hat and shook out her bronze hair. Her eyes were as bright as ever and her lips as scarlet.

"I came back," she announced, going over to Tommy and taking him by the lapels of his coat.

"I see you did," Tommy answered, at a loss.

"I'd like to go to work again," she continued calmly. "I've left my husband."

"No," said Tommy.

"For better or for worse. Men are all pigs."

"What do you want to do?" asked Tommy, a bit troubled, and half turning towards the silent abode of overcoats.

"Not that," Rosalie said swiftly. "Anything but that, Tommy."

"Well," said the proprietor, "Henry—Henry's getting a bit slow. Yesterday he takes a five for a ten. There's a place for Henry out on my farm. You often wanted to be the cashier, Rosalie. Suppose I sort of rebuild this cashier's compartment—make it more comfortable and showy—suppose—how soon can you start?"

"Now," replied the lady of the metallic tresses, and she lifted up the hinged board that separates the public from the money.

And that is how Rosalie of the midnight eyes and the queer smile has come back with Tommy-the-Oysterboy's, after quite an absence, during which she was missed. The customers are delighted, but no one is quite as delighted as Otto, who has a wife and six—or seven—children somewhere. He was beaming when I came in, and he continued to beam.

There sat the slim figure behind the mahogany register, ringing the little bells as nonchalantly as Henry ever did it, and looking down upon the filled room with her funny smile. Rosalie greeted her with a true hand-shake and a cheerful word.

"Glad to be back?" I inquired.

"I'll say so," she answered.

I seemed to eat that night with greater relish, and whenever I looked across at Otto, he was fondling his napkin and smiling like an old fool. He moved back and forth like a man singing a silent song in his heart, and every so often he turned and faced the front of the room. There was a bunch of red and yellow flowers in a vase beside the cash register, and another cluster lying on the desk and still others in Rosalie's waist. She had found them there when she came on duty. Someone asked Otto where the flowers came from.

"I dunno," he said stupidly. "I came early, but dose flowers—dey vos here before I come."

Of course, Otto is a liar. Most head-waiters are liars.

Hail the Woman

(Continued from page 29)

laugh. Slyly he pulled up by the road and crept up to the cabin window. He peered in to confirm his suspicions. Gray and Judith were chatting cheerily about the play. If Judith's acceptance of his invitation had given Gray any mistaken notion of her, it was dispelled by her frank and dignified demeanor. Through the evening nothing occurred to mar the friendship as it had stood, and Gray treated her not as a woman, not as a possible conquest, but as a Person. She was happy.

When Judith hurried away to go home, Joe Hurd was lurking in wait. He overtook her.

"What were you doing alone with that man in his cabin?"

But the sneering accusation in his square hard face told Judith that Hurd had answered his question for himself the only way that Flint Hill understanding could answer such a question.

Judith jerked herself free from his grasp and replied to his shower of insults with a slap in the face. Then she fled home.

Hurd stormed in after her and slammed the door behind him with a bang that turned Oliver Beresford in his chair.

HAIL THE WOMAN

NARRATED, by permission, from the Thomas H. Ince Associated Producers photoplay, by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by John Griffith Wray under the supervision of Mr. Ince, with the following cast:

- Judith Beresford.....Florence Vidor
- David Beresford.....Lloyd Hughes
- Oliver Beresford.....Theodore Roberts
- Mrs. Beresford.....Gertrude Claire
- Nan Higgins.....Madge Bellamy
- Odd Jobs Man.....Tully Marshall
- Richard Stuart.....Charles Meredith
- Joe Hurd.....Vernon Dent
- Wyndham Gray.....Edward Martindel
- Mrs. Stuart.....Mathilda Brundage
- The Baby.....Eugenia Hoffman
- David Junior.....Muriel Frances Dana

Judith stood ready to hear what she knew he would say. But within, for all her anger, she felt relief. Whatever came she would be rid of Joe Hurd forever.

"I found her in that man Gray's cabin."

Beresford and Hurd exchanged a look of cold understanding. That was all there was to it for them.

"Father, father—why are you all so anxious to believe the worst of me?" Her tone mingled pathos and defiance.

"Believe it? We know it!" With that Joe Hurd stormed out.

Judith turned on her father, and the long smoldering rebellion flamed up.

"Are you going to forgive me as you forgave David? Maybe this man will buy you off as you did Nan's father." There was bitter irony in her face. Judith did not pretend a defense against their unjust accusations.

Old Oliver Beresford was stricken for a moment, speechless with surprise. That a daughter of his should dare him thus, brazenly defy him! It was inhuman and unheard of, eternally wrong.

"This is your last night in my house," stormed the old man.

Judith turned to her brother David. From him she had hoped for at least a look of sympathy. She found only cold condemnation, even aversion, in his eyes.

After a few tense moments Judith spoke. "I hope," she said, slowly measuring her words, "that you will never see me again, for it is only by forgetting you and those like you that I could bear the thought of having to live."

Judith went out of the Beresford home the next day and put Flint Hill behind her, poignantly bitter against the injustices of her father and brother, and her heart bleeding at the grief-stricken farewell cry of her mother.

The tides of time rolled on and a year and a half later found David admitted to the ministry and called to the charge of the congregation at Flint Hill. This much at least was as old Oliver Beresford had ordained it.

Meanwhile Judith, like Nan, had been drawn to New York. But there the parallel of experience ended. Judith was of the fit and capable. Nan was of the unfit and unprepared.

Nan's child, born of charity in a maternity home, was an added burden that she could not hope to carry. She strove her best but the tiny earnings available to her meager abilities would not suffice. The tragic commonplace happened, and led by the same unkind destiny that had at first betrayed her, Nan went that very hard route that has been traditionally called "the easiest way."

Judith's alert clear face and capable manner found her a job clerking in a fashionable shop on "the avenue," poorly paid indeed at eighteen dollars a week, but paid. On this Judith managed carefully and modestly. She was able to live and she was free. She was grateful for that.

When Christmas eve came that winter back in the Beresford home in Flint Hill they were hanging holly wreaths in the window and decorating the home for Christmas day. Only the unhappy mother gave a thought back to Judith, with a silent prayer for her safekeeping. And at that hour Judith, in her shabby little room, was wrapping a few tiny gifts to gladden the hearts of the youngsters at the Settlement House where she had found opportunity of service. Way across the city in even more hopeless quarters was Nan, alone with her baby, little David. It was an hour of desperation for her.

The baby, helpless little parasite, lay gurgling on the bed, sucking away the last drops of milk from his bottle.

The forlorn mother sighed. David needed warm clothes. He would presently need more milk—and there was no money.

Nan was sick of heart and mind and body.

But there was only one thing to do.

Before the cracked mirror Nan rouged her cheeks and cast a smirking smile of rehearsal at herself. Oh, the tragedy of it! Rouge and smiles—for money.

Nan went out into the street, slipping by with the step of a hunted thing, self-accusing as a policeman passed her. The streets were filled with the brightness and merriment of Christmas eve. There was bitterness and ache in her heart as she tried to smile and spread her lure. Tears came into her eyes, and she choked with dry sobs.

But presently she gained self control.

When Nan returned to her miserable room that night there was milk for the baby, and new warm clothes and shoes, too.

Destiny was at work that Christmas eve, and a new climax in this drama of tragedies born of old Oliver Beresford's pride was approaching.

Up the steps of the sordid tenement house came Judith, sent on an errand of cheer and bearing a Christmas basket from the



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Hail the Woman

(Continued)

Settlement House to a woman who lived there across the hall. Judith heard the sobbing woman. The door was ajar. Sympathy made her peer inside. Judith stepped into the room and laid a gentle hand on the shoulder of the sobbing woman, who looked up.

"Judith!" Nan cried out.

"Yes, Nan."

Nan broke down in tears again. Between her fitful sobbings she told Judith her story, of the secret marriage to David and all of that, everything but the final worst.

Judith, listening with sympathy in her eyes, picked up the infant.

"What pretty new shoes he has!"

Nan burst out, wildly weeping again. Then she told it all, the story that begins with the rouge and the smiles and "the easiest way."

After her storm of tears Nan was weakened almost to fainting. Judith wanted to go for a doctor, but Nan clung to her. Nan had known no friend in years. She could not let go of Judith. In her heart she knew the end was near, and she held to Judith like a child holding a friendly hand in the awesome dark.

From a mission below floated up a Christmas hymn.

"Silent night, peaceful night!

"All things sleep, shepherds keep

"Watch on Bethlehem's silent hills—"

"They used to sing that in the church at home," Nan murmured.

And when the hymn was done, Nan closed her eyes and that was the end. Her Christmas gift was the peace eternal.

So it came that little David went home with Judith, and she became a mother to him.

Judith wrote one letter to her father, carefully and as tactfully as might be, setting forth the unhappy story of Nan and the baby David. The letter came back to her unopened. That was her answer. It was to be her fight, alone and unaided.

Judith was equal to her task. Success rewarded her unrelenting efforts, and in time she became the head designer at the shop where she had begun as a clerk. With her comfortable little prosperity she gave little David a better home and its advantages. David was an adorable baby, happy, sweet-tempered, lovable.

Then love came into Judith's life. At the Settlement House, where when time allowed she continued her labors of service to the poor and the needy, she met Dick Stuart. He was young, appreciative. He became the personification of devotion to Judith and to little Dick, her nephew, too.

At last Judith saw ahead a final happiness and peace for her with Dick Stuart to stand between her and a world she had found so often unkind and unjust.

Back in Flint Hill old Oliver was grimly and determinedly following his plans for David, which had now become the old man's one thought, his vicarious ambition. For two years old Oliver had been laying plans and pulling wires and scheming influences. The annual conference of the church, to be held in New York, approached, and there it was understood that David was to be assigned to a missionary station in China, a crowning life achievement for his self-righteous father.

In New York Dick Stuart's mother was a leader in the same church and chairman of the board of foreign missions. It chanced that David Beresford and his father Oliver were invited to the Stuart home.

"My son's fiancee is here—a young lady of the same name, Miss Judith Beresford." Mrs. Stuart brought in Judith.

Here again the trio was brought face to face—Judith, David and their father.

Old Oliver Beresford's face went purple and black with rage. In his fear that out of her acquaintance with Judith Mrs. Stuart would learn the story of Nan, and that of consequence David's appointment to China would be cancelled, the old man threw his fatherhood behind him and denounced Judith before them all. He recited the story of turning her from his home for her wickedness and ended by saying that the baby David was Judith's child.

Judith, confronted with the old lie, and faced again with the consequences of her brother's sins, told the truth and the whole truth, coolly and deliberately.

She was crushed when for the moment no one believed her.

David in his supreme cowardice stood by and again let the woman pay, even though the woman was his own sister.

Judith, broken, left the house.

Through a long sleepless night she thought it over.

Even Dick Stuart, her lover, had been willing to see her go, believing the worst of her along with the rest of them.

A less brave woman would have surrendered hope, but not Judith.

She was fired to fight it out now.

The next day Judith, taking little David with her, took the train to Flint Hill. She arrived at the Beresford residence just as the family was preparing to go to the church where David was to preach his farewell sermon before departing for the Orient. All of Flint Hill would be there to hear him.

Judith's father ordered her and the child from the house.

For the first time in his life old Oliver met a force against which he could not avail.

It had come to the end of silent submissions for Mrs. Beresford. Her beloved daughter was home, bringing her son's child. Mother love, awakened anew by the child and her lonely years of heart ache during Judith's absence, gave the old mother courage.

"She is my daughter and you daren't put her out, Oliver Beresford!" The old eyes flashed fire.

Beresford, angry and dazed at this new rebellion, went off to the church with David.

Aflame with her new found power the mother took Judith and little David with her to the church and marched them to the family pew, seating them beside the irate old Oliver. He was choking his wrath in the face of the congregation. Pride was ruling him, even against his passions.

While they sat, looking straight ahead and busy each with his own surging thoughts, little David slipped out of the pew unnoticed, and strayed toward the pulpit. As David Beresford came forward to begin his sermon he felt a soft tug at his coat and looked down into the eyes of his son, for the first time.

David raised his eyes and found Judith looking at him. Her white, firm set face told him the truth.

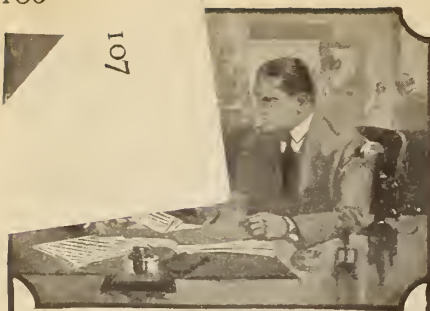
David stood in silence, battling with himself.

All his fellow townsmen were there to hear his last sermon. It had been, up to this moment, his coming hour of triumphant attainment. And now?

A light came into David's face.

Old Mrs. Beresford rose in the family pew and faced the audience, quietly and with dignity. There was a momentary stir, then silence. Something unexpected was about to happen.

"My son," she said, controlling a quaver in her voice, "my son has something to



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Hail the Woman

(Concluded)

tell you before he preaches another sermon."

The old lady sat down, and the hush became theatrically tense.

David, stooping, took the child in his arms and faced the audience with a new force and frankness.

"I shall tell you the story of David Beresford and Nan Higgins—this is our son," he began.

Unfalteringly and sparing neither himself nor his father David went through the whole sad tale, more eloquent than any sermon.

"And now I resign my ministry."

David Beresford sat down.

Old Oliver went home broken and dejected. His world had tumbled about him. His life of selfish pride had brought its inevitable reward.

That evening Dick Stuart, with a new born faith in Judith, that came with his better senses, reached Flint Hill.

Judith went to answer his knock at the door. He drew her to him.

Presently she led Dick to the doorway of the living room and pointed to the group there.

Little David was sitting on his grandfather's knee, telling the grave old man a fairy story. There was a new light in David Beresford's eyes, and a smile of pure joy covered his old mother's face.

Judith, supremely happy now, turned to Dick Stuart.

Somewhere, somehow, she was sure Nan knew and was happy, too.

It was the hour of victory for Woman's greater faith.

Should Movies Show Cigarette Smoking?

THE Kansas moving picture censorship board is having a serious argument on the question of whether or not to admit films showing women smoking cigarettes. Women smokers have become so common that it is a question of whether the old rules of the censors should remain in full force or submit to the tendencies of the times.

The two women members of the board, Mrs. J. H. Miller and Mrs. A. L. Short, still believe that smoking among women of the movies ought to be barred. But they are willing to admit that a lot of women in real life do smoke publicly, and more clandestinely, and they may succumb to the argument of Dwight Thacher Harris, the male member, who insists that since pictures are supposed to depict real life a scene with women smoking should not be barred if it fits into the general theme of the picture.

For years it has been the rule in the Kansas pictures that no kiss should last "longer than thirty feet." There has been many a love scene cut short under Rule 8, as the movie men understood that the long and passionate love scene could not get by the Kansas censors if there were more than thirty feet of film depicting it.

Not long ago there was a great howl from some Kansas movie fans when they saw a picture by their favorite comedian. The comedian ran wildly before the camera with his trousers on fire. The scene stopped by order of the censors with the comedian still on fire and the movie fans demanded to know if he had burned to death. It happened that when the censors thought they had seen enough of the comedian with his pants burning they rang a bell which indicates that a scene is long enough and the operator just clipped off the remainder without showing the stunt of putting out the fire.—*Boston Transcript*.



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Why Does the World Love Mary?

(Continued from page 50)

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gorgeous Hollywood Hills through a flaming eucalyptus tree that grows outside my window, and thinking about Mary Pickford. It is immeasurably difficult for me to write about her for just the reason I have mentioned—I feel so much I am afraid it will sound like raving. That, too, is why I have never before written a single word about her.

So if you don't like it you'd better stop now and turn over to where we pan a few people, because this is bound to get worse.

Mary Pickford is one of the great women of our time. If this age has produced any superwomen, she is one.

In the first place Mary Pickford is better known and better loved than any actress has ever been before. And I think she is the only supremely great actress in the history of the world whose art found its medium only in sweet, clean, joyous characterizations—for Maude Adams, in spite of all her greatness, cannot be compared universally to Miss Pickford.

Another strange thing impresses itself upon me—the compositeness of her, if I may coin the word for a moment. She is a beauty—yet we seldom think of her as a beauty. She is a great actress—but we do not frequently use the word in connection with her. She is a business genius and a successful producer—but we pass this by as of practically no importance. She is above all a woman who has lived, loved, suffered, worked both for herself and for her country—yet we do not think of her personally, as a woman, very much.

She is just—Mary Pickford.

Only the other day Cecil deMille told me that Mary Pickford, in spite of her fame and her infinite knowledge of photoplay drama and technique, is the easiest person on the screen to direct, as pliable and responsive as a Stradivarius.

Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, both associated with her in the Big Four, declare she has the best business head in the motion picture industry. I have heard many authorities contend that she knows more about pictures, from every angle, than anyone else in the game.

She has, through her own efforts entirely, made herself several times a millionaire—which in a country where achievement is judged so much by the dollar mark cannot be passed over.

The love story which she and Douglas Fairbanks have lived has immortalized itself by, I think, the quality of the love Mary Pickford gave to it—so that it will go down in history as the one “grande passion” we can add to records bearing such names as Heloise and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet, Dante and his Beatrice.

Women do not inspire and return love like that unless they are loving and lovable—the two supreme gifts bestowed by a masculine Deity upon woman.

Over and over you hear it asked—Why do people love Mary Pickford so? Why do they continue to love her year after year, in spite of concentrated competition and possible successors?

My answer may not be the right one, but I believe it—

People are hungry for that high and spiritual something that shines in Mary's face in its loveliest moments. We are not a nation that as a whole cares for the arts of painting, sculpturing. Nor are we inclined to symbolism in our churches—churches filled with saints and angels which answer man's craving for spiritual beauty. But somehow we crave that something—that indefinable conviction of beauty and truth and immortality that I see in Mary's face—in the very shape of her brow and mouth and eyes, in her sad and gentle moods. In

the mass of people is a splendid, upward surging toward good—and they find the symbol of that goodness in the image of Mary's face.

I do not think for a moment that her audiences realize this thing which I have so inadequately described. But I truly believe that it is this lovely expression and this oddly spiritual cast of feature that keeps her far beyond and above other actresses—whose beauty, ability, and efforts approximate her own.

This tiny little thing, with her hands like a baby's, her four foot eleven of girlish sweetness, to have accomplished all that she has accomplished. To have stood as the idol of America's young woman and girlhood for all these years. What a position! What triumphs in her startling reception in Europe! The calm and power of this girlish woman—

Yet how much sorrow she has had. A hard-working, precarious childhood, filled with care for her brother and sister, and even for her mother, as Mrs. Pickford admits. Her sad, unhappy girl-marriage to Owen Moore with its battle, so her divorce court story declared, against loneliness and humiliation. The miserable failure of her sister Lottie's marriage and screen career and her adored brother Jack's tragic loss of his beautiful wife Olive Thomas, coupled with the other unpleasant episodes in the boy's brief experience. Her mother's poor health—a constant worry, for Mary adores her mother with a tremendous affection. Always hard, tiring, long hours of work.

And I am sure she has won supreme happiness with Douglas Fairbanks in her present marriage.

When I go to see Mary Pickford I am always stirred by an emotion so deep that I am not able to converse intelligently. I am not usually susceptible. But my admiration for her strikes me dumb and the *pathos* of her grips me by the throat.

She was sitting all alone in an enormous carved chair when I went to talk to her about “Little Lord Fauntleroy,” the picture she is making, in which she plays both the boy and his young mother, “Dearest.” She wore the traditional costume of black velvet and lace. One graceful, slender leg hung down, the other doubled under her. She looked so tiny, so serious, as she studied the illustrations in an old copy of Mrs. Burnett's famous book.

“This is the first time you've ever played a boy, isn't it?” I asked, as I mentally ran over the list of immortal girl children she has given us—Rebecca, Pollyana, Stella Maris, Daddy Longlegs, and my beloved “Dawn of a To-Morrow.”

“Yes, I think it is,” she said. “But ‘Fauntleroy’ to me is more a symbol of the child heart than it is either girl or boy. I think it is the loveliest child character ever drawn. But of course I am modeling him along much broader lines than I would a girl. It's funny, but I got the walk watching Mr. Fairbanks' swagger in ‘The Three Musketeers.’ (Adv.)”

“I do not believe in robbing the screen of any of its illusions if it's avoidable. I want you all to see my ‘Fauntleroy’ as a real live person. I don't want you to know how I got my effects. That is why I need not tell you of the thousand and one little, intricate, difficult details of difference between a girl and a boy that I have figured out. But this boy part of Fauntleroy has been the most difficult I have ever played.”

She is so simple, so natural, so kindly, this most famous woman in the world.

“I wonder if you know how much I love children,” she said slowly. “They are my one great passion in the world. You know of course that we go out very little—Mr.

Why Does the World Love Mary?

(Concluded)

Fairbanks and I. But every Sunday when we are not working we have all the children in the family—the children of our dear friends—at the house, and I sit all day in the sand by the swimming pool and watch them. Do you know that a child's face is the most exquisite, the most expressive thing in the world? I learn more about expressing emotion from children than in any other way, though if I acted as broadly as children actually do, I should be accused of terrific over-acting. They twist and pucker their little faces in an intensity of emotion, striving to emphasize everything they feel.

"My little niece, Mary Pickford II, is my greatest joy. The other day she came to me most seriously and said, 'Aunt Mary, I don't want to take my French lesson. I hate French lessons. Why do little girls have to do so many things they don't want to?'"

"So I said, 'Darling, it isn't only little girls that have to do a great many things they don't want to. It's big girls, too. Now here is Aunt Mary in these hot clothes, working all day beneath hot lights, when she'd much rather be swimming. But we have to do the work that belongs to us in this world and learn to be very happy doing it well. Then we earn the love of everyone around us.'"

"So then she went to my mother and said, 'Mamma, I think poor little Aunt Mary works too hard. Let's tell her not to. We don't care if we don't have anything.'"

She looked across the set to where little Mary Pickford, second, stood—her sister Lottie's little girl of four who has just been adopted by Mary's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford—with a smile so sweet that it left me breathless.

"Are you going to have a baby?" I asked.

A little wave of rose swept under her skin. "No," she said, "I wish I were. I would rather have a baby than anything else in the world. When you love a man as much as I love my husband, you long to hold a child of his in your arms. And no woman is a real woman to me who does not deeply, honestly desire children. That is the supreme experience—the rounding out of life. It is the crowning joy for woman—motherhood."

"Perhaps some day I shall know it. I hope so. I—I pray so."

And her eyes—that are like gray clouds over a violet sky with the light of a rich deep sunset upon them—were wet.

From Gladys Smith—the daughter of a rooming-house-keeper and a purser on a lake boat, born nearly thirty years ago in Canada, in the poorest of circumstances, working on the stage as a mite a few years old to support her small brother and sister, missing the advantages of education—to Mary Pickford, and all that name represents, not only of wealth and fame, but of self-culture and social grace.

The name of Mary Pickford will exist as long as history is written. She is absolutely the outstanding feature of the creation and development of motion pictures.

But her face was immortalized years ago in the faces of Botticelli's angels.

If you don't believe me, go to the Metropolitan Museum and see.

M. BONART, the distinguished French fashion artist, is now designing gowns for **PHOTOPLAY**. Our readers are free to copy these creations. Turn to Page 32.

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Vamps of All Times

(Concluded from page 73)

Justice Fellahoon by surprise. He recovered himself quickly, however, and proceeded:

"Do you deny that it was found in the—ahem!—boudoir of Mrs. Colonel Potiphar?"

"I do not, your honor," responded Jacobson with unperturbed calm.

With a triumphant gesture, Mr. Justice Fellahoon turned to counsel for the defendant:

"Then what do you mean by wasting the court's time? The prisoner admits everything. Off to the dun—"

"I beg your honor's leave," smoothly interrupted Mr. Levi, of Levi, Pharaoner & Ford, rising promptly but with great dignity. Mr. Ford, it should be noted in passing, conducted a great chariot manufactory on the Delta, in addition to his law business. He made a specialty of defending Jewish interests.

"Well, what is it?" asked the judge.

"If it please your honor, I beg to state, in supplementing the brief already submitted to this court by our Mr. Ford, that we do not contest the ownership of Exhibit A by our client. There is no other coat like it in Egypt. Owing to tender associations of childhood, Mr. Jacobson has become deeply attached to this particular, and we will admit rather striking, combination of colors. The coat is Mr. Jacobson's."

Mr. Justice Fellahoon asked with a deepening frown, running a slender hand down his goatee:

"Then, what in Ra's name do you contest?"

"If it please your honor, we do most emphatically contest the honorable and distinguished Colonel Potiphar's version of the circumstances under which this garment came into Mme. Potiphar's possession."

At this point in the proceedings the stenographic report of the trial contains the entry: "Profound sensation in the courtroom." It was noticed that Col. Potiphar stirred uneasily in his seat.

Mr. Levi resumed amid a hush:

"Mr. Jacobson, tell the court how Mme. Potiphar—I name the lady with the utmost respect—came into possession of your coat."

Col. Potiphar straightened in his chair with a sudden, almost galvanic, movement.

"Mme. Potiphar offered to sew on a button which had become loose," began Jacobson.

"Did you accept her kind offer?"

"No, sir," replied Jacobson positively.

"Why did you not accept it?"

"Because there were important and valuable papers in the inside pocket."

Question.—"What were those papers?"

Answer.—"They were shares in a corporation to organize a corner in wheat."

The announcement fell upon the courtroom like a thunderbolt. Mr. Levi suddenly shifted his line of questioning:

"Now, Mr. Jacobson, will you tell us what your relations were with Mme. Potiphar?"

"Those of a son to a mother," replied the prisoner firmly.

At this point there was a shriek from the latticed gallery. The Grand Crocodile looked up threateningly. The next moment an attendant salaamed up to him and whispered in his ear: "Mrs. Colonel Potiphar has fainted, your Almightiness." Mr. Levi continued:

"Did Mme. Potiphar have any knowledge of the nature of the papers?"

"She did, sir."

Question.—"Did Mme. Potiphar show any interest in your planned enterprise?"

Answer.—"She did, sir."

Question.—"At what time did you usually discuss your plans for the 'corner' with Mme. Potiphar?"

Answer.—"We discussed them at tea-time."

Question.—"Was the honorable Col. Potiphar on any occasion present at these—ahem—conferences?"

Answer.—"Never, sir."

Question.—"What, if any, measures did you or Mme. Potiphar—or you and Mme. Potiphar jointly—take to make sure that Col. Potiphar would not be present?"

Answer.—"Mme. Potiphar had given me a signal."

It was noticed that at this admission Col. Potiphar leaned forward suddenly and glowered violently at the witness. Mr. Levi proceeded with the examination amid a silence in which the dropping of a scarab from the ceiling could have been heard.

Question.—"What was the signal?"

Answer.—"The word 'Tea-Pot', uttered distinctly by Mme. Potiphar from the window just over my office. That signal meant that tea was ready and that Col. 'Pot'—as Madame sometimes playfully called Col. Potiphar—had gone to the barracks for the afternoon."

At this explanation the buzz of feminine comment became plainly audible in the latticed gallery. It was quickly suppressed by a single glance from the Grand Crocodile.

"Now," resumed counsel for the defendant in a suave, "please-don't-misunderstand-me" tone, "what was the subject of your conversation with Mme. Potiphar—or of Mme. Potiphar's conversation with you—on this particular occasion after she had pronounced the word 'Tea-Pot' distinctly over the windows of your office, and you had joined her in her boudoir?"

"She asked me whether or not I would give her one thousand shares in the corporation."

Col. Potiphar once more sat bolt upright.

Question.—"And what was your reply?"

Answer.—"I said: 'There are twenty-five hundred shares of the stock in the inside pocket of this coat at this moment. I could give you a thousand shares as easily as not. But I have too much regard for your good name. I cannot compromise you. So I will not give you the stock.'"

At this point Col. Potiphar arose hastily to remark in a loud voice: "It's a lie!" But Mr. Justice Fellahoon, leaning over the bench, assured him that the trial was not yet over, that other things were about to happen.

"Then what occurred?" continued Mr. Levi, pretending not to have observed the little by-play.

"Mme. Potiphar said, suddenly: 'Why, Joe, that middle button on your coat is nearly off. Let me sew it on for you.' I said 'No thanks, Madame.' And then, without another word, she jumped for the bell-rope, rang for the servants, grabbed hold of my coat and slipped it off."

"What became of the stock?"

"I had presence of mind enough to slip the papers out as I felt the coat coming off."

"And then?"

"I ran before the servants could get there."

"Now, Mr. Jacobson—"

But at this moment the court interrupted the proceedings by rising to his feet with an expression of indignation. He announced firmly:

"This flouting of our noble Egyptian institutions has gone on long enough. The prisoner has proved his guilt conclusively by his own testimony. As between a Daughter of the Delta Revolution and this foreigner—or any foreigner—the question of relative credibility can never arise. To the dungeon with him—for life!"

For Mr. Justice Fellahoon was a 100-per cent. Egyptian.

Winner of Photoplay's Medal of Honor

(Concluded from page 56)

picture of 1920. In these pages, you will find pictures of them. And it wishes to congratulate you who have made possible this contest, and in whose hands rests the future greatness of the photoplay: for only with your support can great things be accomplished.

LETTERS from READERS

September 20, 1921.

EDITOR of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE:
Dear Sir:

Every reader of your magazine knows you are literally buried under the huge task of conducting it and that it but adds to the trouble to correspond with you. I know it too, but this once I am going to be selfish enough to trouble you with my contribution to the columns dedicated to Letters From Readers. Please overlook this annoyance, for I assure you it will not happen again unless some momentous occurrence tempts me to write.

The year has been fairly spent. In three more months it will draw to a close. In the December issue of your publication will be found a review of the year's work in films. To the great ones will go the laurels and glory. But also will come rebuke and criticism on the negligent of the cinema world. If one remembers rightly last year "Way Down East," "Humoresque," "Why Change Your Wife" and "The Devil's Passkey" made up the quartet that merited your finest, unstinted praise. Permit me to suggest to you and your readers my selection for 1921.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" ranks as the film superlative of the year! Perhaps it did not create the sensation that 1920's masterpiece, "Way Down East," stirred up; possibly, too, it is not as great a production; others, also, will say that the criterion of this year consequently does not attain as high a standard as last year's. Be that as it may, I would like to wager the adherents of "Way Down East" that the performance of Alice Terry and Rudolph Valentino was respectively superior to that of Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess! And that, although he is almost young enough to be Mr. Griffith's son, Rex Ingram has done as fine a piece of work with his war scenes as the former did with his ice-jam! From a personal point of view I consider the money expended on "The Four Horsemen" better spent than that on "Way Down East!"

In conclusion, Mr. Ingram deserves all the praise the critics gave him; June Mathis did splendid adapting from the novel of Ibanez; Miss Terry and Mr. Valentino earned the fame it brought them!

The other three pictures I consider worthy of selection are "Disraeli," "The Three Musketeers" and "The Golem."

Respectfully,

L. George Edelhofer, Jr.

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D-2

Susanna Crockett

Dept. 35

1819 Broadway, New York

Via Long Distance

(Concluded from page 35)



Bill, Mary and Jim Rogers, children of the star, between 9 p. m. and 7 a. m. "I photograph them asleep because they behave best that way," said Will Rogers.

never a good idea to marry her. Avoid marrying a midget if you can help it.

The only distinction I claim is having the same wife I originally started out with.

She is not bragging about it, but I am.

I also am considered the ugliest man in our profession. So that may have some-

thing to do with me trying to hang on to this wife I have. For an ugly man can't get out and get another so easy.

Look at our ugly women of today. They have to go right on living with husbands. If they were pretty, they could shoot them and come clear.

Movies on Strings

(Concluded from page 36)

rough pencil sketch which I make on paper, of the scene which I wish to represent. I transfer this drawing to cardboard and generally color the figures black. Then I cut them out with scissors. The next step is to turn the cardboard figures into marionettes by equipping their legs, arms, necks and other parts of their cardboard bodies with tiny hooks and hinges so that they move freely. By means of miniature mechanical contrivances hidden in back of the figures, and worked by buttons, I am able to make them actually seem to be breathing and their eyelids to move.

In my laboratory at Chatham, N. J., I have what I call my "shadow box," which is like an ordinary box open at the front and about fifteen feet wide and twelve feet high. The back of this box is white. I attach to each one of the joints and hinges on my marionettes a piece of delicate transparent wire and lead this wire up out of the box. The box contains eight different kinds of lights, which silhouette the marionettes against the white sheet which I stretch across the front of the box. In front of this sheet, a motion picture camera is placed. When all is ready, I take the various wires in my hand—the wires do not show through the white sheet—and make the figures move and do various stunts while the cameraman grinds. We use slow motion photography and usually photograph only one motion of a single marionette at a time. By using a specially prepared oil paper, I am able to get transparency in the marionettes and make them various shades of gray as well as black.

It is interesting to note that the shadowgraph entertainment was thriving in Paris during the French Revolution. The French name, *Ombres Chinoises*, was applied for the general description of this form of screen theater. As recently as twenty years ago, a group of eminent French artists formed a shadowgraph theater in Paris called the *Chat Noir*. Plays dealing with the life of Napoleon, a presentation of Jeanne d'Arc, and "The Return of the Prodigal Son" were produced there.

"My Almanac," when it was first shown in a New York picture theater, attracted much attention—most of which I attributed to the fact that the shadowgraph movie was a complete novelty. But since then three more issues of the "Almanac" have been projected in the same theater, and I am told that the audiences always stay through the entire program to see them, and seem to have as good a time watching the funny little figures as I had making them perform. And so I feel that there is a real place for the shadowgraph entertainment on the silver-sheet, and it is my ambition to see that it preserves its unique popularity. It is something, isn't it, that my characters don't have the slightest inclination to "hog" the camera in close-ups?

I intend to produce soon in New York a real Chinese shadowgraph play employing the transparent figures. Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld is writing a score of Chinese music to accompany this production, which I think promises to be a real novelty to Broadway and an interesting revival of an almost forgotten art.

Horizon

(Continued from page 44)

Peter Merriam's hand firmly as the girl's father whispered a "God bless you, my son!" But even the emotion of the old man aroused no pity in his breast; nor did the shy affection of Doris Merriam affect him in other than the crudest manner.

The following day he sought out Peter. His glib tongue and agile brain concocted a plausible, high-sounding tale of social and business stability. They agreed that he should remain on Horizon Island for another month or so, and that they would then discuss details of the wedding. And Peter Merriam did not look at the young man as he touched upon a subject too delicate for thought.

"In allowing you to remain on this island with Doris, I am showing a great trust in you."

"Yes sir."

"I will not ask that you do not betray that trust. I would kill the man who did."

"I understand, sir. Doris is more sacred to me—"

Peter put out a restraining hand. "I don't need your protestations, my boy. I believe in you."

He arose and moved away, and therefore did not see the light of contempt in the eyes of the murderer. Peter did believe in the boy as he believed in his daughter, in himself. And he allowed them to be together constantly—even on the morning when he started out before a freshening breeze for a necessary trip to the lighthouse district headquarters in Charleston.

He did not remain in Charleston as long as he anticipated. In fact he did not even visit the lighthouse headquarters in the old post office building at the foot of Broad street. Chatting with an old friend in the hallway of the Court House he had seen it, and now, as he guided his little boat swiftly back toward Horizon Island he held a copy of it in his hand—a poorly printed bit of paper headed "\$1,000 Reward—Wanted for Murder." Beneath that sinister caption there was a photograph of the man who called himself Rogers.

He sat rigidly in the stern of his little craft, leg-o'-mutton sail close hauled, tiller gripped by one sinewy hand, eyes staring straight ahead. The fine brain behind those flashing black orbs was seething with the greatest problem it had ever been called upon to solve.

Outwardly Peter Merriam exhibited no emotion. He gave way not at all to the fiery temper which he had trained to his bidding. He did not resort to profanity, and he kept a tight grip on himself as he gave thought to the situation, and to the fact that there was no person involved worth considering save Doris.

The man who called himself Rogers was twice a murderer: a reptile of the worst type—a man who killed cold-bloodedly. Peter Merriam thought intensively upon how he should be handled.

His first idea was to land on the island and make the man captive. Then to notify the authorities and have him meet his sentence in the electric chair. But that plan was discarded almost instantly. He knew his daughter's nature, and he knew that—no matter what he was—Bill Walters had won her love. Therefore a felon's death for him would wreck her life. She would not—could not—understand.

He then thought of killing the man and frankly confessing his deed to Doris. That idea, too, was discarded almost immediately, although through no horror of taking the life of this man who had brought misery to a spot where only happiness and contentment had existed for nineteen years. Could Doris understand, Peter Merriam would



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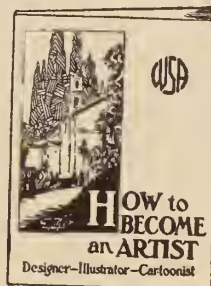
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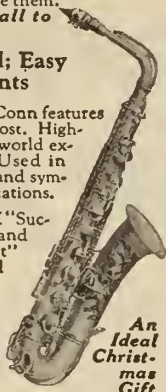
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Horizon

(Continued)

have killed Bill Walters with as little compunction as he would have shown in scotching a snake. But he knew that if he killed the murderer, Doris would not only be made miserable but he would have created a chasm between them which could never be bridged. And the bare thought of that was intolerable.

Yet there was the problem before him—unsolved—tremendous—vital—immediate. Marriage between Doris and this man was unthinkable. Too, it was unthinkable that her illusion should be destroyed. She was experiencing her dream of glory—it must continue a dream of glory.

Dusk had settled over Horizon Island when Peter Merriam beached his little craft. He exhibited nothing of his internal seethe at sight of Doris and Bill Walters coming toward him, the arm of the murderer about the waist of the girl. The bit of paper containing the notice of reward and the picture of the young man had long since been dropped overboard. Peter remembered in the description of the fugitive mention of a triangular scar at the cleft of the chin. He glanced casually at the young man now and reassured himself. The scar was there: a tiny, livid thing of damning evil.

They ate their dinner together as usual, but when Doris and the man went for their evening stroll on the beach that night, Peter Merriam accompanied them.

There was nothing in his manner to indicate the stark knowledge which had that day come to him. Nor did he exhibit anything less than genuine affection toward the young man who was ostensibly to marry his daughter. He was thinking—thinking . . . and his heart was breaking at visualization of the girl's supreme happiness in this new wonder which had come into her life. This happiness which must be crushed . . .

And that night near midnight, Peter Merriam went down to the beach and sat upon a sand dune, gazing over the white-capped waters. Low-hanging, swiftly-scudding black clouds obscured the full moon, giving the scene an appearance of stark evil. The wind whistled sinisterly through the jungle of palmetto and scrub oak. The rushes along the sand dunes bowed before the rising wind. With the instinct of thirty years, Peter Merriam satisfied himself that the light in the tower was winking its warning seaward . . . then he rose and slowly tramped toward the house. In the doorway he turned, looked once again upon the scene and then uttered a single remark—

"Real storm tomorrow!" he said to himself. Then he went to bed—and to sleep.

Morning dawned gray and gloomy. Then came rolling thunder, jagged lightning and a downpour of heavy rain. Through the morning it continued. Peter Merriam saw his daughter and the man to whom she was engaged playing checkers in the tiny, cozy living room. The girl's face reminded him of the Madonna . . . he donned slicker and sou'wester and visited his little plant: inspected the gasolene motor, and then went into the lighthouse tower. He was there for some time. When he returned to the house, he went straight to his room and at lunch time did not answer the summons.

Doris found him lying on his bed, pitching feverishly.

"I'm not feeling very well, Little Girl," he explained tenderly. "You and Bill eat alone today."

She pressed cool, slender fingers against his forehead, "I'm sorry you're ill, Daddy." Then she lowered her lips to his ear. "I'm so happy!"

And Peter Merriam stroked her glorious

hair and lied: "He is a fine young man, daughter."

During the afternoon the storm increased in violence. By nightfall the wind was shrieking mercilessly over Horizon Island and the waters of the Atlantic crashed viciously upon the beach as though to wash the little spot from the face of the earth.

At dark, Doris and Bill Walters went to the tiny powerhouse and started the motor. The big arc light in the tower sent its message of warning flashing out over the storm-tossed waters. Then the young couple opened the door between the room of the sick man and the living room and sat together on the lounge, holding hands.

It was a pretty sight. If only this man had not done murder! Peter Merriam turned away as Bill Walters glanced toward him. He was afraid the murderer might see within his eyes that which he did not want him to see.

At eight o'clock he called to his daughter. In response to his bidding she looked from the window and reported the light burning brightly. At nine o'clock it was still burning. But at ten o'clock she came excitedly to his bedside—

"The light is out!"

He sat upright, eyes blazing. "You are sure?"

"Yes sir; positive."

The old man shook his head. "That can't be. Never since the day it was built has that light flickered . . ."

Bill Walters spoke. "It's out, Mr. Merriam."

Merriam motioned them from the room and he struggled to the side of the bed and reached for his shoes. But Doris was beside him in an instant: "You shan't get up. You're ill."

"The light must burn," answered Peter Merriam simply.

"Bill and I will fix it," she answered swiftly. "You can't go outside tonight."

"I won't allow you to go out tonight, Doris. It is the worst storm in years . . ." They both gazed toward the figure of the murderer. He looked doubtfully first at one and then at the other.

"I understand this plant pretty thoroughly," he volunteered. "I'll go."

"If you would . . ."

Doris placed her hand in that of the man to whom she was engaged. "I'll go with you."

"No need," said Bill Walters almost roughly. "I understand the whole thing—except that gasolene engine."

"That's running all right, dear. The trouble must be in either the wiring or the arc."

Peter Merriam had both shoes on by this time. He rose and clutched the bed weakly. "I'd better go myself. With the light not burning . . ."

Doris forced him back on the bed. "Bill will fix it, Dad. If he can't—I will."

And so Bill Walters, condemned murderer, donned the storm coat of the lighthouse keeper and started upon his mission. The girl accompanied him to the door, and Peter Merriam saw her creep into Walters' arms and kiss him full upon the lips.

"Goodbye, Bill."

"Goodbye, Doris."

He swung open the door and recoiled before the howling inrush of the storm. Then, head lowered, he plunged into the fury of the night. The girl stood rigid, staring after him. Instinctively her hand dropped upon the knob of the door through which he had gone. Then she sank limply into a chair and trembled—

"I—I'm frightened, Daddy," she called through the door, to her father.

Horizon

(Continued)

But the old man did not answer. He sat on the side of the bed, eyes closed, body rigid. The girl rose and crossed to the window where she stood gazing out into the storm. The trees bent blackly before the blast, the surf roared furiously as it beat upon the shore. No ray of light spoke from the tower to relieve the horror of the night.

Five minutes passed; ten, fifteen. Then suddenly the girl dropped back with a little cry of pleasure—

"The light! He has fixed it! It's burning!"

The old man opened his eyes, but did not move. Doris rushed in to him, almost hysterical with relief.

"He's fixed it, Daddy. My boy has fixed it—alone—out in the storm."

"He's a fine young man, daughter," answered old Peter Merriam simply.

They sat hand in hand by the side of the bed, awaiting the return of Bill Walters. But the young man did not come. For ten, fifteen, twenty minutes they waited. Doris was trembling. And finally she buried her face in her father's coat, and for the first time in her life he heard her sobs—

"Oh! Daddy—something has happened . . ."

"Nothing could happen, dear. Nothing . . ."

But he rose from the bed and dressed himself. "I'll go and find him, dear."

"I'm going with you."

He hesitated for an instant. The atmosphere of the place was pregnant with tragedy. But he nodded and together they staggered through the door into the storm and thence to the tiny opening which led into the tower.

Drenched, trembling, they found the stairway, and slowly they mounted. And on the steel platform of the light tower they found his body.

He lay on his back, one hand badly charred . . . while the light blinked its message of safety far out to sea through the storm.

Doris stared, tearless. She did not ask questions. It was her introduction to Death, but she recognized it instinctively.

And so, dry-eyed, they bore his body back to the little home and laid it upon the bed. It was then that the girl gave way to the one racking grief of her life, and the tears of Peter Merriam mingled with hers . . .

The next morning they buried him. And, while Doris knelt by the freshly-made grave, Peter Merriam preached the funeral sermon . . .

"He died that lives might be saved . . ." the big voice rolled sonorously over the grave. "He braved the fury of the night that a beacon of warning might flash. His death was the noblest of them all—for he died in the service of others . . ."

And then Peter Merriam, too, broke down and swept his daughter hungrily into his arms: "Oh! Girl—Girl!" he sobbed, "I'm so sorry—so very, very sorry."

And she looked bravely into his eyes: pride in her dead mitigating her grief. "I'm broken, Daddy—but I'm proud. He died that the light might burn . . . I know that he was happy . . ."

And so there came to Doris Merriam the one sorrow of her life; yet it was a magnificent sorrow, a grief tinged with pride of accomplishment—the superb grief which comes to women whose men are killed in battle. In a half day it aged her many years . . . it rounded her to perfect womanhood . . . and it left her strangely at peace.

And that afternoon, whilst she sat by the side of the grave of the man who was to have



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Horizon

(Concluded)

been her husband, Peter Merriam left his home and went into the light tower.

Very carefully he disconnected the wires which only twenty-four hours previously he had fastened to the transmission line linking transformer and arc. There were three of these wires: one of them connected with each main wire, the third attached to the steel stairway leading to the turret of light.

He coiled all three wires as he followed them down the stairway and out of the building. They all led to his own room and thence to his bed where they were attached to a hidden, double-throw switch.

The action of that switch had been very efficient. By snapping it into the socket at the left the original circuit was maintained. But by throwing it the other way the circuit was broken, so that the current was directed through the switch and thence back to the steel stairway.

The old man had not figured wrongly in throwing the switch to the right the previous night. By doing so he caused the light to be extinguished and, in turn, had electrified the steel stairway. And thus it was that Bill Walters, alias Red Watson, condemned murderer, had been electrocuted when, with his feet on the steel platform he attempted to adjust the carbons of the great arc-light.

Death by electrocution had been instantaneous. Death by electrocution as the sentence of the criminal court had decreed. Peter Merriam had done this thing—and then, when he was sure that the man was no more, he had thrown the switch back and caused the light to burn again.

His face, set and rigid, the old man took the switch and the three coils of wire. Then he walked slowly down to the beach and threw them into the waves.

He returned to the grave of the man who was to have married his daughter. He was strangely cold but he received his reward as the girl lifted to him a face in which grief shone as glory.

"His death," said the girl simply, "stuns me. But I am proud that it came as it did!"

And the old man kneeled beside her: "He died," came the father's voice, "that others might live!"

The Girl on the Cover

(Continued from page 39)

never more than one month and seldom that. Her life has always been and always will be just one poem, one symphony—work.

First, work in the small companies which made only the one-night stands. In such plays as "At Duty's Call," "The Coward," "The Child Wife," "The Truth Tellers," she toured the country, playing babies and little girls and little boys. In some of these she played with her sister Dorothy, then exactly four. They "made" the tiniest towns. Mrs. Gish travelled with Dorothy when all three could not get an engagement in the same company. This charming gentlewoman, a widow with these two little girls, turned to the stage from Massillon, Ohio, because people told her that pretty little Dorothy and lovely Lillian would be successful, as most stage children were—and are still—blondes. When the mother could be with only one of her girls, it was Lillian, the older by two years, who would travel alone. She would always have an older woman in the same company—the soubrette, the feminine heavy—to look after her.

"Sometimes," says Lillian, fifteen years later, "sometimes I got ten dollars a week. I would share a room with one of the other

The Girl on the Cover

(Continued)

actresses for fifty cents a day, or sometimes even a dollar. In the evenings, about ten o'clock, three or four of the other girls in the company would come ostensibly to call on us. They would remain to share our room. In that way it cost each of us very little; so that I could always put away a little of my salary.

"I have never really had to endure hardships. But it was hard for a girl of six to travel without her mother. I was often very lonely. The worst part of my early days on the stage was the fact that it was considered, then, a terrible thing to be an actress. When Dorothy and I would return to Massillon between engagements, we would never tell anyone we had been on the stage. In a small town it was then considered almost a disgrace.

"I used to do stunts in the old thrillers. Once I completely upset a scene. As the little darling of the piece, I was to swing from a rope out of the scene. That is, my dummy was. I was to run from the stage. I forgot the occasion for the swinging; but it must have been a fight of some sort, for a revolver shot was to be my cue to skip. The shot was never fired during rehearsals. So when I heard it that first night, I was so excited I forgot to leave the stage. My dummy swung off and I remained in full view of the audience. I remember the leading man brought me out for the curtain call on his shoulder.

"In another old play, I was to enter a cage with two lions. I was not particularly frightened, and went through with it many times. The lions, Jenny and Maude, were old and tame. I played with them a whole season. Just after the last performance, Jenny took a large bite out of her trainer's arm. The next season, Dorothy was with me in the same show. I had advanced to another role, and she had to go into the lion's den. I knew the trick; I knew that she had only to be with the animals a second, before she ran out, and I had never been a bit scared. But with Dorothy doing it, I used to be petrified with fear at every performance. The minute Dorothy went on for that scene, I ran up to our dressing-room and buried my head in the trunk until it was safely over."

THE Gishes and the Pickfords became friends in those days. The three little Pickfords: Mary, Lottie and Jack—and the two little Gishes often travelled with the same company. Mrs. Pickford sometimes took care of Lillian. Later, the older Gish—when she was eight—was with Sarah Bernhardt's repertoire company. One night Lillian was standing in the wings when the Divine Sarah came up. She put her hand caressingly on Lillian's golden curls, murmuring a word of admiration.

"Bernhardt's company was the best one I was ever with," she says. "We were mostly with the melodramas. We were only once with a good company. And then we never got our salaries; so we decided it was better to play in low-brow plays and live." Later, she was in "Dion O'Dare," "Mr. Blarney from Ireland," "Her First False Step," "The Volunteer Organist" and with Fiske O'Hara for three seasons.

"Then I was getting about twenty-five dollars a week. I was in New York, playing in David Belasco's 'The Good Little Devil,' with Mary Pickford. I lived in a hotel on Eighth Street. You probably know it—the favorite home of many very old, very respectable people. I didn't know many people in New York, and I was lonely. I had a little stove. I used to cook my meals on it. I didn't want to go out for meals because I hated to walk into a restaurant alone before so many strangers. Besides, I didn't

have enough money—I sent some home every week. So I lived, for some time, on beans and tea that I cooked on my little stove. And not much else.

"Naturally, I began to get thin and wan. I was not very strong anyway, and it wasn't long before I looked really ill. David Belasco noticed it. He knew me only as an actress in his company; my part was not very large. But he sent a doctor to see me and ordered that I be taken care of. I never knew until long after who had been so good to me. Mr. Belasco is the kindest and most considerate of men and managers. I did not see him for years—all the time I was in pictures in California—until, once when Mary was in New York, we met him at the theater—his own theater. He said he couldn't believe I was the same girl who had apparently been trying to starve herself to death so long ago!"

It was not really very long. The Gishes made their screen debut when they were so young they had to make up to look older! Today, Lillian Gish is generally recognized as the greatest emotional actress in the films. Dorothy has a popularity second to no film comedienne.

LILLIAN has worked hard—but then so have many other screen stars. But she has kept her perspective. She is not an actress before she is a woman, a student, a thinker. On her reading table, in her dressing room at the Griffith studio in Mamaronock, I saw these books: "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci;" Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe;" Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah;" "Zuleika Dobson," by Max Beerbohm; and Anatole France's "Revolts of the Angels." The pages of all these books are cut.

She has never been "educated"—thank heaven!

"I spent exactly eight months in a convent at St. Louis, Mo. It was the happiest time of my life. At first I missed the excitement of theatrical life; but after a month I would have been glad to stay there all my life. I am not a Catholic—but I love the nuns. They are the most wonderful women in the world.

"We had amateur theatricals—dramatics, we called them. I had never told them, of course, I had been on the stage. I was entirely at home in our plays, and I played Bianca in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' After our performance, Sister—came to me and said, 'My dear child, I should never say this to you. But I feel it is my duty to. You should go on the stage. You are a born actress.'"

There are so many things one can tell about Lillian Gish—charming things. One of the nicest things I know is the story of the manicurist. She did Lillian's nails for a long time, and one day shyly confessed her movie aspirations. Not long after, Lillian brought her to the Griffith studio in her own car, saw that she had screen tests made, and is doing everything she can to help her. It is now up to the pretty little manicurist. If she becomes established, she will have to thank Lillian Gish.

A GREAT writer once said about her, "She is subtle without knowing it." A great actor said, "When she acts she doesn't know what she does. Her art is intuitive and unconscious; all great art is." One of her best friends says, "Her greatest charm is her simplicity."

I am sure she is great. Not because celebrities have said so. Not because of her marvellous work in "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East" and "The Two Orphans." Not because she does better work in each new picture. Not because

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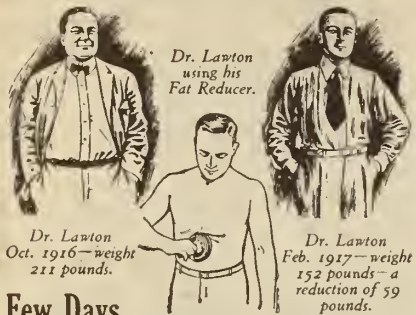
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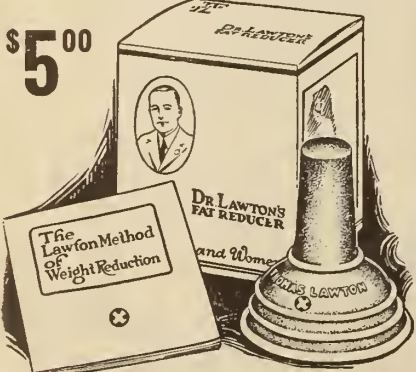
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The Girl on the Cover

(Concluded)

several managers have begged her to go on the stage again. But because she has a very rare and fine spiritual quality about her—as Mary Pickford has—a childlike simplicity. And more because—like the Mona Lisa of Leonardo: that sweet and good and virtuous woman—she has all the pain, the wisdom, and the subtlety of the ages in her matchless smile.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 76)

DOROTHY.—You address me "Questions and Answers" and say that it sounds as if you were writing to twins. That gave me my laugh for the day. Thank you. Pauline Frederick has, it is said, definitely decided not to remarry Willard Mack. Annette Kellerman has made four photo-plays. Anna Pavlova has made one, "The Dumb Girl of Portici," a very lovely thing made by Lois Weber for Universal.

HOMER.—Virginia Valli is not related to Valli Valli. Virginia is a very beautiful brunette who played with Bert Lytell in Metro's "A Trip to Paradise" and Goldwyn's "Grand Larceny." She is married to George Lamsen, and is twenty-one.

J. H. F.—Gareth Hughes is very young—about twenty, I understand. He is starring for Metro, his first vehicle being "Garments of Truth." He scored his great success in "Sentimental Tommy" for Paramount. May McAvoy was made a star also because of her fine work in that picturization of Sir James Barrie's story, directed by John Robertson. Edward Earle was born in 1884 and has a wife.

CLYDE.—Thomas Meighan's Paramount picture, "The Prince Chap," was a film version of Edward Peple's play of the same name. William deMille directed and Lila Lee was in it. Lila is not married. She lives in Hollywood.

JEAN.—The child's name does not appear in the cast of "Too Much Speed," starring Wally Reid. Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower" and "The Sign on the Door." Norma's newest is "Smilin' Through," from Jane Cowl's play.

ZENIA.—The following people played in "Male and Female," the picturization of Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton": Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson, Theodore Roberts, Raymond Hatton, Lila Lee, Bebe Daniels, Julia Faye, Robert Cain, Mildred Reardon, Mayme Kelso, Edward Burns, Henry Woodward, Wesley Barry, Edna Mae Cooper, Lillian Leighton, Guy Oliver, Clarence Burton and Rhy Darby.

ERMINIE.—Thank you for your sweet praise. For a fifteen-year-old, you surely can't flatter a man. Sorry your mother doesn't approve of our corresponding acquaintance. I am sure if she knew me, she would change her mind. You are the only Erminie—besides Gilbert and Sullivan's—for me.

B. B.—You say you simply cannot stand to see Warner Oland play villains when he is such a gentleman. Why go to see him then? He is featured in the serials in which he appears. Address him Pathe, Pathe Bldg., N. Y. C. The latest address I have for Irving Cummings is Producers Security Corp., 516 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Mr. Cummings has his own company. At least, he did a week ago. (Cont'd on page 123)

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IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS

Charles Spencer Chaplin

GENTLE Reader, I am writing this in a Los Angeles hospital, with the tears (not movie tears!) running down my sunken cheeks! The chart above my bed is labeled "Star Shock!"

CUTBACK. — Approaching Charlie's modest little cottage, as nervous as a Chaplin "Extra," I timidly rang the bell, and was informed by three butlers (in chorus) that Mr. Chaplin was just about to take his morning constitutional. Looking forward to a chatty ride in a Rolls-Royce, I sharpened my fountain pen and waited expectantly. As I was sketching a beautiful Holstein cow that was wandering among the geraniums on the front veranda, I heard a

hoarse, whirring noise and looked up expecting to see the Rolls-Royce. Yes, G. R. (that's Gentle Reader), it's true! Charles Spencer Chaplin was coming down the driveway—on roller skates! He was reading a huge volume of Shakespeare. Running desperately (he shakes a wicked skate!) I got near enough to yell hoarsely, "M-M-Mister Chaplin! W-When are you g-going to do your n-next c-comedy?"

Without looking up from his reading, he said abruptly, "I am through with slapstick! Forevah! I leave for New York tonight to take John Barrymore's place in Richard Third!"

I swooned!

Charlie Abroad

(Continued from page 66)

experience of my life. Remember, when I left England I was literally an obscure comedian. England is my home-land. To return after so many years, and to be greeted so royally, has made me sad and glad at once.

I'VE been hiding. Carl Robinson, my press representative, is the busiest man in London. I can hide but he can't. He found time, one evening, to go to see a chap he knows, the manager of a very conservative "cinema," that was showing "The Kid." Carl looked around at the theater and said, "Why wouldn't it be a good idea to put the

name of the picture in electric lights over the entrance?" The manager said he thought that was a great idea, but he would have to talk it over with the members of the Board. He called up Carl the next day. "My dear old chap," he said, "that was a rippin' idea—simply rippin'." But we talked it over for two hours at the Board meeting, and the chaps all thought it would make the theater too conspicuous!"

I WENT out alone, by a side entrance of the hotel. I wanted to try to find the house I was born in. It was shabby of me, in a way, to go out by the entrance nobody



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Charlie Abroad

(Concluded)

suspected, when there was a crowd awaiting me in front. But I wanted to be alone. I had to be alone. I came over here to get away from myself.

I went back to Kennington, where I was born and lived as a boy. I wished again that my mother could be with me.

I stood and looked at it a while. Then I went up some stairs and knocked. A voice on the other side of the door called, "Who's there?" and I answered, "Friend." An old lady opened the door. "It's only me—Charlie Chaplin," I said. Mrs. Reynolds said if she had known I was coming she would have fixed the place up a bit. There was a crowd outside when I came out. A woman came up and shook hands with me, saying she was sorry she had shouted "Hello, Charlie," as she knew I was on a holiday and didn't want to be bothered; but she just couldn't help it!

I WENT along Oxford Street. I saw a Jackie Coogan doll in a shop window. You know Jackie was my little pal in "The Kid." I went in and asked to buy the doll. The clerks and the other people in the shop began to get excited, so I bolted without the doll.

I HAD a corking time the evening I went to dinner at Simpson's. I had stewed eels. I hadn't tasted them for ten years. There was only one thing lacking: the vinegar. Then I roamed around a bit. I stopped at a coffee-stall near Hyde Park corner and pulled my cap down over my eyes. This proved successful. Nobody recognized me. I saw a wagon coming along loaded with apples. The horse was in difficulties and I got behind and pushed. The carter thanked me and went off. It's nice to know that people like you because of yourself and not a strip of celluloid.

Bruce Bairnsfather did two cartoons of me. The caption on one of them is, "Charlie, all alone and incog., goes to see some of our dear old bits of country." It shows me in my screen makeup on a country road with hundreds of people's heads peering out at me. I have always admired Bairnsfather's work. The other is most flattering. I am shaking hands with John Bull, who is waving away 'Bother' with a list of grievances. On the picture is: "Kings of England; Charles I, 1625. Charles II, 1660. Charles III, 1921."

I AM grateful to the little boy who sent me a letter on the envelope of which was pasted a picture of my feet. This was the only address except "London, England."

THERE'S not much more to say. I'm having the time of my life, except that I am dead tired. I'm going to bed for twelve hours' sleep as soon as I put this in the post. One thing more: I am not forgetting you. I wouldn't be writing this for PHOTOPLAY if I were. I haven't any plans; I don't know when I'll be moving on. I'm going to France and Italy and Germany and Russia and Turkey and I'll write my impressions of all of them for you. Right now all I can think of is:


A little boy who stood looking up at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in London, wondering what it would be like to live there.

I was that little boy. A few days ago I stood on the balcony of that same hotel, smiling at a large part of London, standing there below me. Somehow, London is not as mysterious and romantic to me now as it was then. Realization never is. But I have not changed much. London is what has changed.

I'm off for Paris in a day or two. I'll write to you from there.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

ENTRY.—Yep—everybody's married now. Just think: the three Talmadges; Norma, Constance and Natalie; Ralph Graves; Dick Barthelmess; Dorothy Gish, Jean Paige,—I could go on indefinitely. (You know, don't you, that when a writer (ahem), a writer says that "indefinitely" he really means he can't think of another darned thing to say. Don't tell anybody else I told you this. It might make all the other writers mad at me.)

FRANCES, CHICAGO.—Didn't I see you once in Chicago, Frances, when I was there? Weren't you the girl I saw on Michigan Blvd., in a blue suit and a black hat, on the sixteenth of December, 1919? I knew it. Niles Welch is with Selznick. He is going to appear in a stage play soon, I hear. But sometimes my hearing is not so good. So don't count on it. He's married to Dell Boone. Any relation to Daniel?

PHILIP, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.—So you were in Yellowstone last summer and saw a picture being taken with Ann Little. How wonderful. Quick, Watson! Ah, yes—it must have been a serial called "The Blue Fox," many of the scenes of which are laid in Yellowstone. But how wonderful that you saw it being taken. How I envy you.

HARRIETT.—I do not know of a Ulysses Grant Davis who is a director. I do not know of a Ulysses Grant Davis at all. Is he someone I should know?

M. P., ATLANTA.—Your old friend Coit Albertson may be reached at the Green Room Club, New York City.

RANDOLPH C., FRISCO.—Didn't you really know which was Monte Blue and which Rod La Rocque in that Plays and Players picture in October PHOTOPLAY? Monte Blue is on the left, Rod on the right. But they are not twins. Honestly.

NORTHUMBRIA.—Only too glad to help you, but I have no record of a film called "Comrades" or "The Red Revolution." The company you played extra for down in Florida doubtless changed the name of the picture. D. W. Griffith made "The Birth of a Nation," but he was in California during the winter of 1918. By the way, where have you been since then?

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucourt. He is a Belgian, and he is now in Europe, where I believe, he is on the stage. He was the *Pierrot* of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever screened. M. Raucourt appeared in various films before that, but these are probably not being shown now.

Mrs. PPH., NEW ORLEANS.—I wish you would write to Thomas Meighan and tell him what you told me. Among other things, you say that you read in PHOTOPLAY that Tom's parents wanted him to be a physician, but he wanted to be an actor, and that he does more good than any doctor, and cures more ailments. Tom will appreciate that, I know. Write to him care Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

IRENE WELFLEET, MASS.—That's a new town. Never heard of that one. That goes down in my book. I have names of many towns, that most people never knew existed in these, our so to speak, more or less, in a way United States. Ralph Graves may answer your letter. It depends upon whether the very new Mrs. Graves will approve of her handsome husband answering his female mail. Address: Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y.



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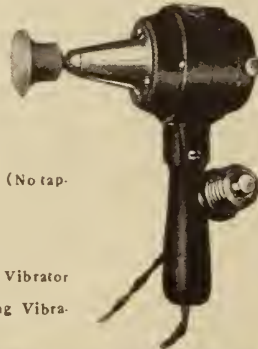
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

BETTY.—Is it possible there is a woman in these, so to speak, United States, who didn't know Wally Reid when she saw him? I am very glad to meet you. Reid in "Believe Me Zantippe."

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—You are right in striving not to realize the ideal, but to idealize the real. That's the only way you will get along in the world. I thought you had forgotten me when I didn't hear from you for so long. You used to write often. Hope you're not getting upstage, if you know what that means. I don't know just what price the producers pay for leasing the Broadway theaters in which they show their photoplays; besides, it depends upon the length of the lease. Universal has the Central Theater where it has shown "Moonlight," Marie Prevost's first stellar picture, "The Rage of Paris" with "Miss DuPont" and a Harry Carey and a Hoot Gibson picture. Foolish Wives will be shown later.

LOUISE P., FORT WAYNE.—Thank you for your nice little letter. You like Lillian Gish and don't think she is popular enough. I'll have to look into it right away. I like Lillian enough myself to make her just awfully popular.

BETTY.—Georges Carpentier is not scheduled to make more pictures right now. He is in France now, you know. Jack Dempsey is working in a serial, for Pathe, on the coast. Katherine MacDonald declines to give her age for publication. I don't know why, because she is 'way on the sunny side of thirty; but perhaps she figures that she may not always be.

HESTER H., MILWAUKEE.—Marie Doro is appearing in a new play at the Klaw Theater, West 45th Street, N. Y. C., called "Lilies of the Field." It's a rather naughty play, but Miss Doro is very beautiful in it, and everyone is very glad to see her again on the stage. She made pictures abroad for Herbert Brenon, but I believe has come back to America to stay. Hope so.

VIOLET.—"By any other name," etc. But lots of you are being called Vi'let this month. See Clare Briggs, the great American cartoonist (Sic). Mae Murray's latest is "Peacock Alley." She is with, or she is, Tiffany Productions, Loew Bldg., N. Y. C. Mae is married to Bob Leonard, her director. Yep—she's pretty pretty, if you ask me. And you did.

ANITA N., TEMPLE, PA.—Charles Mack is representative of motion pictures. He is young, clever, and he rose from "props" at the Griffith studio to leads. He was born in Scranton, Pa., in 1902. "Dream Street" is his first and latest picture, but he is a member of the Griffith stock company.

RUTH M., NEW YORK.—The two Marys each made a "Heart of the Hills." Mary Fuller, the erstwhile screen star, made one; and Mary Pickford made another. I haven't heard from Mary Fuller for several years. She abandoned her screen career five years ago. Wherefore art thou, Mary?

VIOLET.—Milton Sills disposes of the age question by ignoring it. I wish I could do the same. Mr. Sills was born in Chicago but won't tell when. He was educated at Chicago University and was on the stage for years before entering film work. His height is six feet, 180 pounds; his hair is light and his eyes are gray, and he has a wife and he has a daughter. What more do you want?

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

LUCETTE.—Thank you so much for your French felicitations. Of course you may have been telling me how awful I was; but on paper the phrases looked very pretty. Thomas Meighan did not play with you at the Theater La Cigale, Paris, France, because Thomas at that time was working in pictures in Los Angeles. Sorry.

DOROTHY D., HAVERHILL.—You wish to know why all motion picture actresses falter and murmur, at personal appearances, “I'm so glad to see you all, I really don't know what to say.” If I wished to be wicked I would answer that you should be thankful they *don't* know what to say. But you should see Hope Hampton. She has a beautiful voice and sings three songs when she appears. Charles Ray and Richard Barthelmess are both fine actors and nice boys. Ray is in California; Richard, in Manhattan.

KATHRYN.—I'm so glad to be able to settle this heated controversy over who is taller, Douglas McLean or Wally Reid. Wally wins: he's six feet tall, just two inches taller than Mr. McLean.

MISS FISH.—Just like the actor whose advertisement read: “Wanted: small part, such as dead body or outside shouts.” Not many are so modest as that. Arnold Gregg was the leading man in “White Youth.” Buck Jones' wife is Mrs. Buck Jones. I don't know her maiden name. Edward Hearn is married, too. Hard luck.

ANASTASIA.—I've always liked that name. “Eric Wheat” does not appear in the cast of “Desert Gold.” E. K. Lincoln played the lead, as *Dick Gale*. That's a prettier name, anyway.

ERVIN.—Don't offer to beat up the man who kissed your best girl. He might be too many for you. Gladys Leslie, International studio, Cosmopolitan Productions. Gladys Hulette opposite Barthelmess in “Tol'able David,” for Inspiration Pictures.

MAREY.—Max Beerbohm, in his essay on “The Humor of the Public” says there are a few things that amuse people: “Mothers-in-law, henpecked husbands, twins, old maids, Jews, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, niggers (not Russians, or other foreigners of any denomination), fatness, thinness, long hair (worn by a man), baldness, sea-sickness, stuttering, bad cheese.” They don't amuse me. Your letter was charming. I did not go to Chicago University; I did not go to any University at all. Edythe Chapman's middle name may be Blanche; but you'll have to write and ask her. She was born in Rochester, N. Y., and attended the University there. You say that that poet who expresses most emotions by . . . symbols of vacancy . . . should write the sub-titles for Nazimova's pictures. I've an idea she writes them herself.

G. W., SOUTH ORANGE.—I went out to the Griffith studio the other day to see some of “The Two Orphans” being filmed. Mr. Griffith was in a jovial mood. Once when he was trying to get some extras to act, he said: “My idea of a happy existence is to live in a town where nothing goes by but water.” I have no record of an actress named Sis Hopkins. There is a Mae Hopkins who was last with Goldwyn.

ALICE.—Eugene O'Brien doesn't look in the least like George B. Seitz, so I can't understand how you thought it was Eugene in “Bound and Gagged,” Seitz's Pathe serial.

(Concluded on page 127)

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LASHLUX
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Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's
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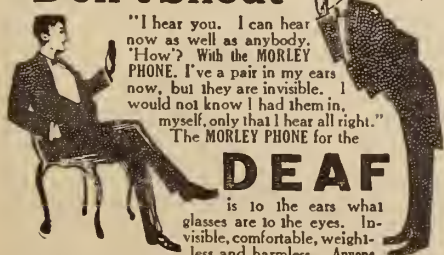


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The MORLEY PHONE for the

DEAF

is in the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone

can adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 26 S. 15th St. Phila.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded from page 125)

JACQUELINE.—In spite of the fact that you use blue ink on purple paper and that you flatter me until I blushed so hard that my beard caught fire—(of course I really haven't any beard, but it seems to be the thing for the Answer Man to have a beard)—in spite of all, I can't answer a single one of your questions for you. Not for spite; but because neither of the ladies you mention has won sufficient distinction to be down in my book of Who's Who. Anybody ever hear of Dorothy Terry or Anita Booth? I thought so.

ETHEL, MT. PLEASANT, MICH.—You do not, by any means, live up to the merry little town you live in. But I suppose I would be put out too if I had sent Constance Talmadge a quarter for a picture and never received the picture—or the quarter. Particularly the quarter. I can understand your getting over the picture, but not the quarter. Miriam Cooper uses her real name, but she is Mrs. R. A. Walsh now and is down in the 'phone books of Los Angeles, Cal., as such. She was born in Baltimore. Remember that old "I had a girl in Baltimore. Street-cars ran right past her door," etc., etc. Ad infinitum. Etc.

N. K. W., INDIANAPOLIS.—Yours was a good, high-brow letter. I felt chastened after I'd read it, and awfully apologetic because I wasn't born in Indiana. Now I'm sure I'll never be famous. Ralph Graves is married, alas, alas! The lucky—or so some think her—young lady was Miss Marjorie Seaman. You can read all about it in Plays and Players. Ralph is twenty-three.

BROWNIE.—Yes, it has been rumored for some time that Mary Pickford is being starred. In fact, the latest report is that she is being starred twice—in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." And you've been living in Oak Park all these years!

MEIGHAN MAN.—You aren't handing yourself a thing—not a thing. Anyway, Tom is a great guy, and I don't blame you much for kidding yourself that you look and act like him. "The Easy Road" had Lila Lee in it, too. Lila is not married to Mr. Meighan because Mr. Meighan is married to Frances Ring and Lila isn't married at all.

MADelyn.—Now if it were Madeline, or Madelon, or even Madelin, it wouldn't be so intriguing; (Ugh—how I hate that word—intriguing! Ugh!!!) But Madelyn. Now, there's a name! Edith Roberts is not married. Your letter went in the basket—eventually.

ELSIE DINSMORE.—Yes, you are. You say don't I think Elsie Ferguson is too beautiful for words? Well, why talk about her, then? (But I really do think she is. And I don't blame you a bit.) She is married to Thomas B. Clarke, who is a banker, and all that, and she lives on Park Avenue, and all that. I saw her once—I saw her once, and I've never been able to forget it. And I don't want to. "Footlights" is, I think, her finest picture, although she is exquisite as Mimsy in "Forever." The Du Maurier costumes were made for Elsie Ferguson.

MIAMI.—For a while there, there was a story that Natalie was the youngest of the Three Talmadges. It was sent out, I fancy, because Natalie was on the screen. Now that she has retired as Mrs. Buster Keaton, I suppose there's no objection to the world knowing that Constance is the youngest of the bunch.

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ONLY a chemist should mix a depilatory, then it is sure to be safe. Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is a liquid just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is more economical because there is no waste. It is the quickest, most cleanly and simple to apply.

To devitalize hair you must use DeMiracle. Being a liquid it permits absorption. Therefore it is totally different. It attacks hair under the skin as well as on the skin which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

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PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Rieger's Mon Amour, ounce \$1.50; Garden Queen, \$2.00; Alcazar, \$2.25; Parfum Rieni, \$2.50, nothing finer; Honolulu Boquet \$1.00 At druggists or by mail.

Send \$1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.
PAUL RIEGER & CO. 130 1st St., San Francisco

Send for Miniature BOTTLE 20c

For a Good Xmas Suggestion
See page 118

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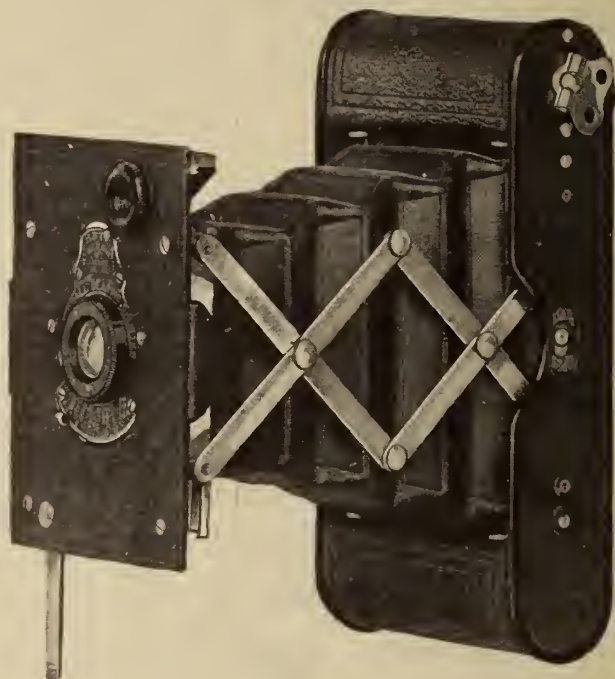
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